Punce, or the London	CHARIVER, DECEMBER	31, 1913.		_	
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## COSMETICS: A QUESTION OF TASTE.

He read his Daily Mail, as I and you,
And scanned the question of the moot cosmetic;
He lent a patient ear to every view,
The ethic, the eugenic, the æsthetic;
The revelations shocked him, for, in truth,
He was a prim variety of youth.

The solemn jeremiads of "M.D."
And "Anxious Mother" had his approbation;
The sage that kept his anonymity
Beneath the veil of "Nature for the Nation"
Our hero liked. He frankly could not hide
His scorn of those that took the other side.

His sense of rectitude could never brook
The shamcless pleas of unrepentant ladies;
To him, they had a Babylonish look;
He saw the cloven hoof, and thought of Hades;
Yet the conclusion forced upon his wit
Was this, that every woman's doing it.

"But no," he cried, "two rosy checks at least
Down to the paint-pot's lure have never knuckled!
Two ruby lips their charm have ne'er increased
With specious art!" His love o'crheard, and chuckled.
She winked a roguish eye, albeit chaste,
And said, "Dear boy! He has no sense of taste!"

## THE LIBERAL CLUB NEXT DOOR.

"There was a sound of readry by night "

on his neighbours the poet invites some better which is f the noises proceeding from the thin in the small hours of the morning [

I HAVE a flat, a pleasant flat, Whose windows look with eyes serene Across a flowery garden at

The storied Thames; and, in between, The Council's trams in steady flight Rumble all day and half the night.

Not these annoy me; I ignore The dissipated hours they keep; Indeed, their rather soothing roar Might rock a happier frame to sleep, Like to the surf of thundering seas That pound upon the Hebrides.

But on the other side my bed Stands where a ruder clamour gains Access to my recumbent head

And works like madness on my brains, Coming from kitchens which supply A Liberal Caravanserai.

Fresh from the Lobby's midnight hum (Leaving the Welsh Church disendov:ed)

I picture how these revellers come And give their orders very loud— Welsh Rarebit, and a lager beer, And other strange nocturnal cheer.

And still they feast till nearly morn; From hour to hour, from chime to chime,

The chef grows wearier, more forlorn, With toasting cheeses all the time; And I must toss about and tear The remnants of my Tory hair.

This happens when the Party's health Is but piano (thanks to George); But what, I ask, will be the wealth Of Cymric suppers they will gorge When these Marconi scandals wane And LLOYD becomes himself again?

Meanwhile I seek the Premier's ear. Sometimes I think he seems to lack A proper knowledge, full and clear, Of what goes on behind his back; So, for his sake—as well as mine-

I take this frank and open line. O. S.

"Lost on 31st May, between Elie and Kilconquhar, smooth-haired Fox Terrier. Collar round neck."—East of Fife Record. And tail at latter end of body.

"During lunch time Bird took four for 54." Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

athletes their tea interval.

Suggested name for a certain "rare and refreshing fruit "-the Medlar.

## THE COMPROMISE FINE.

If these Press contain an unjust reflection R. Fordham, Supervisor of Customs and Excise, to Murdoch McGavin, 3, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W. 3rd April, 191-.

I am directed by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise to acquaint you that they have ordered legal proceedings to be instituted against you for KEEPING A DOG WITHOUT A LICENCE. They have however authorised me to state that, if you do not disclaim liability, they are prepared, having regard to all the circumstances, and in virtue of the powers given them by Sect. 35 (1) of the Inland Revenue Regulation Act, 1890, to stay proceedings provided you pay forthwith the sum of Five Shillings. I shall therefore refrain from taking further steps for ten days from the date of this letter so as to give you the opportunity of paying the above amount. If you avail yourself of that alternative, the amount should be paid or remitted to ME within the time named.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 7th April, 191-.

I have your favour of 3rd inst. indicting me for keeping a dog without a licence, and suggesting that I should pay a fine of 5s. to stay further proceedings. It is true that I overlooked this matter till 17th March, when you sent me an official inquiry. I then took out a licence and intimated the fact to you. I can only assume that the charge you make refers to the period between 2nd Jan. and 17th March. But as the alleged offence must be purely a technical one I am at a loss to understand why you should threaten me with legal proceedings. It is perhaps not a wholly irrelevant fact that my dog died on 27th March, and that I shall therefore be guilty of keeping a licence without a dog for fully threequarters of the current year. If you think it necessary to go any further in this matter, I shall be glad to be favoured with your observations on

P.S.—If I am entitled to a rebate for the unexpired period of my licence, perhaps you will be so kind as to refer me to the proper form.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin. 10th April, 191-.

In reply to your letter of 7th April, I And yet we grudge these strenuous may say that there appears to be no doubt that an offence was committed. That being so, the Board are acting paying the Compromise Fine.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 11th April, 191-.

I have to thank you for your letter of yesterday, and note that you are now in some doubt whether an offence has been committed. You say "there appears to be no doubt," which shows that there is room for considerable dubiety. In these cucumstances I am sorry 1 cannot agree with you in your opinion that the Board is treating me leniently. In my opinion the Board is threatening purely vexatious proceedings against a regular taxpayer, and the suggestion of a Compromise Fine seems to come perdously near compounding an alleged felony. You have omitted to refer me to the proper form of application for rebate on the unexpired period of dog licence, and I shall be obliged if you will kindly do this within ten days of the date hereof. My wife wishes me to add that she considers it heartless on the part of your Board to write as you have Jone so soon after the death of poor Ponto.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin. 13th April, 191 .

I have to refer you to my letter of 10th April, advising you that, in the opinion of the Board, an offence has been committed. The period allowed for payment of the Compromise Fine has now expired, but the Board will accept the fine if sent within five days from the date hereof.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 16th April, 191 -.

I have your letter of 13th April and note contents. I must remind you that you have neglected, in spite of two inquiries, to refer me to the proper form of application for rebate on unexpired period of dog licence. This is not in keeping with the usual courtesy of your Department. If I am entitled to repayment there would be a small balance in my favour, even if the Compromise Fine were legally exigible, as I am advised that it is not. I make out that the difference between threefourths of 7s. 6d. and 5s. amounts to 74d. This is, of course, without prejudice, and is not to be founded upon by your Board as an admission by me of the technical offence you allege. I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGaven. 17th April, 191-.

In reply to your inquiry of yesterday leniently in giving you the option of I have to state that no rebate can be allowed in respect of any dog-licence.





"Now here, Sir, for eighteen-and-six we have an infallible-

"No, thanks; none of your hair-restorers."

"THEN YOUR BALDNESS BE ON YOUR OWN HEAD, SIR"

The licence permits you to keep one dog at any time during its currency. You have the recourse of getting another dog.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 22nd April, 191-.

I have to thank you for your reply to my inquiry, and am surprised to learn that no rebate is allowed in respect of an unexpired dog licence. I do not quite understand your reference to the currency of the dog. I should have thought that the currency of the dog ceased with its death. On this point my wife wishes me to say that she would never think of replacing poor Ponto within a year of his demise, and she is surprised that anyone should suggest such a reproach to his memory.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin. 23rd April, 191-.

Unless I receive remittance of Five SHILLINGS by return of post I shall

Mundoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 6th May, 191-.

The summons with which you threatened me on 23rd April, and which should have been delivered about 26th, has never arrived. As a regular taxpayer I must protest against your dilatory way of conducting the business of your Department.

> XI. The Same to the Same. 15th May, 191-.

I am still awaiting the summons which you promised me would be of 23rd April. As I am most anxious which you have laid upon it, I must insist upon receiving the summons within ten days of the date hereof. In the event of your failure to comply with this request, I shall be forced to understand that you disclaim liabil-ity, in which case proceedings will be Sir Francis Tribble, Somerset House, instructed my lawyers to stay proceedand also to The Times.

XII.

The Same to the Same. 26th May, 191-.

The ten days' grace mentioned in my letter of 15th May having now elapsed, I must request you to forward a summons by return of post. If you fail to do so, I shall follow the course indicated in my letter, and thereafter institute legal proceedings for defamation of character.

R. Fordhum to Murdoch McGavin. 27th May, 191-.

The Board instruct me to acquaintyou that, in the special circumstances delivered immediately after your letter of your case, they do not propose to take any further action. I have to add to have a public opportunity of clearing that no reflection on your character my character of the unfounded slander has been intended or could be implied.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham. 29th May, 191-.

I accept your apology and, in the lings. Kind regards to your Board.

#### **GUN-RUNNING.**

Member were congregated on the lawn have you in that box, Sir Edward?" preparatory to acting their original, topical, pastoral play, entitled The commendable promptitude. Gun-Runners Harold, aged 11 and a born commander of men. gave his final 'Rifles', you say 'Bananas' or 'Pianos. instructions.

"Now, you're Sir Edward Carson, Reggie. And, Winnie, you're Mr. Red-voice that suited him so well, "What mond. When I——" is in that box, Sir Edward?"

"If I'm Mr. Redmond I'm not playing," pouted Winnie. Actresses are!" are like that sometimes.

"On! all right, then. Reggie'll have let me see inside that case." to be Redmond.

"Not me," said Reggie decidedly. "I in Carson, and don't you forget it."

Stern martinet as he was, there Roberts, with warmth. were occasions which rendered Harold

susceptible to the noblest impulses of selfsacrifice.

"Very well, then. If you're such a couple of kids, I'll be Redmond," he said. "Win, you can be Keir Hardie.

"Why, what's he got to do with it?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, why's he in

"Look here, if you're going to be so beastly inquisitive, I won't let you play at all. Who do you want to be, anyway?"
"Lord Roberts," said

Winnie.

"I don't see what-Oh! well, I daresay we can work that the laws of this country expressly Italy, to avoid the risk of confiscahim in somehow. Now you see the forbidsummer-house in the corner? Well, lawn, and that's Ulster by the rockery. You two have got to get the rifles past me and land them in Ulster. See?"

"Oh! that 's easy," said Reggie. "Is it?" replied Mr. Redmond, "Are you ready? Come on, grimly. Roberts and Sir Edward Carson raced madly in the direction of Italy sometimes making remarkable circuits taneously they grabbed the case of rifles. viá Norway and occasionally dodging

"Out of France into Spain,"
Over the hills and back again."

contraband articles. incriminating finger at the suspicious THE children of the Opposition object the Home-Ruler cried, "What

"Rifles," replied Sir Edward, with

"Silly little ass. You don't say

Anything but 'Rifles'!"

Then he repeated in the imperious is in that box, Sir Edward?"

"Croquet mallets. You know they

"I think not, Sir Edward. Kindly

"Shan't," replied the learned gentleman stoutly

Pointing with they succeeded easily in dumping their cargo on Ulster territory.
"Well, now that we've got here,

what are we going to do with Red-mond?" asked Lord Roberts.

"Tie him up and brain him," replied the other bloodthirsty conqueror.

Meekly, with a smile that tried to look sad upon his proud young features, Mr. Redmond submitted to the tying-up process. That done, his captors proceeded to burst open the case and extract a hefty croquet-mallet. Sir Edward, raising this on high, cast a questioning glance at Lord Roberts. The latter, with memories of a certain lavish cinema display, slowly turned her right wrist until the thumb pointed mer-"No, don't let him," agreed Lord cilessly downwards. And then, just as the murderous implement was about "I would remind you, Sir Edward, to fall, a clarion voice caused a sudden

stay of execution. "Stop!" cried the Father of the players. "I've been watching you all the time. You're doing it entirely wrong. In the first place, why drag in Lord Roberts? Then you should really remember your geography, Harold. You seem to have made no allowances for the North Sea and the Irish Channel. And in this connection the excellence of your main idea is distressingly marred by the reflection that these rifles would never travel by land at all. They would be shipped direct from

tion attendant upon the transport of any such consignment across Europe and England. Then to turn from the practical to the moral side. You two a leisurely but at the same time forget that you are Britons? Would you inflict the death penalty upon Mr. Redmond without so much as a trial?"

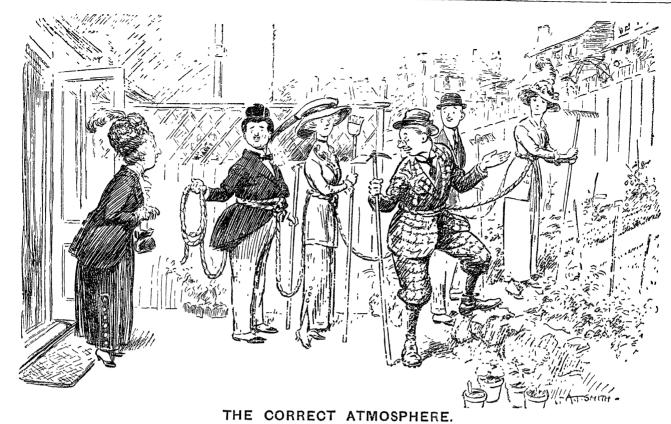
A look of uncertainty passed between At which command Lord and Sir Edward Carson to gain his end. "Look! There's in the balance, until that gentleman Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. For Father!" he shouted, thereby causing himself turned the scale by remarking and began to stagger heavily back Mr. Redmond to turn quickly and for none too politely, "Look here, l'ather! across the Continent under the weight one brief second to forsake his respon- If you think you know more about of a long wooden box. Vainly they sibilities. The second was enough for this business than we do, you'd better come and play Redmond yourself. I'm taneously they grabbed the case of rifles. "Come on, Bobs!" shouted Sir Edward. "Ulster for ever!" And allow us to continue." And, expanding with a superhuman effort they made his chest as fully as the cruel bonds At last they found themselves up all speed for Ireland. The Grand Coup would allow, he looked steadily into against it on English soil. Mr. Red- was so sudden and so effective that, the eyes of his arch-enemy, and said, mond had actually laid hands upon the with their pursuer still yards behind, "Strike, Carson! Erin go bragh!"



PLAYWRIGHTS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES GO TO CHINA (SEE THE YELLOW JACKET). THEY MIGHT GO ALSO TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF ALMINTO, WHERE A DRAMATIC CRITIC IS ALWAYS ON THE STAGE. IT IS SAID THAT THE HISTRIONIC ART OF ALMINTO IS REMARKABLE CHIEFLY FOR ITS RESTRAINT.

What promised to be an excellent that's Italy, where the rifles come from. sentence, spoken with admirable re-This is England in the middle of the straint, was here brought to an abrupt termination. Paterfamilias had made dramatic appearance at the drawingroom French windows.

It was a mean advantage, but for the sake of the cause Sir Edward tried to circumvent Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. Simul-



"JUST IN TIME. WE'RE OFF TO SEE MY NEW ALPINE BORDER AT THE TOP OF THE GARDEN. HITCH AUNTIE ON BEHIND YOU, ALEC, AND JODEL WHEN YOU'RE READY.

#### THE MARVEL OF IT.

(A Rhapsody of Subterranean Travel.)

On, not the seed of fire I praise In busy circuit running round, Whenas by labyrinthine ways Each morning on the Underground

I journey-not the infernal skill and not the force profound;

Not all the system vast and strange Which shoots us Citywards like peas, The "bullet" of impetuous range, The lift, the oceanic breeze;

Let mightier bards than I hold forth on such dashed things

To simpler phantasies I soar. A homely and bucolic theme: As through the tunnelled night we roar Of flowery pasture-lands I dream

And the red steers of Hereford knee-deep in some cool stream. The maze of this mechanic mole

Affects me not at all. I spy The stern-faced ruminants who roll On meadow margents of the Wye; Theirs is the praise I sing. No other help but theirs is nigh.

For one of these it was, I think, A stalwart beast of splendid thews, That passed to death from that low brink Well loved, and amaranthine chews Of the lush grasses, and the wild flowers wet with pearled Indeed, as we get near to Christmas it should be quite dews.

And gave a portion of his strong, His undefeated epiderm To make me my familiar thong, Whereunto like a dangled worm Pendent from first to last-yet still in that strong succour

Always I cling. Nor I alone; The other day a stoutish chap Shared in my labour and my moan, Co-dancer on the selfsame strap; Yet still the tough trapeze availed; we plumped on no one's lap.

Small wonder then that I should think Fondly on this, and pay no heed To larger glories of the "link." Its might, its magic and its speed,

But boom the hide of England's ox, still staunch at England's need! Evor.

"Dalkey's Island, a few hundred miles from the mainland, is an ideal spot for picnics."—Advt. in "Daily Mail."

Herbert (to his wife, who is undoing the hamper): "No, dear, I will not go back for the mustard. The corkscrew last week was different. It was much calmer then."

"According to the calendar Saturday was the longest day in the year, the sun rising at 3.26 a.m. and setting at 8.37 p.m. For a day or two there will be no apparent difference in the length of the days, but of course the change will become more marked with the progress of time."—Belfast News Letter.

noticeable.

#### LORDS TEMPORAL.

Henrietta and John—a large family.
"But how convenient," said Celia.

"Exactly one for each room."

just throw out the idea.

"Which is rejected. How shall we arrange which goes into which room? drawing-room; you take John for your work-room; I take-

"Not John," I said gently. John is— John overdoes it a triffe. There is too much of John; and he exposes his inside—which is not quite

"Well, whichever you like. Come

on, let's begin. William."
As it happened, I particularly wanted William. He has an absolutely noiseless tick, such as is suitable to a room in which work is to be done.

explained this to Celia.

"What you want for the drawingroom," I went on, "is a clock which ticks ostentatiously, so that your visitors may be reminded of the flight of time. Edward is a very loud breather. No guest could fail to notice Edward."

"William," said Celia firmly.

"William has a very delicate in-terior," I pleaded. "You could never I t attend to him properly. I have been thinking of William ever since we had him, and I feel that I understand his case."

"Very well," said Celia, with sudden generosity; "Edward. You have William; I have Alphonse for the

frank, John is improper.

"Well, Percy, then."

"Yes, Percy. He is young and fair. sing to my sock-suspenders."

"Then Henrietta had better go in the spare-room, and Muriel in Jane's."

"Muriel is much too good for Jane," I protested. "Besides, a servant wants an alarm clock to get her up in the morning."

"You forget that Muriel cuckoos. At six o'clock she will cuckoo exactly

brisks out of bed."

I still felt a little doubtful, because the early morning is a bad time for I am never at work as early as that,

"co" by mistake one day. However, stopped. In the evening-having by Wir have eight clocks, called after Celia was satisfied I was. Besides, the the kind people who gave them to only other place for Muriel was the up to it.

"And that," said Celia gladly, "leaves "Or two in each corner of the drawing-room. I don't suggest it; I have said, displays his inside in a lamentable way. There is too much of

"If Jane doesn't mind," I added. Let's pick up. I take William for the "She may have been strictly brought

"She'll love him. John lacks reserve,

but he is a good time-keeper."

And so our eight friends were settled. But, alas, not for long. Our discussion had taken place on the eve of Jane's arrival; and when she turned up next day she brought with her, to our horror, a clock of her own-called, I think, Mother. At any rate, she was fond of it and refused to throw it away.

"And it's got an alarm, so it goes in her bedroom," said Celia, "and Muriel goes into the kitchen. Jane comes from the country, and the cuckoo reminds her of home. That still leaves

John eating his head off."

"And, moreover, showing people what happens to it," I added severely. (I think I have already mentioned John's foible.)

"Well, there's only one thing for it; he must go under the spare-room

I tried to imagine John under the spare-room bed.

"Suppose," I said, "we had a nervous bed before getting into it . . . and saw

However, that is where he is. It is dining-room; you have John for a lonely life for him, but we shall wind your bedroom; I have Enid for mine; him up every week, and he will think that he is being of service to us. In-"Not John," I said gently. To be deed, he probably imagines that our guests prefer to sleep under the bed.

Now, with John at last arranged for, our family should have been happy; He shall sit on the chest-of-drawers and but three days ago I discovered that it was William who was going to be the

As you may remember, William lives with me. He presides over the room we call "the library" to visitors and "the master's room" to Jane. smiles at me when I work. Ordinarily, when I want to know the time, I look six times, and at the sixth 'oo' Jane at my watch; but the other morning I happened to glance at William. He said "twenty minutes past seven." As counting cuckoos, and I didn't see why and as my watch said eleven-thirty,

Jane is in Celia's department, and if that time found the key-I went to wind him up. To my surprise he said "sıx-twenty-five." I put my ear to us. Let me introduce you: William, bathroom; and there is something his chest and heard his gentle breath-Elward, Muriel, Enid, Alphonse, Percy, about a cuckoo-clock in a bathroom ing. He was alive and going well. which—well, one wants to be educated With a murmured apology I set him to the right time . . . and by the morning he was three-quarters of an hour fast.

Unlike John, William is reticent to a degree. With great difficulty I found my way to his insides, and then found that he had practically none to speak of at all. Certainly he had no regulator.

"What shall we do?" I asked Celia. "Leave him. And then, when you bring your guests in for a smoke, you can say, 'Oh, don't go yet; this clock is five hours and twenty-three minutes fast.'''

"Or six hours and thirty-seven min-I wonder which would utes slow. sound better. Anyhow, he is much too

beautiful to go under a bed."

So we are leaving him. And when I am in the mood for beauty I look at William's mahogany sides and am soothed into slumber again . . . and when I want to adjust my watch (which always loses a little), I creep under the spare-room bed and consult John. John alone of all our family keeps the correct time, and it is a pity that he alone must live in retirement.

A. A. M.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Once upon a time towards the end visitor . . . and she looked under the of June the birds gathered together to compare notes as to the nesting season. John . . . It is a terrible thought, It is a regular habit—a kind of stocktaking.

"And what has been your luck?"

the owl asked the plover.

"Half - and - half," said the plover. "My first clutch of eggs -- beauties they were, too-were found by a farm boy, and within a couple of days they were in the osophagus of a pretty actress at the Savoy, at one-and-six a-piece; but I need hardly say," added real trouble. To think of William, the not the little lady herself who paid for the plover with a wink, "that it was them.

"So I laid again," the plover continued, "and this time we pulled through; and this very morning I've been giving my family a lesson in taking cover. The difficulty is to make them keep their silly little beaks shut when they're in danger: they will cheep so, and that, of course, gives the show away. Still, chicks will be chicks, you know."

Jane shouldn't brisk out at the seventh I guessed at once that William had "but years will put that right only



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

V. Dine at smart restaurants and forget all you ever learnt of table manners.

too successfully;" and both birds

sighed. "Yes," said the nightingale to the woodpecker, "I managed capitally. I had a wonderful season. Every night people came to hear me sing; CARUSO and Melba couldn't have more devoted audiences. We brought up a healthy family, too, with strong musical tendencies. In fact, it wasn't till yesterday that anything went wrong; and that wasn't exactly a calamity, although it hurt me quite a little bit.

"Tell me," said the woodpecker.

"With pleasure," said the nightingale. "It was like this: I was in the hedge just as that nice lady at the Grange came along with her little girl, and the little girl saw me and, as children always do-you've all heard them time and again - asked the was called. Now this, you must understand, is the lady who has been leaning out of her window every night all but what do you think she said to the little girl in reply? 'That brown bird, darling? That's only a sparrow.'"

"You've been as immoral as usual, cuckoo.

immorality you mean taking furnished lodgings for my family instead of going in for building and small ownership, you." like vou."

"That's not wholly what I meant," said the thrush. "There's such a thing as taking furnished apartments and paying for them, and such a thing as depositing your family there and never

showing up again."
"Still," said the cuckoo, "it's a very small family—only one. Smaller even

than a French family.

"I wish, all the same," said the thrush, "you'd tell me why you are so

averse from building."

"I don't exactly know," said the cuckoo, "but I think it's fastidiousness. I never can find a site to suit me. Either there's no view, or the water's mother what that pretty brown bird | bad, or I dislike the neighbours; try as I will, I never can settle. So there you are!"

"And who, may I ask," said the through June just to hear me sing; thrush, "has had the honour of fostermothering your illustrious offspring this season?"

"The nuthatch," said the cuckoo; "and she wasn't half disagreeable about I suppose?" said the thrush to the it either. While as for her own children, Possibly the remaining effort consisted the little pigs, they couldn't have taken of three singles.

"Quite," said the cuckoo, "if by it with less philosophy. Grumbled day and night. My poor boy was jolly dgings for my family instead of going glad when he was fledged, I can tell

"What are you going to do with him?" the thrush asked.

"I haven't made up my mind," said the cuckoo. "What do you advise?"

"Apprentice him to a builder," said the thrush as he flew away.

#### Final.

"Mrs. A. P. Payne, General Hospital, will not be at home to-day, owing to her absence from home."—Brisbane Courier.

"THE MINISTER'S WIFE. By One of Them." From list of contents of "Life and Work." A Mormon minister, we trust.

"The bridal pair motored to the station en route for Hubertusstoch, where the honeymoon will be spent, cheered by enormous crowds."—Cape Times.

Not our idea of a honeymoon.

"Stevens, who is only twelve years old, has now played four 3-figure innings three of which were centuries, for his school." Hampstead Advertiser.

#### CHARIVARIA.

As a result of the slowness of the Government in appointing a Poet Laureate, we are still without an tells us, were a feature of Ascot Sunday official Marconi poem recording ade-on the river this year. Fortunately quately the famous victory of the there seems to have been no accident Government.

"Lord Murray must be very thicknow has an oil skin.

from London was foreshadowed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the first sitting of Government less nervous about going reprints, pointed out that our publishers to the Country.

A Berlin paper has started a prize symposium on the question, "Who is the most stupid man in Berlin?" Such is the respect for the bureaucracy there that all the local officials, we understand. are hors concours.

It was perhaps a little bit tactless on the part of the gentleman who drew up the menu for the Admiralty dinner to the French officers that it should have included "Crème Germiny."

The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung says that congratulations on the

occasion of the Emperor's Jubilee from foreign Sovereigns and Heads of states were so numerous that it has been decided not to publish them or the replies. It is hoped that this will put a stop to the nuisance.

Mr. John William Griffith, of Shepton Mallet, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last week, has spent seventy-three years among the cheeses. He gives them the highest and Ascot. character for quietness and general behaviour.

time in Brazil. Over here we still these valuable soldiers in such service. reckon by rag-time.

famous Sing-Sing prison in New York Minister to Portugal seems an approare declared to be most inhumane, and priate one. Mysterious disappearances are to be the subject of enquiry. The of political opponents of the present

better class of prisoner there.

"Hen" parties, The Evening News attributable to these boats with no cox.

skinned," remarked a Tory the other week at the Castle Green Congregaday. As a matter of fact we believe he tional Chapel, Bristol. He appears to have been the greatest success, and we can picture the sacred edifice ringing The improvement of the road exits again and again with merry laughter.

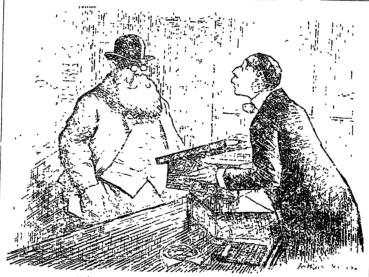
is hoped that this may make the CAINE, in referring to the sevenpenny been so depressed.

tendency has been of late to get a Nicholson once wrote a novel entitled The Port of Missing Men.

> No, my child, the Omnibus Box at the Opera House is not the place where the conductor sits

The art of repartee in this country has received a blow from which it will Mr. HARRY LAUDER preached last take it some time to recover. A fire at Swansea Vale Spelter Works last week destroyed 4,000 retorts.

Professor Kromeger, of Breslau, predicts that three thousand years hence all males of the human species In his speech at the annual dinner will be bald-headed. It is a long time the International Road Congress. It of the Associated Booksellers, Mr. Hall since the brush and comb trades have



"ANYTHING IN THE FANCY-TIE LINE, SIR?"

#### A New Disease.

" Mrs. --- stated that her son was a good boy. . . . A little white ago he had tuberculosis of the not only of the bishop and his clergy but also lung."—Eastbourne Gazette.

Fortunately "Tuberculosis of the bishop" is very unusual in this country.

The following genuine letter reaches us from an Irish correspondent. -"To Mr.

Sir,--I should have sent on the interest to you on the money and am I told that you are dead, and if so please tell me who I am to send it on two but I hope it not true I be very sorry, and very much oblige.

Yours sincerely,

"Queen Victoria Eugenie Irish Independent.

Won't Dr. Salerby be pleased!

"Cin a gentleman recommend a wellmeannered boy, strong, good appearance, as Boy-Footman? Age 16, height 6 ft. 7. Town and country."-- Church Times.

We know plenty of suitable boys but they are all relatively dwarfs.

Notice is hereby given that Lafe Policy No. 15007, issued by the Empire of India Lafe Assurance Company, Lamited, on my life, has been totally destroyed by worms and due notice has been given to the Company.

JOGGASOMER ADMYCARMY." The Statesman (Calcutta).

Alas, Joggasomen's own turn is coming.

#### The Language of Convention.

(Scene-Drury Lane Thatre, during enigmatical manageries of so-called Tennis Ballet.)

"Qui va là?" says he.

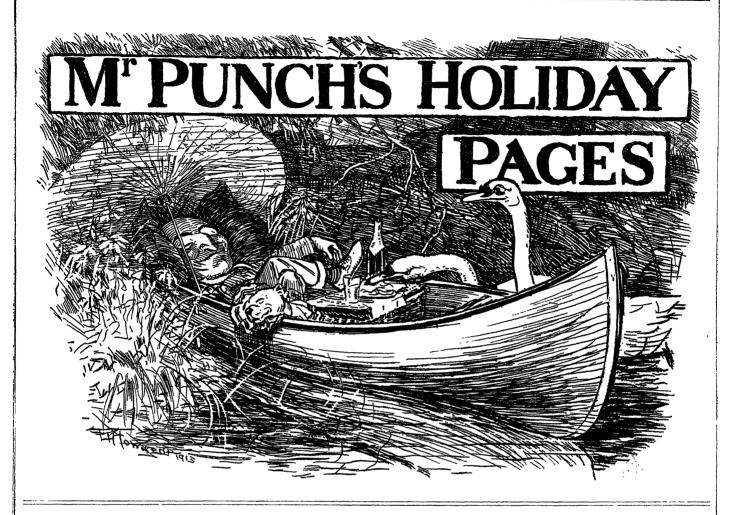
"Jeux," says I, not knowing the

were now giving the public "the gave birth to a son this morning." masterpieces of literature at the price of a glass of brandy." One of the inevitable drawbacks of success is that one is charged sevenpence for a glass of brandy.

"Why not cow-catchers for race-horses?" suggests a correspondent with the view of minimising the danger of such incidents as took place at Epsom

The demand for Life Guards for Motor Omnibuses continues to be The Brazilian President has sanctioned a decree establishing Greenwich is not prepared to risk the lives of

The appointment of Mr. MEREDITH The conditions prevailing at the Nicholson to the post of American matter is an important one, as the regime are reported from Lisbon. Mr. language, but pretending to.



#### FROM A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE WINDOW.

WE leave the draggled skirts of town And pass to meadows, woods and rills, Gladdened by Nature's spotless gown And Gollop's "Get-There" Liver Pills.

Anon we rest our jaded eyes
On browsing kine and woolly flocks
Grouped in a grassy Paradise
That 's labelled Bloke's Extract of Ox.

See yonder gently-rising knoll
With daisy-ribbons interlaced;
What message does it bring the soul?
Polish your Boots with Blinko Paste.

A sleeping church, a smiling farm, An unsophisticated inn, Λ crumbling tower, whose ivied charm Retires before Juventus Gin;

A vision of a jewelled dell,
Where Flora lends her habitat
To blazon forth the magic spell
Of Antitum, the Foe of Fat;

And then the windy heights that slope Down to the dancing sea; and there We read the crowning words of hope— Brinol will Banish Mal-de-Mer.

#### MODERN FAIRIES.

"The Fairy Glen" I drew anear;
I'd seldom seen a spot more pleasing
To wearied eye and harassed ear,
Fresh from the town's incessant teasing;
And, seated by the rippling rill,
Watching its eddies' odd vagaries,
I wondered was the valley still
The chosen whereabouts of fairies.

They'll come (I thought) to dance and sing;
Kelpic and gnome and elf and brownie
Will form again the fairy ring
Here where the sward is soft and downy,
Or haply recommence the feast
(Such was my summer-day delusion)
That I feel sure has lately ceased
Owing to my profane intrusion.

I see their traces all around;
With fairy signs the banks bedecked are;
The feast's remains adorn the ground,
Ambrosial crumbs and drops of nectar;
'Tis plain enough the fairy brood
(Witness the way the grass is mottled)
Use paper-bags to hold their food
And much prefer their nectar bottled.

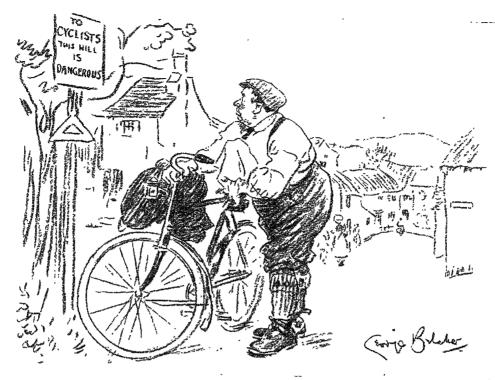


PAINTUL POSITION OF M.P. RETURNING TO HIS HOTEL IN THE ONLY CLOTHES LEFT HIM AFTER A QUIET BATHE BEHIND THE ROCKS.

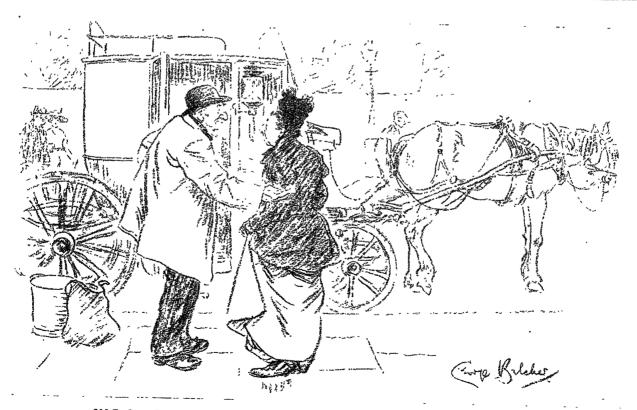


Gorgeous Individual (visitor at sea-side, running across resident friend). "Thanks for your note, old chap. I'll. in but do you mind dressing? We're such plain simple people."

But do you mind dressing? We're such plain simple people."



Gentleman (who has just climbed the hill). "Never was a truer word spoken than that."



Old Lady. "Does your horse ever shy at motors?" Cabby. "Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains fust come in."



THE FINER POINTS.

The Authority. "As I explained to 'im at the time, a celluloid collar in lodgings, well and good, but in a bounding establishment, such as Sea View, a thousand times no!"



A REARGUARD ACTION.

Ingoing Butsman (who has been commandeered at the last moment). "ER—HAVEN'T YOU ANOTHER PAIR OF GUARDS? MY LEGS AND



Itale Major. "Wity don't you come and help me out instead of standing there grinning like a typhold idiot?" Scout. "I thought perhaps you was taking cover, Sir?"



Owner. "You'll be a new man after this, my boy." Feeble Voice. "Well, there isn't much of the old one left."

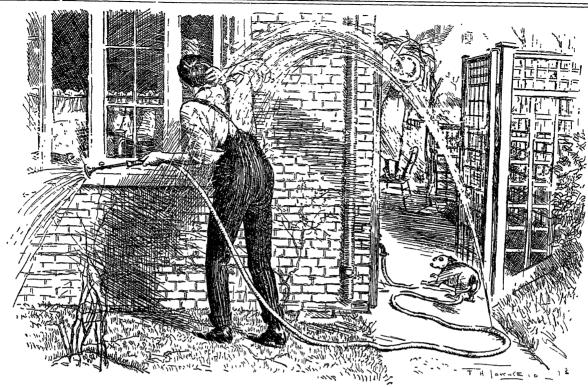


Harold (after a morning's gardening). "I won't wash my hands for dinner, nurse, then I shall be ready for gardening again directly afterwards."



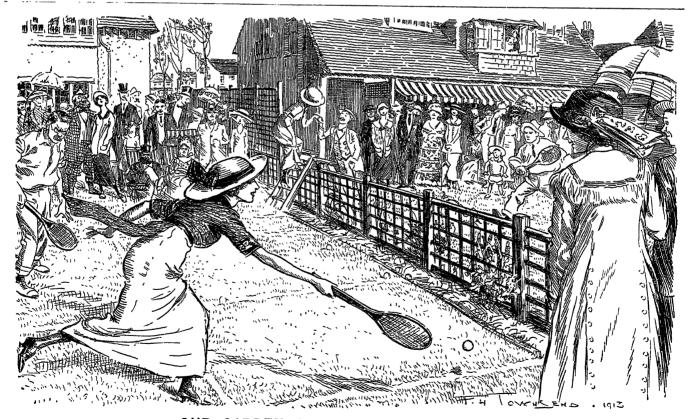
She (lecturing him on self-denial). "For instance, why didn't you put a penny in the missionary-box that girl is Handing round, instead of spending it on cigars?"

[Horror of superfine person whose cigars never cost him less than one-and-sixpence.]



## OUR GARDEN SUBURB-ITS DARK SIDE.

Jones (unwarrantably suspecting another unneighbourly action). "Annie, just run next door and tell Mr. Simpkins I am perfectly capable of watering my own lawn, and I shall be much obliged if he will have the decency to keep his nose playing within his own boundaries."



## OUR GARDEN SUBURB-ITS BRIGHT SIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth-Jenkins, 89, Ruskin Close, and Mr. and Mrs. Derwent-Potts, 90, Ruskin Close.

LAWN TENNIS.

AT HOME—July 3rd, 2.30 to 6.

R.S.V.P. to either address.

## HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE;

WHICH, IN THE OPINION OF EXPERTS, IS THE ESSENCE OF A HOLDAY.





A GOURMET SHOULD TAKE LODGINGS OVER A TRIPE SHOP AND FRED DOWNSTAIRS.

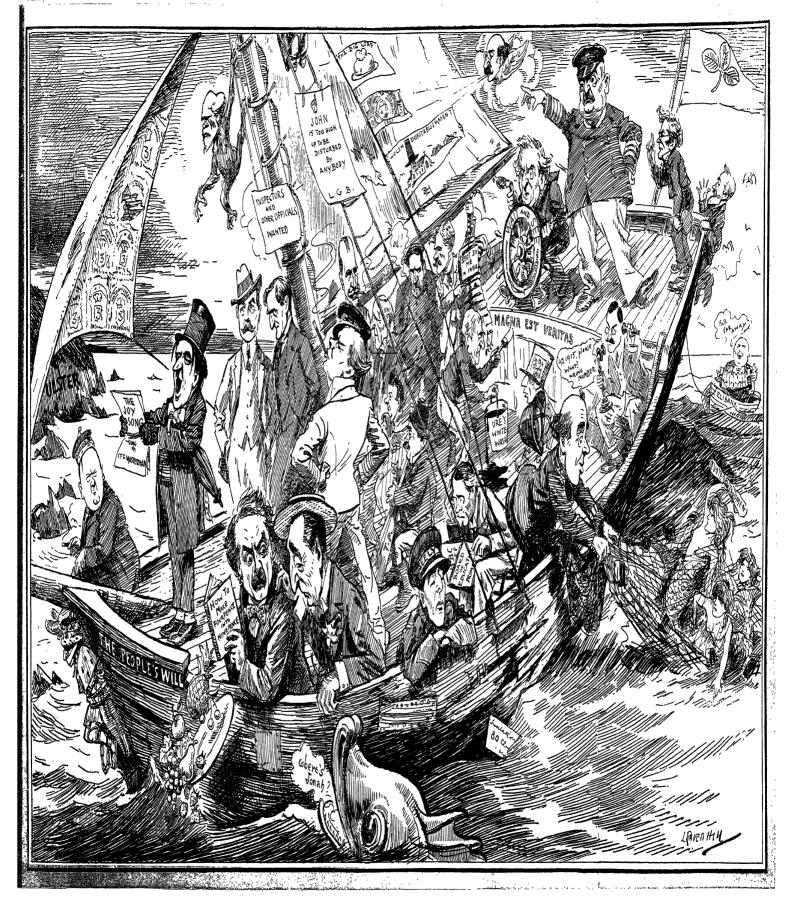


A YOUNG LADY OF AMOROUS TENDENCIES COULD NOT DO BETTER THAN TAKE ROOMS IN A REMOTE VILLAGE.

4 Youngest male inhabitant.



A MEMBER OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB SHOULD GO BUAN-FRASTING TO EPPING.



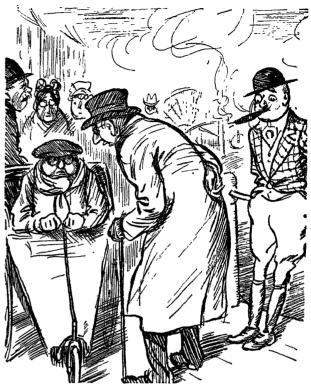
THE LIBERAL PLEASURE-PARTY AT SEA.

## HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE.

(Continued.)



THE FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITE SHOULD TRY THE EFFECT OF ABSOLUTE LONELINESS, SAY, SOMEWHERE IN THE ORRNEYS.



THE SPORTING MAN MIGHT SAMPLE THE PLEASURES OF lacktriangle Month at a health resort.



The Scotch elder should go into retreat at Trouville or Ostend,  $\overline{\phantom{a}}$ 



WHILE THE "MILITANT" MIGHT CAMP OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF DARTMOOR OR ANY OTHER NON-INFLAMMABLE LOCALITY.



## OUR SCHOOL TREAT-BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Little Willie (triumphantly, having captured cow). "Teacher!"



Tripper (after a long straight drive by golfer). "What's 'E DO NOW, 'ERBERT'?"

Herbert. "WALKS AFTER IT AND 'ITS IT AGAIN."

Tripper. "Do 'E? Lor' Lumme, then I should take jolly good care not to 'it it too bit."

## TO BRIGHTEN COUNTRY GARDEN PARTIES.



()UR TWO CRACK LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS MIGHT GIVE US A KNOCKABOUT EXHIBITION.



OUR YOUNG STOCK EXCHANGE RESIDENT MIGHT TELL A FEW OF THE LATEST STORIES FROM THE HOUSE.



DIVING FOR GOLDFISH MIGHT PROVE A DISTRACTION,



AND NO MALE GUEST SHOULD BE ALLOWED A DRINK UNTIL HE HAS LASSOED THE BUTLER OR A FOOTMAN.



SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED BY THE FASHION-PLATE ARTIST.





Tourist (landing on small island in Hebrides—to old resident). "Who lives here, my friend?" "Oh, just me and the wife and my brither-in-law."

<sup>&</sup>quot;AND WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS IT?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;OH, AN AWFU' PLACE FOR SCANDAL."





### MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE NOVELETTE.

[May be read on the pier.] No. XCVIII.—A SIMPLE ENGLISH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.—PRIMROSE FARM.

PRIMROSE Farm stood slumbering in the sunlight of an early summer morn. Save for the gentle breeze which played in the tops of the two tall elms all Nature seemed at rest. Chanticleer had ceased his song; the pigs were asleep; in the barn the cow lay thinking. A deep peace brooded over the rural scene, the peace of centuries. Terrible to think that in a few short hours . . . but perhaps it won't. The truth is I have not quite decided whether to have the murder in this story or in No. XCIX.—The Severed Thumb. We shall see.

As her alarum clock (a birthday present) struck five, Gwendolen French sprang out of bed and plunged her face into the clump of nettles which grew outside her lattice window. For some minutes she stood there, breathing in the incense of the day; then dressing quickly she went down into the great oak-beamed kitchen to prepare breakfast for her father and the pigs. As she went about her simple duties she sang softly to herself, a song of love and knightly deeds. Little did she think that a lover, even at that moment, stood outside her door.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Gwendolen, and she poured the bran-mash into a bowl and took it up to her father's room.

For eighteen years Gwendolen French had been the daughter of John French of Primrose Farm. Endowed by Nature with a beauty that is seldom seen outside a novelette, she was yet as modest and as good a girl as was to be found in the county. Many a fine lady would have given all her Parisian diamonds for the peach-like complexion which bloomed on the fair face of Gwendolen. But the gifts of Nature are not to be bought and sold.

There was a sudden knock at the

"Come in," cried Gwendolen in surprise. Unless it was the cow, it was an entirely unexpected visitor.

A tall and handsome young man

the low-ceilinged kitchen.

"Good morning," he said, repressing the remark which came more readily



to his lips. "Pray forgive this intrusion. The fact is I have lost my way, and I wondered whether you would be kind enough to inform me as to my whereabouts."

Recognizing from his conversation that she was being addressed by a gentleman, Gwendolen curtsied.

"This is Primrose Farm, Sir," she

"I fear," he replied with a smile, "it has been my misfortune never to have heard so charming a name before. I am Lord Beltravers, of Beltravers Castle,



from India I came out for an early stroll this morning, and I fear that I have wandered out of my direction."

"Why," cried Gwendolen, "your lordship is miles from Beltravers Castle. How tired and hungry you must be." She removed a lettuce from the kitchenchair, dusted it, and offered it to him. A tall and handsome young man [Dusted the chair, of course, and offered entered, striking his head violently it to him.—Ed.] "Let me get you

against a beam as he stepped into some milk." Picking up a pail she

went out to inspect the cow.

"Gad," said Lord Beltravers as soon as he was alone. He paced soon as he was alone. He paced rapidly up and down the tiled kitchen. "Deuce take it," he added recklessly, "she's a lovely girl." The Beltraverses were noted in two continents for their hard swearing.

"Here you are, Sir," said Gwendolen, returning with the precious liquid.

Lord Beltravers seized the pail and drained it at a draught.

"Heavens, but that was good!" he said. "What was it?"

"Milk," said Gwendolcu.



"Milk, I must remember. And now may 1 trespass on your hospitality Beltravers. Having returned last night still further by trespassing on your assistance so far as to solicit your help in putting me far enough on my path to discover my way back to Beltravers Castle?" (When he was alone he said that sentence again to himself, and wondered what had happened to it.)

"I will show you," she said simply. They passed out into the sunlit orchard. In an apple-tree a thrush was singing; the gooseberries were over-ripe; beet-roots were flowering everywhere.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"Yes," said Gwendolen.

"I must see you again. Listen! To-night, my mother, Lady Beltravers, is giving a ball. Do you dance?"

"Alas, not the Tango," she said sadly. "The Beltraverses do not tang," he announced with simple dignity. "You valse? Good. Then will you come?"

"Thank you, my lord. Oh, I should

love to!"

- "That is excellent. And now I must bid you good-bye. But first, will you not tell me your name?"

  - "Gwendolen French, my lord."
    "Ah! One 'f' or two?"
    "Three," said Gwendolen simply.

CHAPTER II.—BELTRAVERS CASTLE.

Beltravers Castle was a blaze of At the head of the old oak lights. staircase (a magnificent example of the Selfridge period) the Lady Beltravers stood receiving her guests. Magnificently gowned in one of Sweeting's latest creations and wearing round her neck the famous Beltravers seed-pearls, she looked the picture of stately magnificence. As each guest was announced by a bery of footmen, she extended her



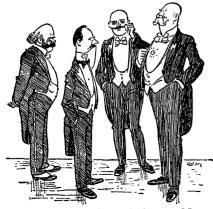
perfectly-gloved hand and spoke a few

words of kindly welcome.

"Good evening, Duchess; so good of you to look in. Ah, Earl, charmed to meet you; you'll find some sandwiches in the billiard-room. Beltravers, show the Earl some sandwiches. How-doyou-do, Professor? Delighted you could Won't you take off your come. goloshes?"

All the county was there.

Lord Hobble was there wearing a magnificent stud; Erasmus Belt, the famous author, whose novel "Bitten: A Romance" went into two editions; Sir Septimus Root, the inventor of the fire-proof spat; Captain the Honourable Alfred Nibbs, the popular breeder of



his wife were present. And towering | her into the circle of dancers.

above them all stood Lord Beltrayers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Lord Beltravers stood aloof in a corner of the great ball-room. Above his head was the proud coat-ot-arms



of the Beltraverses—a headless sardine on a field of tomato. As each new arrival entered Lord Beltravers scanned his or her countenance eagerly, and then turned away with a snarl of disappointment. Would his little country maid never come?

She came at last. Attired in a frock which had obviously been created in Little Popley, she looked the picture of girlish innocence as she stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. Then her eyes brightened as Lord Beltravers came towards her with long swinging strides.

"You're here!" he exclaimed. "How good of you to come. I have thought about you ever since this morning.



There is a valse beginning. Will you valse it with me?"

"Thank you," said Gwendolen shyly. Lord Beltravers, who valsed divinely, blood-tortoises—the whole world and put his arm round her waist and led CHAPTER III.—AFFIANCED.

The ball was at its height. Gwendolen, who had been in to supper eight times, placed her hand timidly on the arm of Lord Beltravers, who had just begged a polka of her.

"Let us sit this out," she said. "Not here—in the garden."

"Yes, said Lord Beltravers gravely. "Let us go. I have something to say to you.'

Offering her his arm he led her down the great terrace which ran along the

back of the house.

"How wonderful to have your ancestors always around you like this!" cooed Gwendolen, as she gazed with reverence at the two statues which fronted them.

"Venus," said Lord Beltravers shortly,

"and Samson."

He led her down the steps and into the ornamental garden, and there they sat down.

" Miss French," said Lord Beltravers, "or, if I may call you by that sweet name, Gwendolen, I have brought you here for the purpose of making an offer to you. Perhaps it would have been more in accordance with etiquette had I approached your mother first."

"Mother is dead, "said the girlsimply. "I am sorry," said Lord Beltravers, bending his head in courtly sympathy. 'In that case I should have asked your father to hear my suit."

"Father is deaf," she replied. "He

couldn't have heard it."

"Tut, tut," said Lord Beltravers impatiently; "I beg your pardon," he added at once, "I should have controlled myself. That being so," he went on, "I have the honour to make to you, Miss French, an offer of marriage. May I hope?"

Gwendolen put her hand suddenly to her heart. The shock was too much for her fresh young innocence. She was



not really engaged to Giles Earwaker,

though he too was hoping; and the only three times that Thomas Ritson had kissed her she had threatened to box his ears.

"Lord Beltravers," she began-"Call me Beltravers," he begged.

"Beltravers, I love you. I give you

a simple maiden's heart."
"My darling!" he cried, clasping her thumb impulsively. "Then we are affianced.'

He slipped a ring off his finger and fitted it affectionately on two of hers.

"Wear this," he said gravely. "It was my mother's. She was a de Dindigul. See, this is their crest—a roeless herring over the motto Dans l'huile." Observing that she looked puzzled he translated the noble French words to her. "And now let us go in. Another dance is beginning. May I beg for the honour?"

"Beltravers," she whispered lovingly.

#### CHAPTER IV.—EXPOSURE.

The next dance was at its height. In a dream of happiness Gwendolen revolved with closed eyes round Lord Beltravers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Suddenly above the music rose a voice, commanding, threatening.

"Stop!" cried the Lady Beltravers. As if by magic the band ceased and

all the dancers were still.

"There is an intruder here," said Lady Beltravers in a cold voice. "A milkmaid, a common farmer's daughter. Gwendolen French, leave my house this instant!"

Dazed, hardly knowing what she did, Gwendolen moved forward. In an instant Lord Beltravers was after her.

"No, mother," he said, with the utmost dignity. "Not a common milkmaid, but the future Lady Beltravers."

An indescribable thrill of emotion ran through the crowded ball-room. Lord Hobble's stud fell out; and Lady Susan



Golightly hurried across the room and fainted in the arms of Sir James Batt.

"What!" cried the Lady Beltravers. "My son, the last of the Beltraverses, the Beltraverses who came over with Julius Wernher (I should say Cæsar), marry a milkmaid?

"No, mother. He is marrying what any man would be proud to marry—a simple English girl."

There was a cheer, instantly sup-

pressed, from a Socialist in the band. For just a moment words failed the Lady Beltravers. Then she sank into a chair, and waved her guests away.

"The ball is over," she said slowly. "Leave me. My son and I must be

alone."

One by one, with murmured thanks for a delightful evening, the guests trooped out. Soon mother and son were alone. Lord Beltravers, gazing out of the window, saw the 'cellist



laboriously dragging his 'cello across the park.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE END.

[And now, dear readers, I am in a difficulty. How shall the story go on? The editor of Mr. Punch's Seaside Library asks quite frankly for a murder. His idea was that the Lady Beltravers should be found dead in the park next morning and that Gwendolen should be arrested. This seems to me both crude and vulgar. Besides I want a murder for No. XCIX. of the series—The Severed Thumb.

No, I think I know a better way out.]

Old John French sat beneath a spreading pear-tree and waited. Early that morning a mysterious note had been brought to him, asking for an interview on a matter of the utmost importance. This was the trysting-place.

"Thave come," said a voice behind him,
"to ask you to beg your daughter—
"I HAVE COME," cried the Lady

Beltravers, "TO ASK YOU-

"I HAVE COME," shouted her ladyship, "TO-

John French wheeled round in amazement. With a cry the Lady Beltravers shrank back.

"Eustace," she gasped—"Eustace, Earl of Turbot!"

"Eliza!"

"What are you doing here? I came to see John French.'

"What?

She repeated her remark loudly several times.



"I am John French," he said at last. "When you refused me and married Beltravers I suddenly felt tired of Society; and I changed my name and settled down here as a simple farmer. My daughter helps me on the farm."

"Then your daughter is—"
"Lady Gwendolen Hake."

A beautiful double wedding was solemnized at Beltravers in October,



the Earl of Turbot leading Eliza, Lady Beltravers to the altar, while Lord Beltravers was joined in matrimony to the beautiful Lady Gwendolen Hake. There were many presents on both sides, which partook equally of the beautiful and the costly.

Lady Gwendolen Beltravers is now the most popular hostess in the county; but to her husband she always seems the simple English milkmaid that he first thought her. Ah! Λ. Λ. Μ.

"The Bishop remained motionless and impassive. . . . A woman rushed wildly to the front of the platform and endeavoured to agree with the vicar, whom she hit on the back with an umbrella."

The Englishman (Calcutta).

Agreement off.



PAINTING THE LILY.

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 23. -CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, rising at Question time to reply to inquiry

taneously from Ministerial benches and was vociferously echoed by Irish Members opposite.

In exceptional gushes of wifely attachment Mrs. Micawber was accustomed to assure her husband that she would desert him." " never Not, as Mr. Micawber once tartly observed, that there had been any suggestion of abrupt parting. It was merely casual assurance of her faith, affection and attachment.

In this sense the unexpected demonstration was construed. In spite of anything that may have happened in the way of private investments, in scorn of insinuations made in certain quarters, Liberals are not going to desert LLOYD

of Parliament Act. Premier moved Resolution intermitting Committee and Report Stage in respect of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and Bill designed to encourage Temperance in Scotland.

In able speech that crowns Parliamentary reputation slowly but steadily growing, Son Austen went to root of the matter. By way of mollifying gress with other business. Opposition the Resolution gave one day to consideration of Irish Finance and three hours for financial Resolution of the Welsh Church Bill.

"Is not the right honourable gentleman over-generous?"Austen Chamber-LAIN asked. "Why give any time at all? What is the use of it?

That is a question submitted the other day by the Member for Sark. The course of procedure with these Bills is an inevitable sequence to the passing last year of the Parliament Act. That allotted to measures approved by majority of the Commons and thrown out by the Lords a course of three sessions before they reach the Statute Book.

provisions of the Act, a Bill passed for one carried in first session.

Then what is the use of discussing of it?" from Fred Hall (still of Dulwich) it over again in the second session? about equitable readjustment of local Though Members speak with the Resolution carried by 294 against 202. and imperial finance, startled by out- tongues of men and angels, they canburst of cheering. It sprang spon- not alter a line. If they did, the whole with fraternal zeal been considering



"She would 'never desert him." (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as Mr. Micawber.)

Little incident prelude to brisk de-|fabric would break down; would have | be a copy of the Bill. bate on procedure as applied to Bills to be finally abandoned or rebuilt from engineered in connection with operation | the foundations. It is in the next, the third, session that business may be done.

If to the sensitive mind need be for formally going through stages of such Bills in second session, the measures now in hand might be driven three abreast, a stage a sitting, the journey to be completed in four days. This would be equally efficacious and would practically leave four sittings for pro-



But, in order to profit by "Son Austen goes to the root of the matter."

That was SARK's idea. Pleased to find the third time by the Commons and sent support from the emment Parliamenon to the Lords must be identical word tarian who puts the question in briefest for word, comma for comma, with the form "Why [in the second session] give any time at all? What is the use

> Business done.—Ministerial Procedure Tuesday.—Whilst the Lords have

> > case of Ancient Monuments, the Commons not only did exceptionally good day's work but finished it before halfpast seven. This largely due to circumstance that Bill amending Insurance Act was brought in under Ten Minutes' Rule. Exposition of provisions of Bill limited to that period of time, and only one speech supplementary permitted. The privilege was not exercised by Opposition, and, within quarter-of-an-hour after his rising, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, amid loud cheers from Ministerialists, retreated to Bar, faced right-about, and marched up to the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of folded sheet of foolscap purporting to

(As matter of fact it was a blank sheet of paper known as "a dummy." Thus doth the stately Mother of Parliaments upon occasion palter with the truth.)

House straightway went into Committee to consider financial proposals of Home Rule Bill. Here was more scope for conversation. The whole of remainder of sitting, a minimum of seven hours, might have been occupied more or less usefully in discussion. Yesterday, when PREMIER moved Resolution strictly limiting time for debate, angry speakers from Opposition Benches denounced him for "throttling" them and loudly lamented "the degradation of Parliament." And behold! with seven hours at their disposal exactly one-half the time was found to suffice.

While it lasted, conversation became occasionally lively. TIM HEALY—who has attacked the Bill from the first, not because he loves Home Rule the less but because he hates John Redmond the more—had a final fling. Protested he had no confidence in calculations of Treasury Clerks, upon which financial scheme of Bill was based.

"It is," he said, "the same at the

the Irish Government. It a Coercion to be administered, so he decrees count Bill is manted, up goes the record of at quarter-to-six. natirders and ostrages. If the Government are on another tack, backing a fascinated by idea that he attempted Hom. Rule Bill, down go the numbers, to adapt it. But it is not everyone who The thing works like a concertina."

epi-copal duties of St Augustine to put motion. BIRRELL permit him to acquire, blandly described the Irish policy of the Opposition as "a combination of kicks and quarter - past nine you'd allow a ha'pence." Whereto Cousin Hugh, count?" perhaps irrelevantly, retorted, "In dealing with the financial problem between that a count might not be called until England and Ireland the Government are combining a little robbery with a little starvation.

This sounds quarrelsome. Only their fun. At twenty-three minutes past seven Resolution moved by CHIEF SECRETARY

agreed to without division.

Business done. — Insurance Act Amendment Bill introduced. Money proposals of Home Rule Bill agreed to.  $F_{riday}$ .—Motion made from Treasury Bench for appointment of Committee to consider Parliamentary procedure. The pertinacious PIRIE, not waiting for its report, introduces new form. House, being in Committee on Scotch Estimates, was as usual almost empty. Denizens of other parts of still United Kingdom have so high an opinion of business capacity of Scotchmen that they instinctively leave them to manage their own business. The pugnacious PIRIE, though not unconscious of the compliment, resented its result. If English, Welsh and Irish Members within call in case of snap division would not sit out the debate they should at least be disturbed in their idle pursuits in tearoom or on terrace. Accordingly at half-past four, the very moment when

Members crowded in, "made a House," and straightway rushed off, hoping to find remains of their interrupted meal intact from alien hands.

strawberries, cream and buttered buns

are in most urgent request, he moved

PIRIE. "At a quarter to six, I will do

it again."

a count.

And he was as good as his word. At the hour named the tintinnabulation of the bell announced another count, which was followed by same sudden rush and swift retreat.

Here is a new Parliamentary procedure that promises pleasing excitement and useful exercise on sultry evenings. Attempt to count out the House common enough. Where the punctilious Pirie creates a diversion is in

CAMPBELL of North Ayrshire so can wield the spear of Achilles. At a The INFANT SAMUEL, who knows quarter-past nine CAMPBELL moved

> "What!" gasped the gallant Captain, "didn't you inform me that at a

"I informed the honourable Member



"The Infant Samuel"

a quarter-past nine," loftily replied the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN. "I gave no indication as to what view I should take if my attention were then called to the absence of a quorum."

Business done.—Committee appointed to consider procedure.

# PASTIMES FOR M.P.'S.

THE recent Parliamentary Pigeonpopular success and was, we may add, so eagerly supported by the illustrated Press that it seems quite certain that our legislators will not be content to "Very well," said the implacable stop there. Our representative in the Lobby last week met with only one opinion on the subject, namely, that it was a thousand pities that this sort of thing had not been thought of sooner, the more so as, in the opinion of many experts, the precincts of Westminster are curiously well-adapted to some of our national sports and pastimes.

The promoters of the Rabbit-Coursing Meet, which was to have been held on the Terrace, have met with some opposition, and it is feared that the respect of naming the precise moment | project will have to be abandoned. An when he will move. As a doctor fixes alternative plan, however, is receiving be called a question?

Treasury as with other departments of a particular hour when pill or potion is influential support. It is proposed to get through a short Bill legalizing the Embankment as the scene of this contest and closing it to all other traffic during its continuance. It is thought that even in the present congested state of public business such a Bill, powerfully backed as it will be and of more about finance than the semi- a count. DEPUTY - CHAIRMAN declined an entirely non-contentious nature, should have no difficulty in reaching the Statute Book.

Meanwhile the Whips are being consulted on the feasibility of introducing a new system of Pairs, by which a whole team of contending members of the Government and the Opposition might be paired en bloc, in the event of an important division threatening to occur during a game of Rounders in

Parliament Square.

It is said that the movement in favour of Ratting parties, with a terrier and hockey sticks, along the waterside, is by no means smiled upon by the Government, and it is even asserted that members of the Coalition have had to sign an agreement not to join any party for this sport unless it shall embrace members of the Opposition in a proportion of two to one, as a safeguard against "Snaps." On the other hand the Cabinet is doing all it can to foster the new interest that has been aroused in the old round game of throwing eards into a hat-with, of course, Order papers substituted as the regulation missile. This game may be enjoyed, with a little ordinary circumspection, in the Chamber itself, and is an admirable means of keeping one's supporters on the spot.

There are still some old-fashioned prejudices to be overcome. Hunt-theslipper has been forbidden in the Smoking Room. But the new movement has been enthusiastically received by the Press photographers and it should do much as time goes on to brighten the Flying Match proved such an enormous lives of our members and relieve the

tedium of debate.

#### The World's Builders.

The militants have erected minitancy into a princle."—Glasgow Herald.

Not so easy as it sounds.

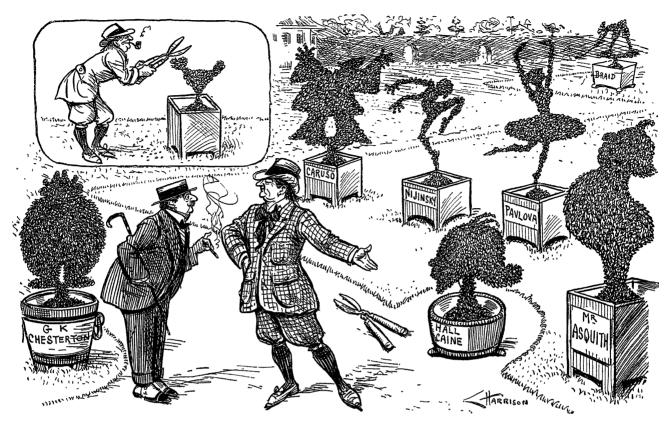
#### Very Long Putts.

"Time after time long putts either stopped about an inch short of the tee or turned aside at the last minute."—Yorkshire Post. Sickening, after being dead straight for the first five minutes.

"Will Ray maintained his straightness in (in the event of an Autumn Session) the long game. On the answer to that question perhaps depends the result."

Daily Mirror.

But can a statement about EDWARD RAY'S brother WILLIAM (if he has one)



TOPIARY FEVER.

Inset—First symptoms.

#### A DREAM-DINNER.

No silk pavilions raised of Eastern fable
For me, nor ottomans and awkward poses;
Dark oak upon the walls, upon the table
White napery, old silver, and red roses—
These o'er a garden where dream-borders shine
I build of dreams, and Stella comes to dine.

I do not set the cresset's sparks a-flitting
 Down an Arabian dusk on hot winds roaming;
 Softest electrics in an old French fitting
 I blend for her with June's wide-windowed
 gloaming,

Wherein I hang the yellow moon, because A friend to lovers moonlight ever was.

Slaves do not hand us, of Aladdin's uses,
The snow-cooled sherbets of date-palmed
Damascus;

We do not squeeze the pink pomegranate's juices, But, when a shadow-butler bends to ask us, We plump for Château Rothschild '78 (Stella's particular about the date).

No roasted kid for us, no fatted suckling,
Whereof a Sultan eats in silken splendour;
We like clear soup, Scotch salmon, and a duckling,
And heaped red strawberries whose legions render
Enough for half-a-dozen helps at least
When Stella shares with me a moonshine feast.

No conch shall blare, nor any nautch-girl's cymbal Sully the flow of pleasant conversation;

My Stella—bless her!—has a wit that's nimble;

Her tongue makes music for my admiration;

And, should some sudden silence drop the veil,

Outside my nightingales take up the tale.

Mocha comes last—black-magic, hot and fragrant,
Ambrosial on the summer evening falling;
We drink it on a terrace where the vagrant
Blue smoke-wreaths curl up and the owls are
calling;
And what's to pay? But nothing. You will find,
That he who dines in dreams leaves naught behind,

# A "Clerical" Error.

Saving, mayhap, a little peace of mind!

"The Rev. Preb. H. G. Hellier urged that the demonstration should be not only non-political, but everything should be done to make it irreligious."—Wells Journal.

"The special consignments at ——'s, Widmore Road, Bromley, this week are salmon, live lobsters, whitebait, trout, Marche Héroique Andantino in D flat, and . . . ''—Bromley District Times.

Here the list breaks off; and we hasten to send in our order for a brace of Marches Héroiques and one whitebait.

"'Marcus stoned in the Garden,' 92 guineas."—Western Mail.
We prefer the more stirring picture, "The Hon. John collaring the Cheat."

#### DICKENS.

(Possibly by the author of the article on Balzac in a recent number of "The Times Literary Supplement.")

This study, if indeed we may so term it, study being of the mind impalpable, whereas something solid may not unreasonably be expected to come of an addition of pages to the number of not fewer than four hundred and fifteen (and in this we do not, such being the custom, reckon either preface or index), has, since it was not unknown that Mr. Hickson was deeply engaged upon the work, been for a long time in the so blandly nebulous region of expectation, and is now at last, its sails bellying with a favourable wind, come into harbour.

It may be well, as we set ourselves to troad its decks and, with whatever of inspecting power we may possess, to explore and classify the so carefully packed and labelled cargo, to consider for not more than a moment and to explain clearly what the good ship "Hickson"—and for the word "good" we make no apology—is not rather than is, this method being not so much to aim a spear outside the target or around or above or below it, but to the very heart and centre of it, where you and we and they, too, may see it quiver. We may leave out, as being superfluous, the mere beginning and what next follows thereon as an immediate consequence, largely conditioned though it be, we make no doubt, by the reader's mind in grappling with the so insistent problem of enumeration.

Thirdly, then, Mr. Hickson—and if we name him again it is plainly with the respect due to one whose intellect, not, indeed, merged into, but plainly attracted by, the fuction (we underline that word) of Dickens, has shown us mellifluously, none the less, the old stage-directions and tutti quanti of his subject—is not a tramp steamer ploughing the ocean by an unfixed route ever at the mercy of winds and waves and such other influences as an uncharted sea may bring to bear, but a stately vessel, showing by the mere magic of her predestined voyaging how closely and how reasonably, seamanship as a science being granted, a man with his limits of outlook may triumph over what, for want of a better word, we may tentatively term the elements.

Of the characters of Dickens it must be said, and of this Mr. Hickson to his credit is more than dimly aware, that they move in orbits of their own and are subject, not to such accidents as may properly be predicted of these orbits, but to other quite extraordinary accidents having only this in common with the ordinary accidents of human nature that they happen and must necessarily be accepted as having happened; but of this the great reading public has scarce other than the vaguest notion and cannot know that they couldn't and didn't happen, but could and would be and were described in such far better language than if they had been what, in truth, they were never intended to be and actually were not. Caught and imprisoned, now thrust backward to a pillar, now forward with a quite different poignancy to something imagined that might, where all else was so remorselessly changeable, pass for a post, are there yet not intervals, are there not spaces in which it is still vaguely understood that Pecksniff was, indeed, a spirit not of compromise but of limitless mockery transcendentally embodied for aversion and laughter? For this Mr. Hickson, while not too precisely convicted of . . . [Here the MS. abruptly ends.]

A Bargain.

 $^{\circ}$  18-carat 3 stone diamond and ruby ring, large size, cost £1 10s , sell £3 15s."—Evening News.

#### RHYME OF THE EVASIVE REVIEWER.

When a novel that might disgust a Dago Falls to my lot for a full review,
Or a sex-romance by a shrill virago
With a hero-ead and a heroine-shrew,
I'm far too gentle to crab or slate them
Or lay them out in the Bludyer style;
So I make it my aim to understate them
With the aid of cuphemistic guile.

Though the plot and the dialogue are amazing Enough to startle a Tosk or a Gheg, And the hero's language is equal to raising A crop of hair on a hard-boiled egg, I don't enlarge upon these shortcomings, But I ladle the eulogy slab and thick On the author's "freedom from hawings and humnings," Itis "faithful portraits done from the quick."

When the heroine jilts a dean for a tailor —
A Polish Jew with a terrible beak
Or talks in a style that would shock a whater
And raise a blush on a scavenger's check,
It were simply a verbal descention
To call her a nasty little mins,
So I dwell on the fun of the situation
As the finest sport and the highest of jinks.

When a prosperous versatile impostor
In a number of rôles essays to shine,
I lend my pen the illusion to foster
That here is an artist who's all divine,
He may be only the minnows' Triton,
But I find that it generally pays
To lavish upon a bastard Crichton
The pap of an undiluted praise.

When a half-baked suitor for musical laurels Composes a sloppy amorphous thing. To a book of pseudo-exotic morals. That is hard to play and ugly to sing, Though the creature's Himalayan labours. Have only produced a melodic mouse, With patriot pen 1 exhort my neighbours. To hail the fraud as a super-Strauss.

When an underbred intellectual greaser
Has perpetrated a putrid play,
From which, in the days of a decadent Casar,
The dregs of Rome would have kept away;
Though it's fit to turn a black man livid
I speak of its art in an awestruck tone
As "honest" and "brave" and "patiently vivid,"
And leave its dustbins and drains alone.

So over the gamut of gross evasion,
Day in, day out, I cheerfully range,
And use my gift of oily persuasion
To prove that the vile is only the strange;
For why should I strive to lift my brothers
Out of the clutch of their native mire?
Unsalaried tasks I leave to others;
No man can deny that I carn my hire.

# Doing it thoroughly.

"In China not so many years ago a large river overflowed it hand; and five millions of people lost their lives by drowning, and afterward by starvation."—Navy League Quarterty.



Militant. "Now, isn't that provoking? Here's a lovely big house to let and I've forgotten my matches!!"

# THE HAND OF FATE.

PEOPLE have called me inconsistent: some people have gone so far as to say I am hopelessly inconsistent; but then, some people. . .

As a matter of fact and entirely without prejudice, I have the artistic temperament. It is only on this ground that I can account for the fact that I should love Olivia and Daphne at one and the same time, or concurrently, as we of the higher branch put it.

Olivia is very fair; I mean, of course, fair of feature.

Daphne is dark and, from an alliterative point of view, I feel sure that nothing could be neater. Daphne is dark.

When I add that Olivia is tall and cumbersome, whereas Daphne is petite, you will readily deduce that the two girls are distinguishable one from the other.

And yet I loved them equally well. In the absence of Olivia, Daphne occupied the whole of my heart; conversely, in the absence of Daphne, Olivia more than filled the vacancy.

It was a strange situation, even to one accustomed, as I am, to the vicissitudes of life.

never decreed that the two girls should in a most alarming manner.

meet in the presence of my heart, and therefore I had never been able to discover which of the two was to be the lucky one. After an encounter with Olivia, the odds rose a shade in her favour; a subsequent meeting with Dapline and the betting turned right round. The betting turned right round.

It was a strange situation. Whatever people may have said of me (see above), I am not lacking in courage. I decided that a joint meeting should be arranged, accepting with quiet calm the danger of the situation. I refer, of her blankly. course, to the possibility of my heart being torn in doubt; in two, perhaps.

With consummate guile, I wandered into the town on the day when the largest local milliner was holding a sale. In the most natural manner, and perfect snow-white spats, I strolled up and down the High Street just outside the milliner's. My scheming was immediately successful. Before five minutes had elapsed Olivia was on the scene.

"Hello!" she said, and my heart leapt.

"Hello!" I replied with perfect calm. "Shopping?"

Olivia nodded. "'M."

I was just about to say something witty, when Daphne emerged from the Up to a few days ago, fortune had shop. My handkerchief pocket quivered

- "Hello!" said Olivia. "Hello!" said Daphne.
- "Are you there?" I suggested. They both laughed. Honours, so far,

"Shopping?" I enquired. Daphne nodded. "'M."

In the short silence that followed my excitement was tremendous. I was just on the point of saying something clever when Daphne interrupted.

"Well," she said, "aren't going to congratulate us?" I looked at

"Us!" I exclaimed. "But you can't both, you know. I mean, there can only be one of you, and, as yet, I don't know which." I was getting a little confused.

"My dear man, what do you mean?" said Olivia. "Of course we can both, you know."

She patted Daphne's arm. future Mrs. Banton," she announced.

Daphne nodded to Olivia. "The

future Mrs. Merrilies," she exclaimed.

And then I understood. Fortune had shirked the task, and dealt with them equally. There was to be no lucky one.

> "£1,000,000 WILL SUIT TO-DAY." Daily Mail.

Or, at a pinch, would suit to-morrow.

#### AT THE PLAY.

"Boris Godounov."

Those who imagine from long and bitter experience of Grand Opera that in its louder colouring, was very poigsingers cannot be expected to act, nant in the simplicity of its tenderer should at once correct this error by a visit to the Russian Company at Drury to anticipate the flowing quality of Lane Theatre. Certainly M. CHALIA-PINE's great performance is proof enough that the possession of a voice is no necessary bar to the highest dramatic gifts. And a rare delight it was, after the cosmopolitan medleys of Covent Garden, to hear a chorus singing their national tongue in a national drama and wearing their national dress as to the manner born. May Heaven-if not Societyreward Sir Joseph Beecham!

Moussorgsky's work calls itself a Music Drama, and this means, of course. that the dramatic element always had its chance. The action, in fact, was not there to illustrate the orchestra, but the orchestra was there to interpret the action. Yet the music in this play of forty years ago still retains a certain dominance over the drama, and a true compromise between the two arts, as shown, for instance, in Puccini's La Tosca, is still only foreshadowed. For though the action is seldom delayed for the sake of the orchestra (the few superfluous moments that Boris wastes over his dying are as nothing compared with the interminable prolixity of Tristan's decease), no sort of attempt is made to give logical continuity to the plot. The designs, for instance, of the pretender Grigori are of the haziest. He starts from nowhere in particular and disappears into the inane. And the delighted." various disjointed scenes, or "tableaux," are obviously selected without regard | She took Percival's face between her to their part in the sequence of the scheme, but largely for the musical opportunities which they offer-here a choral effect, there a casual folk-song or a lament for a lost lover that nobody has heard of.

It was impossible therefore to be very greatly intrigued about the issue, and this made it the more remarkable that the dramatic intelligence of the actors should have cast so strong a spell over us. M. CHALIAPINE, alike in his attitude of composed dignity and in his moments of hallucination induced by the madness of remorse, was a splendid and noble figure. Next to him I most admired the charm of Mme. E. Petrenko as the Tsarevitch's Nurse. She did not reappear with the others to take our plaudits, and I was greatly tempted to shout "Nurse!" But the hour was getting late and I feared that my neighbours might suspect that it was my bedtime. Excellent singing was done, too,

by M. Andreew as an old monk, and indeed by everyone, though I found M. Damaew (as Grigori) too nasal.

The music, naturally a little barbaric passages. At times it seemed curiously Madama Butterfly.

Miss Rosa Newmarch's libretto was much better than most operatic translations, and for the one-and-sixpence you paid for it they threw you in an astonishingly generous assortment of misprints. One of the best that caught my eye occurs in the duck-and-drake song of the bonny widow:-

Sweetheart mine for whom I wait, Come console me Quick, your bony widow woo."

O.S.

#### THE DEADLY VIRTUE.

"You will go shopping with me to-morrow, won't you?" said Betty, lifting her head from his shoulder so that she might look at him.

Percival started. It occurred to him that Betty had fouled. He knew that she knew that he hated shopping. To visit shops in Regent Street with Betty was to feel that he was a cyphersomething which Betty took along to hang her parcels on, and as a foil to her own stately appearance.

But Percival was bland and goodtempered—he was probably one of the best-tempered men who have ever lived.

"Er—well," he said, "I'd just been thinking that—that we hadn't done any shopping for a long time. I'll be

Then Betty made a terrible blunder. hands and said, "I knew you'd say that. You're the best-tempered man with such a good temper.'

Now to be called good-tempered is to be accused by implication of a lack of all other qualities worthy of remark. It is to be dubbed negligible, and Per- into her eyes. cival did not like this.

"No," he said, "no—I'm not like that. I'm not good-tempered."

"Don't contradict me, dear," she returned. "Of course you're goodtempered. It's the thing I like about you best.'

"I'm not," he told her, still smiling, but with a suggestion of pain in his voice. "I can't allow you to call me that. Please withdraw the observation."

"I won't," said Betty. "I've said that you have the sweetest nature any man ever had, and it's true."

Percival regarded her gravely.

"Betty,' he said, "you are disappointing me. You call me good-tempered while all the time I know that I am not. I am cross-grained. At the least thing I am ready to do violence and to say terrible words. I am the plaything of my passions. If I have seemed snave and courteous, forget it. It was only a mask. And now you know the sort of man I am.'

She did not. She still assumed that he was starting some new sort of parlour game. So she stuck to her point.

"I know I'm right," she said. "But, anyhow, don't let's quarrel over it."

"I have no desire to quarrel," he frowned; "but I object to being called names. I am not good-tempered. You hear? I am the worst-tempered man in London. I am like an east wind; I am like a tornado; 1 am an unbearable man."

With a laugh, the first symptom of mild hysteria, Betty moaned-

"You are not! You are not! You are good-tempered --- sweet-tempered. It's just because you are so sweettempered that you won't admit it."

That touched Percival on the raw. "Be quiet!" he cried out on a note of fury; "I won't stand it! Me goodtempered. I, I mean. You don't know me! Don't argue! I say you don't know me."

Betty was in tears now. "You are good-tempered," she sobbed. "Goo-good-tempered. You cou-couldn't do an unkind thing—or s-say a harsh word."

Percival's face grew red, his eyes fierce. Madly he seized an encyclopædia from the table and crashed it into the grate. The rattle of the fireirons roused him to an access of wrath.

"This is too much!" he shouted, stretching a hand out for another book. in the world. There never was a saint | "I tell you I am not good-tempered. I give you one last chance before we part for ever. Am I good-tempered?" She bowed her head.

Percival stalked up to her and glared

"You persist?" ho demanded throatily.

Again she bowed her head. With Daintily Betty laid fingers upon his her right hand she fumbled at the third finger of her left. Shakily she held out the engagement ring.

"Yes," she told him; "and please go. I hear mother coming down. I don't want her to see you in this

"I don't want to see her in any state," he barked. "Good-bye! I am a bad-tempered man!"

In a moment he was outside in the A little innocent dog came road. trotting up to him. He kicked it aside and strode on into the gloom.



Excited Old Lady (as express thunders through station). "Oh, porter, doesn't that train stop here?" Patient Porter. "No, LIDY; IT DON'T EVEN HESITATE."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Roger Rockford was the missing heir, or the claimant, or something just as romantic, to the estate and title of Westwood. Rosalind Wynnstay was the attractive niece of the American millionaire who had rented the former. So now you see what Rosalind in Arden (DENT) is about. Anyhow, you see the end, for with protagonists so situated it would be as much as a circulating library subscription is worth not to leave them embracing on the last page. Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON seems to have been not only sensible of this, but (I fancy) somewhat hard put to it to provide them with six shillings-worth of obstacle to the inevitable. Indeed, having practically finished his tale when the lovers told their love several chapters before it should be commercially due, he was obliged to invent a number of quite tiresome persons, who (like the works of a might chatter through a sufficiency of pages. All this is attractive, if not strikingly original, short story, spoilt by expansion into a novel. Also the process seems to have been hurried. As witness this:—"At the registered hour paid a little more heed to his proofs this would never have and The Common Chord should on no account be lost. happened.

girl living a Bohemian life alone in a studio, and a handsome young man, stupid but staunch, who loved her in vain. I felt these were all people I knew well enough to wish to avoid; which only shows once more the danger of judging by appearances. It was the fast friendship between Jean Ucelle, the French musician, and Jimmy Armstrong, the sturdy Briton, which first showed me that Jean at least must be unusual, and I soon began to realise that for all his Gallic charm he had enough Saxon grit (for after all he had an English mother) to gratify my insular prejudice. Oh, and another thing. Jimmy, who might so well have been handicapped in his rivalry for the love of Judith S. Calvert by the possession of riches or noble birth, laboured under no such unromantic disabilities, and in fact, on the score of prospects, Jean was always giving away a pound or two of weight; so that Judith, who was quite nice enough for either of them, had a fair choice. Still, she naturally enough chose Jean, though there were nearly some serious watch) have nothing to do with the case, in order that they complications over the artistic allurements of Sonia, the great Russian dancer (need she have danced the swan only to say that I found Rosalind in Arden a dainty and dance? Are there not swallows and humming birds?), for whom Jean wrote the music which "caused him to arrive." In the end no one suffered much except Jimmy, and I am afraid he was always cut out for silent self-sacrifice, so that he [Roger] was at Charing Cross to catch the boat train to I did not greatly mind. Altogether, if Phyllis Bottome Dover. He paid no heed to his man, but recalled him has used some familiar harmonies in building up her novel, when he reached the Gare St. Lazare." If the author had she has managed to arrange them with unexpected freshness,

Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill, author of the admir-The first few strains of The Common Chord (MARTIN able Coniston and no tyro, therefore, in the novelist's art, SECKER) made my heart sink. For I found that PHYLLIS has, in The Inside of the Cup (MACMILLAN), let his sinceri-BOTTOME had apparently arranged for me to meet one after ties run away with him. He crowds his stage with so many the other a composer-pianist with nerves, a beautiful young folk that it is almost impossible to keep accurate count of them, to say nothing of getting comfortably acquainted. His theme is the old theme of the generous and impatient modernists of every age. Why preach (and finance) Christianity and conduct lives and accept principles altogether opposed to it? Why polish so assiduously the outside of important Middle-West American city; his villains, Eldon Parr, millionaire, manipulator and pillar of the Church, with the satellites who stand in with the big man in the same deals and worship in the same tabernacle. His heroine is Eldon Parr's daughter Alison, a lovable character, admirably drawn. The contending forces range themselves for the Ranges (Heinemann). There is a fine quality of youth and contest—the big battalions of the dollars and the orthodoxies on the one side, the modern ideas and the deep sincerities on the other-with a precise definition which it is the those who are sincerely interested in the always recurring wanderer, cynic, sentimentalist and incurable egoist (a figure

experiments with new wine and old bottles. And certainly here is a tract which is neither dull nor shallow.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is, for a proverb, an unusually acute estimate of the way of the world. But I think it rather loses its point when it is the sad, bad, mad dog who christens himself a wrong 'un. In Barry and a Sinner (SMITH, ELDER) the sinner who tells the story of his relations with the friend who picks him out of the gutter is not nearly so black as he paints himself. He was too much inclined to look upon the wine when it is red, and he got

fellow that he really is. But this left-handed way of drawing a hero, or rather of making the hero paint his own picture, using the darkest possible colours for the shadows, gives an irritating air of artificiality to the greater part of literature. the story. There is a delightful love scene at the end, and nothing in the sinner's life becomes him half so well as the manner of his leaving it as described in his own words. But Mr. BARNETT sacrifices too much in order to get his dramatic climax.

The Wilderness Lovers (Hodder and Stoughton) makes two entirely distinct appeals to the reader, though Mr. E. R. Punshon has done his best—and a very good best to weave them into one story. First there are the doings of an American millionaire who talks delightful Yankee and is blissfully convinced that the angels are blind to the misery his operations may cause so long as he endows a church or builds a Sunday School with part of the profits. In the town stable for donkeys. There are very few who live still and it won't be long till also the last of their race will be dead."

on a young Englishwoman, married to a shrewd but stodgy solicitor, when she comes suddenly in contact with a rather fine and lawless dweller in the "foothills" of the Far West. These two last are the Wilderness Lovers, and I found their goings-on rather mawkish and Mr. Punshon's reasonings the cup? His hero, John Hodder, is a sterling parson in an thereon a trifle dull beside the breezy go-ahead movements of the financier. Still, there are the two things, and you can make your choice which you will skip. There is very good stuff in the book either way.

vigour in Miss Eleanor Mordaunt's writing that invests with fresh interest the not very new story she tells. Lu herself is as vital a heroine as you need wish. We first weakness of real life not to allow. If the eagerness of meet her, the starving child-mother of two little brothers the author's convictions shatters the respectable quality of detachment, his book will be none the less welcome to

touched in with admirable success), who from the natural kindness that is in him rescues the little family from starvation, puts In-much to her disgust-on a farm, and finally, after a period of separation, drifts back to her with results that were inevitable. There follow some chapters dealing with a hospital that are as crudely (and superfluously) horrible as anything that I remember in recent fiction. What upheld me through them was the certainty that no heroine with the gift for dancing displayed by Lu as a child of nature in the mountains would ever be allowed to end without becoming a popular idol



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY. PRACTISING THE CONFIDENCE TRICK WITH A LAY FIGURE.

six months for abstracting from the office petty-cash box the of the stage. Which of course is what happens; leading wherewithal to back a horse which didn't win. But beyond up to the final scene, grimly moving, in which she again that the mud which he keeps flinging at himself doesn't meets Orde, and, dying, he commands her to dance again stick. That, of course, is the obvious design of the author, for him as she did under the trees in their youth. There Mr. John Barnett. He means you to think him the fine is a plenty of other incidents; at some of them one might perhaps sneer as melodramatic, but the whole effect is undeniably robust. For this and for the character of Orde I hail the book as one that promises well for Australian

> The plight of Colonel SEELY'S Territorial Cavalry, who are not to be allowed to march past at the Royal Review, finds a touching echo in the state of things at Carlshad, as set forth with considerable pathos in the local Herald:-

> "Some of our old cure-guests who use to come here regularly year after year, will surely remind themselves of those donkey cavaleades, which formerly walked through the whole town and how great the pleasure always was for the strangers to take a ride on those donkeys. They used to be quite a splendid specimen of donkeys and they belonged to the town stud. These times seem to be finally over now. Those donkey-cavalcades have totally disappeared. As far as they are still alive, the bearers of this beautiful donkey period are to be found

#### CHARIVARIA.

Says Mr. Barry Pain, in Mrs. Murphy: "There's illnesses as is illnesses, and there's illnesses as ain't. money to spare as can afford the illnesses as ain't." It seems almost incredible, but Mr. BARRY PAIN has evidently not heard of the Insurance Act.

"Dr. J. Sinclair," it is announced, "has been appointed chief medical officer to the Post Office." The work by a motor omnibus in the Strand last involved must be peculiarly arduous, week. It must have been an unequal for, since it took over the telephones, combat from the beginning.

the Post Office suffers from more complaints than any other public department.

With reference to the gentleman who recently hoaxed the London Hospital in the matter of a big donation to its funds, we understand that the medical staff trust that, if he should ever have to undergo an operation, he will place himself in their hands.

Negotiations are reported to be in progress for the purchase by the British Government of an Unger airship. Meanwhile, is anything being done to provide us with guns capable of hitting aircraft? We need not only Ungers, but also Unger-Strikers.

A swarm of bees occupied a post - office letter - box at Salcombe, Devon, one day last week. A Suffragette is suspected of having brought them there in her bonnet.

Croydon, which is seeking to extend its boundaries, is in some fear lest the borough shall be

annexed by London. This would be strenuously resisted by Croydon, and, as it is thought that London would press, is still sub judice, but we hope President of the Divorce Court" at the probably object to being annexed by Croydon, it is possible that a delicate situation may arise before long.

An elephant, we read, figured among the presents at an Eastbourne wedding. We suspect it was a white one.

The Vicar of Sittingbourne, Kent, we learn from The Express, has started a "Bargemen's Brotherhood," which already numbers fifty-seven members, paragraphs like the following we are who pledge themselves "always to sorry we do not see it more often:—attend a place of worship once on the "Mr. Herbert Moss has returned to Sunday when on shore, and to endeavour not to swear." The word in italics (ours) mantic circumstances) has just been No Brass Band of spirit would let a would seem to point to a compromise announced to Miss Howgate, of 'Glen little thing like that worry it.

and the bargees. \* \*\*

It is announced that, in spite of the day. And it's only them with time and considerable expense involved, the cross on the dome of St. Paul's is to be regilded. To the credit of the authorities an offer by an American commercial man to bear the cost in return for advertising rights is said to have been refused.

A costermonger's donkey was killed

Kind-hearted Gentleman (who has brought a p wement artist to see the Academy). "There are hundreds of Beautiful Pictures here, painted by hundreds of artists."

Pavement Artist. "Ho, YES; BUT ARE THEY ALL THEIR OWN WORK?"

case which, at the time of going to announced Sir Samuel Evans as "The we shall not get into trouble for drawing attention to the following head- President. "Sammy" would certainly lines which appeared in The Daily Mail | have sounded more genial. last week:—.

> "LADY SACKVILLE ON THE SCOTTS.

MR. WALTER SCOTT ON HIS KNEES."

\*,\* If The Sydney Herald publishes many

having been arrived at in the negotia- Iris,' Heidelberg Road, Clifton Hill." tions between the reverend gentleman This must have been much more satisfactory than keeping back the news from Miss Howgate until the wedding

> The fact that a huge signboard, advertising "Come Over Here" at the London Öpera House, fell and was wrecked the other day, reminds us that, when France's champion prize-fighter appeared in the Revue, a strip of paper announcing "Engagement of Georges Carpentier" was pasted across the poster depicting Mile. Polaire. So far, no damages have been claimed for breach.

> > In an age when under-dressing is all too common, it is gratifying to read that the monks at the monastery of St. Michael at Maikop, in the Caucasus, have gone on strike in consequence of an order issued by their Father Superior prohibiting them from wearing trousers.

> > Last year's floods in Norfolk have resulted in deposits of mud in the Broads. . Norfolk people, however, are not easily discouraged, and we may expect shortly to see some such advertisement as this:—

> > "WHY GO TO THE CONTINENT WHEN YOU CAN GET EXCELLENT MUD BATHS IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY?"

> > Reading that the Lowestoft drifter, Lord Wenlock, realised £337 for one night's work, her catch being 150 crans, a wellto-do Gotham man asked his fishmonger to obtain a cran for him, as he had never tasted one.

Sir ROBERT ROGERS has taken

We are not allowed to comment on a exception to the toast-master's having Guildhall Luncheon to the French

> We are authorised to deny as a silly canard the report that Mr. LLOYD George will shortly appear in a Revue at the National Liberal Club, entitled "Halo Ragtime."

"The Brass Band are entering for the Band Competition at the coming Feis in Mullingar. They are, however, severely handicapped for want of instruments."

Westmeath Independent.

#### BETTER THAN A PLAY.

[Lines addressed to a waiter at a restaurant where they offer facilities for theatre-dinners.]

> NAY, rush me not, Antonio; let me savour This coffee à la Turque at my slow ease, And lap this blend of Benedictine flavour Distilled by holy friars on their knees; Bring me a brand of Cuba, green and balmy, With gilded cummerbund and long and fat; I have no play to see to-night, mon ami, I thank my gods for that.

> This hour to inward peace is dedicated; To-night I will escape that captious mood Which comes of healthy appetite unsated Or else the bitter pangs of bolted food. Lingering meals, with choice cigars for sequel, Suit my digestive system better far; I have seen many plays, but few to equal A really good cigar.

> And then compare the charges! For a scanty Stall I must put my demi-guinea down, Whereas this full and generous "Elegante" Costs me the paltry sum of half-a-crown; And, as I smoke it, I may hold a quiet Duologue with myself, of fancy wrought, Where no intruding mummers, making riot, Distract my train of thought.

> It is, I own, an honourable calling, That of the histrion; I respect his art; The grind, I always think, must be appalling Of getting such a lot of words by heart; would not seem, for worlds, to cast suspicion Upon his shining claims; I but protest He cannot stand the strain of competition With one of Cuba's best.

But when the ferment of my peptic juices Begins, my good Antonio, to abate, Letting my brain, now blind to Thespian uses, Enter upon a more receptive state, Lest you should deem that I have touched too lightly On sacred matters, I will move along To where they give two exhibitions nightly, And hear a comic song. O. S.

# ONCE UPON A TIME. CIVILIZATION.

Once upon a time there was a man who was tired of hurry and fret and competition and politics and fashion and modernity. Above all he was tired of newspapers.

"I will," he said, "betake me to the wilderness for a to sleep again." while and get back a little peace and simplicity."

But the first thing that he saw on reaching the wilderness was the office of The Wilderness Gazette.

From a circular:-

"Briefly, Pellidol is diacetylamidoazotoluol." If the writer is really aiming at brevity, he must try again.

"Only one of the officers is now living who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade' at Balaclava; but there are probably still 1,500 of the privates on earth who took part in that great historical event."—Greenwood (B.C.) Ledge.

All that was left of them-left of six hundred.

#### THE CREATIVE GIFT.

["A character will every now and then seem to take the bit between his teeth and say and do things for which his creator feels himself hardly responsible."—WILLIAM ARCHER.]

The budding dramatist looked again at the passage in the Playwright's Manual. Yes, there it was in cold print. "Once your characters are clearly in your mind," he

read, "you can let them work out their own salvation. They, not you, will construct the play. The late Clyde Fitch used to insist that his characters often surprised

him by their actions.'

The budding dramatist breathed hard. This was a new gospel to him; he had been on the wrong track from the start. Clearly the proper course was to individualize the characters mentally, to decide on the opening scene, and then to sit back in a receptive mood and record the actions of the children of his party. At last he could begin on To-Morrow, his great dramatization of Laziness; for already the character of Lucius Doolittle was clearly in his head. How, then, should the play open? Once this was decided, he could liberate Lucius and let him go his own way.

At exactly eight o'clock the next morning a splendid idea for the beginning of Act I. presented itself. Scene: Morning in Lucius Doolittle's bachelor apartments. An alarm clock heard ringing without. Lucius in his pyjamas emerges from his bedroom door, and lighting a eigarette (character touch) strolls listlessly toward the bath. A great beginning: true to every-day life and yet unusual. Not a soul in the audience but would be startled into attention by the insistent tinkle of the alarm. What psychology! And later, perhaps, the audience could actually hear Lucius's

bath running. Uncompromising realism!

Such was the budding dramatist's fever of excitement that he could hardly wait to scramble into his clothes and to pounce upon his bacon and eggs before beginning the work of a lifetime. At last all was ready—his pen chosen, his paper ranged before him. Trembling with excitement he proceeded to focus his inner eye upon Lucius Doolittle, who was to choose his own path through the piece unhindered. Cautiously he wrote as follows: "Timeearly morning. Doolittle's apartments are in disorder. Glasses and a half-emptied bottle stand on the centre-table; beside them lies a pack of cards. There is nobody in the room; Doolittle is obviously not yet up."

The dramatist paused, and with a little gasp of excitement set down these words:-

"An alarm clock is heard ringing without."

He waited, eyes shut.

"Now, Lucius, go it," he murmured.

Somehow in his inner consciousness he could feel Doolittle stirring, waking. What was the character saying? Wait-here it was! Slowly the dramatist's hand traced the words as if from dictation:-

Voice of Doolittle (within). "Bl--the clock; I'm going Long pause.

CURTAIN.

The dramatist looked at the finished work doubtfully, critically.

"It's a short Act," he muttered, "but I like the method. It certainly shows up the man Doolittle."

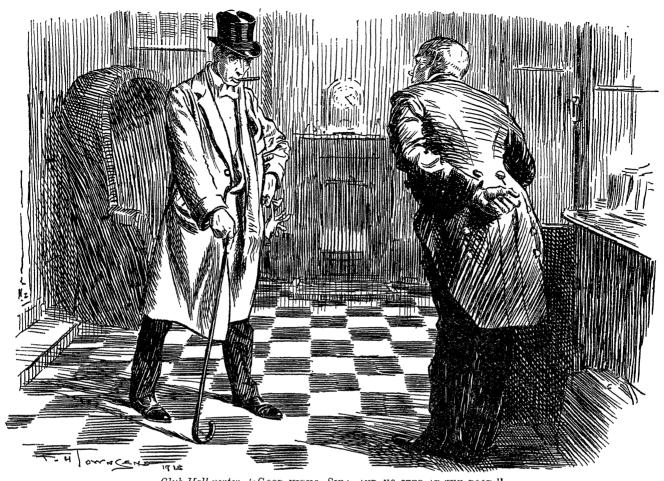
"Stuff the shoes with paper, then dip a rag in turpentine and rub the suede. Continue rubbing, turning the rag when soiled, till the shoes look quite clean. Then hang in a current of air to remove the smell of the turpentine."—North Star.

If on descending from this breezy position you find that the odour still remains, have a hot bath and change all your clothes.



# THEIR ANNUAL TREAT.

IRISH AND WELSH BILLS (to Chucker-out). "WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"



Club Hall-porter. "Good night, Sir; and no step at the door."

#### ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

Being in the thick of a temporary embarrassment, and having, as it seemed, run upon the rocks at the precise moment that all my friends times of financial stress. and relations had performed a similar feat, there was nothing for it but to I 'm jolly well here for." seek professional aid.

On asking the advice of one to whom all such mysteries are an open book, I was directed to an upper room in Jermyn Street.

The second floor, he had told me; but when I reached it and found no name on the door but plain

#### AARON BREITSTEIN

I felt convinced there had been some mistake. For only that morning had I not been reading about Lord Newton's Moneylenders Bill, the point of which is that no moneylender at the present time would dream of having anything but a Christian - or, if possible, a Scotch-name.

I was therefore beating a retreat, when the door opened and I was asked if I was looking for anything. To the not done."

blond, muscular, snub-nosed and very "I'm merely an innovator," he said. obvious Anglo-Saxon gentleman who ut the question I replied that I was in search of one whose privilege and pleasure it was to assist his fellows in name, and so I opened this office right

I held my swimming head.

moneylender when your name is Aaron Breitstein? It's impossible. If your name was Aaron Breitstein you would have to change it in order to succeed the suspected are under suspicion, you in such a business. You would call know. yourself Graham or Moffatt or Bunty or Archer or Rosslyn or Harmsworth or Pearson. I know; I have been reading the aliases in the daily press only this morning.

"My real name is not Aaron Breitstein," he said. "That's only my

business name."

"What is your real name?" I asked. "John George Albion," he said.

away in order to get a start of all the "Come in," he said; "that's what 'Scotchmen' when they have to revert to their true style."

"But your triumph cannot last long," "But," I said, "how can you be a I reminded him; "for you'll have to

change back too.

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't expect to be worried very much. Only

"True," I said.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "how much do you want?"

I told him.

"Your name and address?" he added. looking me full in the face.

I smiled as I gave them, and he

smiled as he wrote them down.
"Ah!" he said, "Lord Newton is very solicitous for the health of the "But if that's your real name," I replied, "you must be English, and indeed you look it; and how can an Englishman be a moneylender? It's not done."

very solutious for the health of the realth of the replication of the health of the realth of the realth



#### A CHEAP DIVERSION.

- "LET'S GO TO THE MUSIC-HALL?"
- " NATE
- "LET'S GO TO THE SINNEMER, THEN?"
- " NAW."
- "Well, come on, let's go and see my panel doctor?"
- "RIGHT-O."

#### RURAL REVELRY.

(Vide Local Press passim.)

On Friday last the annual outing of the Titteringham Literary Society was held in perfect weather, to the complete satisfaction of all who were privileged to participate therein. Hitherto the members have fared forth on their annual expeditions in horse-drawn vehicles, usually of the waggonette type, but on this occasion a new departure was made, and the Society availed themselves of the new and commodious motor-brake recently acquired by Messrs. Docking and Posh.

and his tactful execution of his chaufferial functions elicited the warmest encomiums, the list of casualties being confined to one hedgehog, for which no claim was preferred.

An excellent start was effected at 10.30 A.M. from the "Hammer and Tongs Inn," and in less than an hour the splendidly upholstered vehicle, gliding swiftly over the well-appointed road, drew up at the entrance to Newbottle Abbey. A special feature of these excursions is the excellent practice of On this occasion it fell to the lot of transoms and garbled triforium. Mr. Jno. Posh, Junr., was at the wheel, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Ezra

Tipple, to discourse on the beauties of Newbottle Abbey; and right eloquently did he avail himself of his opportunities. Mr. Tipple gave a short and masterly sketch of the original Roman camp of Novo-Bottilium, on the site of which the Abbey was subsequently built by Goswy, King of Northumbria. Later on, when King John was on his disastrous march to the Wash, he was entertained with lavish hospitality by the Abbot, and in return for a magnificent dish of carp, which were served up to the royal epicure, the Abbey received the right to adopt the somewhat pagan motto of Carpe dicm. Proceeding thence to Stuttingford the party partook of an excellent luncheon at the "Gray Goose Hotel," where mine host (Mr. Jonah Bulpitt) literally surpassed himself in the amplitude of the menu provided.

Before leaving Stuttingford on the return journey, the Society spent a delightful hour in the Free Library, where Mr. Widgery Bamber, the librarian, did the honours of the institution, and Mr. Theophilus Moult delivered an interesting address on the principal branches of local manufacture, viz., cotton, linen, canvas for sails, sacking, candlowicks, hats, axes, adzes, spades, hoes, and sickles. The chief articles of export, in addition to some of the above, are wool, grain, butter, bath-chairs, gunpowder, golf-balls, pigiron, crinolines (for Central Africa), swoggles and bobbins. On the motion of Mr. Hatherley Goole a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Moult for his lucid

and illuminating address.

Having partaken of lunch at Stuttingford the party were delighted to find tea provided for them on reaching Tittenhanger at 4.45 P.M., Messrs. Pottle and Sons, the well-known caterers of Wighorough, having purveyed the repast, which included shrimps and cherries as hors d'aurre. When repletion had supervened the party migrated to the monastery, where the Rev. John Bluck, whose services as cicerone were greatly appreciated, gave a vivid account of this great but now derelict foundation. In the days of HENRY VII. the staff included an arch-mandible, seventeen wapentakers, twenty halberdiers, several seneschals, and a deputy swan-marker. The soil is chiefly clay and the land is in many parts swampy, but remarkably fine lobsters are bred in the river; the air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery of pleasing character. Several human bones were dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the gatchouse, which allotting each place visited to a member is a fine specimen of mid-Victorian with special antiquarian knowledge. flamboyant style, with machicolated

On an excursion of this sort not much



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN ENTHUSIAST (WHO HAS THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN VERY MUCH AT HEART) TIMING A WELSHER OVER THE 200 METRES.

time is available for the collector, but while the Stuttlebury woods were being explored specimens were obtained of the lesser pimpernel, the striped or deadly pipsqueak, stuntwort, talking nettle, and friable rock-bane, also known as the vegetable lamprey. Mr. Josiah Povey also brought back with him two horseshoes, three gutty golfballs, probably dating from the early a pair of Argosy braces.

A halt was made on the return of art. Within a mile of home the complete success of the excursion was very nearly impaired by a serious accisuddenly seized with what Mr. LLOYD George elegantly calls "cross-Channel" only the day before by Messrs. Brackley most efficiently prevented Mr. Wanlip, ward journey was completed without ear, "RAMSAY, you're the limit!" any further contretemps.

#### THE DAVID-AND-JONATHAN BRIGADE.

"The affectionate relations between Mr. Churchill and Mr. LLOYD George," says The Star, "was (sic) noted in various little ways at the National Liberal Club outside the speeches. As they left the room Mr. Churchill was assuring Mr. George, 'nineties, a disused sprocket-wheel, and 'You're the man for us,' and patting him on the back.'

The almost doglike devotion that journey at the parish church of Great Mr. Asquith displays at all times Snoring, which the Rev. John Bluck towards Mr. John Redmond received described as one of the stateliest monu- a charming illustration during the ments of the Decorated Soporific school division on the Third Reading of the Ministerial Investments Bill. As they returned from the Lobby the PREMIER was holding on to the Irish Leader's dent. Mr. Timothy Wanlip, junr., who | hand and, looking wistfully up into his had partaken heartily of shrimps, was eyes, was heard to remark, "Where should we be without you?"

Sir Maurice Levy and Mr. Ramsay symptoms, and fell from the box-seat. MacDonald, it is well known, are bosom Fortunately the brake had been fitted friends and enjoy each other's confidence in a remarkable degree. and Jeeves with a cowscraper, which depth of the feeling existing between them was made apparent to passers-by junr., from being crushed under the the other day when, standing outside wheels. Restoratives were promptly the Leicester Lounge, the Radical administered by our good friend Mr. plutocrat placed his arm round his Hugo Trotter, L.P.S., and the home-colleague's neck and murmured in his

Burns are, of course, inseparable. Only the other day, as they strolled together across Palace Yard, the Colonial Sec-RETARY was observed to punch his comrade in the ribs and shout admiringly, "Ho, you are a one!"

# THE STORY BOOK.

["It is announced in an American newspaper that a hen's egg, laid at Shuqualak, Mississippi, had the words 'Watch and pray' plainly visible and somewhat raised above the surface of the shell. The 'W' and 'P' were in capital letters."

> A volume most delightful I'm happy to possess, Of pasted cuttings quite full Collected from the Press; For years I've kept it going, Preserving thus intact The fictions, glib and flowing, Retailed to us as fact.

The range of choice is ample. But one I chiefly love-The staggering example That's reproduced above; I've sought in each direction, But none with this can vie, The gem of my collection, The Very Biggest Lie.

Letter from a parent to a Bridlington schoolmistress:

-,-Dorothy's absense was "Dear Miss -Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN required at home yesterday afternoon.-J.F.

#### LOT 176.

"Do you happen to want," I said to Henry, "an opera hat that doesn't op? At least it only works on one side."

"No," said Henry.

"To anyone who buys my opera hat for a large sum I am giving away four square yards of linoleum, a revolving bookcase, two curtain rods, a pair of spring-grip dumb-bells and an extremely patent mouse-trap."

"No," said Henry again.
"The mouse-trap," I pleaded, "is unused. That is to say, no mouse has used it yet. My mouse-trap has never been blooded."

"I don't want it myself," said Henry, "but I know a man who does."

"Henry, you know everybody. For Heaven's sake introduce me to your friend. Why does he particularly want a mouse-trap?"

"He doesn't. He wants anything that's old. Old clothes, old carpets, anything that's old he'll buy.'

He seemed to be exactly the man I wanted.

"Introduce me to your fellow club-

man," I said firmly.

That evening I wrote to Henry's friend, Mr. Bennett. "Dear Sir." I wrote, "if you would call upon me tomorrow I should like to show you some really old things, all genuine antiques. In particular I would call your attention to an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship and a mouse-trap of chaste and handsome design. I have also a few yards of Queen Anne linoleum of a circular pattern which I think will please you. My James the First spring-grip dumb-bells and Louis Quatorze curtain-rods are well known bedroom suite, comprising one bathmat, will also be included in the sale. Yours faithfully.'

On second thoughts I tore the letter up and sent Mr. Bennett a postcard asking him to favour the undersigned with a call at 10.30 prompt. And at

10.30 prompt he came.

I had expected to see a bearded patriarch with a hooked nose and three hats on his head, but Mr. Bennett turned out to be a very spruce gentleman, wearing (I was sorry to see) much better clothes than the opera hat I proposed to sell him. He became businesslike at once.

"Just tell me what you want to sell," he said, whipping out a pocketbook, "and I'll make a note of it. I

take anything.

I looked round my spacious apartment and wondered what to begin with.

"The revolving bookcase," I announced.

"I'm afraid there's very little sale for revolving bookcases now," he said, as he made a note of it.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "this one doesn't revolve. It got stuck

some years ago."

He didn't seem to think that this would increase the rush, but he made a note of it.

"Then the writing-desk."

"The what?"

"The Georgian bureau. A copy of an old twentieth-century escritoire.

"Walnut?" he said, tapping it. The value of this " Possibly. Georgian writing-desk, however, lies not in the wood but in the literary associations."

"Ah! My customers don't bother much about that, but still—whose was

"Mine," I said with dignity, placing my hand in the breast pocket of my coat. "I have written many charming things at that desk. My 'Ode to a Bell-push,' my 'Thoughts on Asia,'

"Anything else in this room?" said Mr. Bennett. "Carpet, curtains-

"Nothing else," I said coldly.

We went into the bedroom and, gazing on the linoleum, my enthusiasm returned to me.

"The linoleum," I said with a wave of the hand.

"Very much worn," said Mr. Bennett. I called his attention to the piece under the bed.

"Not under there," I said. "I never walk on that piece. It's as good as new."

said.

I showed him round the collection. to connoisseurs. A genuine old cork | He saw the Louis Quatorze curtainrods, the cork bedroom suite, the Cæsarian nail-brush (quite bald), the coat and vest, ditto, pair of trousers antique shaving-mirror with genuine and opera hat.' crack—he saw it all. And then we "And opera went back into the other rooms and found some more things for him.

"Yes," he said, consulting his notebook. "And now how would you like

me to buy these?"

"At a large price," I said. "If you have brought your cheque-book I'll lend you a pen."

"You want me to make you an

cent. commission.

"Not by auction," I said impulsively. "I couldn't bear to know how much, or rather how little, my Georgian think I told you, that I wrote my 'Guide to the Round Pond.' Give me never let me know the details."

He named an inclusive price. It was something under a hundred-and-fifty pounds. I shouldn't have minded that if it had only been a little over ten pounds. But it wasn't.

"Right," I agreed. "And, oh, I was nearly forgetting. There's an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship,

which-

"Ah, now, clothes had much better be sold by auction. Make a pile of all you don't want and I'll send round a sackfor them. I have an auction sale every Wednesday."

"Very well. Send round to-morrow. And you might—er—also send round a—er—cheque for—quite so. Well, then, good morning."

When he had gone I went into my bedroom and made a pile of my operahat. It didn't look very impressive hardly worth having a sack specially sent round for it. To keep it company I collected an assortment of clothes. It pained me to break up my wardrobe in this way, but I wanted the bidding for my opera-hat to be brisk, and a few preliminary suits would warm the public up. Altogether it was a goodly pile when it was done. The opera-hatperched on the top, half of it only at

To-day I received from Mr. Bennett a cheque, a catalogue and an account. The catalogue was marked "Lots 172 179." Somehow I felt that my opera hat would be Lot 176. I turned to it in the account.

"Lot 176 --Six shillings."

"It did well," I said." "Perhaps in He made a note. "What else?" he my heart of hearts I hoped for seven and sixpence, but six shillings yes, it was a good hat."

And then I turned to the catalogue. "Lot 176-Frock coat and yest, dress

"And opera hat." Well, well. At least it had the position of honour at the end. My opera hat was starred.

A. A. M.

#### Also Ran.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George were present at a performance of 'La Boheme,' given at Covent Garden on Monday night, when Melha offer? Otherwise I should sell them by auction for you, deducting ten per advantage. The King and Queen were also present."—Carnarvon Merald.

"'Cynic,' 'iconoclast,' 'wanton' - all these terms, and many more, have been applied to Bernard Shaw from the time when his Widows' bureau fetched. It was there, as I | Houses was produced down to the present. The Sunday Times (Sydney).

But you ought to have heard the things an inclusive price for the lot, and never, they said when his Widowers' Houses was produced.



#### THE MARCONI INFLUENCE.

Inspecting Officer (to captain who has been captured with his entire company). "I utterly fail to understand what can have INDUCED YOU TO EXPOSE YOUR COMPANY INSTEAD OF TAKING COVER."

Captain Feddup. "Well, Sir, I may have acted thoughtlessly, I may have acted carelessly, mistakenly; but I have ACTED INNOCENTLY, HONESTLY, AND, AS YOU SEE, OPENLY."

#### A HIGHLAND SOLITUDE;

OR, SACRIFICED TO MAKE A SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

(Being a poignant illustration of the darker aspects of life on a sporting estate.)

IT was generally understood in the hotel that Mr. Ezekiel Thornton, of Salford, was studying social conditions that ought not to be.' from a Radical point of view. Certainly he took no interest whatever in the being, took no interest whatever in anything else our intimacy with him did not ripen as it might have done. He seemed to spend most of his time poking about making deplorable discoveries, but he was always most ready to talk when he could find a victim. I came upon him one sunny morning leaning against the railing and gazing out across the loch.

"You know, I do feel for these Highland shepherds," he began. "Theirs is a bleak, hard life." And he sighed.

I gave him no encouragement, but he went on.

"The population is leaving the country; and can you wonder at it? There "—with a fine wave of his arm—

heather, the place is a mere solitude now has come the inevitable collapse." given over to grouse and deer. Do you see that little white cottage over there? Near the head of the lake? One of the gillies was telling me to-day that the shepherd's wife that lives there has broken down completely-mental depression — nervous collapse. Surely

"Certainly not," said I.

Mr. Ezekiel Thornton took a long fishing, and as the rest of us, for the time breath, and I knew that I was in for it.

"Twenty years ago her husband took her over there as a bride, a strong, healthy, buxom young woman of twenty-three. And now it has come to this!

"But what went wrong?"
"Sheer loneliness," he replied mournfully. "She had no neighbours. There is no road, not even a track to the cottage. Week after week she never saw the face of a stranger. There she sat day after day, her husband away on the hill, cut off from her fellows, looking out across the steel-grey loch."

There was a short pause, and then he began to pile it on. "There she sat, I say, listless, forgotten by the

"where there might be and ought to busy world, forced back upon her own be a flourishing community tilling the brooding solitude year after year. And

> "And has she no children? I asked. "Thirteen." He shook his head sadly. "Thirteen mouths to fill."

#### Journalistic Modesty. "WASTE PAPER WANTED.

A PROBLEM SOLVED BY 'THE DAILY CHRONICLE,'''—The Daily Chronicle.

"He believed the whole financial difficulty could be overcome through fostering free will offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through fostering freewill offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through the good old orthodox method—the church offertory."—Daily News and Leader.

He held on too long.

"Wanted to Buy.—Handcuffs and Fakes of every description. Must be cheap or useless."—The Magical World. Cheap, for choice, please.

#### The Lightning Impersonator.

"Then there was more applause and more recalls, and at last (copying Madame Patti) he appeared on the platform with his hat, his cane, and his gloves."

Daily News and Leader.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

VI. ACQUIRE A FEW ORIGINAL EXPLETIVES AND LET THEM LOOSE ON APPROPRIATE OCCASIONS.

#### THE M.P.'S CARDEN OF VERSES.

(After Robert Louis Stevenson.)

.. . 1. ... THE WHOLE DUTY OF MEMBERS. M.P.'s should to their chiefs be true And vote as they are told to do; Be gentlemanly in debate Or try to be, at any rate.

II.

A THOUGHT. It's really very nice to think That in the House there's meat and With no necessity to speak And all the time £8 a week!

THE DAILY ROUND. In winter sitting late at night I hate the artificial light; In summer it is rather hard To leave the sun in Palace Yard. I have to go inside the place, And hang about all day in case The Tories spring a snap division And then object to its rescission. Now does it not seem hard to you, When there are nicer things to do. That I should have to spend my day In such a tiresome sort of way?

Two of a Kind. - I love the man who pairs with me And gives me whole days off; On politics we disagree But both are keen on golf.

It's nicer far at Walton Heath Than voting like machines, For here there's lovely turf beneath Our feet and perfect greens!

All worries we have left behind: We are as free as air: It would be difficult to find A more contented pair.

Ť. THE ROAD TO SUCCESS. I do as I am told each day And in the end it 's bound to pay, For if I don't make any slips I'll win the favour of the Whips. A Member who, though not much worth,

Can't some day get a decent berth, He is a bad M.P., I 'm sure, Or else his brains are very poor.

VI. A PRETTY THOUGHT. The House is so full of delightful M.P.'s I'm sure we should all be as happy as In England the supply of them coabees.

VII.

GOOD AND BAD MEMBERS. Members! once you've been elected. Always vote as you're expected, Not the way your heart inclines. But on strictest Party lines,

Let it be your only hobby. To perambulate the Lobby: Very seldom even try To attract the SPEAKER'S eye.

Ready at a moment's notice In your place, whate'er the vote is --That was how and still is yet -Members reached the Cabinet.

But the lazy and unruly And the sort who speak unduly, Let them put aside the notion They will ever get promotion.

Faithless and unwilling henchmen Never will become front-bench-men, And they carnot well complain If Private Members they remain.

"Two reservoirs at Bradforl have been poisoned by dye.

"The action is attributed to Suffragettes, and the supply has been cut off."

South African News,

tinues.



# THE LOOKER-ON.

Turkey (to the Bulkan "Allies"). "IT PAINS ME, GENTLEMEN, TO THINK THAT YOU, WHO HAVE BEEN ANIMATED FROM THE FIRST BY PURE CHRISTIAN ZEAL ON BEHALF OF OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES, SHOULD FALL OUT OVER THE SWAG. IF THE MEDIATION OF A MUTUAL FRIEND WOULD PROVE ACCEPTABLE, PRAY COMMAND MY SERVICES."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

day moves second reading of the Moneylenders Bill. Not the kind that Josiah or Abraham would voluntarily endorse, even with the prospect of something more than the maximum of 5 per cent. interest which figures modestly in their circulars. And yet its provisions are so simple, and the obvious marvel is they were not earlier enforced.

All that Lord Newton asks is that moneylenders shall describe themselves as such; that in addition to their assumed names they shall give their own; and that their circulars shall be sent only to such hapless students of this type of literature as shall indicate desire to have it supplied.

A flutter audible on certain benches when, as result of inquiry, Newton told how these

origin. For example, there are among kinsman of Londonderry or Gallo-WAY), a Fortescue and—here Newton, smitten with genuine emotion, shuddered—a Curzon. This indignity to an historic assembly, which has not even a preamble to recommend it, will be made impossible by passing of the Bill.

"For example," Newton said, glancing lightly from Ministerial Bench to Front Bench opposite, from SECRE-TARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to LEADER of Opposition who confronted him, "Moses and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSDOWNE will be obliged to disclose their identity."

Prospect of deliverance from the pest of moneylenders' circulars evidently touched a chord of sympathy. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who watched debate from Commons' pen, bore personal testimony to prevalence of the plague.

"Rarely a morning passes without the post bringing me one or more of these circulars," he said. "Any day I might, on ridiculously low terms, find myself in possession of sums varying from £100 to £20,000. No questions asked; no disclosure made. Just your note of hand, and there's your money. Following a hint dropped some years

ago by my lamented friend LABBY, ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. I used to put the circulars in an Moneylenders Bill passed without (Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.) unstamped envelope and re-address division. Chorus of approval promises House of Lords, June 30.—Lord them to the sender, Moses or Aaron as swift Newton not only makes excellent jokes; the case might be. Pictured to myself Book. he passes good Bills. Already this their benevolent smile when, having Session, whilst others talk and wrangle, paid two pence for the missive expectant day.—After sitting that ran nearly the he has carried through a useful measure of prey, they found their own circular. full round of the clock House sleepily dealing with the evils of betting. To- 'Am told this artless expedient is adjourned. In other days, before Irish



THE MASKED MONEY-LENDERS. "Moses and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSDOWNE."

honest traders, solicitous to add appear- | counterchecked by hereditary wariness. | Committee. Earlier in afternoon there ance of respectability to shady busi- Orders have been given in all moneyness, borrow names of noble lords lenders' offices not to take in unstamped and flaunt them in place of their letters. What puzzles me is how these own, invariably suggestive of Semitic fellows come to know of my straitened circumstances, a condition of life the not quite ready with his oil-can. the tribe a Burton, a STEWART (no privacy of which I jealously guard. As they say at the War Office, the Admiralty or elsewhere, when an embarrassing document gets into the papers, there's a leakage somewhere.'



THE STAIRS THAT BENN BUILT. (Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN.)

Business done.—Second Reading of swift and certain progress to Statute

House of Commons, 8.30 A.M., Thurs-

Members found salvation, it was a familiar incident in week's work to go home with the milk in the morning. Of late an all-night sitting is so unusual as to create some talk. Suggests inquiry about reasonableness of charging overtime. Labour Members testify that when that overloaded Titan, the British workman, is required to stay on after completion of a full day's work he is paid per hour at increased rate. Why should there be one law for the dockworker and another for the wage-earner at Westminster? Talk of organising strikes if demands on this score be ignored by Chancellor of Exchequer.

Late sitting occasioned by resolute opposition displayed against Plural Voting Bill in

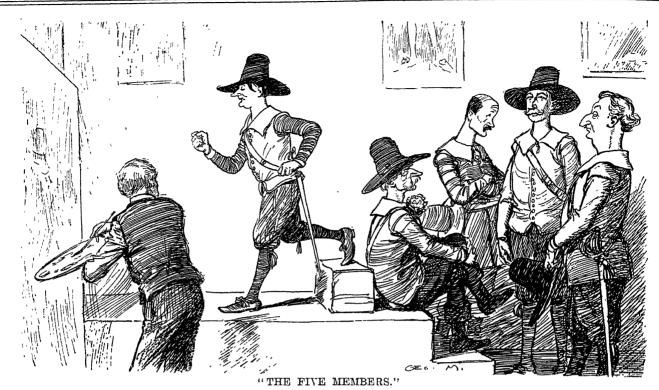
was outbreak disclosing afresh electricity in an atmosphere which through long hours is dolefully depressing. Marconi episode petered out and ARCHER-SHEE Accordingly, by way of filling up time, Wolmer, devoured with anxiety for political purity, brings in Bill extending scope of Corrupt Practices Act. Based upon incident occurring at recent by-election at Leicester. Some misunderstanding about communication to working-men voters as to view taken by Labour leaders in the Commons of interposition of third candidate. WOLMER with frankness of comparative youth had already indicated his view of transaction.

"A forged telegram," he remarked, when Maurice Levy, who transmitted the message, escorted the new Member for Leicester to the Table to take the oath.

"A vulgar and insulting remark," LEVY described it.

Wolmer, shocked at this language, appealed to SPEAKER for protection. Got more than he expected in shape of stern reminder that his own disorderly conduct had put him out of court.

Few minutes later the Speaker again shortened unseemly episode by stopping LEVY, who was on the point of what would have been deplorable final retort to the noble Lord who talked about forgery.



Mr. MASTERMAN, Colonel LOCKWOOD, Mr. BONAR LAW; Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. WILLIE REDMOND figuring as models for the picture that is to decorate the centre panel of the new staircase to the Terrace.

Business done. — Wrestled round | built a spacious banquet hall and Plural Voting Bill the long night through.

- Friday.-The week has seen something more than irresistible progress of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and Plural Voting Bill towards Statute Book. Has wit- | Ministry of the day. nessed opening of new staircase leading from dining-room lobby to Terrace. Tendency of Parliamentary mind distinctly running in direction of staircases leading anywhither so that they lead away from the workshop where our £400 a year is so arduously earned.

built regardless of expense for use of ladies going to tea on the Terrace or dinner in the Harcourt Room. Extravagance was the outcome of protest by that, when they left enclosure on Terrace reserved "For Members only" and tried to run upstairs in response to sound of division bell, their progress was impeded by what they called "women" tripping downstairs, usually occupying the whole of centre-way.

New staircase primarily for service of Members; they are indebted to the energy of Wedgwood Benn, representative in Commons of Board of Works. A First Commissioner (in this case his deputy) is naturally desirous of leaving his mark—to be more precise, his signature—indelibly written on Advt. in "Victoria Cowalls of historic edifice. Thus Lould We prefer the ordinary hutch.

Members call it the "Harcourt Room." The new descent to the Terrace will be known as the Benmachree Staircase, patronymic of the Minister with a compliment to the Irish alliance with the

As Benn told a deeply interested House, it is intended to decorate the centre panel of the staircase with a picture designed by SEYMOUR LUCAS representing "The Flight of the Five Members." Promise of much competition for places on the panel. As yet A few years ago new staircase was no decision arrived at as to identity of sitters for what is likely to be a stirring picture of Members bolting downstairs. All that has yet been settled is that, in accordance with rule governing nomclique of misanthropes who complained ination of Select Committees, two shall be selected from the Ministerial side, two from the Opposition Benches, with one Irish Member.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill through Committee.

#### The Surprise.

From a Ceylon circular:-

"Printed Carpets on Japanese grass, looks like carpets.

Rotten if they had looked like banana skins.

"Wanted—Baby's cot; also rabbits."

Advt. in "Victoria Colonist."

#### THE PUSHER.

JAMES may say what he likes, but it was not my intention to hit the girl in the rhododendron-coloured jersey. I a name which happily blends the hate these losing hazards off the red. And the same applies to the young man with the artificially-preserved eye who was helping her to study the line of her putt; the wanton destruction of plate-glass is wholly abhorrent to my retiring disposition. But, just as the bee or the butterfly is lured by the brightness of certain flowers, just as the moth flutters round the evening lamp and the bird dashes itself against the lighthouse window, well- he was a pale-faced handsome-looking fellow, my ball, with a black rolling eye, and naturally enough the society of two commonplace men was a bit dull for

It was at the fourth tee that the trouble began. I had waggled about a long time before letting fly, and probably he hypnotised me, so that I caught him a most tremendous crack across the left flank with the toe of my club. Fortunately there is no silly point at golf, or he would have got it in the neck; but Pink Coat and her cavalier who were then standing on the seventh green only escaped his importunity by a magnificent piece of ducking. It was done in perfect time and looked very pretty. As I walked slowly away from James to round up the renegade I took off my cap and



First American Lady Polo Player. "Don't like him to play against? Why?" Second American Lady Polo Player. "Well, He always plays as if I was only a woman."

spoke to them. "No holding him he replaced his stopper, and they both to-day, I am afraid," I murmured deliberately turned their backs on me. apologetically; "the drought seems to be in his blood."

The girl stared and the young man put up the forcing-frame which had fallen from his eye during the recent manœuvres and positively looked niblicks at me.

"Oughtn't to allow them on the links | tea. at all," I heard him say, as I tried to bolt the wanderer from the burrow where he had gone to earth.

He was quite steady after that, advantage of the fact that I used a cleek for my second, he tried to make up to them again. I shouted "Fore!" and watched him. He travelled with a low curly gait about ankle high, the sort of shot that leaves cover-point tempted my ball away from its proper guessing every time. Rhododendron courses. and Glass-house were taking the flag out of the fifteenth hole, and they cut out of the fifteenth hole, and they cut him by a brisk leap into the air. I round?" I asked him. could scarcely refrain from shouting "No," he replied coldly; "I am going "Encore!" as I hurried across to whip home. There's no safe place on these him in. I managed, however, to make links." another apology, and there was another frost.

"I don't think I like those people," I said to James as I rejoined him; "they seem rather reserved."

"I know the man a little," said James, and as luck would have it he was the only occupant of the male compartment of the club-house when we came in to

"Hullo, I'm afraid my partner nearly damaged you this afternoon, said James; "he's very sorry about it."

Then I made my third apology, and until the eleventh hole, where, taking the chap looked at me through his glass as if I had been a green-fly. This was unbearable. Hang it all, the grievance was more mine than his. It was obviously the gay, worldly appearance of himself and his partner that had

I determined to be affable.

Very sadly indeed I ate an enormous tea, and, whether it was the effect of FORD," and we must congratulate them "Disgusting," said the young man as the second piece of cake or not I do on their plucky run.

not know, but my first drive after-wards had a huge slice upon it. Almost at once it was obvious that my ball would drop, not on the course, but out of bounds in the road that runs outside. A second later, as it hovered in the air, it was clear that it was extremely likely to hit a large open motor-car coming from the club-house. As a matter of fact it timed its descent with extraordinary precision. I have seldom seen two motorists look so frightened. Simultaneously they leapt into the air and flung themselves back against the cushions. One of them, I noticed, had a monocle in his eye. His companion wore a fur coat, but she had a kind of pink woollen garment on her lap, and the adventurer fell exactly between them.

I did not pursue them to reclaim my property. Legally speaking, they had no right to appropriate the ball; yet, morally, I felt that they had earned it.

"Hampshire, 532. Ox wickets."—Dundee Courier. Oxford 1 for no

This is headed "GOOD WORK BY OX-

#### TRY OUR MIXTURE.

SCENE-A RESTAURANT.

[Both the Old and the Young Man should look the picture of radiant health, the Waiter should be very genial, the Doctors pompous and well-meaning, and the Voices should be extremely agitated.

Old Man. I am glad to see you are taking Bingo's Life Preserver.

Young Man. Yes, I always take it, and so do all my family. It is splendid stuff. Old Man. And so cheap, too. Only one-and-nine the small bottle, and inferior makes cost two-and-nine or even three-and-two.

Young Man (sternly). I avoid all substitutes. Bingo's is the only true and original life preserver. (Very impressively) It saved the life of my aunt | Aurelia. (Rushes up to her.) at Cromer.

Old Man. How delightful.

Young Man. And my great-uncle, who is ninety-eight, ascribes his robust health entirely to Bingo.

Old Man (con amore). I am not at

all surprised.

Young Man. My grandfather lived to be one-hundred-and-eleven with the aid of the large bottle of Bingo, and then he was only killed by a motor-'bus.

Old Man. Good.

Young Man. My liver, etc., etc. Old Man (an hour later). You may well say that.

Young Man. It is splendid stuff. Old Man (after a pause). It is splen-

I mean it is really good. (A reverent) silence for a minute.) But tell me, Abraham, how does your love affair whole thing is strangely dramatic. progress?

Young Man (assuming a lugubrious expression and heaving a profound sigh). Alas! alas!

Old Man. Ohdear, does she refuse you? Young Man. Refuse me? Aurelia? No, she loves me to distraction; she would go through fire and water for me; but her father will not hear of an engagement. He says I have no money.

Old Man. What an impasse! Young Man. Aurelia has enough for her father's consent.

Old Man. Why not?

Young Man. She would lose her money if she did. I don't know what we shall do. Alas! (Weeps bitterly.)

It affects me strangely. It is quite like a play. (Restaurant band starts playing "Hitchy Koo.") Ah, there is some slow music. I think I will now weep.  $(Does\ so.)$ [Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Another bottle, Sir? (Perceives their situation.) Dear, dear, don't take on so, gentlemen. Be British.

Old Man. Ow, ow, ow.

has a silver lining.

Old Man (rousing himself). That's

true. I never thought of that. A woman's shriek now rends the air, which is also filled with confused | first. cries and shouts. Several people rush in to the Restaurant in a very excited condition. Then an elderly gentleman in a state of collapse is carried in. His daughter (much affected) is by his side.

First Voice. Quick, quick, a chair. Second Voice. No, a sofa. First Voice. Water, water. Second Voice. Waiter, waiter. First Voice. Fetch a doctor.

Third and Fourth Voices. Help, help!

Oh lor! Oh lor!

Young Man. Goodness gracious, it is

Aurelia. Oh, Abraham, help. poor father has been taken ill; he is dying. What shall we do?

Young Man. Send for a doctor.

[Enter three Doctors, each with a silk hat, a stethoscope and a thing that looks like a stiletto. They punch the elderly gentleman about the ribs.

First Doctor (after hurried examination). I can do nothing. He has only an hour to live. Science is of no avail. My remedies are worthless. I am sorry. · [Pockets fee and exit.]

Young Man. Aurelia, bear up. This panel.

Second Doctor (shaking his head). He cannot live a day. [Exit.Old Man. This one is very terse. The

Third Doctor (after usual preliminaries). No, my colleagues are right this time. It is quite hopeless, though I give him a week. It is most interesting. I can do nothing. I will call again.

Aurelia. Oh! what shall I do? Young Man (tearing his hair distractedly). I am completely nonplussed. Old Man. Abraham, have you for-

gotten Bingo's Life Preserver?

Young Man. Ah, my Bingo. (Pulls two, but she will not marry without out his bottle and gives it to Aurelia's Father, who at once shows some signs of life. 'Slowly he returns to consciousness; at last he rises, looks round him and begins to dance about.)

Aurelia's Father. I feel very fit. Old Man. All this is very pathetic. I would like a game of squash rackets. Aurelia (shocked). Father.

Aurelia's Father (surprised). Why, it isn't Sunday. Oh! I remember now. I was ill. What was the matter?

Old Man. III, Sir! You were at death's door. You were saved by this gallant young fellow.

Young Man (modestly). It wasn't me. I only did what every Englishman

Waiter. Come, come, Sir, every cloud worthy of the name would have done. It was Bingo who saved you.

Aurelia's Father (in a tone of displeasure). Abraham, do I see you here? Young Man (nervously). I was here

Aurelia's Father. I suppose you were. I was brought in here, of course, when I was taken ill. And who is this Bingo who saved me?

Young Man. Bingo's Life Preserver, which I gave you in the nick of time.

Aurelia's Father (with emotion). Ah, how it comes back to me. My old father always told me to take it. The last, indeed the only, thing he ever gave me was a bottle of Bingo. But I neglected his warnings. I went my own way, reckless, careless, Bingoless. (Very firmly) I will be wiser now. Morning and night I will take my Bingo. Aurelia. And you will consent to our

engagement? Aurelia's Futher. Well, I suppose I must. (Grumpily) Abe, you can take

my daughter.

All. Hip! hip! hoorah!

Old Man (to the audience). This is all due to Bingo.

Abraham and Aurelia embrace; the Waiter brings out drinks for all, and the Old Man walks off with Aurelia's Father. As the curtain falls he is heard saying -

Yes, but the large bottle at two-andone may be wrong. He is not on the seven comes cheaper in the long run.

CURTAIN.

## PUT TO THE PROOF.

LATELY I gave the camera-man One last conclusive show: He was to trace my final face

For after-men to know. The deed was done; I looked and got A really nasty blow.

Plump and high-browed I knew 1 was, But not half-hald and fat.

Those lines! That nose! Could they be those

I wear beneath my hat?

And, horrified, "Kind heavens!" I cried,

"It can't have come to that!"

Back went they; but next day arrived Still deadlier printed lies;

A blasting sight! By day and night Their memory never dies.

That Clapham Junction of a brow! Those bagged and bleary eyes!

And with them came a note that made Still worse his wanton act: The earlier lot had given me what,

Said he, my features lacked, Till Art "re-touched." These latest showed

The Unmitigated Fact.

# HINTS TO FOREIGNERS WHO PRODUCE CINEMA FILMS FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET.



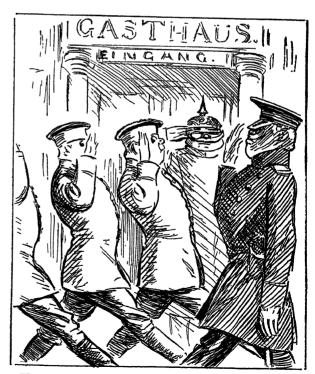
AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AS A RULE DOES NOT ACT IN THE ABOVE MANNER DURING A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A LADY WHO HAS ENGAGED HIS AFFECTIONS.



ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN ARE SELDOM AS DECORATIVE AS THIS.



WHEN THE EARL OF WESSEX MEETS AN EX-OFFICER OF HIS REGIMENT IN THE DESERT THEY ARE UNLIKELY TO BEHAVELIKE THIS.



WHEN THE NOTICE PRECEDING THE PICTURE DEFINITELY STATES THAT THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PICCADILLY THE ABOVE DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT SOMEHOW.

#### CAMPER'S LUCK.

Well, yes, of course one is "roughing it," as they say. That is all right. You don't expect a vagrant's life to be a bed of roses. But I am not complaining of the rules of the game. take five minutes. You go into the Being no mean sportsman, I am always kitchen, get a bowl, a sharp knife and prepared to rough it in a spacious, weatherproof, well-ventilated and luxuriously appointed caravan, with a a thundering good bed. The trouble fetch the soap from the bedroom and lies not in the inherent privations of pour out more water. You wash your existence on tour—far from it. The trouble lies in the ups and downs, the undulations—if you take me—in the out. You go and grope for another in run of luck. Even so, it would be all the locker, and have the misfortune to right if one thing did not lead to get your hand into the blacking. You another. But it does.

be good it is not at all easy to spoil it. And if it means to be bad you can't cure it. It is simply the steady preponderance of good days over bad that grab at it. You are too late to save it, makes caravanning the finest holiday | but you knock something off the table

You can nearly always tell them as soon as you get up. The rubber bath acts as a sort of rough index for the day. If it behaves well you are pretty sure to be all right. But if it begins by flopping over when you are filling it, and flooding the corner where you keep the boots, and ends by turning on you viciously as you are emptying it out of a high window, you are in for it. You must go forward in faith, with no immediate hope, and with your eye fixed bravely on the morrow. In the meantime you may expect a bad egg for breakfast, a heavy downpour of rain while you are packing up, a broken trace when you stick in the gate, a mistake in the map, which lands you into impossible country, a lame horse. You will find you have forgotten the corkscrew and left behind your only pipe; the shops in the village that you were counting on are fish in the frying-pan. It is now two closed for the weekly half-holiday; your hours since you began and your net letters have been sent to the wrong place. You endure endless delays in finding camping ground, because the farmer has recently made the farm over to his brother-in-law (just now at the the aged schoolmaster, who is in bed

And, as I have said, one thing leads to another.

It is late at night and everything is at last in order. It occurs to you, just before turning in, that you will clean the fish for breakfast. That will not the bucket. In pouring the water into the bowl you slip and flood the floor. You mop it up, and then you must light the candle, wash your hands and They go in cycles, generally of about return to your fish. But by degrees twenty-four hours. If a day means to you are getting deeper in. The candle you are getting deeper in. The candle topples over. You had jammed it on the top of the hot stump and it has gone weak in the knees. You make a in the world. But "when they are bad" (like the little girl in the poem) dark. You plunge fishy hands into your pockets, but find you have no matches. You have to go for them to the bedroom, stepping on the lard en route. You find that the dripping sound was methylated spirit and it has contaminated the frying-pan. Very well. You fix your candle. Everything is getting pretty fishy by this time, so you wash your hands. You return to your fish. Then you try to wash the frying-pan with cold water, and fail. You must boil water, and you have no water left. You light a lantern and go for water to the spring (600 yards). You propose to ignite the stove. It is empty. The oil is beneath the van, and it is now raining hard. You bring the oil and upset the milk which some fool had left on the step. You light the stove; boil the water; wash the pan; wash the floor; chuck away the loss is one quart of milk, a pint of methylated spirit and a chunk of lard. You see what I mean when I say that one thing leads to another.

But then, if the morrow is a good day, station with the milk), who has sub-let it will inaugurate a new cycle. The the only possible field to the butcher, fish will not, after all, taste of methywho is at a market four miles off, and lated spirit. You will find enough (when he is found) can't move the milk in the blue jug. As you empty cattle unless he has permission to put the bath out of the window, it will quite them into the meadow that belongs to gratuitously put out a rising conflagration where some one had set fire to happen to drop a plate off the table, it Mr. Whitehouse.

will not break but it will kill a wasp. As the day goes on itinerant butchers and bakers will minister to you in the nick of time. A preternaturally intelligent postman will pursue you on a bicycle with the lost letters. By taking a wrong turning you are brought to the most perfect camp of the tour in a sheltered meadow by a winding stream. One of the lamps of the stove goes out, while you are not watching it, and first-class stove, comfortable chairs and wash your hands. You get a basin, thereby saves the sirloin from being grossly overdone.

And late at night a sudden heavy shower extinguishes the gramophone of the party camped over the hedge.

#### FAUVETTE.

(A Toy Dog.)

FAUVETTE a dainty lady is; Her life is hedged with luxuries. Her room with richest tapestries.

Her garb is very fair to view; She has a silken coat of blue. And one of roseate satin, too.

In this attire her days are spent Upon a couch of pleasing scent 'Twixt sleep and taking nutriment,

For which she has a silver dish Served with the rarer kinds of fish, Or breast of game, if she should wish.

She comes of high and ancient line: Her birth, her breeding, are so fine That she has won of modals, nine.

Such worth demands the greatest care; Tho' sometimes, when the day is fair, She will go forth to breathe the air.

Not doomed to walk, as others are, She takes a drive, not fast or far, Well guarded in a costly car.

For this she has a coat of fur And goggles light as gossamer, Lest wind or dust should ravish her.

And she, from this high post, looks down Coldly, between a sneer and frown, On the low mongrels of the town,

Who see her on her owner's lap, And, stung by her derisive yap, Would give the world to have one snap.

It may be, if some boarhound ate The frail and shivering Fauvette, Her mistress would be much upset.

For me, at an event so triste, I should not worry in the least, I do so hate the little beast.

Dum-Dum.

A wit has applied the term "Limewash" to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's style at the National Liberal Club Luncheon. with a sharp attack of pneumonia and the old newspapers, and might have set | Conversely, the name of the Chancan't be consulted. That is the sort of fire to the van. At breakfast, if you CELLOR'S new private secretary is



Policeman (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WORRY ME WHEN YOU SEE I'M BUSY. WHAT YOU 'VE DONE!'

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Oliver Onions is the latest expositor of the art of what might be called the concurrent sequel. I remember that, when he published the further history of Jim Jeffries under the title of The Debit Account, I complained that only those with some previous knowledge of his past could make out what it was all about. In the present volume, The Story of Louie (Secker), he has been so far from repeating this mistake that Louie's story is entirely and absorbingly complete in itself; and only when about twothirds of the way through did I suddenly find myself in familiar company. This many-sided consideration of one history is a fascinating development of fiction, which may however be overdone. Certainly the previous books had given me no idea that there was so much in Louie. I am inclined indeed to call her the most attractive figure in all Mr. Onions' rather sombre company. Child of a runaway match between an artist's model (who was also a pugilist) and a lady of quality, Louis is throughout the true daughter of such parents. She is a fighter, but she fights clean. Her upbringing by a mother who is ashamed of her; her attempt to earn independence at a gardening academy; the episode of her early love and its consequences—all these are so vividly told that, long before she met Jim Jeffries at the Business College, Louie had become for me absolutely

according to the previous books, she had played but a subordinate part I now regarded exclusively as it concerned her. On which, since it was presumably just what Mr. Onions intended, I make him my felicitations, coupling with them a gentle hope that he will now leave this somewhat depressing affair and tell us about another.

One of the chief attractions of that pleasant writer, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, is the natural and unvexed fluency of style by which he communicates to the reader something of his own atmosphere of ease and confidence. It may be that in The Honour of the Clintons (STANLEY PAUL) the narrative is at times a little too unstudied; that a little more selection of detail might have strengthened it; that the dialogue, always extraordinarily probable, might with advantage have indulged our imaginations more freely; but these are the defects of a sound virtue. The plot of Mr. Marshall's clever story is concerned with a theft committed by a lady at a country-house party. A hint of her guilt is dropped rather early in the tale, but this matters less because the theft and its exposure, though no doubt they provided the author with his original motive for making the book, interest us chiefly for their effect on the character of someone who had no sort of hand in the crime. Pompous, dictatorial, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the Providence that has made him what he is, the Head of the House of Clinton is suddenly asked to face this blow that falls upon his human and real; so much so that the tragedy wherein, family's honour, and in the test discovers an unsuspected

nobility. All the delicate phases of the struggle between conscience and the instinct of self-preservation are analysed by the author with the very nicest judgment. Mr. MARSHALL's familiarity with the externals of this type has long been recognised, but here he is not content with just a true picture of life in a setting well-observed; he has attempted a difficult problem in psychology, and brought a very sure hand to his task. He has many admirers, and this new to the quality, of his reputation.

Let those who are fatigued by the novel of problem and of purpose turn to How Many Miles to Babylon? (Constable) and seek refreshment. One is naturally chary of superlatives when writing of a new novelist, but I can honestly say that no "first book" has for many years impressed me more than Miss Inwin's. vividly described) until she returns to her relations, who in order to provide the remaining three with an excuse for

did not understand her, and with whom she had little or no sympathy; and during this part of the story she is drawn with an insight that is almost uncanny in its perfection. Apart from the fact that M ss IRWIN evidently imagines that the Rugby and Marlborough cricket match is occasionally played at Marlborough, I can find nothing that is not precisely and exactly right. Later on, after Mab's marriage, I think that the author's grasp over the story is a little less sure. Her account of Mab's flight from her husband is too meticulous in its detail. It YER MIGHT BE LIKE IT SOME DAY." is impossible to cavil at

the flight itself, but one may well regret the attempt to in none is the point fairly developed; the reader is informed the rest, however, I am not only a captive to the curiously delightful atmosphere of the book, but also an enthusiastic

I had always supposed that any fool could make money in the late rubber boom. But apparently I was wrong. This certainly was not the experience of Sir Derrek Ryderdale. But then he was the hero of The Lost Destiny (STANLEY PAUL), and in many respects an exceptional man. Things happened to him as they do not happen to ordinary persons. For example, he had a visitation in a railway little later on a bold bad financier—possibly in active league stories not unworthy of that great model, MAUPASSANT. with the Evil One, but of this I am not certain—gave him two hundred pounds to gamble with in return for half his winnings during four years. So Ryderdale took the money, and abandoned his alternative career as an Empire-builder for that of a plunger. It was here that I detected the root idea that alone saves Mr. C. VILLIERS STUART'S story from utter sensationalism and futility. The conception of a man popular again.

on the downward path, haunted by what he might have been, is in itself excellent. Unfortunately the author has by no means done it justice in treatment. His characters are like nothing on earth. I thought the Jow financier was unreal enough, when, just for melodrama, he made an appointment with the now ruined Ryderdale at midnight. and dared his victim to murder him. Which the latter promptly did, with sufficient ingenuity, by means of a book promises to add much to the stature, and even more poisoned syphon. And then the Home Secretary—but no, you must really find out for yourself how he came in an easy winner in the race for incredibility. I have said just enough not to spoil the story for those who like this sort of thing, and to avert the danger of deadly boredom from those who don't.

I have a shrewd suspicion that of the twenty-and-three Mab, the heroine, is taken stories that go to make up the volume Through the Window through her childhood and school-days (which are most | (Mills and Boon) the twenty were got together mainly

existence. I only hope that they were hunted up from the limbo of a bottom drawer and that time and effort were not spent upon writing them for the purpose. I am far from saying that they are bad; many of them were worth the telling, and one, "The Five Pound Note," so much so that it has already, I am afraid, been many times told. But if they are capable they are no more, and certainly they are not up to Miss MARY E. MANN'S form. as anybody could see for himself who had no previous experience of what Miss Mann's form might be. Each story has its point, but



Mother. "Come along, Gregory, an' don't degin imitating them golfers;

make so much of what is rather attenuated material. For that such and such a thing happened but is not given to understand why. There are, besides, two pervading faults. In the first place the politics are bigoted. Many will agree admirer of the skill with which a most difficult character that Miss Mann's opponents are a misguided party, but even they are not to be dismissed in such an offhand manner. In the second place the few serious attempts at characterization achieve little more than an unhappy class distinction, feminine merits being confined to the upper ten and masculine virtues to members of the Senior Service. The three that remain are "The Setting Sun," an elegy; "Beetles," a gruesome but delightful incident, and "Medlars," an incomparable jest. There is that about the two last named that leads me to suspect that the author, carriage from an invisible voice (something like the gnat and Alice) which warned him concerning his future. A criticism and elimination, could produce a book of short criticism and elimination, could produce a book of short

"It was decided that the members should endeavour to raise a fund for a marble font by asking parents who had had their children baptised in the Cathedral to donate at least one shilling per child towards the same. At the April meeting, Mrs. Z — headed the list with £5."—Grafton Diocesan News.

We are glad to see that the large family is getting

#### CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, in a speech at Plaistow, explained why he never goes to Buckingham Palace. "I never accept favours which I cannot return," he said. "I cannot ask the King to my backyard, so I keep away from his.' HIS MAJESTY is said to be greatly relieved by the explanation.

The marriage between the Balkan Allies being at an end, the Powers have decided to keep the ring.

A lady-Dr. MARIE C. STOPES-has been appointed Lecturer on Fossils at London University, and there is an ugly rumour on foot to the effect that the subject of her first paper will be Man.

The elephant which Lord HARDINGE was riding at the time of the bomb outrage at Delhi, has, in consideration of his steadiness on that occasion, been made a State pensioner. We understand, since the news has leaked out, that he has been pestered with unwelcome attentions on the part of fortunehunters, and, with the view of putting an end to the nuisance, he would like it to be known in the elephant world that it is not his intention to marry.

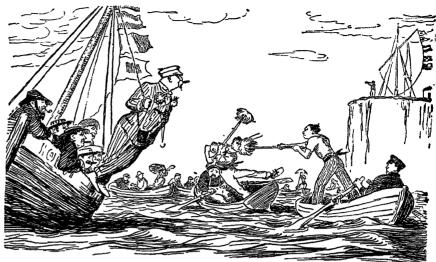
One of the witnesses in a recent sensational will-suit is said to have refused fabulous sums offered to him by the managers of several Revues as an inducement to him merely to toddle once round the stage on his knees.

By the way, so many smart people were prevented by lack of accommodation from attending the trial referred to that it has been suggested that the High Court authorities should be authorised in future, on the occasion of a cause célèbre such as this, to hire a theatre for its run. The cost could be recouped by charging for all seats except those in the gallery, the surplus to go to the Trustee in Bankruptcy of the litigant who loses.

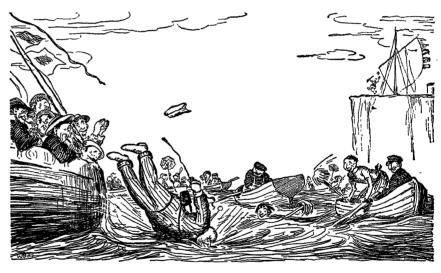
Owing to the advance in the price of raw materials our soap is to cost us more, and the day may not be far distant when it will be cheaper to use india-rubber.

Meanwhile it is said that quite a number of little boys, whose parents are alarmed at the prospect of an increase in the price of yet another necessity, have gamely offered to wash only once a week.

ment is reported to have said, even if been put off by our erroneous state-formation will be discouraged.



SECRETARIES OF SEASIDE AMUSEMENTS COMMITTEES SHOULD BEAR IN MIND. WHEN GETTING UP THEIR ANNUAL REGATTA, THAT, WHILE THE ARRANGED ITEMS MAY BE ENTERTAINING, IT IS



THE LITTLE IMPROMPTU FEATURES THAT THE PUBLIC REALLY LOVES.

the price of soap goes up, white-wash, ment. Long may the old inn remain thank Heaven, is cheap enough.

A few weeks ago we stated in this column that the "Old Six Bells" inn, Willesden, had "been condemned by the local authorities as unfit for habitation." We are now informed by the is "quite inaccurate and calculated mondsey and Rotherhithe. to seriously damage both the value of the property and also the business at present being carried on by the tenant, viz: that of a Coffee and Dining Rooms." We hasten to express our regrets, and we trust that if any readers of Punch have been in the habit of using the place as "a Coffee and Dining Rooms" However, as a Member of the Govern- into the market, they will not have any lady pauper asking for a trans-

as sound as a bell—as six bells!

The fact that Tagg's Island is being advertised as "The Riviera of London" is, we hear, hotly resented by certain South London watering - places, and steps are to be taken at once to draw agents of the owner that this statement | public attention to the claims of Ber-

> The recent fire at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court Exhibition, fortunately did but little damage, but the Committee realise now that it is possible for a welcome to be too warm.

\*\* The Epping Guardians have decided or have cherished the intention of to purchase a fifteen-shilling wig for a bidding for it when (if ever) it comes pauper inmate of the workhouse, but

# LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of the first chapter—entitled "Our Betters" of Sir Herbert Tree's recently published Thoughts and After-

What is a gentleman? I once assisted at a banquet which was graced by the presence of a number of actormanagers. A humorist, called upon for a speech, addressed the company as "Knights and Gentlemen!" The distinction is only superficial, for they have much in common. A gentleman is one who does not care a coat-tail button whether he is a gentleman or not; and a knight is one who is so little concerned about his title that he would just as soon be a baronet.

Sweet are the uses of the University and the Public School if your sole object is

"to merge in form and gloss The picturesque of man and man."

But I have never found that Shakspeare, who was neither at Oxford (like Benson) nor Cambridge (like Adrian Ross) was the worse for that defect. The triumphs of the author of "Endymion" were not won on the playing-fields of Eton, and Robert Burns could never have learned to write "For a' that" at Harrow.

My own ideal type is the peasant. I have often come and Goethe are names that occur to me. away a better man from holding converse with a yokel. He is nearest to Nature. For one who has given his life to

Art such intercourse is a fine corrective.

I have spoken slightingly of University education. I will do so again. My brother Max has often complained bitterly to me of the damage done to his genius by his six years' residence (if I have got the period right) at Oxford. Had it not been for the disabilities which he acquired at that seat of learning so-called, he thinks, poor boy, that he might have rivalled me as an actor. There is BOURCHIER, of course. But it is not given to everyone to pass through the University and still keep, as he kept, the divine spark unquénched.

There are many kinds of snobbery. One might indeed devote an entire book to the subject of snobs. It would

have made a good theme for THACKERAY.

To recur to the question of University education. You will seldom find a sailor who has taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the Universities. Yet no class of men is more keenly intelligent about splicing a rope or boxing a binnacle. And why? Because they are constantly in touch with the elements. On the other hand I have never known a man to escape sea-sickness through wearing a University ribbon on his hat. I think, without conceit, that I have proved my point this time.

Self-respect is the very tap-root of the oak of independence. But it must be watered with humour and manured with modesty. Only the greatest—and therefore the most modest—actors can afford to dispense with the limelight. The curse of dramatic art is the publicity which it entails. If I had my way the names of the cast should not be given on the programme, and every actor should disguise his own identity; so that at the fall of the curtain the stalls

would ask one another, "Which was TREE?'

The Spirit of the Age is undergoing a sea-change. Put your ear to the shell upon the shore and you will hear the rumble of the on-coming armies of Liberty and Equality, as they burst through the barbed wires of convention and sweep away the landmarks of vested interests. That is what I mean when I speak of a sea-change.

Too long have we been licking the boots of "Our Betters." But there is a cloud to every silver lining; and, when Till night decoys their coral feet, their voices low a everybody is as good as everybody else, we must be prepared But Peter, Peter Pigeon, his feet are in my hand.

to sacrifice the privilege of patronising "Our Worses." We shall all be on the same rung of the ladder-probably the bottom one.

Those who have never suffered from the disease of selfconsciousness will be left unaffected by the sea-change to which I have referred. This applies peculiarly to the leading exponents of the drama. For the purposes of creative Art we may have imitated "Our Betters," but we have never recognised them as such. A Duke or a Marquess-they

are all one to us.

To strain after originality is to confess oneself a Philistine. The note of genius is inevitability. How was it that the late George Washington spoke the truth so ably? Not because he was trying to distinguish himself from his fellows, but because he couldn't help it. I knew a Hamlet who wanted to be original about his dying. For weeks he fell dead without distinction, and then, one night, at the supreme moment, he slipped up on a banana-skin thrown from the gallery—and brought down the house. One touch of Nature often has this effect.

It was Shakspeare who said, "To thine own self be true." Shakspeare could say almost anything better than almost anybody else. Yet there have been other great writers whom I could mention if I gave thought to Meanwhile, Moses, Sophocles, Dante, Cervantes

Two of the greatest developments of our era are Eugenics and Boy Scouts. I remember once hearing of a congenital idiot who accidentally severed an artery and, in the absence of First Aid, bled to death. It was for lack of a Boy Scout that he died; and it was for lack of Eugenics that he was ever born.

The minority of to-day becomes the majority of to-morrow; and it is no less true that the majority of to-day becomes the minority of to-morrow. Life is full of these strange paradoxes—if that is the word I mean. The rain falls equally on the just and the unjust, but chiefly on the just, because the unjust takes the just's umbrella. The only safe course for the just is to shelter under the spreading chestnut Tree.

#### PETER PIGEON.

THE pigeons dwell in Pimlico; they mingle in the street; They flutter at Victoria around the horses' feet; They fly to meet the royal trains with many a loyal phrace And strut to greet their sovereign on strips of scarlet baize; But Peter, Peter Pigeon, is in his cradle days.

The pigeons build in Bloomsbury; they rear their classic homes

Where pedants clamber sable steps to search forgotten tomes;

They haunt Ionic capitals with learned lullabies And each laments in anapæsts and in iambics cries; But Peter, Peter Pigeon, how sleepily he sights.

The pigeons walk the Guildhall, they dress in civic tasto With amplitude of mayoral chain and aldermanic waist; They bow their grey emphatic heads, their top-knots riso and fall

While clustering in the courtyard at their mid-day dinner-call;

But Peter, Peter Pigeon, he nods beneath my shawl.

The pigeons brood in Battersea; while yet the dawn is dark Their reedy aubade ripples in the plane-trees round the park;

They light upon your balcony, a brave and comely band, Till night decoys their coral feet, their voices low and bland;



BAULKED!

LORD MURRAY OF ELIBANK. "'MARCONI ENQUIRY CLOSED!' THIS IS INDEED A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT."



"I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MADAM, BUT YOU ARE DIRECTLY ON THE LINE OF OUR DRIVE. WILL YOU KINDLY MOVE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER?

"CERTAINLY NOT. I HEARD YOU SHOUT VERY RUDELY, BUT I'VE NO INTENTION OF MOVING. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A GENTLEMAN, WHEN HE SAW ME HERE, WOULD PLAY THE OTHER WAY."

## CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

THE summer swank-by-the-sea season is upon us again, and Brixton, Bow, Battersea and Bromley are busy.

You that have yachting caps to wear prepare to wear them-shortly. A wellfound cap of this sort, a blue coat with brass buttons, white flannel trousers, a pair of white shoes, and the thing is done—you are a yachting man. But why make the mistake of buying or hiring a yacht? There is an easier and a cheaper way.

It is Saturday—a fine day—and you have arrived at Weymouth, or maybe it is Scarborough. Begin well by cultivating an air of aloofness, of detachment from the common herd.

There are yachts in the harbour. One of them, if not yours, shall be as yours in the eyes of the girl whom you wish to impress. Don't overdo the thing. Create an impression that you are the owner, or at least a guest of the owner, of one of those yachts, and the worst is over.

With as showy a weed as threepence will run to, make your way to the quay and stroll about in a dignified manner till your Dulcinea appears with arm and the newest Bon Marché turban hiding her pretty curls.

Now is the supreme moment. Summoning your courage from its abiding place you should put one hand to your mouth, holding the eigar delicately with the other, and sing out, "Nymph, ahoy!" or "Lucy, ahoy!" as your fancy dictates, having first made sure that no yacht so named is within hearing.

It is unlikely that Dulcinea is versed in the nuances of a nautical hail, but it is well not to call out twice unless you are fairly certain of yourself. There being no response from the vasty deep, it is as well at this juncture to pause, turn on your heel with a smothered exclamation of annoyance, and retreat to your bed-sitting-room in the little street behind the harbour for a while to allow the idea to sink in.

Dulcinea has a receptive mind, and when next you meet she will probably respond to any suitable conversational opening.

#### Commercial Candour.

"Engraved free while you wait at our stores a few days only."

Advt. in "Lethbridge Morning News."

Sorry, but we cannot wait. We have an the latest holiday thriller under her engagement the day after to-morrow.

#### THE MENU.

I have a garden where there grows The white, the pink, the crimson rose; Carnations blent of every hue Are there, and dandelions, too; Some parsley, mint and thyme and cress Are also grown at this address.

The place abuts upon a way Untrodden save on market day, And then frequented mostly by Unhappy sheep cn route to die. These pass my gate and, passing, bleat, And what return are butcher's meat. But there were lambs on Wednesday last Who called upon me as they passed (Not by my invitation, but Because the wicket wasn't shut) And took a meal at my expense. Was ever such impertinence? I put that meal in evidence:—

They did not eat, as you'd suppose, The white, the pink, the crimson rose. Carnations blent of every hue Were not the end they had in view: Nor were the parsley, thyme or cress Or lion in its dandiness. They ate with neither pause nor stint Their pet aversion—namely, mint. Laid waste the bed and left it bare. And, sauceless lamb being dismal fare,

I must admit they had me thero.



Dorothy. "Do YOU WANT ANY PUDDING?"

Leslie (naughty, and sent into the hall to finish his dinner). "Tell the person who's SERVING THERE 'S NO ANSWER."

### CHANCE, THE FRIEND.

HE got in at Southampton West-a retired Army man, I should guess, florid and with a bristling sandy moustache. All too soon he caught my eye. This orb was not out for capture at the moment; it merely rose inadvertently from my book while I turned a page and rested a fraction of a second too long on the newcomer's countenance. But it was enough. It was all he needed, and in a moment he was off.

"With this wet wicket," he said, "Oxford ought to win."

I said in reply as little as I could and resumed my reading.

"That fellow, Melle," he went on. He'll do the trick. Very artful, those Colonials. Remember LE Couteur?"

I had to confess to a recollection of LE COUTEUR.

"RHODES scholar, you know. South African, I believe, or was it New Zealand?"

I had no suggestion to offer, although I knew that LE COUTEUR was neither, but an Australian.

"Well, anyway," he pursued, "he was that kind of bowler, too. Oxford wins the toss they ought to put Cambridge in after all this rain. I did that once at Cheltenham, I remember, and the other side thought I was mad. But we beat them."

I made such a determined dive at my book that for a while he was mute. Then he relented.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I'm sure to see old Tom Hobson at Lord's to-day. I see him every Varsity match. I once scored off Tom—he's a ground and I bet him half-a-sovereign I'd reach my hundred wickets before he did. We got to ninety-eight all, and

going to let him win if I could help it: not likely. We have a laugh over it every year. Are you a cricketer?"

I said I had dabbled in the game. "Nothing like it," he said. "It's the best game. I wish I wasn't too old. Lawn tennis and golf for me now; but just at the present moment neither. The fact is I've crocked my-self up."

I had to ask how.

"Broke a muscle in my leg," he said.
That as I was serving. Most ex-"Just as I was serving. traordinary sensation. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone and hit me in the calf. As a matter of fact, I looked round to see who had done it. I'm going up to town now to see one of those Swedish masseur fellows; but not till they draw stumps at Lord's, of

The train stopping at Winchester gave me the opportunity to buy a paper and change my seat. Another man getting in took mine, and I wondered how soon the chatterbox would do it on him. He merely waited for the train to start and then began.

"Not a very promising day for the Varsity match?" he said.

The other agreed.

"You going?" he asked.

The other admitted that he was.

I then succeeded in getting into the power of my book again and happily lost some of the connecting links, the next thing I caught being these words: "But as a matter of fact I can't play anything just now. I've gone and crocked myself up. Broken a muscle in my calf. Have you ever done that?

The newcomer had not and hoped

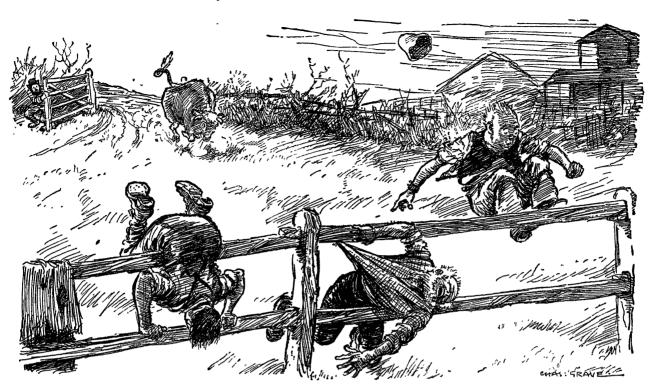
he never would.

"Well, you never know," he was assured. "Lots of men have done it this year. It is the most extraordinary thing. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone hard and hit you. In fact, I looked round to see who it was."

At Basingstoke the newcomer changed his compartment and another traveller entered and took the fatal scat, and he

too was put through it.

But now an unprecedented thing happened, which I ask no one to believe, but which none the less is true. The conversation had followed its usual course—the weather, the wet wicket, the Colonial bowler, the Cheltenham triumph, the low subterfuge on Tomall as though I had not already heard bowler, you know. We were on tour, it twice; and I sat and marvelled at such a want of delicacy of feeling, such amazing hardihood and metallic insensitiveness; because I am one of those then I took him off and put myself on foolish creatures who are miserable for and made up the hundred. You should an hour if they catch themselves telling have seen Tom's face! He said it the same thing twice to the same wasn't fair, but I told him I wasn't person, even after an interval of weeks.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A PATRIOTIC FARMER TURNS A FIERCE BULL INTO A FIELD IN ORDER TO TEST THE HURDLING POSSIBILITIES OF HIS FARM-HANDS.

The talker of the L. & S. W. R. was, however, not like that, and on he went undismayed until he reached the broken muscle. It was then that the unexpected occurred, for no sooner did the newcomer learn of the calamity than he chipped in.

"Yes, I know what that is," he said. "I've done it too. Most extraordinary sensation—exactly as if you'd been hit

in the calf by a stone!'

My talker, who had been all fussy animation till then, suddenly petrified. His mouth was open but no words emerged. He scrutinised his vis-à-vis with a cold and glassy gaze. Somehow he seemed to scent a "plant" or conspiracy, although knowing that there could not be one, for collusion had been impossible. He even glanced suspiciously at me, as I could feel.

"Yes," repeated the other, all unconscious of his Promethean theft; "it's the rummest feeling. Just here"—he touched his calf. "Exactly, as I say, as if someone had thrown a stone at you."

The conversationalist feebly ac-

The conversationalist feebly acquiesced and turned to his paper. The other man turned to his paper, and we had silence all the way to Vauxhall.

I swear this is a true story.

The worst of it is that it was pure chance and could not be adopted as a strategic move with bores.

# THE SEASON.

(To a Débutante.)

A FEW short weeks wherein to dine, To dance, to flirt, to laugh, to shine Like some new star;

To wear gay gowns and strange-dressed hair

And hats that make the people stare

Or say we are Original, as it may be-

Yes, that, my dear, for you and me The Season means;

But for the girls who shape our frocks, Our headgear (and, maybe, our locks)-

Some in their teens Perhaps, as we—the Season holds Quite other things. Tucks, hems and folds,

Gauze, silk and lace They wield for us with close-eyed care, White-faced and worn, so we be fair

And take our "place"; The weeks drag slow for such as these Whose backs are bent that we may

please.

For us to stitch, Their fingers fly or else their wheels; Their very dreams build cotton-reels!

Time's Hurry-Witch Pursues them with her beating-broom And cares not for their fading bloom. Toil, toil, my dear.

The Season spells for poorer maids, While we, in Fashion's jocund glades,

Have but one fear— Lest, as we flit from flower to flower. Our honey will at last turn sour!

So, should we not Remember, now we both are "out," When we (for trifles) pine and pout,

Or moan our lot. That there are maidens still more sad Who, were they bidden, would be glad

Within our shoes To step, to flirt, to dance, to dine.

Willing, as we, like stars to shine, To pick and choose

How they each rosy day shall spend And dream that rose-days never end?

#### Another Impending Apology.

"A lord-lieutenant is not always chosen because of his good looks. The Earl of Craven, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, is an exception."-Daily Sketch.

From an hotel advt. in Daily News:-"Bedroom, Breakfast, Bath, Light Attend-

The "light attendance" is not a feature of this hotel only.

"The enterprising proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, fashioned after the good old English style as regards cleanliness and home comforts, has undergone notable alterations internally."—Tientsin Sunday Journal.

We shall call upon him when he is convalescent.

# THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"IT's my birthday to-morrow," said Mrs. Jeremy, as she turned the pages

of her engagement book.

"Bless us, so it is," said Jeremy. "You're thirty-nine or twenty-seven or something. I must go and examine the wine-cellar. I believe there's one bottle left in the Apollinaris bin. It's ful voice. "The Vicar does them every the only stuff in the house that fizzes."

"Jeremy! I'm only twenty-six."

"You don't look it, darling; I mean you do look it, dear. What I mean well, never mind that. Let's talk | "I suppose it's private, though. Perabout birthday presents. Think of haps if I said 'Press'something absolutely tremendous for me to give you."

"A rope of pearls."

"I didn't mean that sort of tremendousness," said Jeremy quickly. "Anyone could give you a rope of pearls; it's simply a question of overdrawing enough from the bank. I meant something difficult that would really prove my love for you—like LLOYD GEORGE'S ear or the Kaiser's cigar - holder. Something where I could kill somebody for you first. I am in a very devoted mood this morning."

"Are you really?" smiled Mrs.

Jeremy. "Because-

"I am. So is Baby, unfortunately. She will probably want to give you something horribly expensive. Between ourselves, dear, I shall be glad when Baby is old enough to buy her own presents for her mother. Last Christmas her idea of a complete edition of MEREDITH and a pair of silver-backed brushes nearly ruined me."

"You won't be ruined this time, Jeremy. I don't want you to give me | band and patted the top of his head. anything; I want you to show that devotion of yours by doing something ing," she quoted.

for me."

"Anything," said Jeremy grandly. "Shall I swim the Channel? I was he said, "is the revelation of your shortpractising my new trudgeon stroke in the bath this morning." He got up from his chair and prepared to give an exhibition of it.

"No, nothing like that." Mrs. Jeremy hesitated, looked anxiously at him and then went boldly at it. "I want you to go in for that physical

culture that everyone's talking about."
"Who's everyone? Cook hasn't said a word to me on the subject; neither has Baby; neither has-

"Mrs. Hodgkin was talking to me about it yesterday. She was saying hour before your bath, Jeremy.

how thin you were looking.

"The scandal that goes on in these villages," sighed Jeremy. "And the has been quite démodé since last Thursday."

"Well, I never saw anything in the

paper—"
"Knowing what wives are I hid it from you. Let us now, my dear wife, talk of something else.'

"Jeremy! Not for my birthday present?" said his wife in a reproach-

morning," she added casually.

"Poor beggar! But it's what Vicars are for." Jeremy chuckled to himself. "I should love to see him," he said.

"You are thin, you know."

"My dear, the proper way to get fat is not to take violent exercise, but to lie in a hammock all day and drink milk. Besides, do you want a fat husband? wouldn't like, at your next garden party, to have everybody asking you in a whisper, 'Who is the enormously stout gentleman?' If Nature made me thin-or, to be more accurate, slender and of a pleasing litheness-let us believe that she knew best."

"It isn't only thinness; these exercises keep you young and well and

active in mind."

"Like the Vicar?"

"He's only just begun," said his

wife hastily.

"Let's wait a bit and watch him." suggested Jeremy. "If his sermons really get better, then I'll think about it seriously. I make you a present of his baldness; I shan't ask for any improvement there."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her hus-

"'In a very devoted mood this morn-

Jeremy looked unhappy.

"What pains me most about this," comings as a wife. You ought to think me the picture of manly beauty. Baby does. She thinks that, next to the postman, I am one of the-

"So you are, dear."

"Well, why not leave it? Really. I can't waste my time fattening refined gold and stoutening the lily. I am a busy man. I walk up and down the pergola, I keep a dog, I paint little water-colours, I am treasurer of the I saw him stand there, passionless, cricket club; my life is full of activities."

"This only takes a quarter of an

"I am shaving then; I should cut myself and get all the soap in my eyes. It would be most dangerous. When Vicar's wife too. Dear, all this is you were a widow, and Baby and the weeks and weeks old; I suppose it has pony were orphans, you and Mrs. only just reached the Vicarage. Do Hodgkin would be sorry. But it would If not to the Nut that he is already, let us be up-to-date. Physical culture be too late. The Vicar, tearing him-

self away from Position 5 to conduct the funeral service-

"Jeremy, don't!"

"Ah, woman, now I move you. You are beginning to see what you were in danger of doing. Death I laugh at; but a fat death—the death of a stout man who has swallowed the shavingbrush through taking too deep a breath before beginning Exercise 3, that is more than I can bear.'

"Jeremy!"

"When I said I wanted to kill someone for you, I didn't think you would suggest myself, least of all that you wanted me fattened up like a Christmas turkey first. To go down to posterity as the large-bodied gentleman who inhaled the badger's hair; to be billed in the London press in the words, 'Curious Fatal Accident to Adipose Treasurer'-Does Baby want a fat father? You to do this simply by way of celebrating your twenty-sixth birthday, when we actually have a bottle of Apollinaris left in the Apollinaris bin-darling, you cannot have been thinking.

His wife patted his head again gently. "Oh, Jeremy, you hopeless person," she sighed. "Give me a new sunshade. I want one badly."

"No," said Joremy, "Baby shall give you that. For myself I am still feeling that I should like to kill somebody for you. LLOYD GEORGE? No. F. E. SMITH? N-no. . . ." He rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Who invented He rubbed his those exercises?" he asked suddenly.

"A German, I think."

"Then," said Jeremy, buttoning up his coat, "I shall go and kill him."

A. A. M.

#### ON A SMALL NUT.

(Seen at Ealing.)

HE stood apart on the kerbstone's angle, Where four crossways divide; Mid the blare of the 'bus and the tram-

ways' janglo

He leaned on his stick and sighed; Fourteen summers and winters --quite,

His coat too long and his boots too tight,

But he shone in button and flower and bangle

Like the dogstar down the night.

steady,

While the universe went round; And, as sipping a vintage young and heady,

He looked upon life and frowned. And I felt like a truant child at plays And I raised my hat as I went my,

To the Nut he will be some day.



OUR VILLAGE MATCH.

First Batsman. "Why can't yer call when you're coming?" Second Batsman. "'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO PUT THE FIELDER ON HIS GUARD."

### THE WORST POLICY.

A FEW months ago there appeared in Punch some examples of truthful advertisements issued by a firm of House Agents. The idea appears to be spreading. We have before us the following remarkable announcement of a Tourist Company:-

A WEEK IN DELIGHTFUL EAUVILLE for

£5 5s. 0d.

(and certain additions which will be apparent to those who read further).

#### SELECT PARTIES

(as select as can be expected in view of the fact that nobody who pays the fees is refused) will leave London every Saturday evening until further notice and return to London on the following Friday morning.

(The advertised "week" therefore includes the days of departure and return.) himself on both journeys.)

Charge (payable strictly in advance)-£5 5s. 0d.

(This, however, means 3rd Class travel throughout. For 2nd Class the additional charge is £1; and for First Class £2 5s. Od.)

moderately good), and includes room (containing two, three or even four beds), light (which is cut off at 11 o'clock each night), attendance (for which the tourist is expected to give lavish tips), breakfast (coffee and rolls), and evening dinner (at which the only liquid provided free is water, which we strongly advise our clients not to touch) each day.

> $Extra\ charge\ for\ superior$ accommodation-10s. 6d.

For first-class hotel accommodation— £2 2s. 0d.

If a separate bedroom is required the additional charge is 12s. 6d.

(It will be noted that the tourist is expected to obtain any refreshments he may require between breakfast—which is, of course, quite unsatisfying to the average Englishman — and evening dinner. Similarly he must make the best arrangements he can for feeding

The feature of this Tour is the admirable series of

# EXCURSIONS.

These are arranged to give our clients an opportunity of visiting what we consider the principal points of interest We are prepared to congratulate Mr. Accommodation is provided in a in the district and at the same time to WAITE, to take off our hats to him—boarding - house in Eauville (only secure an adequate profit for ourselves. but we will not shake him by the hand.

Charge for the series of Four Excursions:

If booked in London... £3 10s. 0d. If booked in Equilie. £3 15s. 0d.

Charge for any Single Excursion: --If booked in London ... £1 0s. 0d. If booked in Eauville ... £1 2s. 0d.

(The Excursions are personally conducted, and gratuities to the conductor are heartily encouraged.)

The Tourist must expect a number of further incidental expenses, but these unfortunately will not benefit us. If, however, we can devise any further means of extracting money from him, we shall not hesitate to apply them.

#### Recreations of Great Men.

"He also took great interest in pushing electric tramways in Bradford. Bradford Daily Argus.

"At the request of Dr. Mawson, Mr. E. R. Waite, curator of the Christchurch Museum, Wate, curator of the Christonurch Museum, has consented to prepare the report on the collection of fishes made by the Australasian Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Waite has in hand already the fishes which he collected at the Macquarie and Auckland Islands when he went to the Southern Ocean in Dr. Mawson's exploring vessel, the Aurora, last year.''

Christchurch Press.



THE SUSPECTED SEX.

Girl (suddenly noticing policeman). "I fahnd it like that. I never done it, mister; straight I never!"

# JEUX D'ESPRIT AT DRURY LANE.

(A tribute to the art of the Russian premier danseur and the two ladies who accompany him in a now famous pas de trois.)

NIJINSKY, there are certain souls More blind to beauty than a hen is, Who, jarred not by the caracoles In all your other ballet rôles, Take umbrage at your "Tennis."

They do not like your leaps and flings; Some trifling disappointment rankles When, bouncing lightly from the wings, You flaunt those tasteful trouserings Tied tightly round the ankles.

They grumble at the ladies' skirts. The Post-Impressionistic setting; They muse on Wimbledon; it hurts To see you waste your time on flirts And otiose curvetting.

But I, I have the hidden key To that coy dance, where others lack

I comprehend the mystery; The large ball does not bother me, Nor yet the blood-hued racquet.

You have the core, the inner truth (All errors in the husk it pardons) Of tennis, not the game sans ruth, But tennis, well-beloved of youth In old-world English gardens.

With two fair maidens at your call Amid parterres of bright geraniums, Grown tired of hunting for the ball You yield a captive to their thrall And kiss them on the craniums.

But this to me most clearly shone, Fantastic sprite from Eastern Europe, That only three of you were on; And where, I ask, was James or John Who helped to make the four up?

 $\Lambda$  shadowy motive seemed to go Through all those steps and still enliven:

"Shall we pursue the ball? Not so; It was not we who whacked it. No; The criminal was Ivan."

But where was Ivan? Fancy sped: Through all the dance's twisting

I nursed his picture in my head, Couched lowly in the strawberry bed Stuffing himself like blazes.

This is the triumph of all art, Especially its latest model— Symbolic images to start Of things unseen, of worlds apart.

The press critiques were twaddle.

Evon.

"Apart from the honour of the thing there is little material profit awaiting Mr. Alfred Austin's successor, the salary attached to the post boing only a patry £70 a year, with an allowance of £27 in lieu of the traditional sack of butt."—Inverpool Courier.

Everybody is talking about Butt the new breakfast food. Small sack 5/-, larger sack 7/6.

"On opening a double dark slide of lookform the loose plate will have its back towards the plate which is fastened in, and the lose plate will be the one in the lower (odd) number of the slide."—Photography.

One of the things we wanted to know.

"At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Peter Warren, in the name of the subscribers, handed over to the energetic secretary, Mr. S. Wood, a handsome oak dresser."

Cullompton Deancry Parish Magazine.

It is Mr. Peter Warren who strikes us as the really energetic man.



# A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE BALKANS.

GREECE. "NOW HOW DO WE DIVIDE THESE BULGARIAN SPOILS—SUPPOSING WE GET 'EM?"

SERVIA. "WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, AREN'T YOU AND I ALLIES? OF COURSE WE FIGHT EACH OTHER FOR 'EM."

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

reverently uncovered as if in the actual than once threatened breakdown. presence of Death. It was only a few Commons a house of mourning.

striking the close sequence of their deaths. Both men were in the prime of life; both when last seen at Westminster were apparently in full enjoyment of health and strength; both, having by sheer capacity won their way to high place in the ranks of their Party, seemed to have before them a long career of useful work; upon both with awful suddenness came the end.

There was one notable absentee from Front Opposition Bench. It seemed natural, indeed imperative, that, as happened in the case of GEORGE WYNDHAM, PRINCE ARTHUR should add his wreath of "myrtles brown with ivy never sere" to the garland laid by the PRIME MINISTER on the

titular Leader of the Opposition to voice the grief of Alfred Lyttelton's and strengthened by his comradeship.

Not least arduous among the duties pertaining to office of Party Leader is that of from time to time paying a tribute to the memory of a great man dead. On an historic occasion DISRAELI, called to fill the part, was so prostrated | pleasure and his pride to tread. by emotion that he inadvertently appropriated a purple patch from a funeral read a third time by majority of 109 in oration by a French statesman, incor- House of 595 Members. porating it in what was presented to PRINCE ARTHUR.

speeches delivered from either side of the Table, testifies that for genuine House of Commons, Monday, July 7. feeling, simplicity of construction and sympathy, a sentiment of broth — "The Angel of Death is abroad in the land." Once again the Premier equalled, none surpassed, the Premier's Came up accidentally, as such stood at the Table in presence of a brief speech, uttered with faltering crowded, hushed assembly, heads voice under strain of emotion that more

As he said, ALFRED LYTTELTON "has weeks ago that lament was raised left behind him no resentment and no for George Wyndham. To-day it is the sudden cutting-off of Alfred of a manly and winning personality, the enquired into," he said, "will consi-LYTTELTON that makes the House of memory of one who served with un-deration be given to the undoubted stinted measure of devotion his genera- poetic ability of the hon. Member

Points of resemblance make more tion and his country." That a sentiment for Nor.h Armagh?"

Messrs, Wedgwood and Outhwaite v. Colonial Secretary.

bier of his lost friend. Shrinking from | in which Members on both sides | was agreeable surprise. that ordeal he did not even trust him- shared. For the PREMIER, beyond the self to be present. It was left to the common grief at the passing of one titular Leader of the Opposition to "who of all men of this generation came nearest to the ideal of manhood," me with a copy of the poems alluded personal colleagues on the Front Bench | there was the breaking of the link of | to." and the sorrow of the Party he graced | thirty-three years' affectionate friend-

> Happy in a pure and healthy life ALFRED LYTTELTON was honoured in his death by rare eulogy spoken before a responsive audience gathered on the Votes. historic stage it was long time his

Business done. — Home Rule Bill

Thursday.—One of those little incithe House of Commons as his personal dents that go straight to susceptible first by challenging division on formal lamentation. Mr. GLADSTONE was a heart of House just happened. Personal, Resolution moved from Treasury Bench, master of the art; so in differing styles perhaps trivial, in its range, to the then by actually forcing one on prowas CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and is seeing eye it touches depth of grave posal to suspend eleven o'clock rule. SARK, who has political situation.

listened to a long succession of funeral that, in spite of angry difference on a particular question, there exists between Nationalist and Ulsterman a common sympathy, a sentiment of brotherhood

> Came up accidentally, as such things frequently do. PREMIER having in reply to question stated intention of making new appointment to Laureateship, Joyce rose from Nationalist Camp

House taken by sur-Always found prise. interesting personality in Moore, K.C. His interjectionary contributions to debate rarely fail in leading to temporary tumult. Only the other week they led to his own suspension from service of the House. As far as may be judged from material supplied by him to brief biographical notices appearing in customary channels of information, if modesty permits him to claim special distinction over his fellow Members in any particular, it is based on the fact that he "stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his boots." To have disclosure made that in his own country he, in common with another Moore of earlier date, is recognised as a poet,

PREMIER took keenest interest in it. "Perhaps the hon. gentleman," he said, addressing JOYCE, "will furnish

Incident temporarily distracted interest from Plural Voting Bill. Useful suggestion made from above Gangway that specimens of the new Moore Melodies shall be circulated with the

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill

discussed on Report Stage.

Friday.—Talk in tone of surprise about the SPEAKER permitting WEDG-WOOD and OUTHWAITE wantonly to waste twenty minutes of precious time, Seems to show Performance was by way of tit-for-tat with COLONIAL SECRETARY, who declined to gratify these eminent statesmen by repudiating action of South African Government in repelling fierce riot in the streets of Johannesburg.

Among the Standing Orders is one specially designed to meet case of divisions thus frivolously demanded. minutes the SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN may take the votes of the House or Committee by calling successively on the Members who support, and on the Members who challenge, his decision to rise in their places. Thereupon he may declare the determination of the House or Committee without a division.

It was evident that the patriots



THE BARD OF ARMAGH. (Mr. W. Moore, K.C.)

below the Gangway had very small support for their pettish revolt. Indeed doubtful whether if a division were called they would have a single Member to "tell." The event proved that they had seven. Had Standing Order 140 been invoked the undignified performance would have been over in appropriate manner within space of three minutes.

"Why," Members asked each other, "did the Speaker, invariably master of a turn in the situation however sudden and embarrassing, ignore the

weapon lying to hand?' As may be expected there was sufficient reason. Standing Order in question requires that the minority Members rising in obedience to challenge from the Chair must have their names taken down and printed in the division list. As it turned out they, in common with a family known to Wordsworth, were seven. They

former occasions, thirty-seven or even more. In such case, so far from there being saving of time, there would have been loss, together with infliction of undignified labour on the Clerk of the House. Profiting by past experience the Speaker took no risks.

Moral obvious. Either let the Stand-It directs that after the lapse of two ing Order be abolished or amended by deletion of the provision that the names of the frivolous persons must be taken down. It serves no other purpose than that of ministering to the vanity and pursuit of self-advertisement that actuate most of these exhibitions.

Business done.—Report of Plural Voting Bill agreed to.

### LYRA HYPOCHONDRIACA.

(A Chronicle of Cures, with Biography of a Survivor.)

In the distant days, when he first began To ponder the state of his inner man, He thought he had found in drugs and pills

A remedy for all human ills. He drank dry sherry—'twas called Montilla-

And dosed himself with sarsaparilla. But that was only a passing phase, And he shortly took to other ways. For then was the time when the medicos

Were running a boom in cheap Bordeaux-

A cool but terribly acid drink With a bouquet akin to that of red ink.

The next of his hygienic lures Was the ancient craze for water cures, And as long as ever the temperance tide rose

He spent his summers at various hydros. But, in spite of the eulogy of PINDAR, When the human throat is as dry as tinder,

The blameless liquid that flows from the pump

Is apt to give one the double hump. So, when his doctor prescribed Glenlivet. He found himself as right as a trivet, And hoped to reach life's final coda Accompanied by whisky and soda. But here, it seems, he reckoned without Regard for man's fell enemy, gout; And, after a spell of dire disquiet, Again was forced to remodel his diet. He had to abandon all "prime cuts," He took to cutlets, but made of nuts: And, like a little child in bibs, Drank nothing stronger than cocoa nibs.

For three long years he underwent This vegetarian punishment, Then found (with Salisbury) relief In boiling water and half-cooked beef. Next FLETCHER told him how to chaw might have been, as has happened on Each mouthful by a rigorous law,

Until his single occupation Throughout the day was mastication. But since he could not quite afford To throw all duties overboard, And could not help himself, like SMILES. He took the counsel of EUSTACE MILES. And lived for nearly half a year On plasmon and on ginger-beer. Then, feeling for fresh adventure ripe. He tried the barefoot cure of KNEIPP. And dabbled in the morning dew With others neither fit nor few. Then for a while he placed reliance In Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science, Combined with lactobacilline And copious draughts of paraffin.

But all these fads he has forsworn And now professes himself re-born And full of beans as the maddest Mullah By dint of massage of the medulla. In short, he's a full-blown osteopath. But—tell it not in the streets of Gath— Whenever a new cure comes along, Whether it's gentle or whether it's strong,

Such is the faith that fires and fills him, He'll give it a trial although it kills him.

# Royal Metamorphosis.

"The King, changing into a four-horsed carriage, drove through the Cattle section.' A characteristic example of kingly tact.

"Silk Scarves. Usual price 5s. Sale price 4s. 11½d."—Advt. in "North Star." We cannot accept this sacrifice.

"Little Lucy, on her way home from school along one of the main thoroughfares of Salford, saw a lurry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with difficulty. 'Oh, mother,' said Lacy, narrating the incident when she got home, 'it was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet." -- Manchester Guardun.

"A little boy coming out of the Gladstone-road School in Cardiff this week saw a lorry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with diffi-culty. When the youngster reached home he narrated the incident to his mother, and said, 'The horse was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet."

"South Wales Daily News" (two days later).

This reminds us of a humorous remark made by our own little Ernest. He was coming out of Battersea Park last Tuesday, when he saw a lurry (or lorry) horse slip and make the usual convulsive What? It happened to your little Emily at Nottingham on Monday? Extraordinary coincidence!

Hull has been protesting against a proposed flight by an airman on a Sunday. We should have thought it would have welcomed anything which would make people look heavenwards.



Lady. "Now, would one of you like to say grace?" (Pause of misunderstanding.) "Well, what does your father SAY JUST BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO EAT?" Little Girl. "OH, 'E SEZS, 'NAH THEN, GET ON WIV IT!"

#### A MAN WITHOUT IDEAS.

BECAUSE I chanced to look up at the exact instant of time when the illusion was perfect, I could have sworn-for a second or so-that the car, like some swift grey beast, had sprung upon him from behind with a low roar, gulped him down whole and vanished, leaving only a billow of swirling dust to mark the spot where she had made him her prey. It was all illusion, of course, for of the road and peered about him, from the car's exhaust horn came back to us through the drowsy dusty air, with a curious effect of mockery-already she was far off-and the tramp rose, rather alertly for a tramp. He limped over to my railings and, with one hand clutching a post, stared down the road.

He gulped—a long, slow rise, decline and fall of the "Adam's apple" that was almost unnerving. He was collarless and slightly scrag-necked, so that I got the full benefit of it.

"A narrow squeak," I said.

He did not answer immediately. He

raised.

Then quite suddenly he turned to me. "A fine car, that, Sir-magnificent. One of the best I've ever been knocked down by," he remarked.

I had expected wrath, sorrow, language—anything, in fact, but praise of the car, and I think I showed my surprise, for he smiled a faint, dusty of it.' smile.

"It is my fatal habit of walking in a moment later he sat up in the middle the middle of the road," he explained rather shyly. "Thinking . . . I find blinking. A stammering crescendo yell | I cannot think freely if I keep close in to the hedge. Of course I have never been actually struck by a car-but the rush and clamour of their close passing sometimes slightly confuse me and I stumble—as you saw. I was wrapt in thought. Nevertheless, I know——"

"Nuthin'," said an angry and contemptuous voice. "He don't know nuthin'. He's always being rode over and he don't know nuthin'.

The first drifter—a tallish person shrank into himself like a snail's horn and quite suddenly an air of extraordinary insignificance pervaded him.

slowly settling dust that the car had encounter the blue-eyed stare of another drifter—a small man in ancient tweeds, very sunburnt, with a lemon-coloured beard and a repaired nose. Manifestly angry and scornful.

"We parts company here," he said decidedly. "But before we parts I'm going to tell the truth about you. Before your face . . . I've had enough

He turned to me abruptly; the first drifter resembled a captured applestealer.

"He calls himself a philosopher . . . and that's the cause of everything. He don't do anything—except keep on philosophying. He ain't got an idea in his 'ead. The rows we've had!"

The little drifter made a gesture of despair.

"And yet I like the man—I don't deny it "he ran his eye over the philosopher rather as though the latter were a horse for sale or a piece of furniture—"but he's too much responsibility. He keeps on with this philosophying all the time and he ain't practical. And it comes 'ard on me ... Mister, he ain't got what a merely gulped once more, and, breathing heavily, continued to survey the the voice, and I looked round to ole of 'is 'ead. He's like a child.

It makes folk stare and wonder. If shilling!" he'd only try to learn to get ideas into his 'ead. . . .

The little drifter suddenly opened the tattered rush fish-basket he carried, disclosing a tightly packed mass of withered, yellowish vegetable matter, which he described as salad. His comrade, the man without ideas, stood limply by, listening with an extra-

ordinary appearance of guilt. "I had to think out the idea of having some salad yesterday," said the small drifter with a sort of bitter pride, likely-looking road of houses in Brockenhurst, while I worked another road for a bit of something to go with it. I waited for him just outside the village about two hours afterwards with a knuckle of ham, four fairish crusts, a heel of cold pudding, and a hand-out of bread-and-cheese. Presently here he comes moonin' along the middle of the road, muttering to hisself. He stops at me and 'I 've got it,' he says. 'Well done,' I says, thinking of salad. 'Yes,' he says, 'what England wants is a national wheat belt extending from one end of the country to the other, where she can grow her own wheat in

"At the expense of the State, without regard to the price of wheat, imported or otherwise," put in the first drifter mildly. "You mustn't forget the State subsidy."

The little drifter turned to me with

a gesture of infinite despair.

case of war,' he says.

"There, Mister," he exclaimed, "now you can see for yourself. He thinks only one. And don't forget it!" about wheat belts for England when he ought to be borrying a bit of salad. . . . Why, even when an old party back by Rufus's Stone took a fancy to him he couldn't do no good. It was a mild-looking, peaceful old party and they got talking together. I watched 'em, and estimated the old party would be worth a good shilling to us, and perhaps more, if this philosopher only used his 'ead and got an idea to put up on the old party. I edged up to 'em a bit, and I heard the old party saying something about he wished all the world was as peaceful as the New Forest. But where me or you would have agreed with him, Sir, this ridiculous man answers the old party very cold. 'I've thought it out. he says, 'and I consider that the world will never be at peace until England has captured all the navies and made other countries that used to have exclusively for the housewife.

. Helpless. Walks in the middle of the ravies—tax 'em in proportion,' he says; road and that. You seen for yourself, and the peaceful old party snorted and I don't hardly like walking with him. went away without a word or a

The tall drifter looked ashamedly at his feet.

"He ain't got an idea in his 'ole body, Sir," insisted the other excitedly, "and yet I like the man. But we parts company to-day. It would ruin me to travel with him any longer.'

"I wouldn't mind so much his not having no ideas in his 'ead," continued the small drifter, "but he ain't reliable. He spoils chances of odd money that a baby wouldn't spoil. And yet he's lucky—he gets plenty of chances. "and I left it to him to get it in a More than me—but he don't use 'em. Up on the downs near Winchester a gentleman, land-measuring or something, asked him to keep his eye on a spot on top of the downs and signal to him when the gentlemen reached the place. Well, the gentleman climbed up the downs about a mile and turned round and waited to be signalled to. But he never signalled a signal—he was staring at the clouds in the sky, and he told me afterwards that he was thinking of a plan for rejecting-

" Projecting," corrected the tall

"-advertisements on to the clouds by means of skinometergraphs-

"Searchlights, not cinematographs," protested the philosopher feebly.

"All the same," snapped the small drifter. "Craziness."

He half wheeled to the road, hesitated, glanced at the tall drifter with a curious look that was half affection, half contempt. "Comin'?" he said: "I'll give you one more chance—and

"Yes, John," said the man without ideas, and, with a shy nod in my direction, followed his partner down the road.

I watched them for a few moments. Before they were out of sight the philosopher, with his head bowed in thought, had edged out into the exact middle of the road again. . . .

He was a curious character, and I believe it is quite possible that, some day, he may even light upon a notion that will make millionaires of them both—provided that a motor does not get him first. But I am quite, quite certain he will never convince his little partner that he has ever had an idea in his life.

# "BEAUTIFYING COUNSEL."

Headline in "Evening News." 'em all her own, and supports one But alas for the hopes of our K.C.'s great navy at the expense of all the the advice which followed was meant

#### THE ROSERY.

"'Tis roses, roses all the way" A-climbing to the leads, Or blooming lowlier mid the clay Of half-a-score of beds; Standard and dwarf, they rise to view For all the world to gorgo Upon a feast of scent and hue— The handiwork of George.

He used to be a restful type, A youth of cultured brow. Who liked his after-breakfast pipe. His morning screed, but now He leaves the hurried meal to seize A syringe and a pail, To wage a war on aphides. On anthracnose or scale.

He kens the name of every rose, The lingo of his craft, The latest thing in hoe or hose, The proper time to graft; And when the morn is young and fresh

He rises with the thrush To water Madame Pauvert (flesh) Or Mrs. Sandford (blush).

There was a day when he and I Were seldom seen apart, But time has rent the ancient tie And others claim his heart. While I can never really feel I like his present set, His Ulrich Brunner, Maréchal Niel, And Marie Henriette.

I deprecate this garden zest, My heart profusely bleeds For one who bids the weary guest Assist him with the weeds, Who after dinner sits and dreams; Of cankers and their cures, Or talks for hours on cheerless themes Lake chemical manures.

What though the blooms he loves to raise

Bewitch the folk who call? What though admiring neighbours

Across his garden wall? To me this reserv shall bring Profound regrets, shall be Anathema — the cursed thing That came 'twixt George and me. J. M. S.

From a Birmingham evening paper: "In the time of Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth, green goescherry pie was at the height of its popularity; and long before their time, in 1276, it was growing in Edward I.'s garden at Westminster."

Life, in fact, was very easy for En-WARD I.'s cook, even when, in the orchards, a blight had fallen on the apple-dumplings, and the steak andkidney-pudding tree had wilted.



"I SHOULDN'T MIND, MESCLF, IF THEY CLOSED THE PUBS A COUPLE O' HOURS SOONER. WOT I SEZ IS, IF A MAN AIN'T FULL BY 'ALF-PAST TEN, 'E AIN'T TRYING.'

# THE CRITIC IN THE CRADLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to you for sympathy and, if possible, advice. An unfortunate spirit of discord is stirring the hitherto unruffled atmosphere of my home, The Nest, Trafalgar Road, Shrimpville-on-the-Solent. In a word, I am beginning to find myself opposed at almost every point by my eldest (indeed, I may add, my only) son, aged four months. Thus I am a staunch upholder of compulsory vaccination and a staunch enemy of all daylight-saving schemes, and on both these vital questions, among many others, he is in complete disagreement with me.

It isn't that he says much, if you understand me. To be accurate, he communicates with us principally by means of (1) a smile, (2) a sound not unlike escaping soda-water, and (3) a curious trick of waving his legs in the air. This is where he gains his advantage. It is impossible to argue with him on his own ground, since I cannot eight in the air with his right leg. reproduce his syphon imitation and,

some years ago, I have lost the faculty you, who a year ago would have of conversing with my legs.

The worst of it is, he appears to be undermining my influence over his mother. I will quote a single instance. from Bond Street by the evening post. Last Saturday evening after tea my wife and I were sitting in the drawingroom, while our son reclined in an extremely unconventional attitude on a sofa-cushion. I was explaining to my wife how by really unexampled bad luck I had been defeated in a match that afternoon by a golfer with a handicap of sixteen (my own handicap is nominally twelve, though I frequently play down to nine or even less). Suddenly I became aware that my son's face wore a distinctly sceptical smile. I regarded him sternly.

"Do you mean to suggest," I asked, with a touch of hauteur, "that under ordinary circumstances Jones is capable

of beating me?"
"Ssszzz," he replied cynically.
"It is false," I retorted.

He smiled and rapidly cut a perfect

possibly owing to an attack of sciatica day," said his mother, a woman, mark It doesn't look like it.

listened to my tale with a sympathy so deep that I should probably have acquiesced in her ordering a new hat

I got up and left the room.

The truth is, Mr. Punch, I cannot help feeling that my position in this house is not what it was. Have you any hints that might conduce to a restoration of the status quo?

> Yours brokenly, A Nose out of Joint.

"AMONG THE CAVES AND POT HOLES. INTERESTING VISIT TO CLAPHAM. (By 'ONE OF THEM.')"

West Yorks Pioneer.

Oh to be a pot-hole, now that July's here.

#### Ill-timed Hospitality.

"Half-way up the straight the field was well lunched."—The Egyptian Gazette.

"His other remedy seems, to our minds, orse httunnhe disease. It is phonetic ght in the air with his right leg. worse httunuhe disease. It "Baby grows more intelligent every spelling!"—Hearth and Home.

## THE HICCUP.

WE met in a crowd, in fact at Henley Regatta. He lcoked quite an old man, though I suppose he must have been my contemporary—but even of this I am not quite sure. He was trying to run with a race, had rushed violently into me, and had panted a request for pardon. Then a recognising look came over his furrowed face and he did what all the recognisers do: "My dear old chap," he said, "fancy meeting you here! Now I bet you don't remember me."

I kept to the rules of the game, put on a look of bright intelligence and said I remembered his face perfectly, but

that for the moment his name had escaped me.

"All well," he said, "it's a good many years since we met. Old tempus does keep at it, you know; he doesn't spare any of us, does he? Though, for the matter of that, you've kept your fig— (hic) wonderfully. Bother this hiceup. I get it at the most inconvenient times. Just like a motor-car on a bad road. It's indiges—(hic), you know, an awful nuisance. Now I'll remind you of something that once happened to (hic) and me, and then I ll lay a thousand

you'll remember my name.

"It was in eighty—(hic)—no, it wasn't; it was in eighty—(hic-hic). That was the year in which I shaved off my(hic), and I can fix it by that. You'd just begun (hic) in the (hic-hic) and I was thinking of doing the same. It was very hot weather and I remember you always wore a white (hic) and patent leather (hic). It was the fashion then. We weren't so careless about our dress as they are nowadays. Why, I actually saw a man walking along (hic-hic) yesterday in a (hic) and a (hic), and nobody seemed a bit surprised about it. Well, one morning I met you in the (hic-hic) and asked you if you were going to (hic) this year. You said, yes, you were, and would I join the party. There was just one place left in the (hic) and delighted. I said I didn't really know her, but you said it didn't matter; you'd introduce me properly and look after me, and it was sure to be all right. Just at that (hic) young what's-his-name—dear me, now there's a name I've forgotten, but you'll remember him, a short stout man with

man, once you'd seen him. He had a (hic) in the middle of his (hic-hic) and twisted his (hic) frightfully when he spoke. Anyhow, he came up and asked you if you had room for him in your (hic) party. This was a facer, because he was about as unpop— (hic) a man as you could find in the whole of (hic). You began to say something about not being quite certain as to going this year, as the health of your (hic) was giving the family a good deal of anxiety, but you'd let him know later on. However, he wasn't going to be put off in that way and he started worrying you. I thought it was time to help you, so I put in my oar and said, 'My dear' (hic)—I wasn't bothered with these infernal hiccups then-'my dear chap,' I said, 'can't you see that the whole thing's off this year? If (hic) can't undertake it nobody else can. We'll hope for better (hic) next year. Before he could say anything there was a frightful clatter which made us all jump, and a (hic) with his (hic-hic) dangling on the ground came dashing along right on top of us. You and I got out of the way just in time, but old thingummy wasn't so lucky. It took him right plumb in the (hic), and before you could say (hic-hic) he was sprawling on his (hic) and shouting for help. He wasn't much hurt—just a few (hic) and a deepish (hic) on his (hic), but

great blessing for us, for he'd have ruined any party with his (hic) and his (hic). That's the story, and new I'll guarantée you remember me."

But at this moment another race came past, and he was swept away in a mob of running enthusiasts. When I last heard him he was shouting at the top of his voice, "Oh. well rowed (hie); you're gaining. Keep it (hie) and get (hic) of it.'

If these lines should meet his eye, will be communicate his name to me, c/o the Editor? I am the tall, handsome. dignified man, with the blonde beard, to whom he talked for some minutes outside the (hic) enclosure on the towpath side.

#### OUR REVIEW OF REVUES.

To the many and terrific attractions of "HIGHER UP. THERE!" the dazzlingly successful revue at the National Classical Theatre, is about to be added for one week only no less a personage than ABDUL HAMD, ex-Sultan of Turkey, who has been induced to leave his retirement for one week for this novel engagement. The famous ci-devant autocrat will recite in Turkish some of Mr. WILLIAM Warson's choicest poetry, in a gorgeous Oriental scena entitled "The Scraglio of Dubec."

Although the Escurial is still filled to overflowing every night by the noble and stimulating revue entitled "This Side Up," the indefatigable Messrs. Bonjour and Remercie are continually endeavouring to print their lily. For next week they promise us an interlude by Etienne Soleil, the champion French polisher, for whom a special setting has been prepared by one of their numerous brilliant and witty tame authors.

It is not, after all, true that King Alfonso will appear if I could manage to come you knew Mrs. (hic) would be at the Monodrome during next week in a scene written for him in the fabulously successful revue, "This Way Our;" but the ever alert management have obtained instead the services of La Goulue, the ancient French dancer, now a dompteuse famous in all the foires of France for her "blessures terribles."

a regular (hic) and a (hic-hic)——"

"Belmore," I suggested.

"No, I don't know Belmore. You couldn't mistake the in London has decided the management to follow it with the vivacious and brilliant piece from the Moulin d'Or which took all Paris by storm last year. The title of the forthcoming revue is "Monsieur et Madame" ("Mr. and Mrs.").

> Last Monday the all-conquering Gramodrome revue, "On! On! HUGTIME!" for which the "Revue King wrote his most brilliant libretto, not a word of which, we understand, has ever been departed from (auxly a great triumph in an ontertainment of this kind!), entered upon its extra special edition. Among the most fascinating of its "stop press" novelties is a burle sque of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, with rag-time songs between the overs, while Mr. Beerbohm Vienna, from Jamaica, gives an exhibition of how the Mango should really be eaten.

The east of a magnificent and superh revue at the Solace, entitled, "RETURNED EMPTY," is to be still further strengthened in a novel way by the addition of three troupes of ragtime singers from America, each from a different Southern state, whose speciality it is to sing all together, each of the three troupes executing a different song. The effect is said to be very startling, combining as it does the delights of it settled his chances of going to (hic) that year. It was a music with the excitement of a battle or nace.



Retired Haberdasher (late of London). "Now then, 'Enry, I'm goin' to have a large party 'ere next week, and I shall EXPECT AN UNLIMITED QUANTITY OF MILK, CREAM AND BUTIER. AFTER THAT THE COWS CAN 'AVE A REST TILL ME AN' MRS. P.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Jack London is, I think, the most exhausting writer explain. What I mean is that he can bring physical hardships and fatigue so convincingly before the reader that, for my own part, I rise from some chapters of his writing feeling as if I ached in every limb. I had this sensation stronger than ever just now, after reading Smoke Bellew (MILLS AND BOON). Here Mr. London is back in that Klondyke country that he has made specially his own, and has already mined with such excellent results. Smoke heroes of the district, that you make his acquaintance ing is tendericot, or amateur, or what you will) and watch the process of his gradual hardening. This is where the aches come in. I defy anybody to read of Smoke's journey

forgive her the trick by which—in the early stages of their acquaintance—she had deprived Smoke and Shorty of the results of their night march to Squaw Creek. But you do not go to Mr. London for wedding-bells. You go to him I know. Lest this should be taken for other than the genuine tribute I intend it to be, I had better hasten to ture, and here there is no living writer that I know of to ture, and here there is no living writer that I know of to equal him. He has them all beat.

I believe that Mrs. Coxon, whose new novel, April Panhasard (Lane), has just held my attention, would have found everything simpler had she not been determined to enforce sprightliness in her characters. April Panhasard herself is clearly a very nice agreeable woman, but she is compelled to wriggle into wit every time that she opens her Bellew however has this to distinguish him from other mouth; and this compulsion, together with the fact that "her hair in the shadowy light gleamed like a saint's aura, while he is still a genuine chechaquo (I put in that word because it sounds jolly and I have just learnt it—the mean-simple side of her character. She goes into retirement whilst her divorce case is proceeding, tells her neighbours (all of them, by the way, as sprightly as herself) that she is a widow, goes about with a young man, loves an American, to the Yukon, a chapter that deserves to be called an epic of fatigue, without sharing the sensations of its hero. It Mrs. Coxon obviously felt that this little plot was neither would, I am sure, give an appetite to the most dyspeptic. long enough nor strong enough for three hundred pages, so Arrived, Smoke and his partner Shorty have of course she brought in some characters out of an earlier novel of adventures in plenty, culminating in a breathless race with hers, with a child who is prettily loquacious until he is dog-teams, that leaves them with half of a million-dollar suddenly killed in the hunting-field. The child's death is claim and the hero with a prospect of matrimonial bliss. well written and shows one that Mrs. Coxon would write Myself I didn't care over-much for his prospective bride; a fine novel could she but allow her people to speak and I doubt if Mr. London did either. I found it hard to and act for themselves and could she avoid such sentences as "A faint thrill of fear raced through her veins," or "A little sob escaped her, wrung from her full heart." I like her conception of her characters, but they are not given any very interesting things to do and their emotions are far too crudely stated.

Much is expected from a son of the man who wrote The Life of Lord Macaulay. The reader need not fear disappointment in taking up The Life of John Bright (Constable), by George Macaulay Trevelyan. His literary skill is shown in connection with various episodes, notably in the admirably condensed but vivid narrative of the Corn Law League Campaign, culminating in the surrender of PEEL

he sent a note to BRIGHT at the Reform Club, asking him to call at Grosvenor Gate. The summons was obeyed. Straightway DISRAELI propounded a scheme whereby BRIGHT, COBDEN and MILNER GIBSON, extremest Radicals of the day, were to enter the Tory Cabinet. BRIGHT's scornful rejection of the proposal did not prevent its repetition when, a few years later, DISRAELI found himself in another fix.

Such flattering attention had the effect of increasing natural tendency on BRIGHT's part to have a good conceit of himself. During the last twenty years of his life this assumed something of a tone of

arrogance. made comparing his style of oratory with another's. "When I speak," he said, "I strike across from headland to headland. Mr. GLADSTONE follows the coast line, and when he comes to a navigable river he is unable to resist the temptation of tracing it to its source." There is truth and force in this. But it is the sort of thing that had been better said by somebody else.

Among other diversions, the author tells a capital story about Bright's famous citation of the cave of Adullam. A French historian quoting it explained to his countrymen that it was an "allusion à un passage de la bible. Adullam arait voulu tuer David." In a more familiar reference, Mr. TREVELYAN is not so successful. Writing of Lord John Manners' couplet about "our old nobility," he describes it as "a Frankenstein that was to pursue its author through life." Alas, poor Frankenstein, ever condemned to be thus mistaken for his own petard after being hoist with it. Mr. TREVELYAN'S admirable work, invaluable to the student of modern history, is illustrated by various cartoons reproduced from Punch, who, amongst other services to mankind, immortalized an eyeglass John Bright never wore.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter? Let's hear it and have done with it!" This is what I came near to crying aloud many times during the early chapters of James Hurd (Heinemann). But when I knew the horror of course it was by no means done with. For deliberate and unshrinking analysis of a hateful situation, commend me to Mr. R. O. Prowse. Of the great cleverness of his book there can be no question; considered as an entertainment, I would rather go to the dentist's than endure it again. It is impossible to give an idea of it without revealing the plot; but this matters less since it is the treatment for which it should be read by all who value artistry more than good spirits. Well, then, James Hurd and his wife and the establishment of originally obscure men like BRIGHT | Evelyn had one child, a boy of seven years, who, as the and COBDEN in the foremost rank of statesmanship, their result of an accident, had become maimed incurably both in aid courted by both camps. Disclosure is made of a body and mind. And the parents, having for his sake left remarkable overture by DISRAELI when defeat of his Budget the town, where they both enjoyed full and vigorous lives, of 1852 appeared imminent. Late on a December evening for the depths of the country, had nothing to do but broad

and develop suspicions and estrangements and hatreds. So at last one day the father took the boy for a walk to the eliff-edge — and came back alone. You could hardly call it a pleasant story, could you? It is told by a third person, an old friend of the unhappy parents, who is staying with them; and this particular method adds a quality of detached and almost unemotional dryness to the tragedy that makes it far more horrible. It is indeed a fine piece of literary work, powerful, subtle, and sinister. But I should be very careful as to the per sons to whom I recom-

mended it.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

Balbus, who has rented the fishing on the Rubicon, respectfully BUT FIRMLY INSISTS ON JULIUS CASAR CROSSING IT LOWER DOWN SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE BEST POOL IN THE RIVER.

Mr. Goab has chosen An example is supplied in a remark he a strange subject for the novel-form in The Kingdom (Heinemann)—nothing less than the struggle for peace and truth and perfect charity in the soul of a modern (and something of a modernist) friar, Padre Bernardo. Those who recognise this travail of a soul to be a legitimate and vitally tragic theme will here welcome a treatment of it which is marked by much sympathy and a quite exceptional detachment. The devil's advocate has the fullest licence notwithstanding that the author stands for the Catholic point of view and for his saintly, sore-tried hero who finally enters into his kingdom of solf-conquest and peace. The littlenesses, bigotries and misunderstandings of conventual life are in particular suggested with a keen but not uncharitable emphasis, and it would seem that so detailed an impression could only be the work of one who had actually passed through the routine and struggle of the life. The secondary theme, the marriage of Orlando the singer, Bernardo's friend, and Vittoria, his cousin, is well handled so as to bring out the deep human sympathies of the friar. Old Father Fidelis, a modern St. Francis, living apart and silent and on the best of terms with toad and lizard and stoat and every sort of little woodland brother and sister, looks very much like a portrait and is good to meet.

#### CHARIVARIA.

ROUMANIA'S motto upon advancing into Bulgaria: "J'y suis, j'y reste" a free translation of which is, "I am here, I Roumania.'

Is it quite fair to describe the ambulance which has been devised by Mr. S. F. Copy as our first air-hospital? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Sanatoria were in the air for a very long time.

A propos, the report that a million about, and a zebra.

pound hotel is to be erected on the site of St. George's Hospital has led to a curious misunderstanding among insured persons. They imagine that this new structure will be one of those sanatoria which the CHANCELLOR assured them a little while ago would be "sort of first-class hotels."

Meanwhile it is said that it is the intention of those interested in this hotel scheme also to buy up Buckingham Palace with a view to its being used as a cottageannexe for simple-lifers.

It has been proposed, in consequence of the Suffragist outrages in the House of Commons, that the Gallery shall be closed. The idea, however, does not commend itself to certain of the Members, who must have something to play up to.

It is much more likely that members of the Public, before being admitted, will have to submit to being searched. Mr. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN hinted at this possibility the

other day when he said, "In the war to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip.

Now that the Plural Voting Bill is bound to become law, many Unionists are concentrating their attention on the problem of how to abolish the Singular Voting which returned the Liberals to power.

Plural Residence, which will still be permitted after the abolition of Plural Voting, is being encouraged

prison.

equipment of our Defence Forces continue to come in. The lack of mounts for our Territorials seems to have struck the popular imagination, and it is said of the Empire offers of an elephant, three Rev. HARRY LAUDER. donkeys, a couple of trained ostriches, an old-fashioned high bicycle, a run-

The Landlady (to applicant for apartments with sea-view). "There, NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A SEA-VIEW?

The Australian Labour Party is now against evil it is not always sufficient agitating for a six-hours' day. We are not yet informed how many minutes there are to be in each hour.

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Surprisingly low prices for old masters were realised at the sale of the late Duke of Sutherland's pictures at Christie's, and, though no living artist was in this case affected by the slump, a meeting of painters of old masters is to be held to consider the situation.

The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York is bringing an action visiting-cards, in addition to their 1920. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN denies the escort of Life Guards in open carriages."

private address, the address of their existence of the requisite agreement, and stigmatises his opponents as "the hyenas of grand opera." The Com-Voluntary contributions towards the pany, we understand, retorts that that hyena laughs longest who laughs last.

According to Mr. Charles B. Coch-RAN the Church of St. Bartholomew that during the past week the War the Great was founded by a Jester. Office has received from various parts Here, surely, is another pulpit for the

> Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is generous. He has now made it possible for all of us to obtain his "Divine

Gift "-on paying for it.

"Bombardier Wells and PAT O'KEEFE have signed articles to box twenty rounds at the Ring on August Bank Holiday." This, we under-stand, is not WAGNER'S "Ring," in spite of the precedent of the Revues.

Our Field Sports day by day, as pictured in The Liverpool Echo:

"FIELD SPORT EDITION. AT BISLEY.

HOOTING FOR THE EMPIRE TROPHY."

The German cruiser Stettin came into collision last week with the American yacht Cassandra. While the latter lost her jib-boom, the Stettin was holed above the waterline, and the yacht claims the victory.

By the way, the first prize in our International Story Competition goes, this week, to the following contribution from New York:-

"Mr. George Ensor, of Piedmont, West Virginia, while fishing near Mountaindale, was attacked

by more than a dozen snakes measuring from four to six feet in length. Before he could beat them off they entwined themselves about him, binding his arms, hands, and feet.

"Mr. Ensor, after vainly endeavouring to loose his arms and legs, had the presence of mind to roll over to a fire he had built to cook his meal. His clothes caught fire, and the snakes, scorched and sizzling, untwined themselves from his body.
"He then threw himself into the stream,

extinguishing his burning clothes.'

It looks rather as if it is not only our Territorials who find a difficulty in obtaining mounts. In an account of a recent royal function The Liverpool by the Cat-and-Mouse Act, and it is against Mr. Hammerstein, with the Echo says:-- "After formal presentaproposed that some of our leading object of restraining him from productions had been made their Majesties Suffragettes should print on their ing grand opera in that city before left the station accompanied by an

VOL. CXLV.

# MORE LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

In friendly imitation of Sir Herbert Tree's recently-published The ughts and After-thoughts.]

Every true craftsman should take joy and pride in his handiwork apart from the incident of wages. And here we may learn a lesson even from "Our Betters." There exist men and women of the loftiest birth who are so enamoured of stage-craft that they will actually pay large sums to be allowed to play the part of walking gentleman and walking lady. The words of the late Robert Louis Stevenson are their cry: "Give us the guerdon of going on!"

To get what they want is the peculiar faculty of the English race. I once met an Englishman who had made a successful tour through the Fatherland with the most limited knowledge of the vernacular. He knew only one word of German, and that was English. It was "Beer."

Yet his needs were always satisfied.

When power passes from the hands of "Our Betters" into those of the People—a risky translation, yet many such have reached us from the original French-I shall look for the reign of Universal Peace. I have an instinctive horror of war. Apart from bloodshed—almost always a marked concomitant of sanguinary disputes-war is the enemy of Art, and distracts attention from the theatres.

I have in my time played the part of great and bloody captains like Macbeth, but my heart was never in the work; nor were my legs either. I would always sooner play Beethoven. Beethoven created; Macbeth destroyed.

Surely there is a difference here.

The modern critic rails at the star-system. Yet it is one of those eternal arrangements which have a heavenly origin. You have only to look at the firmament on a fine night and you will see stars.

How often, as an actor-manager, have I envied mediocrity!

So gentle is the treatment it gets from the critics.

The actor is independent of recognised laws—the laws that govern blank verse, for instance. He needs no education and often gets none. He requires no tools or accessories. The painter has his palette, the sculptor his chisel, the poet his blotting-pad, the musician his loud pedal; but the actor has just himself.

#### AFTER-THOUGHT.

I had forgotten that the actor from time to time makes use of certain aids, such as grease and pigments and wigs and costumes. Also of words, generally written by somebody else. How stupid of me! What would the greatest Hamlet be without Shakspeare?

The latest hand-maiden of the drama is the gramophone. It helps to correct the evanescence of the actor's triumphs, permitting posterity to appreciate what might otherwise appear incredible in the reports of the time. I myself have, by request, done two gramophone records for the British Museum—in the respective voices of Hamlet and Falstaff, In a spasm of humour I once said that I was so nervous that I spoke the speech of Hamlet in the voice of Falstaff, and that of Falstaff in the voice of Hamlet. This statement (fictional, of course, as humour so often is) was received with scepticism by a critic who suggested that I had spoken them both in the voice of BEERBOHM TREE. critic, it will be recognised, may be something of a humorist.

The absence of a "fourth wall" on the stage is no doubt desirable for the sake of unbroken communication between the actors and the audience; but it is destructive to that country cottage, The Westminster Gazette recommended complete illusion which is the end of all art, seeing that very few actual rooms are constructed without this feature. In my more creative moments I have thought of introducing | incorruptible contemporary?

it at His Majesty's, and here I am happy, for once, in enjoying the support of some of my most malevolent critics.

I have been accused, by a nameless writer, of overwhelming Shakspeare under an avalanche of prolevant scenery. My final answer to these criticisms is that my revivals have paid. The ultimate test of all Art (and when I talk of Art I exclude painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is the approval of the paying public.

In the setting of a play there must either be frank convention or an attempt at complete illusion. If you cannot reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Elsinore in the gravedigger's scene, better have no scene at all. A view of the Euston Road with its monumental masonry would be an

intolerable compromise.

Those who contend that we should mount Shakspeare's plays in the simple manner of the Elizabethan age would, if they were consistent, demand that his female characters should be taken by males. Yet I have never heard it seriously suggested that Juliet should be played by Mr. Bourchier, or Cleopatra by me.

The effect of illusion can be produced by a combined effort of imagination on the part of actor and audience. Thus, if the actor imagines himself to be fat he appears fat. It is true that when playing Fulstaff I have used material devices to produce the semblance of bulginess, but I could have done it just as well out of my own imagination, only I did not want to put too much strain on that of my

collaborators in the pit.

The absolute aim of all Art (a term that excludes painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is illusion. It is not easy to be yourself (the secret of all strength), and at the same time to be somebody else (the aim of all Art). But it must be done somehow, and the true artist-by which I mean the true actor-will, while retaining his own identity intact for future use, so far merge it, for the time, in that of his character that, after creating the illusion that he is a corpse, it would be unthinkable that he should arise and appear before the curtain to take the applause of the groundlings. He would much rather that the audience should go home under the impression that he is still dead.

And, after all, what is the applause of men to the true artist? Dead to the world-for his illusory simulation of death will have deceived everybody but himself the pulsations of his own heart, beating high with the sense of achievement, will be all the applause that he needs.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

If in the foregoing remarks I have now and then by inadvertence given vent to a vital truth, I take no credit. I am but a Tree on which a little bird has sat and sung. And these were the words that it sany:—
"Be yourself!"

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little bird; "be yourself. You cannot better that!" O. S.

The People's Laurente.

(Without prejudice to Dr. Bridges.) Though Kipling long had been his country's pride, Uncrowned, except with glory, Asquire ignored the People's Voice, and cried --"'But that's another' Tory."

that every room should contain "one suggestive picture." Can this be the effect of the Russian Ballet on our once



# A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

Dame Curzon. "COME ALONG, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HAVE A NICE JOY-RIDE!"

MASTER ASQUITH. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY VIOLENT

EXERCISE THIS SEASON; I THOUGHT OF WAITING TILL 1915."



Lynx-eyed Hubert (appearing, as usual, from nowhere). "Excuse me, Sir, but I think it my duty as a Scout to inform you that you have a smut on your nose."

# THE BREAKING OF HENRY BOND.

Inspired by the receipt of a communication beginning:—
THE JURIES ACT, 1870.

The Town Clerk of this Borough is required by Law to make out a true List in the following form:—

Christian and Surname at full length.	Title, Quality, Calling or Business.	Nature of Qualification.
Alley, James	Gentleman	Freehold. Copyhold.
Bond, Henry Boyd, George Cole, Charles	Bunker	Lcasehold. Poor Rate. House Duty.

THERE is joy to-day at the "Crown and Anchor,"
Where the fat pint mugs they fill,
But a bitter strife and a bitter rancour
At the leasehold house on the hill—
At the leasehold house of the lordly banker
Who bent the burg to his will.

Gay are the peacocks that strut in his pleasaunces, Bright are the lilies that float on his pond, Very imposing and portly his presence is (All save his hair, of which only a frond Still stays on the bald pate, dabbled with essences), Curved is the boko of Bond.

Proud of his place and its hireling beauty,
Thinking he walked with the world's élite,
He mocked Charles Cole and his dull House Duty,
Driving around with the morning's meat:
He spurned poor Boyd and his business fruity;
How oft in our humble street

At the sound of his cushioned motor's sally
The reverent suburb has bared its head!
Ay, even the merchant prince, James Alley,
And Adams (John)—who is quite well-bred—
From the freehold "Court" and the copyhold "Chalet"
Have curtsied and been cut dead.

But the English law respects not mammon;
"I serve the Law," said the grave Town Clerk;
"I will write me a list there shall be no sham on,
A steel-true list; and for all his park
I shall label Bond like the vendor of gammon
With a crude commercial mark.

A gentleman! Faugh! his pride is rotten,
He lifts in the air his upstart crown,
But the glory of gold is of dust begotten,
A barren breed and of no renown;
Is coin any better than beef or cotton?
A banker shall Bond go down.

His fathers carried no blood-stained banners,
The knightly plume they have never worn;
He wants the repose of Norman manners;
I brand him here with the brand of scorn;
His sires very likely were caitiff tanners,
While John is a gentleman born."

I read thus far and I knew the canker
That grieved our burg had been cut away;
The bubble had burst of Bond the banker—
I wrote to the Clerk and said, "Hurray!
You have scored off Henry, the horrible swanker,
Good luck to you, Sir. Good day!" Evor.



Old Lady (offering policeman a tract). "I OFTEN THINK YOU POOR POLICEMEN RUN SUCH A RISK OF BECOMING BAD, BEING SO CONSTANTLY MIXED UP WITH CRIME."

Policeman. "You needn't fear, Mum. It's the criminals wot runs the risk o BECOMIN' SAINTS, BEIN' MIXED UP WITH US!'

#### THE LONG-FELT WANT.

HE was sitting next to me at Lord's, and I admired him for never pointing to Rhodes and saying, "There's Hobbs," as most of the other persons round me were doing. Nor did he attempt any conversation until the tea interval, when, after expressing his grief that a good game should be thus frivolously interrupted, he turned to diverse topics.

After a while he told me what he was. "I am an inventor," he said.

"And a very interesting profession," I replied.

"None more so," he said, "even that want.

when one is just an ordinary inventor; but when one is sociologically imaginative-ah!"

"How does one invent?" I asked "That's what always bothers him. Do you sit down under a clear sky and produce your patents, or----?"

"That's what the ordinary inventor does," he said. "There's no knowing when the idea may come to him. At breakfast, in the train, in the middle of the night, even while talking to somebody. But the sociologically imaginative inventor has to prepare the way.

way, for example. The inventor of my type got up one morning with a blank mind and said to himself, 'What human nature now needs is that thousands of electric palaces should spring up all over the world, in which animated photographic representations of sentiment and melodrama may beguile the tedium of life; and straightway he invented the cinema. That is the best kind of inventing. But, to give you an example of the other kind, asbestos grates were an accident pure and simple. An inventor chanced to walk through some catacombs and noticed a great heap of skulls, and this instantly gave him the idea of asbestos fuel. You see the difference? The accidental inventors may be useful enough, but very little credit is due to them, whereas the sociologically imaginative inventors are conscious benefactors, and should have pensions and statues.'

"And what are you at work on just now?" I asked him.

"Just now," he replied, "and in fact for months past, my mind is occupied with a problem, the solution of which will come as a trumpet call all over England, and perhaps even more over Scotland. Many are the householders who will rise and bless me."

"Well?" I said.
"Well," he continued, "you have,
I suppose, often stayed in country houses where, the people still having some remnants of old-fashionedness left, the billiard-room is locked on Sundays?"

"I have," I replied.

"And you have noticed," he went on, "that your host or hostess has always apologised for this state of things in much the same words. 'It is not they who object, of course; you will acquit them of being so small-minded as that; but one must consider the servants.' You have heard that?"
"Often," I replied.

"As to how it would affect the servants," he proceeded, "we need not pause to consider. That is a side issue. The point is that it might. But suppose the servants did not know; suppose that some one could invent a means by which billiards could be played on Sunday in secret, then no one would mind and many dull hours could be turned to cheerfulness. Do you see?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "But how?"

"There," said he, "is where I come in—the sociologically imaginative inventor. What is wanted is a silencer for billiard balls. It is that deadly click, click that gives the show away He has first to ask himself what is and cuts into the very heart of the day wanted, and then get to work to supply of rest. Now if the ivory or even The cinema came that bonzoline—could be muted, all would



AN EX-SWIMMING CHAMPION, ACCOMPANIED BY A FRIEND FOR TIMING, DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A SHARK AT A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

be well. The mere fact that voices are heard proceeding from the billiardroom is nothing; you may sit and talk HANG garlands on the bathroom door; in any room on Sunday without doing Let all the passages be spruce; the servants moral harm; it is the For, lo, the victim comes once more, then is to invent a means by which the balls shall touch in a silence as of the tomb. And," he added, "I shall do it. The word failure is not in my

Intrepid fellow, I pray that he may.

"It was a similar fate which compelled Oliver Goldsmith to reel out Roman histories and 'Animated Natives' when he might have given us more masterpieces such as 'The Vicar of Wakefield 'and 'The Deserted Village.'

Rivingaham Daily Past Birmingham Daily Post.

Or when he might have been tucking in animated "natives."

Young, the Grand Old Man of the Royal Colonial Institute, was 97 on the longest day. He was erect, hale and hearty, and would easily pass for 5."—London Life.

How annoyed he must be when strange mothers pat him on the head and talk baby language to him.

"A novelty also will be provided on Monday morning by the arrival, direct from their nativity, of the two braves 'Setting Sun' and 'Running Bull." Woten Morning News. So young and yet so brave.

And, all, he struggles like the deuce!

Bring soaps of many scented sorts; Let girls in pinafores attend, With John, their brother, in his shorts, To wash their dusky little friend,

Their little friend, the dusky dog, Short-legged and very obstinate, Faced like a much-offended frog, And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he! From palace-born Chinese patricians he descends; He keeps their high ancestral scorn; His spirit breaks, but never bends.

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape; He hates the customary bath That thins his tail and spoils his shape, And turns him to a fur-clad lath;

And, seeing that the Pekinese Have lustrous eyes that bulge like buds, He fain would save such eyes as these, Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests—in he goes. His young barbarians crowd around; They soap his paws, they soap his nose; They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract His limpness from the darkling tide; They make the towel's roughness act On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout-He deprecates their odious glee-Until at last they turn him out, A damp gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds From lawn to lawn, from path to path, And in one glorious minute needs More soapsuds and another bath.

R. C. L.

# Not Very Far North.

"Mr. Steffansson, on board the Karluk, is reported to have reached Rome on his way to the Far North."—Times.

We shall be glad to welcome the intrepid explorer at Cricklewood when the ice breaks up.

"The Hill Club held their first Progressive Bridge Drivel on Thursday. South Pacific Mail.

We can imagine it.

"Will any kind reader of THE TABLE tell NELLTOM how to put water-lilies on a monu in French?"—The Table. Don't think to deceive your guests in this way, NELLTOM. At the first mouthful they will know it's water-lilies.

# THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Celia," I said sternly, looking up from my paper, "I have something to say to you, child. Cease your triffing for a moment; refrain for the nonce from writing absurd messages on the back of my collar, which can only be read by others."

"They'll tell you about it," said Celia, writing busily. "It's nothing

very private.

"Really, I can't think why your nurse allows you a pencil. Do you know that this collar was quite clean when I started wearing it, and that there's nearly half the month to go?"

"I am rich," said Celia. "I will buy

you a third collar.'

This gave me the opening I sought. I put down the paper and turned gravely to her.

"Don't buy clothes for me, woman," I said bitterly; "buy them for yourself. Heaven knows you need them."

- "I knew Heaven knew, but I didn't know you did," replied Celia gladly. "Hooray! Now I shan't feel so extravagant. Two dinner frocks, a hat,
- "Celia, you misunderstand me. isten." I cleared my throat once or Listen." twice. "What I am about to read to you is from The Times - our first paper."

"Thank you. Our first husband," she added with a wave of the hand.

I began to read:

"'There is an orgy of undressing going on," I read, "'and it shows no signs of abating." This refers to women's clothes," I explained—"'an orgy of undressing."

"Oh, the shame of it!" said Celia in

a shocked voice.

"'Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the colour of their skins, and sufficient-er -stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons."
"Oh, fie, fie! Oh, la, Sir! How

vastly improper, I declare," twittered Celia, and she swooned along the sofa.

- "'Nowadays, women wear almost nothing under their gowns. Petticoats-
  - "Is this Russia?"

"'Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights-

"Where are the police?"

"'Or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, and they are not covered by any but court shoes."

"Not even by waders?" cried Celia. "Oh, say at least that they wear waders!"

I put down the paper.

I said, "this is very " Celia." distressing. There is a further passage about the muscles of the legs, or rather limbs, being visible 'halfway to the knee' which I cannot bring myself to read. What have you got to say? Any defence you care to make will be given my most careful consideration."

"Who is the writer?"

"It doesn't say. Just a woman."

"Does she say what she wears when she goes on to the top of a 'bus?"

"My dear Celia, you don't think that anybody connected with The Times knows anything about the top of a 'bus? How vulgar you are!"

"I only just wondered. Ronald, are you very much embarrassed when you behold a diaphanous stocking halfway to the knee? Do you go about all day being embarrassed? Are you just one big blush?"

"I-er-of course. This orgy of undressing—er—pains me. And why do you do it? Simply because other women do it. Because," I became sarcastic-" because it's the fashion!"

"Men are just as bad."

"Oh, no, they're not. You don't find men doing things just because some absurd person in Paris tells them

Celia looked at me thoughtfully.

"Supposing," she said, "it was the fashion to wear your tie all sideways, do you mean to say you wouldn't do it?"

" Of course not."

"Then why are you doing it now?" Hastily and with as much dignity as possible I straightened my tie.

"Talking about orgies of undressing," Celia went on, "the bottom button of

your waistcoat's undone."

"It always is," I said, smiling gently at her ignorance.

"Oh, horror!"

"It's just a custom. One alwaysyou see if you—the point is—well, it 's just a custom."

"It embarrasses me very much," said Celia, veiling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And why do you always turn up the ends of your trousers? Is that quite nice?"

"But surely-I mean, why-

"It's-it's most suggestive. Anybody can see your diaphanous silk ankles. And, what is much worse, I believe they could guess the colour of your skin underneath. 'Good Heavens.' they'll say to each other, 'and I quite thought he was a little black boy.'

"This is mere levity."

"Why do men wear much lower collars than they used to? Is it so that women can see the muscles at the back of their necks at work? Oh, horror piled on horror!"

She picked up the paper and began to read the article for herself.

"That's right," I agreed. "Ponder over it alone.'

I walked over to the glass and had another go at straightening my tie.

"Ronald," said Celia suddenly, "are you a Liberal or a Conservative? always forget."

"We are Liberals," I said. "That is to say, I am a Liberal, and you naturally desire to drop any silly Conservative ideas you may have had before marriage and become a Liberal

"Are you a supporter of the Govern-

ment?

"As long as Asquirii behaves himself we support the Government. Why

do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only this article rather hints that woman's passion for undress has a good deal to do with politics. The writer wonders how much our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. Asquirm's indifference to stable government.' So you see it's really your fault that I am so entirely improper. Yours and -- er --Mr. BIRRELL'S. Is it Mr. BIRRELL, by the way? I always forget. I mean the man at the Irish Office who won't let me wear top boots when I'm paying a call."
"BIRRELL," I said absently. I took

the paper from her and slowly finished

the article.

"Well!" I said. "Well, of all the --- How perfectly Really, The Times ought to know better. I've never read anything so ridiculous."

"It is rather a stupid article," said

Celia indifferently.

"Stupid?" I said. "It's perfectly absurd." A. A. M.

"The Yarmouth steam drifter Cicero landed a small bottle-nosed sharp at Scarborough yesterday. It had been caught in the herring nots fourteen miles off the port."

Glasgow Evening Times. Bottle-nosed sharps should stick closer to the race meetings, and then they wouldn't get into trouble.

"Invalid lady require, as lodger good-sized sunny, airy bedroom.'

Hampstead Advertiser, Quiet, domesticated apartment preferred, used to children.

> "BEAUTY AT THE BUTTS. A LADY SHOT AT BISLEY." Glavejow News.

We are very sorry to hear of this contretemps. But people should never frequent the environs of the target while firing is in progress. It lays them open, in the event of an accident, to a charge of contributory negligence.

#### WORD PICTURES.

I have had to give up reading Cricket reports. It is no good. "At 11.30 the two over-night not-outs—(6) and (13) respectively—faced the bowling of . . . ." You know! I can't say why it is, but it doesn't grip me any more. It leaves me cold. But, after all, I am conscious of no gap in my intellectual life. For I have found a splendid substitute.

I wish it to be understood that I know nothing, literally nothing, about the game of Base Ball. I have never seen it, discussed it or heard it described. My mind is entirely free from the slightest vestige of information. And thus the reading of accounts of Base Ball matches becomes for me an exercise of the purest romance. It calls up before me vague compelling pictures, opens up for me delightful avenues of conjecture. And by now I am wholly engrossed in this pursuit. I must make it quite clear that I get my reports only from the best and most reputable of Transatlantic magazines, where the question is soberly discussed and the writing might almost be classed as literature. But it stirs me all the same. Who would not care to know that "a teasing fly was sent perhaps seventy feet back of the bag"? Perhaps a certain element of slang does creep in at times. At least I have wondered if it is considered quite elegant to speak of "the batter pushing down a sacrifice bunt." But I love to try to imagine him doing it. Then it is so refreshing to talk about "an inning"-so unhackneyed. And there is another most refreshing thing to one whose perceptions have become jaded by our ceaseless centuries. To make a run is such a tremendous event! In one match that I read of recently, this never occurred till "the second half of the sixth."

The beauty of it is that one can have such an enormous amount of pure entertainment with so small a measure of enlightenment. There is no danger as yet that I shall come to understand the process of the game and thus lose the keen edge of my enjoyment. All that I have been able to glean after weeks of delighted study is what I may call a faint flavour of Rounders. But I somehow have a notion that to "rearrange your pitching assignments" may be equivalent to changing the bowling. But how in the world do you "push a run over the plate"? It is very commonly done. On the other hand I have only read of one "pitcher" so far capable of "trotting out his reverse hook.

It is a magnificent game. There is



"Don't you think you'd like some of this nice bread-and-butter before you start on cakes?" "No!" "Tut-tut! No what?" "No fear!"

nothing quite like it. It is so full of picturesque and sudden touches. I read of a ball not long ago that "struck that section of the fence which means a new suit to the batsman." How feeble in comparison is our Hat-trick! And then there is the "Pennant." That is always cropping up. I imagine it to be some special reward of valour.

I am getting so enthusiastic about it all that I sometimes wonder if I have become a "Fan." If so I must be a "Paper Fan," I think, though I have already made up my mind that if ever I am present at a game I shall take a seat "back of the catcher." Take my word for it, that is the place. From no other point can one "criticise the curves." I am convinced that if any "Freak Plays" occur I shall get absolutely "roiled up." That, I am told, is what happens to the crowd.

But just think of it! Compare it!

". . . At 11.30 the over-night not outs—6 and 13 respectively—faced the bowling of——"

"Captain Charles Charleton performed the extraordinary feat of navigating his vessel a distance of 15,000 miles to Queenstown without the aid of a single officer. The voyage occupied 108 days. Charleton...slept on the poop of the ship on a cabin chair during most of the 108 days."—Financial Times.

One of those tame ships that practically navigate themselves.

"Drama, the most recent capture by the Greek army from the Bulgarians, is a Turkish town."—Manchester Guardian.

It should be much more thrilling as a Greek Drama.

#### Nasty Accident to Russian Girl.

"A Russian girl was struck by the unceremonious waving of the hand which accompanies a parting."—Daily Mail.



First Guest. "That Mrs. Asterisk's a pretty woman, and she ain't badly got up; but she looks all wrong somehow." Second Guest. "Of course she does. The ridiculous woman persists in wearing her backbone, and backbones are QUITE GONE OUT."

#### THE BUGBEAR.

IT was a buff card, covered with sinister and menacing prohibitions and commands, and entitled "In the matter of Steggle (Jane), No. 9,773,143.''

He was a man of downright character, actuated by strong likes and dislikes. At the moment his strong likes were in abeyance; for his charwoman, call her Steggle (Jane) or No. 9,773,143 as you please, he felt neither one way in "the week commencing Monday, 14 April, 1913," it left him cold; in "the and all to pay! week commencing Monday, 21 April, He took a pen with a big broad nib, 1913," it bored him stiff, and in "the and dipped it into the blue-black ink. most, and caused him to offer his soul to the devil, that he might be quit of all further Mondays. But the ten more of these named on the card relentlessly

the last of them, "the week commencing for an opportunity of making his feelings known.

There was a space at the bottom of the buff card, about the only space left the use of Society or Insurance Commissioners. Let him touch it if he dare! nor the other. As for the buff card, My word, if he had the impertinence to write in it, there would be the dickens

week commencing Monday, 28 April, On second thoughts he took a pen with 1913," it brought his worst side upper- a fine nib and dipped it into the red ink. Then, in his smallest hand, he wrote in the place most exclusively reserved for the use of the Elect:-

grew worse, and by the time he got to situation. Damme, I've paid for it articles.

and I'm going to write on it. Fine Monday, 7 July," all the blood in his me, and I shan't pay; put me in quod, system had mounted to his head. and I shan't care. Give me five years' Having then fixed the last stamp in its penal servitude, and I'll laugh at you. place with a terrible thump, he sought I know you well enough not to believe that you'll keep me there and lese my threepence a week for five years.'

You might gather from this that he was a man who disliked parting with on it, and it was specially Reserved for his money, loathed the necessity for regular habits, had strong political prejudices. On the contrary, he was generous, methodical, impartial and fair-minded to a degree. But there was one thing he could not stand, and that was the word "commence."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"If you suppose that I am going to affairs heads this "New Belleian ensued, and upon each of them yet another week "commenced." As he fortune over your vile cards, and not editorial note on the subject possibly dealt with them one by one his temper write where I like, you misconceive the in the form of a dozen front-page

<sup>&</sup>quot;A Reuter's telegram from the Hague states that the Queen has entrusted Dr. Bos with the formation of a cabinet."



# A BROKEN LULLABY.

EUROPA. "OH HUSH THEE, MY BABY!"

THE INFANT ALBANIA. "HOW CAN I HUSH ME WITH ALL THIS INFERNAL NOISE GOING ON?" EUROPA. "WELL, YOU MUST DO AS I DO, AND PRETEND YOU DON'T HEAR IT." .

[At last week's meeting the Ambassadors were still chiefly occupied with Albania. The question of the attitude of the Powers towards the present Balkan crisis was not discussed.]

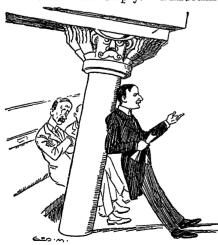
#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M P.)



THE CALL TO WESTMINSTER. TO ARMS! NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

House of Commons, Monday, July 14. [rising to move rejection of Bill, was completes the quartette of revolutionary measures going on to the Lords. Would imagine that in such circumstances House would be crowded, seething with circumstance. excitement. On the contrary, benches more than half empty. PRETYMAN,



Captain Pretyman supports the "prop of an ancient Empire.'

—Self-appointed task of undermining not encouraged by a cheer. Behind in case of pigs. Should any one of Constitution assumed by reckless him as he stood at the Table sat them display symptoms of swine fever, Government makes further progress. dejected figures of Bonner Law and not only he but every pig in the parish To-day sees beginning of end of that ROBERT FINLAY, sole occupants of is dosed. No use any one of them prop of an ancient Empire—the Plural Front Opposition Bench. The House observing in guttural Dutch, "I'm Voter. Bill decreeing his abolition had come to bury the Plural Voter, completes the quartette of revolutionary not to praise him. With unconscious dramatic instinct it assumed attitude and expression suitable to melancholy

> Though this was the underlying fact there is no doubt that Mr. STANIER In matters of med'cine the fault of the Dutch contributed to prevalent depression. Is, not asking too little, but giving too much. At Question time he had not fewer than six queries on the Paper dealing with subject of swine fever. His interrogations formed a series of chapters succinctly chronicling condition of pigs in Holland. They seem to have a weary time in the Netherlands. It will be remembered that in the educational schedule at Dotheboys Hall there was regular recurrence of what was known in the establishment as "Brimstone morning." On such occasions the boys, mustered in the schoolroom, had administered to them in due order large spoonfuls of brimstone and treacle.

As Mrs. Squeers explained to Nicholas Nickleby, "If they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd always be ailing.

Same principle adopted in Holland feeling particularly well this morning; never felt fitter in my life!" There, ready at hand, is the equivalent of the spoon and the bucket of brimstone and treacle. He is straightway dosed.

To vary Canning's commentary: STANIER'S six questions made this



Mr. Hogge makes a calculation.

less directly personal topics himself perturbability. Cheers were infrequent a champion supplementary-questioner, and decorously subdued. Laughter was he regarded with envy opportunity of Member for Newport. If, "arising out of that answer," Stanier put only two Supplementary Questions for each only the printed many there is the standard of Civil and the supplementary opportunity on the printed many there is the standard of Civil and the supplementary opportunity of the standard of Civil and the supplementary opportunity of the supplementary opportunity enquiry on the printed paper, there ing his step. With assurance of Civil the Balkans. He returns the diplowould be eighteen.

This was counting without the Minister for Agriculture, to whom the catechism was

addressed.

"With the hon. gentleman's permission," said RUNCIMAN, when STANIER resumed his seat after putting his first question, "in answering Number 36 I will also answer Numbers 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41.'

He did so in briefest noncommittal Ministerial fashion.

It is this kind of thing that sours the minds of private Members, making them sometimes doubt whether, subjected to such treatment, parliamen-

read a third time by 293 votes against umbrella.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. House presents spectacle seen only two or three times in life of a Parliament. On approach of division every seat was sight. Beneath the serried mass not a Whereupon the Premier nodded assent. | shall have beaten Bulgaria.

strip of red leather cushion showed. Seemed as if old times had come again, and that Liberal Party had re-established condition of equality in numbers

with the adversary.

What actually happened was that, every castled cranny of the kingdom having been swept of noble tenants bidden to Westminster to bash the Home Rule Bill, there was not room for them in the Unionist camp. Accordingly strayed into alien quarters.

Even this temporary accommodation! find sitting room on either side thronged | dorse Mr. Asquith's nod?" passages right and left of Woolsack. Behind them, within rails fencing in the Throne, were packed a mass of allotted to use of Peeresses were garlanded with fair women, whose towering plumes Henry of Navarre might have envied for their whiteness.

To lookers-on familiar with daily

clear. Mr. Hogge naturally listened custom in the Commons, striking feature with exceptional attention. On other in the historic gathering was its im-



The Member for Newport introduces the Minister for Agriculture to the Dutch Pig.

tary life is worth living on £400 a year. | War in the near future they sauntered | imposo peace on Servia, Greece and

Only once in debate was there apparent danger of personal altercation. It came at final stage when Lord Morley was replying on debate. Lon-DONDERRY interposed statement that in the other House the IRISH SECRETARY filled. Had Lord Crewe turned his had hinted that, in case of outbreak head to regard benches behind him, on of Orange forces in protest against



Lord Londonderry informs Lord Morley that he wants something more than a nod.

"What I want to know," quoth the prox. did not suffice. Peers who could not Marquis, "is, do the Government en-

Out of Ireland the process unfamiliar. In this effete country you may endorse a cheque but not a nod. Morrey Privy Councillors. The side galleries declined to make the experiment sug-

> "Very well," retorted the fiery (best the noble Viscount that a nod is not Our contemporary makes it seem quite good enough for us."

Whether a wink would have been more acceptable he did not say.

Business done.—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill negatived by 302 against 64.

House of Commons, Friday.—During week Foreign Secretary bombarded with questions about state of affairs in

matic answer that does not turn away curiosity. Final attempt to force his hand made by raising debate on niotion for adjournment. Statesmen below Gangway on Ministerial side, who are urging recall of Lord GLAD-STONE because he authorised employment of Imperial troops to save Johannesburg from rapine, now suggest that England should step in and "impose peace" on the belligerents.

"How is that to be done?" inquired the imperturbable EDWARD GREY. "Am I to come down to the House and ask for a vote of credit in order to use the forces of the Crown to

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill out as if in ordinary quest of hat and Bulgaria? If the vote be given how are the forces going to be used?"

Statesmon below Gangway regard that as no business of theirs. What they desire is that they shall have direction of foreign policy, leaving small details such as those suggested to Ministers who are paid for doing the

Incidentally disclosure is made of ordinary occasion more than half-empty, enactment of Home Rule Bill, English | Secret Treaty between Greece and he would have beheld a rare refreshing troops would not be ordered to shoot. Servia for partition of spoils when they

> "What if none remain?" SARK asks. "Situation recalls a couplet written by Pork after the signing of the Peace of Utrecht, within twelve months of two hundred years ago: -

> Now Europe', balanc'd, neither side prevails;

For nothing's left in either of the

Apply second line to Balkans, and see how history repeats

Business done. Hurrying on with intent to prorogue on 15th

"Ifay is so abundant in Sark this year that many animals are giving it to animals as bodding."- Guernsey Weekly Press.

Let us take an example from this, dear friends.

"The time-worn phrase, with its thousand "Very well," retorted the fiery (best jocular applications, 'C'est le premier pas qui Wallsend) Londonderry. "I will tell toute."—Glasgow News.

fresh.



First M.F.H. (greeting neighbour and sometime rival Master). "Hullo, old chap, come in and help us."

Neighbour. "What are you doing?"

First M.F.H. "Just arranging what we're goin' to show."

Neighbour. "Oh! Thought you were picking out some to draft."

#### BAZAR.

DIVE in from the sunlight, smiting like a falchion, Underneath the awnings to the sudden shade, Saunter through the packed lane, many-voiced, colourful,

Rippling with the currents of the South and Eastern trade.

Here are Persian carpets, ivory and peach-bloom,
Tints to fill the heart of any child of man,
Here are copper rose-bowls, leopard-skins, emeralds,
Scarlet slippers curly-toed and beads from
Kordofan.

Water-sellers pass with brazen saucers tinkling; Hajjis in the doorways tell their amber beads; Buy a lump of turquoise, a scimitar, a neckerchief Worked with rose and saffron for a lovely lady's needs.

Here we pass the goldsmiths, copper, brass and silver-smiths,

All a-clang and jingle, all a-glint and gleam; Here the silken webs hang, shimmering, delicate, Soft-hued as an afterglow and melting as a dream.

Buy a little blue god brandishing a sceptre,
Buy a dove with coral feet and pearly breast,
Buy some ostrich feathers, silver shawls, perfume jars,
Buy a stick of incense for the shrine that you
love best.

# SECOND THOUGHTS.

(After reading about the curative power of colours.)

When first I saw you, Thomas, and I noted
Your noisy headgear and your blatant tie,
The startling tints in which you went waistcoated,
Your socks' assaults upon the passing eye,

I murmured, "Here we have a nut indeed, One of the good old Barcelona breed."

I realised our suburb would be duller,
Its streets with paler radiance imbued,
Reft of your decorative scheme of colour,
But yet I've often wished the thing less crude,
Have often wished the dress that you put on
Less imitative of the Union John.

But now I know I may have been unfeeling
In thinking that you wished me to admire;
You may be only one whom need of healing
Has driven to medicinal attire.
You may feel my disgust, or even more,
When you assume "the mixture as before."

If that be so, expressive of my sorrow
I dedicate these simple strains to you.
Say you forgive me, Thomas, and to-morrow
Drop me a line to tell me how you do,
With details, for I greatly wish to know
Where lurks the pain—the tummy or the toe.

# THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE.

Paragraph inserted by Theodore Noke in the "Mutual Help" column of " Chirpy Bits."

Young Gentleman (residing in Streatham) desires male companion for fortnight's unconventional holiday on Continent. August. Good walker. Interested in bird life and old churches. Anxious to get right off beaten track. Smattering of French. Box 113.

Letter from Tinklett and Co. to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR,-May we call your attention to the fact that our firm has been stuffing and mounting birds, reptiles, animals, etc., to the complete satisfaction of many thousands of clients

for the last ninety years? The high standard of our workmanship has been testified to by a famous Professor for whom we successfully preserved a unique pink-eyed canary in 1893. We can also boast of Royal patronage, having replaced the glass eyes of a stuffed owl for H.H. Prince Bingo of Cummerbundia only a few years ago. We therefore place ourselves at your service with every con-Faithfully yours, fidence.

TINKLETT AND Co.

Letter from James Bunt to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR, — "Everwear" special walking and climbing boots, which I supply at 22s. 6d., including spiral-tipped, solid leather laces, are absolutely the finest on the market. This claim has been recently endorsed by the as far back as 1802. Moreover it is fatality which overtook a prominent Alpinist who was unhappily killed in the Austrian Tyrol a few months ago. Although the body of the unfortunate climber was shockingly mangled, his "Everwear" boots were only slightly perforated.

If you will kindly let me know your size I shall be happy to forward several pairs for your selection.

Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully, I am, JAS. BUNT.

Letter from William Drinkwater to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

SIR,—May I crave your generosity for a very sad case of destution I was once in a position to go abroad on holidays myself but business Losses which was not my fault but was caused by Misfortune only have brought me to a state of absolute destution and indeed of starvation and I imploare you Sir to help me which you will never regret Sir you are young and fortnate please help one who was once a young Gentleman himself Sir I have not eat a square Meal for near three weeks and oblidge Yours respeckfully, WM. DRINKWATER.

Excelsior Book Stores" to Box 113, " Chirpy Bits" Office:-

· A BIRD IN THE HAND." NEW NOVEL

J. P. MIGGERS. Price 4s. 6d.

'THE CHURCH MILITANT," A COURSE OF SERMONS BY THE REV. W. M. STICKLEBACK. Price 5s. 0d.

"HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH LIKE A NATIVE IN THREE WEEKS," BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT. Price 2s. 6d.

"ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN." A GUIDE TO CORRECT BEHAVIOUR ON ALL OCCASIONS,

by A PEER OF THE REALM. Price 6d.

Letter from the Rev. P. Pinker of Streatham to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

My DEAR SIR,—I see that you are interested in old churches, which emboldens me to invite your assistance in connection with our St. Aloysius Belfry Restoration and Completion Fund. The total sum required is £750, towards which we have collected up to the present £62 14s.  $7 \pm d$ . and a gift in kind of 1,000 bricks.

Although St. Aloysius cannot perhaps accurately be described as "old" in the sense of the term usually applied to ecclesiastical erections, it was built credibly asserted that it stands on or near the site of a Roman Temple erected about the year 47 (I cannot for the moment recall whether B.C. or A.D.).

Your love of birds prompts me to add that three years ago a robin built its nest in one of our organ pipes, and in spite of grave inconvenience to the organist we allowed it to remain for several months.

In these circumstances may I confidently solicit your help? Donations should be sent to me and all cheques should be crossed.

Yours very truly, P. PINKER.

Letter from the Editor of "Chirpy Bits" to Theodore Noke.

DEAR SIR,—All the communications received in response to your paragraph in our "Mutual Help" column have been promptly forwarded to you. I am sorry if none of them have proved satisfactory, but of course we cannot guarantee anything.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR.

Letter from Theodore Noke to Mrs. Digger, of No. 4, Seaview Terrace, Blewsea.

DEAR MRS. DIGGER,—Will you kindly | ment of women's clothes.

Marked items in Catalogue sent by "The reserve me a room from August 9 to 23? The same arrangements as usual, including the use of the bathroom twice a week. I suppose your charge will be as before—30s. a week inclusive.

> Yours truly, T. Noke.

### ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

(After some of our Contemporaries.)

CHARGED at Fine Street with driving to the common danger, a chauffeur named Herbert Tibbits, who was said to have collided with a lamp-post, cannoned into an undertaker's window, and run amok through a meeting of Militants, pleaded that he was endeavouring to avoid running over a bluebottle. Tibbits, who was defended by the S.P.C.A., was let off with a caution.

An elderly gentleman was about to cross the road at Piccadilly Circus when a motor-'bus suddenly bore down in his direction, and only his presence of mind in remaining on the pavement averted what might have been a serious accident.

For a wager Hugo Schmelz, a onelegged Swiss waiter, has undertaken to hop round the world, supporting himself on the way by giving exhibitions of vodelling. Schmelz expects to complete his task by July, 1959.

A bull entered a house in Frumpington where an auction sale was in progress, and several valuable lots were knocked down.

A Balham Green man has invented a noiseless barrel-organ.

The Mayoress of Toddleton has given birth to triplets. This is the first recorded instance in the history of the borough of the mayoral term being distinguished in such a way, and in honour of the event it is proposed to revive the office of Town Crier.

At Muggleswick a goat has acted as foster-mother to a litter of white mice.

A cuneiform inscription recently unearthed at Hidji-Khû reveals the fact that rag-time was prevalent in Egypt in the middle of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

A purple-crested pilliwip, one of the rarest visitors to the British Isles, has been seen flying in the neighbourhood of Vandlebury, but so far all attempts to shoot it have been unsuccessful.

Under the auspices of the Auxiliary Service League and in the interests of the Entente a party of British charwomen leaves London to-day on a visit to Paris, where several municipal functions have been arranged in their honour.

"A warm maternal heart beats under the Vicereine's petticoat.

Amrita Bazar Patrika.

In the light of this The Times' correspondent will have to revise her indict-



The Wife (triumphantly). "There you are, George! Now you laughed at me when I told you to get yourself a nice yachtin' 'at!'"

# THE CREED OF SUCCESS.

["Dulness has its penalties. Vivacity and courage have their certain victories."—The Times on a recent cause celebre.]

I THANK thee, Times, for thy consoling phrase,
Though formerly men praised the grace Batavian;
But that was in the mid-Victorian days

Ere WALKLEY coined the epithet of "Shavian"; Ere we had learned to crown with lavish bays Outlandish dancers, Spanish and Moldavian; Ere Nietzsche hurled into the black abysm The crude insensate creed of Altruism.

How far it seems, that quaint, old-fashioned age When people filled their albums with "confessions," And duly noted on a pinkish page

Their prejudices and their prepossessions; With prudish zeal or puritanic rage

Rebuking genius for the least transgressions, And always choosing BAYARD as their hero Instead of CASANOVA or of NERO!

So was it also with their heroines, who Were stuffy when they were not suicidal, Like Mrs. Fry, or that insipid crew

Who congregated round the sage of Rydal,
Or Joan of Arc—poor things, they never knew
Us whose vivacity will brook no bridle,
Who give our Sundays up to bridge or snooker
And see no filthiness in any lucre.

I've never taken as my moral guide
That superstitious peasant, Joan of Arc;
Her birth was low, her style of dress defied
The rules laid down by milliners of mark;

I don't object because she rode astride,
Some quite smart girls ride that way in the Park:
I simply ask, did any millionaire
Espouse her cause or make her his sole heir?

I know that some profess to idolize
GRACE DARLING, who, a lighthouse-keeper's daughter,
Aroused one night by shipwrecked sailors' cries,
Rowed out to save them o'er the stormy water;
The deed no doubt was brave, but was it wise
Judged by the one true test—the cash it brought her?
Besides, her social status was obscure;
There was no pathos in her dying poor.

The Empress Dowager of China—there
You had a woman lacking erudition,
Of dubious antecedents, but of rare
Attractions and implacable ambition,
Who let no scruples alter or impair
Her steadfast will; who never knew contrition;
While as for enemies or even bores
She lopped their heads off constantly in scores.

I hold that life lacks all refreshing fruit
When need of pelf produces melancholy,
But yields a prospect of unbounded loot
If only you are resolute and jolly.
In short, the impecunious, if astute,
May make an honest living out of folly.
I think, in fine, "vivacity and courage"
Give flavour to the Cup of Life—like borage.

#### THE NEW MILITANCY.

ADOLPHUS had entered the smokeroom with an intense look on his face.

I instantly retreated behind The Daily Telegraph—which affords better cover than any newspaper in England -but he had sighted me.

"Just the very man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I particularly need that I'm absolutely opposed to the your advice." And he sat down very movement, but, frankly, I never cared

close beside me.

I never knew Adolphus when he did not particularly need my advice. He goes about the world collecting advice and ignoring it. I have often thought of advising him to ask my advice.

"You see I have always regarded you as a level-headed man of the world," he began.

I looked as level-headed and worldly as possible and said, "What is it, old

"It hasn't been formally announced yet, but I'm engaged."

"Ah! And you want to know how to get out of it?"

From his face I knew that I was

near the mark, but he protested.
"Certainly not," he said. intelligently about affairs—says that LLOYD GEORGE ought to be banished to Bogotá, and so forth—but she gave exceptional opinions on politics. Well, I took her in my car to-day to see an old aunt of mine. When I brought the car home again I found that she had left her bag in it. It was merely clasped, not locked, and it felt rather purse in it. If so, I had better take it back at once. If not, it could wait till I saw her to-morrow. Well, I opened

"Letters from a rival?" I interposed. "No, no. I am far too strong an attraction. What I found was a ham-

mer and half-a-dozen pebbles."
"My poor friend!" I said, and patted him soothingly on the back.

"Now what am I to do?" asked the

unhappy Adolphus.

"There are various courses of action before you," I replied. "You can break off the engagement at once. You can say that as she proposes to go to prison, she ipso facto proposes to desert you. You can say that, if she burned down the House of Commons or Westminster Abbey after you were married, your estate would be held responsible for the damage. Another injustice to man."

"But I don't want to break it off," said Adolphus.

"In that case you must fall into line uncertainty like this.

with her. Husband and wife should be as one. Go into the movement; become an active militant. You're quite a stone too heavy and a hungerstrike would do you a world of good. Besides, you used to have a fine throwman for the Strangers' Gallery.

Adolphus shook his head. "It's not

much for the idea of prison."
"Coward. You want to save your confinement. However, if you refuse eggs with a distinct orange tint! either to break it off or to become a militant, my advice is to temporise. Say nothing. Let sleeping dogs lie. Of course in this case it's a woman, and awake, but the principle's the same."

"Thanks very much," replied Adolphus. "I shall consider your advice very carefully. I shall do nothing

hurriedly. Rely on me."

The next evening he burst jubilantly

into the club library.
"Congratulate me," he cried. "It's

all right. Have a drink!"

"Then she's made you join the this way. I didn't know that she was Men's League for Women's Suffrage," a strong politician. Of course she talks I said. "Well, you'll stand a hungerstrike better than you would a drink-

"I've not joined. She's all right. me no reason to suppose that she held There isn't a nicer girl in England. I put it to her straight, and what do you think she is?"

I hate riddles about women, and said so.

"She's just a militant anti-militant," cried the triumphant Adolphus. "She heavy. I wondered if she had left her just has a shy at any militants' windows whenever she passes them."

> "And I dared to suggest that you should break off your engagement to this noble girl!" I exclaimed. "Adolphus, I ask your pardon, and will myself defray the charges of the refreshment which you proposed. . . . My toast, old man! 'The future Mrs. Adolphus, and more power to her elbow!""

"John Harris, of Trelill, St. Kew, was on his way to Delabole slate quarries yesterday, and on reaching the lower part of Pengelly, collided with another workman (Mr. J. A. Parsons). Harris was thrown into Mr. Dawe's window, receiving several cuts."

Western Morning News. Mr. Parsons gives the impression of being rather quick-tempered.

"Miss Lily Yeats and Miss Elizabeth Yeates, the sisters of Mr. Miss Elizabeth Yeats, the sisters of Mr. Industries, which include a printing press worked entirely by women for printing books by Irish writers.

Midland Counties Advertiser.

It is terrible to be left in a state of | Still, somehow children look nicer about

# CHAMELEON HENS.

Eugenic theories are apparently making headway in the poultry world. The Daily Mirror of July 17 has it that Mr. CHARLES WORTHINGTON, of in from the out-field. You're just the Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., has doubled the egg yield from his fowls by surrounding them with gaudy colours. He painted their town red and always wore a red robe and mask while feeding the hens. Some further experiments by Mr. T. Thorne Baker, The Daily miserable skin. Why, when you're Mirror scientific expert, with hens in a married you may be glad of solitary scarlet environment, have resulted in

Mr. Punch's own Oologist is not going to take this challenge lying down, or even sitting. He can produce an Orpington from the Bouverie Street roof-chicken-run that is a perfect chameleon at the game. During the last visitation of a pea-soup fog hor eggs so harmonised in hue with their surroundings as to be completely invisible when laid, and so could not be found at all. He has a still more sympathetic and intelligent bird in a coop next the north-east chimney-pot. This remarkable fowl, a black-and-tan Congolese, has developed her chromatic sense to such a degree that she promptly responds with the complementary tone to that presented to her gaze for the time being.

On being shown, for example, the office-boy's orange tie the other day, she triumphantly weighed in on the spur of the moment with a product of

royal purple.

We have, besides, a speckled Wyandotte that has lately taken up Post-Impressionism. Her speciality is cuboids and icosahedrons with pea-green and vermilion cross-hatchings.

But we do not think it fair to press these devoted creatures too far, or to try practical jokes upon them, such as a repetition of the classic instance of the Scotch plaid and the too-imitative chameleon. No Highlander, therefore, in his native garb can be allowed to inspect our elevated fowl-run. Nuts. also, are requested to subdue their tasto in socks when on a visit.

The hen, however, who is most loyal and most thoroughly imbued with the genius loci is an adventurous bird who fluttered down the other day into Mr. Punch's own sanctum, and, after paying her respects to a certain venerable and venerated model figure, has ever after laid eggs with a marked dorsal protuberance. ZIG-ZAG.

<sup>&</sup>quot;For Sale.—One pair Orangoutings, tame like children."—Advt. in "Statesman."

the house.



OUR CADDIES' TEA-FIGHT.

First Caddie (pointing with his thumb to another caddie further up the table, who is eating with his knife in his mouth). "Look at old Bill, going rahnd the whole course wiv is iron."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hunt the Slipper (STANLEY PAUL), by Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, is the sort of book that must give pleasure all round, and it is obvious from the swing of it that it was something of a joy-ride to the author. Far be it from me to attempt a précis of the plot, for never was an egg so full of meat. To begin with, a splendid old Englishman, retired general and active member of Quarter Sessions, sets out to the States in search of a grand-daughter. To end with, there are in New York the happiest possible terminations of the many complexities, mostly matrimonial, that ensue. One particular charm the tale has, that its characters in turn tell their part in the first person and very naïvely reveal themselves in the process. The J.P. starts it in a spirit of almost pathetic restraint; a swindler and a daughter of pleasure carry it on in a vein of tragic realism; others give it a help along, and the irresponsible boy of the piece ends it with a burst of laughter. What matter if that ending be a shade too happy to be consistent with the tragedy of the middle? As one of the narrators observes, there is enough trouble in the world without harping on it; and the chosen text of the book is, after all, true: "Il y a no doubt, the reader.

The nicest thing about being a sporting novelist is that you can jump a stone wall of improbability without changing feet on the top. If you supposed that the ingenious have started reading an Irish sporting romance.

testator had already done all he could to complicate the course of fiction, you reckoned without Mrs. Convers and Sandy Married (METHUEN). By the will of an uncle, Hildebrand Hannyside and Araminta Mellicombe were obliged either to keep up a racing stable until they won the Grand National, or to maintain their devout scruples, Evangelical and High Church respectively, in comparative poverty. By the same will Sandy himself was compelled to supervise the Northlap stud until the blue ribbon of the 'chasing world (I hope I have that right) adorned it. Northlap, it appears, is in England, but a water-jump like the Irish Channel is nothing to Mrs. Convers, so we swiftly find that Sandy and his delightful wife have coaxed the trainer to move their stable to Ireland, whither Hildebrand and Araminta, bickering and suspicious, pursue them. Once amongst the bogs and heather, Mrs. Convers of course is at home, and the atmosphere she creates would rouse hunting-songs in the heart of a fruitarian. Even Hildebrand and Araminta, infected by the general enthusiasm, buy themselves mounts, are badly and amusingly cheated, ride to hounds, and attend the most extravagant of race-meetings; and the rest of the characters live entirely on, with or by horses, and sometimes all three at once. How it all ended, how the great victory at Aintree des honnêtes gens partout," including, I feel at this moment was won, and what happened to Hildebrand and Araminta, of completion, Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, myself, and, you must find out for yourself. The book goes with a gallop, and, if you think that the farcical fun poked at the two unfortunate bigots is somewhat out of keeping with the real comedy of Irish life which the authoress presents both with freshness and enthusiasm, well, you shouldn't

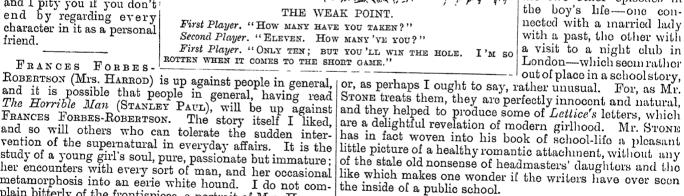
house, called Redmarley, is a charming old place, situate, as the auctioneers say, in one of the most picturesque neighbourhoods in the Cotswolds; so there was plenty of good scenery. But my friends with whom I was staying would make any spot happy. Ffolliot is the name of them, and they are the jolliest, most companionable folk in the world. Perhaps Mr. Fjolliot (who has nerves, reads WALTER PATER and doesn't appreciate noise) might be a little bit in the way; but, as he hardly ever leaves his study, that need worry nobody. Mrs. Ffolliot is an angel-so pretty and unselfish and sympathetic that it is no wonder that her crew of delightful children simply adore her. I wish I had time to tell you more about the children. Two of them are practically grown up, indeed Mary astonished us all, at the end of my visit, by becoming engaged to a nice soldier (just when I myself was almost sure she would marry the young Radical M.P. who so admired her—but it was better as

there are two delightful infants growing up; and meanwhile there are the Rugby twins, Uz and Buz, to keep things lively. We had great fun one evening when Buz dressed up as a Suffragette and interviewed young Mr. Gallup about votes for women-and I must say the latter took the joke very well. But then everybody in or near Redmarley is like that. Would you care to meet them all for yourself? Then buy Mr. L. Allen Harker's new book. It is called, quite simply, The Ffolliots of Redmarley (MURRAY), and I pity you if you don't end by regarding every character in it as a personal friend.

I have just returned from a delightful week-end. The all so lacking in fibre that they had better have been women.) Further, to condemn the whole British aristocracy as "ill-bred," and to applaud "the beautiful women who by night walk up and down Piccadilly" as noble, if guilty of some "childish naughtiness," is too much. These and its many other sweeping but half-baked ideas will not commend the book, except perhaps to the Militants; and the more shrewd even of them will not thank Mrs. HARROD for this unconscious exposition of the absurdity and looseness of which the feminine mind is sometimes capable when it starts generalising.

I recommend Mr. Christopher Stone's Letters to an Eton Boy (FISHER UNWIN) to all true lovers of Eton. It is one thing to write familiarly about the Wall Game, St. Andrew's Day, Pop, Agar's Plough, Upper Club, Trials, the Winchester Match, Lord's, Rowland's and all the rest of it, and quite another to invest them, as he does, with the things happened). The others will miss her awfully when right atmosphere. The boy who gets the letters is in his she goes to India. Still, the house can hardly be dull, as last year. His chief correspondents are his worldly but

warm-hearted and in some ways sensible mother; his rather uncle-ish uncle, whose epistles — they are really quite Pauline-show a profound knowledge of Eton and the world, and, I might add, of boy nature; and, last and most charming, his dear and only love. As for this last it is so long ago that perhaps I have forgotten, but—do people at Eton get engaged almost as soon as they get into Pop? However, n'importe. For, to tell the truth, Lettice Ambrose is to my mind the making of the book. There are two other episodes in the boy's life-one connected with a married lady with a past, the other with a visit to a night club in





THE WEAK POINT.

First Player. "How many have you taken?" Second Player. "ELEVEN. HOW MANY'VE YOU?" First Player. "Only Ten; But you'll win the hole. I'm so rotten when it comes to the short game."

FRANCES FORBESand it is possible that people in general, having read The Horrible Man (STANLEY PAUL), will be up against Frances Forbes-Robertson. The story itself I liked, and so will others who can tolerate the sudden intervention of the supernatural in everyday affairs. It is the study of a young girl's soul, pure, passionate but immature; her encounters with every sort of man, and her occasional metamorphosis into an eerie white hound. I do not complain bitterly of the frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. HARROD at the age of eleven, nor of the quotation on the fly-leaf: "Read it . . . It is so beautiful!" nor yet of the dedication, "To my beloved son, Roy Harron, Scholar" (as were so many of us and mostly to our private shame). These things and a certain affectation of style, imitative of the Meredithian manner, may be forgiven in a work ingenious, at any rate, if not clever. The trouble lies in its wholesale and almost malicious attacks on humanity in general and the masculine part of it in particular. As a sex we are learning to bear with fortitude our detractors' trick of citing the bully, the seducer and the common cheat as typical of us; why it is called Rome.' what we cannot stomach is the effeminate creature held up However, the ghost of Juliet had her revenge when the

"Every precaution was taken to guard during the day the platform used by the Royal party. A special posse of police was on duty, and no one without a special permit was allowed to step on them." Manchester Evening News.

The rush for permits must have been terrific, even among quite respectable citizens.

Extract from an Essay on the Founding of Rome:-

"Romeo and Juliet quarrelled about which hill to build Rome on. Romeo saw twelve vultures and Juliet saw six, but Juliet saw them first. So Romeo killed Juliet and built Rome on his hill, and that is

to us as the model man. (Malleson, Grey and Stuart were great CESAR was called JULIUS out of compliment to her.







THE TRANSFORMATION.



"WELL RUN, SIR." "I HOPES YOU'LL BEAT THE RECORD, SIR."

# CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Garden Party given by the King and Queen to 5,000 teachers, we understand that their Majesties, to their great regret, find themselves unable to accept all the return invitations.

There is, we hear, considerable feeling against the Government in the office of T. P.'s Weekly. That journal the things off!" must, vinstituted a competition to decide who been an Irish-American. should be Poet Laureate, and Mr. Asquith coolly appointed Dr. Bridges to the office without awaiting the result the part of the Premier is all the more surprising since we understand that T. P. is an Irishman.

By the way, it is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at first objected to the PREMIER'S choice on the ground that the proposed Laureate was a medical

in regard to our Navy have been well received in Germany.

The cruiser Donegal succeeded last week in salving the derelict Norwegian was worse than its barque.

£10,500, was sold for £1,260. time when everything tends to increase in price it is good to know that in future our Landseers are likely to cost us less.

\_\_ \* \* \* Four young women who last week promenaded Fifth Avenue, New York, in slit skirts, etc., were surrounded by an enraged mob; but the gentleman who, with the view of remedying the outrage on good taste, shouted, "Tear the things off!" must, we fancy, have

We are glad to see signs of a campaign being started in favour of of the competition. This action on red-haired men. For too long have they been treated as pariahs. We have even known their presence objected to atafuneral. This, of course, is foolish, for nothing brightens up a funeral so much as one or two of these cheerful heads.

A thief broke into a house at Great Bircham, Norfolk, last week, man and not on a panel. It was, carried off a purse which held several however, pointed out that Dr. Bridges new farthings, which he apparently was, in fact, a reformed doctor, who mistook for sovereigns, and overlooked had given up medicine in favour of poetry.

\*\*

| A box containing a considerable sum of money. The Jemmy, which is the organ of the profession, is, we under-Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals stand, about to open a fund for this poor fellow, who is said to be suffering from a breakdown consequent on shock.

"The majority of small nodding animals now on the toy market are barque Glenmark. The sole occupant of Japanese manufacture," we read, was a white cat, which bit a blue- "and are supplanting those made in jacket who tried to stroke it. Its bite Germany." Animals "mit noddings

Epping Forest and are attacking the mosquitoes vigorously. The local powers do not propose to intervene.

By a stampede of their horses at Frensham last week the Queen's Bays were deprived of a good many mounts. They received, we understand, some most touching letters of sympathy from officers and men in our Territorial cavalry.

"FRANCE'S THREE-YEAR SOLDIERS." read the old lady. "It seems very young," she mused.

According to a Board of Trade report, the average of fatal railway accidents last year was only one passenger killed in every 68,100,000 journeys. The Railway Companies wish respectfully to draw attention to the fact that this compares most favourably with the returns as to aeroplane accidents.

Will the unrest in the Balkans ever end? The latest report is to the effect that the Danube is rising.

Functions like the visit of the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough to inspect the Braceborough Waterworks are usually such dull affairs that we cannot withhold a meed of praise from the Chief Constable and the Councillor who enlivened the occasion, the other day, by gamely falling into the reservoir.

It is said that Mr. RAMSAY MACon" will no doubt be the rage this year. Donald is not to be offered a seat in the Cabinet. The alleged reason is At Christie's, the other day, "The Large numbers of swifts have that, if the seat were to be offered to Otter Hunt," which originally cost appeared in the neighbourhood of him, he might accept it.

## HOME DEFENCE.

["Mr. Asquith's promise of a Bill designed to prevent England from slipping into the sea will be glad news to holiday-makers on the South and East Coasts."—Daily Chronicle.]

> Roll on, insatiate Ocean, roll! Bring up your billows, mile on mile, Gathering speed from either pole To pound on our deciduous isle! Roll on, I say, but roll in vain! Never our soil shall feed your maw again.

Some years ago upon the strand A British Monarch took his seat And tried to make you understand That you were not to wet his feet: In safety, well behind the throne, His Court encouraged this defiant tonc.

You took no notice. On you came (As he had been a barking pup) Straight for his toes to swamp the same, Till he removed them higher up, And to his courtiers cried, "What ho! I said it was no use; I told you so."

To-day a louder challenge rings About our country's fretted base; A nobler Knut superbly flings His glove in your erosive face; Asquith himself arrives to bar Your moist advances, saying, "Sea, thus far!"

So shall "Britannia rules the waves" Mean that you mustn't undermine Cliffs and marine hotels and caves And things that overlook the brine; So shall our empire o'er the foam Begin where Charity begins—at home.

For lo! our Knut shall break your ranks With mole and groyne and granite wall, And to the strange anæmic cranks Who like to have their England small This stout remark shall he address: "She may be little, but she shan't be less."

O theme for poets to rehearse! Yea, well might he, our laureate-leach, Accost your waves in courtly verse, Singing "No more into the breach!" Or write To Neptune Dammed: An Ode, Telling him plainly, "Thou shalt not erode."

## THE PERFECT CRICKETER.

XVIII.—THE CARE OF THE ROLLER.

(Somewhat in the self-effacing manner of J. B. Hobbs.) THE best of cricket is that, if you get to the top of the tree, newspapers will pay you to write about the game and other cricketers, even if you can't write. Of course, being at the top of the tree is itself pretty good fun, especially to a Surrey man, because at the Oval you can always count on a friendly crowd, even if they do drop their aitches a bit. And it's true that we give them the opportunity, HAYWARD and me, to say nothing of HAYES and HITCH. Hero-worship never did anyone any harm, except perhaps the hero.

Now and then one gets a set-back, of course, and cricket 's a game where you expect it. In fact, it's no use playing cricket at all unless you're ready for bad luck as well as good. The best of us have our spells of bad luck-when the ball's never bigger than a pea and the wicket's as wide as a church door. Even W.G. (who has just had a birthday, and I gladly hold out my hand to him to wish him many happy returns, and I wish he was young enough to be among us once more)—even W.G. could fail three or four times consecutively even in his zenith. Personally I have been somewhat out of luck during a week or two of this season; however, I must admit that I was somewhat surprised before the Gentlemen and Players' match started at the Oval when I heard one man ask another, "What do they play 'Obbs for? A bit out of form, ain't 'e?" "Just a bit," replied the other, "but they do say as 'ow 'c's played for 'is fieldin'." This seemed to me incredible talk, and I was therefore not knocked all of a heap when I found out afterwards that the two were genuine admirers of mine, and had been put up to saying what they did by one of my rivals.

What the public don't always understand is that a cricketer is usually doing his best, or, at any rate, if he is not doing his best he is doing something else which fully occupies his mind. Once or twice lately even I have let a ball get past me at cover; not in the least because I was fielding badly, but because I was slightly absent-minded through thinking of something else-an article for a paper, perhaps, or a new way of playing a stroke. Yet some foolish fellow in the crowd has groaned. Still the medal has its other side, for only last week I had a letter forwarded on to me at Lord's, and the writer asked me if I would sell him the bat with which I had been making so many runs. I didn't know whether to reply or not, because it looked to me as if it might be a piece of sarcasm, and one does not like to be "had"; but even if it is not I can assure him that I never part with a good bat-indeed, when I have done with a really serviceable weapon it is not of much use to anybody.

Next week I shall go into the difficult question of the best kind of rope to put round the pitch to protect it during the tea interval.

From the programme of a Kwala Lumpar performance of Hamlet:

- "1. There was a king who was poisoned by his wife for she was making love with her brother in law.
- 2. The late king became a ghost and the soldiers who were taking charge of the grave informed Prince Hamlet the ghost told Prince Hamlet all the secret, and asked Hamlet to have his revenge.

3. Prince Hamlet disguised himself as a poor man and went to his lover Ophilier.

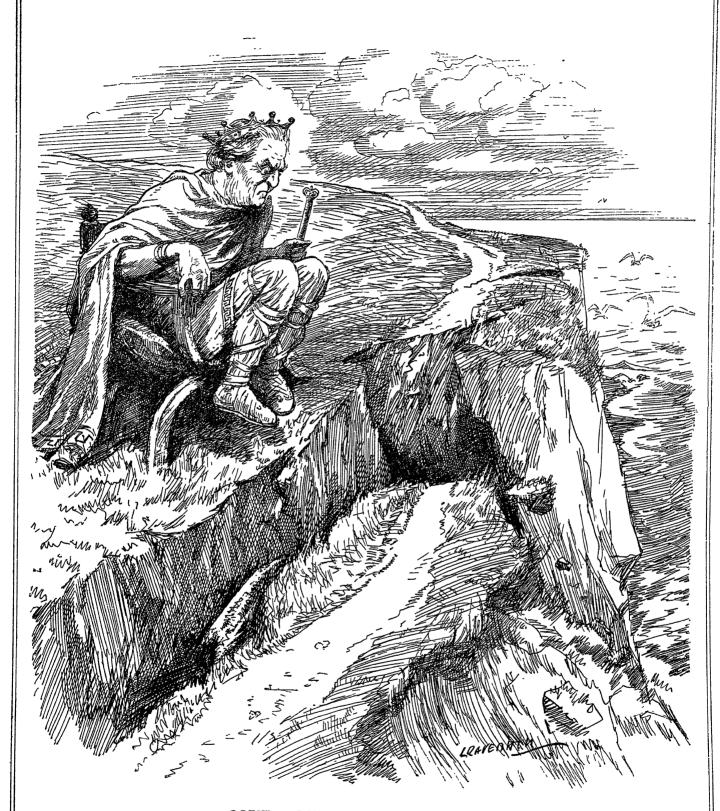
- 4. Ophilier did not make him out and she sent him away.
  5. Prince Hamlet started a play, and showed to his uncle.
  6. His uncle and his mother was so ashamed of this went home. at once.
- 7. Prince Hamlet at once started for his house and killed his uncle and mother, while he was aiming at his uncle. His Prime Minister happened to pass and he was shot dead instead of his uncle.

  8. His uncle at once sent him to another country for school.
- 9. Ophilier got mad and threw herself in a river and dead.
  10. Prince Hamlet returned in his country and haved a sham fight with the son of the Prime Minister and all died.

PRETTY LONG TO MENTION COME AND WITNESS THE DELIGHTFUL STORY."

It is a pity that the author's name is not given, but it sounds an exciting play, and we should like to see it, even without this further lure :-

"New and novel. Lovely good. Fine and sensational. A splendid display of music, songs, scenes and costumes, &c. By our own smart actors and actresses."



## ONE OF THE KNUTS.

Mr. Asquith (addressing the Ocean). "THIS IS GETTING A BIT TOO STEEP. 1'M AFRAID I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE HOUSE."

[The PREMIER has promised a Bill dealing with coast-erosion.]



## GENTILITY IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

- "Just think of it, Mrs. Brown has got the telephone fixed. I wouldn't have one."
- "WHY NOT?" "YOU HAVE TO ASSOCIATE WITH ANYBODY."

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Some New Departures.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—An outstanding feature of the season just ending has rampant," he said. certainly been the evolution of the bazaar. A few weeks ago somebody had the bright idea of selling badges to protect people from being bothered by sellers, but already that's vieux jeu. At the Who's Who Fair (a prodigious success, my dear, which brought in an enormous sum for a most deserving charity—I forget what) we charged five shillings admission, and we sold little ducky silk flags, with "I don't want to buy anything" on them, at a guinea each. We didn't trouble to stock any truth that ces autres only come to bazaars to look at us. The sensational feature was that we stall-holders wore as head-dresses our own family crests. Wasn't that a lovely idea of your

had it on her head carried out in black ant de nager." Wasn't that dilly? velvet and gold. "Whatever is it meant for?" I asked Norty in confidence. "I should think it 's a bounder

The outlying tribes came pouring down from the heights of North and South London and simply swarmed into the Fair. They all bought the little "Don't-want-to-buy-anything" flags, and then they moved upon the stall-holders en masse. For another guinea any stall-holder was ready to explain her crest and give a few particulars of herself. For two guineas a rest cure! Before that catastrophe five-minutes' chat might be bought, in happened she'd been telling questioners, which we might please ourselves as to each. We didn't trouble to stock any whether we answered questions truth- was thirty-five, that she'd married the of the stalls. Fact is, we've faced the fully or not; but for five guineas we late Lord R. when she was thirteen, whether we answered questions truthpledged ourselves to stick to facts. It that she had an average of twenty was gorgeous! I heard someone who 'd offers a week, but didn't mean to marry duly planked down the guineas asking again, that she loved dancing, and that Mrs. Golding-Newman (the newest of her favourite dance just now was the the new people—she got there by the Leapfrog Valse. Blanche's! And the loveliest part of flukiest of flukes!) who she was and

find her some sort of animal, and she Newman crest-three goldfishes, tach-Whatever the woman supposed she was saying, it was utterly descriptive of her efforts to be in the swim. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in great form and very chirpy, till her head-dress, the Ramsgate crest, two arms counter-embowed, the dexter hand holding a knife and the sinister a fork (the founder of their family, you know, was Grand Carver to HENRY VIII.), caught in the decorations and got pulled off; and, oh! my dearest and best, more than the headdress came off-and Popsy is doing a in return for their guineas, that she

A propos of Mrs. Golding-Newman, it was to see the crests of people who what her crest meant. "I'm Mrs. the newest woman, there's been a hardhaven't any! My sweet thing, it was Golding-Newman," she replied with a fought social race between her and absolutely! The Bullyon-Boundermere good bit of pomp and circumstance; Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere in London woman had got the Heralds' College to "and my head-dress is the Golding- this summer. If one forged ahead for a time, the other came again and stuck to her gamely. When the Golding-Newman woman had Trillini to sing at next affair. It was a regular ding-dong The latter, not having much to do and being obsessed with the notion of uninvited guests (and really, my dear, Powers won't stand being bored!" they've put in some strong work this

B.-B., "that commonlooking man in ill-fitting evening clothes, leaning by the door of the music - room, is one of those uninvited creatures! I'll go and speak to him." "Right you are, M'ria!" said her better half. So she sailed up to the man: "I am the lady of the house; may I ask your name?" "My name's Snaggers," answered the man. "Just what I should think it would be!" said Mrs. B.-B., with cutting sarcasm. "No person of that name was invited, Mr. Snaggers, so perhaps you'll withdraw before

I send for the police!" shrugged his shoulders, laughed and world! went away. At the end of the evening Mrs. B.-B. said reproachfully to Lady Needmore, "What a pity the guest I most wanted to see didn't come! companies. The first to do it was I mean the big-game hunting earl Bobby Brillmore, who makes things his powerful stroke. who's had such thrilling adventures. go so splendidly at dinners and dances Later. 12.15.—M I saw his name in your list-Lord St. Aldegonde." "Oh, Snaggers," old Needmore corrected. "But, my dear woman, he did come! I saw him. He came rather late, after we'd left off receiving 'em, and went away quite soon, I believe. Here, somebody! Get some brandy or something! Mrs. Boundermere's fainting." It was a hard blow for her, as St. Aldegonde's been quite a celebrity since his return from Soap or Cocoa or somethingfrom his last big-game expedition, owing to his having shot an enormous creature called a mommaroo, that everybody thought was extinct. But I believe what she felt most cruelly was that she didn't know St. Aldegonde | suit and become, is pronounced "Snaggers"!

I'm simply furious, chérie, with these Balkan people for going on fighting. At that little dinner I gave for the one of her parties, the B.-B. hit back Delegates when they were over here, by getting Twirlinski to do his exquy I'd such a lovely talk with them and dance, "The p.m. of a Satyr," at her was sure I'd made a great impression. "You simply must come to an agreeusual, inviting the people and receiving change, and often gives us a new colour them, with the B.-B. in the offing. or a fashion; but it ought to stop quite, may take it as a cert that the Great

season!), kept a sharp look-out for these. seemed so pleased, and laughed so



"'E'S A BIT BASHFUL AT FUST, MISTER, BUT 'E SOON PALS UP WIV YER."

The man | no use trying to do good in this wicked | bottle of milk.

One of the new departures this and country houses. And so, as old younger sons is immensely tiny, and as Bobby found life a harder problem than even the hardest thinker does, while at the same time he was simply snowed ceeded. under with invitations, he thought he'd under with invitations, he thought he'd At two o'clock the golliwog entered turn his popularity to account. And the sea and accompanied Master City and a trade motto that he cribbed "Have him in your Houses"-and anyone who wants him must take shares. (Norty says the shares are already quoted on 'Change!) Quite an idea, isn't it? Perhaps I may follow Ever thine,

BLANCHE (Ltd.!)

#### THE WATER BABY.

["At to-day's meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, Dr. Kennedy, of Bath, said he once placed a child one year old in the sea, and it struck out and swam."]

MASTER Bunting, who, it will be rerace, and no one could spot the winner, itill Mrs. B.-B. came a most tremendous cropper. Il en était ainsi. She gave places belong to? It's absurd! War attempt to swim the Channel. He membered, has just attained his first a big party, old Lady Needmore, as is all very well at first; it makes a little arrived early on the pier in his mailcart, and remained in rather overanimated conversation with his parents quite soon, or it becomes a bore; and you for some minutes. An enquiry by our representative as to the prospects of the attempt elicited from the dis-And they were such darlings, and tinguished swimmer a hearty goo-goo.

Master Bunting entered the sea at At last she felt sure she'd spotted one. much with me and with each other, 9.1 A.M. He seemed somewhat dis-"I'm certain," she remarked to Mr. that I thought peace was assured. It's tressed on first contact with the water,

and kicked a good deal, but afterwards settled down to a strong overarm stroke, which took him through the sea at a good rate.

Master Bunting was accompanied by a turbine pram - boat containing his nurse (who was seen to be reading Home Gloats as the small vessel cast off), a police officer (whose duty it will be to converse with Master Bunting's attendant), a golliwog, a crib, a gallon of milk, and several tins of Kidling's Food.

At 10 Master Bunting partook of a half-

His stroke then became stronger. At eleven o'clock, to afford him a slight diversion, a rattle was lowered into the water, and the intrepid swimmer amused himself with this for a few minutes before resuming

Later. 12.15.—Master Bunting is still going strong. A few minutes ago Lord Brokeystone's allowance to his he howled for a spoonful of Kidling's Food. The nurse, assisted by the police officer, administered the refreshment, and Master Bunting then pro-

now he's a company with offices in the Bunting in his progress over the next half-mile.

Latest news: Calais, 5.13 A.M.-Master Bunting arrived here at 5.10 this morning. He was met by members of the Oui-Oui Swimming Club. Ho appeared little the worse for his immersion and, after dictating a short account of his early life to our representative, he retired to his crib.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

THE SQUIRE INSISTS UPON HIS CLAY BIRDS BEING THROWN BY HAND IN THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING A BORN DISCUS-THROWER.

## THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

According to the New York Correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S talent for finding hidden musical treasure was recently illustrated by the discovery of a useful tenor in a rotund middle-aged plasterer engaged on the building of the new Opera House. Luigi Gasparini, for that was his name, was dragged forth from a pile of bricks to the fire-engine station close by, where his trial performances led to a provisional engagement for the chorus.

Such episodes are interesting, but they are of quite common occurrence on both sides of the Atlantic. "Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,' but genius discovers itself to the eye that is looking for it. Only last week Signor Polacco, the famous conductor, was passing by a cab shelter in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when he heard the strains of the Abendstern from Tannhäuser issuing from the interior. Darting swiftly into the shelter Signor Polacco discovered that attendant named Annibale Sparagrasso, employed to peel potatoes for the cab-

a travelling company which is about ordinary fervour and charm. As the to start for a prolonged tour in Patagonia, the Falkland Isles and possibly Alaska.

Madame Pavlova last Friday. While in a new drama, Bacon's Boyhood, by she was flying in a biplane over St. Albans, the famous danseuse St. Albans, the famous danseuse noticed an elderly man dancing a hornpipe in a backyard with extraordinary Beerbohm Tree as Queen Elizabeth, vigour and élan. Peremptorily ordering and the author as Philip of Spain. her pilot to descend, she persuaded the No wonder that Jubb's grandchildren dancer, a retired petty officer named are now saying that he is a made man. Gregory Hitch, to return with her in the biplane to Hampstead. After two lessons he was offered, and has accepted, an engagement to appear in a nautical ballet as a one-legged admiral with the Russian company which is shortly proceeding to Siberia. The only condition which caused any difficulty was that which imposed a change of name, but his consent was speedily secured for the adoption of the ingenious and euphonious alias of Gregor Hitchikoff.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, while spending a recent week-end in the New they came from the larynx of an elderly | Forest, was in the happy position of being able to combine recreation with | Chapel:employed to peel potatoes for the cabbenevolence. He was lunching at men's midday meal. Sparagrasso was at Lyndhurst, when, from his private once haled off to Covent Garden, and in banqueting-room, he heard a venerable two days had signed a contract for five waiter named Ephraim Jubb reciting Most certainly not.

years as understudy for the chorus in passages from Hamlet with extraresult of a brief but affecting interview, Jubb consented to accompany Sir HERBERT in his motor to town and A somewhat similar experience befell has since been given the rôle of hero Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart.,

> Taking Our Pleasures Sadly. "ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS. By reading THE TERROR BY NIGHT." Advt. in "Daily Express."

"Lady wanted, to undertake duties of small house. Two in family, treated as one. State age and salary.

Advt. in "Christian World." One of the two (to the other): "After you with the egg."

From the ticket admitting to the recent ceremony in the Henry VII.

"GENTLEMEN—LEVÉE DRESS LADIES-MORNING DRESS NOT TRANSFERABLE."

## MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE PAGE.

WHERE TO GO.

IT has been well said by SHAKSPEARE or one of our poets that we are an island race. At this time of the year, when so many of us are leaving the towns for the purer ozone of the country, the words come home to us with an added significance. We are an island race; and for that reason the thoughts of every Englishman worthy the name will turn first to the sea.

But what seaside resort shall he choose for his holiday? That is the difficulty. Fortunately the enterprise of the Town Council of Congerville in advertising in our columns enables us to refer without prejudice to the charms of this growing watering-place, and thus perhaps to solve the doubt in the minds of our readers. Congerville—or "The Venice of the North," as it has been aptly called by the Mayor, owing no doubt to the fact that both towns are on the sea—is, to our thinking, the ideal spot for a holiday. Within such easy distance of London that the visitor who does not like the place can go back again on the same afternoon (in the opinion of many people its chiefest charm), Congerville will be found to offer unique attractions to the wearied towndweller; and we are convinced that its charms need only to be sufficiently advertised to become known to all.

CONGERVILLE.

"THE VENICE OF THE NORTH." Unrivalled Attractions.

BAND. PIER.

OWN SEA.

NIGGERS.

Week-End Ticket, including Hotel Accommodation and Hire of Bathing Suit, 12/9.

Come where the whelks are larger. [Adit.

#### How to BATHE.

I. On no account bathe immediately after a heavy meal. By a heavy meal is meant one weighing five pounds or so.

II. At most seaside resorts University costume is insisted on. Fortunately it is not necessary to have taken a degree in order to wear this.

III. It is bad form while waiting for your turn outside an occupied bathing machine to make sarcastic remarks to the gentleman dressing inside. However long he has been, such observations as "Mend your braces afterwards, ducky," are not in the best possible taste.

IV. Although in many places you will find notices strictly forbidding you to of capture having been marked down remove the foreshore, no objection will in a likely pool, the hunter lies at full

a habit to be condemned, particularly (or Sea Tapioca) congregate.

with a pair of Phutman's well-known "Evkanseeyou's." Swimming can, of course, be taught quite easily on land, but the positions which it is necessary it to your killing bottle. to assume are ungraceful, and if practised in the dining-hall of your hotel will probably cause comment. It is better to learn properly in the sea with the help of Phutman's popular invention.

#### "EYKANSEEYOU."

If you are an inexpert swimmer wear PHUTMAN'S INFLATABLE SOCKS. THEY SUPPORT THE ANKLES. Even if your head should chance to be submerged

YOUR FEET will still be visible from shore, and the Coastguards will put out and rescue you.

" EYKANSEEYOU "

THE GREAT LIFE-SAVER. "YOU CANNOT SINK!"

FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE BEACH.

A walk along the beach at Congerville or any of our Southern wateringplaces will reveal many unexpected treasures which the keen collector can add to his bag. One of the most common, and yet least understood, objects to be found upon the sea-shore is the Single Boot. One would naturally but for some unexplained reason they develop best alone.

A very common weed growing round our shores and flourishing particularly at this time of the year is Father. It grows horizontally; is anything from five to six feet from head to toe; and wears a paper over its face to protect it from the sun. So numerous is it that in some parts of the coast great care has to be taken not to step on it. A really good specimen will sometimes rise in the centre to a height of two or to the weary pedestrian.

On such obvious fauna as crabs and starfishes it is not necessary to dilate at traveller is sufficiently familiar with that by far the best method of catching crabs is to tickle for them.

The process is as follows: the object away some of the sea. At the same tickle the crab gently on the chest. It boarding-house.

time swimming with the mouth open is a notorious that crabs resent tickling, a habit to be condemned, particularly and in a moment the crustacean will off those coasts where small jelly-fish fasten his pincers on your finger. The laugh however is with you; for, with-V. Even if you cannot swim, you drawing your finger from the pool, you can safely venture into deep water | find that you are taking the crab with you; and with the aid of a tin-opener you can afterwards, at your leisure, remove the captured beast and transfer

And finally, it has just been discovered that starfish make excellent and reliable compasses. Balanced carefully upon the ferule of a walking-stick the intrepid animal will invariably turn one of its feet to the north, the other extremities marking the remaining points of the compass with equal accuracy.

BUMPO,

THE POCKET HAMMER. Invaluable for Sea-Shore Naturalists. BREAKS LIMPETS.

STUNS ANEMONES.

CRACKS SHRIMPS.

Take your Bumpo with you when bathing, in case a jelly-fish attacks you.

BUMPO - THE ENEMY OF WHITEBAIT.

LAdrt.

## BEACH ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette at the seaside is naturally not so formal as it is in London, and acquaintances may be made on the pier or in the sea much more easily than would be the case in Mayfair. instance, it is permissible when bathing to introduce yourself to a stranger swimming near, on what would seem expect to find them nesting in couples, | in London the comparatively slight excuse that his bathing-costume had the same coloured stripes as your own. Again, a genial remark may always be made to an old gentleman fishing off the end of the pier-an enquiry, to give an example, as to whether he had caught anything or, failing that, hoped to catch anything.

Dress again is less rigid in its castiron convention than it would be in Belgravia, and the ladies of your boarding establishment will probably find that a dressy blouse will be all that is required three feet, and thus afford ample shade | in the evening. (The word "all," of course, is used in its comparative sense

only.)

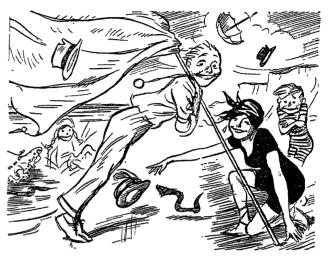
Generally speaking, in short, life by any length; the most inexperienced the sea will be found much more companionable than life in London; and them. It may not, however, be known though seaside friendships do not always turn out as desirable as they seemed at first, it may well happen that you may make a life-long friend of the man whom you first made acquaintance with as you tapped the sea-weed be raised if you should chance to take length upon the rocks and begins to barometer together in the hall of your A. A. M.

## HAPPINESS IS ALL THAT COUNTS.

(Gallant efforts of a determined family to win the holiday prize offered by a well-known photographic firm on the above lines.)



ARRIVAL AT WINKLEBEACH.



FUN ON THE SANDS.



A DAY'S SPORT.



A GOOD TIME ON THE BRINY.



A MERRY PIC-NIC.



Amusing discovery of the traces of burglars ... On return home.



Small Boy. "Mummy, is it really true that the Devil has horns and a club foot?"

The Mother. "Ah! my dear, sometimes the Devil appears in the shape of a very handsome and charming young man."

Small Boy (pityingly). "Oh, Mummy! you're thinking of Cupid."

#### THE MÆNAD.

THERE is a maiden fair as dawn
Who sometimes spies me from afar,
And chases me on furious feet
As down the long suburban street
I gambol like NIJINSKY'S "Faun"
To catch the infernal car,

At day-break when the winds are fresh, Or, more exactly, 9.15,

> Not seldom shall you see this sight, The nymph's pursuit, the poet's flight,

As if he funked the rosy mesh
Of Cyprus' dove-drawn queen.

It causes quite a pleasant stir,
This hundred-yard Olympic burst;
The newsboy whispers to his pal,
"How exquisitely Bacchanal!"
The loafers lay short odds on her
To reach the tube-lift first.

So, ere the sordid years began,
Before aphasia took the Muse,
Athwart the uplands, thick with
pine,

His rout pursued the god of wine, Or shepherdesses danced to Pan (But not in grey suede shoes). Breathless we run; without a pause
We win the gates of Pluto's grot;
She gives me neither look nor word,
The cage descends, we join the
herd,

Our ways are sundered now, because I smoke and she does not.

But, though her frenzy seems to sink
Before she grabs her swain-elect,
Though never in her wild, wild
arms

She lures me captive to her charms And bears me off (indeed, I think, The lift-man would object);

Though unconcernedly she sets

Her hair in trim and pulls a cube

Of chocolate from her leather bag,
Sucks it, and opes her morning
rag,

And never for my fair face frets Once we have reached the tube:

I love to think her hot despatch,
The fury of her Bacchant speed,
Is due to love, and not to this,
That well she knows if she should
miss

The train I usually catch She must be late indeed.

Evoe.

## THE BITING CRITIC.

[Experiments with music on animals have revealed the fact that dogs will show a preference for, and a prejudice against, particular composers.]

WITH BACH and BEETHOVEN we tried him-

His tail wagged his wishes for more; WithWagner and Sullivan plied him—

He barked for a double encore.
"Now play him," I said, "ere I offer
a bid,

A passage of ragtime." The gentleman did.

As if to say, "Golly, what is it?"
He pricked up his ears at the strain,
Then growled his intention to visit

On someone his wrath and disdain; And when off the player he started to sup

I purchased that highly desirable pup.

For under my window thrice weekly
Two picturesque aliens play;

Scant notice they pay me when meekly Requested to wander away;

But next time they come he will alter all that.

This capable critic who lies on the mat.



# KISMET.

Turkey (in Adrianople). "QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES, BEING BACK HERE." DAME EUROPA. "AH, BUT YOU'LL BE KICKED OUT, YOU KNOW." TURKEY. "WELL, THAT'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES, TOO."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) the reverse of gentle."

House of Lords, Monday, July 21 .-

Victoria Cross would figure on the meek bosom of the Bishop of HEREFORD. Not for the first time in recent years has he stood forward to demand full consideration of a measure obnoxious to majority of peers, abhorred by brother prelates. Always something pathetic about aspect of one crying in the wilderness. Additional discomfort in reflection that there are ranged, at convenient striking distance, beasts of prey ready to spring upon the rash if chivalrous soloist.

House considering proposal for Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Salisbury moved rejection in speech notable for dexterous time on a speech. back-thrust administered to his old adversary, the whole-hogger on Tariff Reform. Supporters of Bill pleaded that question had been before constituencies at last General Election, and that in framing the measure Ministers were obeying popular mandate. "Not at all," said Salisbury. "If there had been no proposal for taxes on food before the electors in December, 1910. every candid honest Liberal knows that his party would not have won the day."

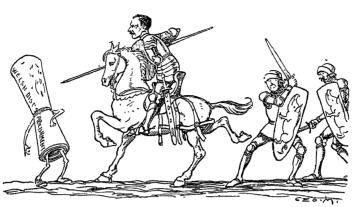
It was towards close of debate that Bishop of HEREFORD rose from group whose snow-white rochets cast upon Benches below Gangway what Hals-BURY, looking on, recognised as "a sort of" halo. HEREFORD did not go Reading, the Bill should go into Com- looks in at House of Lords; finds thus disposed of, House turned to con-

mittee with intent to have its

blemishes removed.

By striking coincidence it happened that in the Commons, within this very hour, TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN had been assaulting John REDMOND in connection with BIRRELL's Bill designed to hurry up Land Purchase in Ireland. Their patriotic passion paled its ineffectual fire by comparison with the energy with which the Bishop of WINCHESTER proceeded to demolish his right reverend brother. The least ill he wished him was that he should face one of the gatherings of churchmen throughout the country who met to discuss the Welsh Bill.

would not be at all respectful and quite



A dexterous back-thrust at the whole-hogger by Lord Salisbury.

Business done.—Second Reading of their private dealings in the matter, the



The Bishop of WINCHESTER.

sort of "halo. Hereford did not go Thursday.—Sad case this of Lord so far as to support Second Reading. Kensington. Been abroad three years All he asked was that, granted a Second serving his country; comes home; distinction as the Singular Voter being



Messrs. Healy and O'Brien attack Mr. John Redmond.

promised him that "his reception Peers streaming into Division Lobby to vote on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill; thinks he may as well take House delightedly recognised the a hand in the old game; only when If it were customary to decorate episcopal way of indicating a bonneting coming out, finding himself tapped on Bishops "For Valour" surely the and a chucking-out. shoulder by wand of "Teller" who was

counting the numbers, a horrible thought chills his marrow. He hasn't taken the oath in the new Parlia-

Accordingly has no business to take part in Division. Rather fancies that Tower Hill, if not actually the block, plays a part in consequences. What's to be done?

Happily recalls lesson gleaned from earlier episode in Marconi Muddlement. Agreed on all sides that, had Ministers at outset volunteered full statement of

Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill cloud would have blown over. Profitmoved by Beauchamp without wasting ing by this experience Kensington yesterday, as soon as Lord Chancellor took his seat on Woolsack, rose and with proper penitentiary air made clean breast of what Crewe playfully called "his crime."

To-day the Leaders of House and Opposition, having been in consultation overnight, delivered judgment. CREWE, admitting absence of deliberately evil intention, suggested, amid murmur of applause, that it would "probably be the desire of the House not to proceed further in the matter." Lansdowne agreed, "if only," as he shrewdly put it, "for the reason that practically ro other course is open to us."

Which shows that, after all, logic has some influence upon Parliamentary

decisions.

What may be described by way of

sider case of Plural Voter whom Government propose to abolish. Bill having that object in view negatived by 166 votes against

Business done.—Commons discussing vote for Board of Agriculture. The President, a modestNorth-country man, overwhelmed with congratulations from both sides on his successful administration of his office. Amongst results of the year has been extirpation of Foot and Mouth Disease in England and Ireland, a task requiring tireless energy and much courage in facing protests of individuals and districts temporarily affected.

out Welsh Church Bill and one depriving Plural Voter of his ancient privilege. Important questions, these. But at close of week topic to the fore is the revolutionary procedure in Scotch Committees be debarred from similar Grand Committee. Engaged just now privilege? A simple luncheon, with in considering delicate question of a tankard or long tumbler according Members to place case on footing with the daily meeting upstairs. famous Chapter On Snakes In Iceland. "There are none." Others, whilst not disputing soundness of this view, think it just as well to look through the measure remitted to them by the House.

PRICE, Radical Member for East Edin-town in the form of a deputation to have apparently arranged to co-operate burgh, with fragrant cigar between his teeth.

Members move uneasily in their seats. Is this a case of mental deficiency, or merely absence of mind in temporary form? CHAIRMAN'S attention called to matter." He admits that on two former occasions Chairmen of Grand Committees have ruled the cigar out of order. Taking a middle course he would ignore the indiscretion unless anyone declared objection.

So far from taking that line. Members with one accord produced their cigarette cases and

With the bonds of Empire about to be severed, with an If smoking is ancient Church tumbling about not downstairs?

revolutionary procedure has under the present Government become a daily habit to which the mind insensibly grows accustomed. But, really, authorised smoking in Committee Rooms comes as a shock. If upstairs why not downstairs? If cigars, why not short clay pipes? If smoke, why not drink?

For latter luxury there is historical precedent. When CECIL RHODES was under examination by the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the dark places whence the Jamieson Raid emerged, he was accustomed, at approach of his usual luncheon hour, to send out for a dish-load of ham sandwiches and a tankard of stout. Of these he proceeded to make leisurely disposition under the eyes of hungry Commissioners.

The Member for Sark is reminded how, whenever he, HARCOURT, LABBY and others put a peculiarly ticklish question; Rhodes took an exceptionally large bite from the sandwich

Land Bill, Lords meanwhile throwing lation, a pause that, incidentally, gave opportunity for framing suitable answer.

inquiry why should Members of Select Natural impulse on part of some follow, would do much to popularise Dundee over that week end.

Business done.—Treasury Vote dealt with in Committees of Supply.

## SCOTLAND'S NEW SPORT.



If smoking is permitted upstairs in Committee-room, why

our ears, with the Plural Voter doomed, | interview the Premier on the question | is bound to prove popular. It is proof Woman's Suffrage have returned to the North very well pleased, it would seem, with their week-end in the Metropolis. The fact that Mr. Asquith, after having three times definitely refused to see them, was absent from his residence when they called cannot be said to have militated in any way against the success of the visit, which has been so great that it is generally understood has now begun.

The Deputation from the parish councils of Strathbogie and district, which will leave for London towards the end of August to lay before the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER its views upon the introduction of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, does not seem to have been discouraged by the information that Mr. LLOYD George will be on the Continent at the date of its arrival. An extended week-end ticket has been arranged for.

House of Commons, Friday.—A busy sarily followed interval for masticating got together at Fraserborough to wait week. Seen introduction of new Irish the food preliminary to regained articulupon the First Lord of the Admiralty and discuss with him the prospects of adopting the use of cod-liver oil in the If CECIL RHODES thus publicly Navy, will reach London on the first lunched during process of critical Friday in September. Names are inquiry why should Members of Select coming in very well, and it is con-Committees be debarred from similar fidently expected that special railway rates will be quoted. Curiously enough Mr. Winston Churchill will be paymental deficiency north of the Tweed. to individual taste, a cigar or pipe to ing a visit to his constituents in

The Deputation of Wee Free Elders from Inverstrathbittock-on-Spey (to call upon the SECRETARY FOR SCOT-LAND upon business that has not yet been divulged), and that of the inhabitants of the island of Tiree (to wait THE Scottish bailies, town councillors upon Mr. John Burns in connection Whilst thus engaged enter Charles and others who recently came up to with their new town-planning scheme),

> in order to secure a reserved saloon by the East Coast route. It is announced that they cordially homologate each other's opinions.

A curious position has arisen in Paisley, where a large and influential Deputation has been made up, which is expected to leave for the South in October. Every detail is settled with the exception of the object of the visit and members are complaining that it is well-nightin possible for them to complete the preparation of their speeches until this point has been decided.

The Autumn Announcements of the North British Railway Company will, we learn, contain an entirely new feature which

posed to issue "Deputation Tickets" on certain dates in the course of the winter, which—provided that a sufficient number of applications is received-will carry with them the best of saloon accommodation at a reduced rate.

The members of the original Woman's Suffrage Party, who must be regarded as the pioneers of the movement, have been so much delighted with their first that the Scottish Deputation Season experience that they are now arranging to take this Deputation on tour.

Meanwhile, the enterprising London photographer is quite awake to the new possibilities that have been opened up. (We do not, of course, mean the Press photographer; he has done very well out of it, but, as far as he is concerned, the boom is over.) One leading firm in Regent Street has already dispatched a traveller to the North, offering special terms for groups to be taken by appointment upon the door-steps of Cabinet Ministers. As the vacation is The Deputation representing the approaching in Downing Street, it is exin hand at the moment. There neces- Fishing Industry, which is now being pected that no inconvenience will ensue.



#### PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

- "Hullo, Betty, what on earth are you and Percy denuding the place for? Didn't know you were moving."
- "WE'RE NOT; BUT THE DARLING BOYS COME HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS WEEK."

## THE DESERTER

Who Refuses for the 12th. How now, you faithless absentee, Now that the magic Hour draws near, You urge an unexpected plea Of duller claims that interfere!

I thought no mortal since the Fall Gifted with strength of will to raise Ramparts of conscience at the call Of grouse and grilse and holidays.

Review it all—the rush from town,
The station platform stretching far,
The crowds, the hurrying up and down
In quest of the Fort William car;

And that first moment of delight
When the long 8.15 swings forth,
To thunder through the August night
And meet the daybreak in the North;

Until—how great the prospect seems!— The faithful George shall stand revealed,

And mingle in your restless dreams With early tea at Whistlefield.

Ten minutes more of tea and train
And hasty donning of attire,
And then—and then your feet attain
The wayside goal of your desire.

I picture you the morning grey,
With glint of sunshine now and then,
And wonderful with scents that stray
From the wet larchwoods in the glen.

What next? a sleepy search fulfilled, And baggage bundled out in tons, A waiting motor slowly filled With rods and cartridges and guns.

High on the pass the breeze is cool, And local memories return Of salmon in the Clachan pool, And grouse above the Laraig burn.

So be it: stoutly you resist;
But wait until the Hour arrives,
The Hour of mountain, moor and mist,
And see if your resolve survives.

# ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who failed to please his subjects and was by consequence in instant peril. Hurriedly collecting together such treasures as they could, he and his young queen crossed the frontier one night with a few faithful retainers and settled in an old secluded castle in a friendly country.

On the first wet day the young queen was missing. High and low the retainers searched for her, and at last she was discovered in the middle of an open space in the forest, holding up her face to the rain.

Horror-struck, they hurried to her aid; but she waved them back.

"Do let me stay a little longer," she pleaded. "All my life I have longed to feel the rain and I was never allowed to. All my life there have been coaches and umbrellas."

And again the queen held up her face to the drops.

"Dancing Taught. — Step, Buck, Clog, Schottische, Wooden Shoe, Ragtime, Fancy. Three lessons 2/6. Stamp or call. 12 till 9.

\*\*Adut. in "Encore."

We hardly ever stamp, even when we've come for a dance lesson; and anyhow we don't keep on stamping from 12 to 9. We just knock or ring, and, if nobody answers, we go away after the first hour or two.

"Looking from the rostrum one saw rows and rows of happy, smiling faces alternating with rows of huge white glistening mugs."

Manchester Guardian.

Why this distinction?

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE BARRIER."

If it had been an Italian opera instead of an American melodrama, it del North-West." But the resemblance between the First Acts of Mr. Hubbard's General-Utility Store is the centre of social life in these pioneer communities. The title of Mr. Rex Foster-Father. I Beach's novel refers to the invidious bar of birth which threatens to keep by accident! two lovers apart. The Girl of the Golden N.W. is supposed to be a half-sented in the casual procedure at breed. No one who cast even a cursory the meeting held for the promotion of

a matter of fact her parentage was white on both sides, though, in the case of her father, it was not the whiteness of driven snow, for his heart was as black as ink. All comes well in the end, though I should have liked to see her marry the picturesque trapper who never worried about her birth, rather than the U.S.A. Lieutenant who took some time to get over it.

It is, I believe, contrary to etiquette on the stage to keep a secret from the audience. Yet it was not till quite late in the Dan Stark (in the chair) proceedings that we got

the best scuffle of the evening. The However, it is not for our sophisticated situation was unusual and could only intelligences to attempt to cope with have been possible in a tentative state these savage anomalies; and, anyhow, of society where Justice is compelled the matter was settled by arrangement,

and the representative of law and order, them. So he deposited it on the table,

from it, and withdrew from the room | himself punctilious about shooting only with the other revolver. In the heavy from the hip. rough-and-tumble which ensued when gives his case away in the course of

Real Father. You shot my wife! Foster-Father. Liar. You shot her! Real Father. Liar. She shot herself

Another Alaskan novelty was preglance at the charming face of Necia (Miss May Blayney) would have suspected her for a moment of being anything short of a whole-breed. As villain had been careful not to peg out foster-father) as sound as his name;

THE HERO WINS HANDS DOWN.

Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY. Mr. HARCOURT BEATTY.

at the facts of the death of the girl's a claim of his own, because he pro- of it this side of October. mother; and for a dark hour or so we were allowed to harbour suspicion about the career of her innocent foster-nobody was allowed to hold more father. He himself did not help matters much by attempting a murder before our eyes. Fortunately he missed by six inches and eventually left the boards without a stain on his character. The facts came out in the course of business with a fine air of autocracy. from time to time to lift her bandage the Lieutenant (as usual) suddenly coverand wink openly by the light of nature. ing the opposition with his revolver, A deadly feud divided the girl's two and making them hold up their hands. fathers—the real and the adoptive. Indeed the villain passed a good deal of Each had a sorry record, true or false, his time in this position, rather ludicrous when prolonged. But why, on in the person of Lieutenant Burrell, the present occasion, when he had a U.S.A. Cavalry, thought it most convenient to let them fight it out for themselves with one revolver between two feet away, I am unable to conjective. ture. He was not troubled with posted the adversaries at equal distances | scruples; nor had he previously shown

But, if there were things beyond my the lamp had been knocked over, the Cisatlantic understanding, I underadoptive father does the villain to stood enough to see that, for what it must have been called "La Fanciulla death. Before going out to expire he pretended to be, the play was something more than passable. You will have a brief, but luminous, dialogue. The gathered that it was not lacking in play and Signor Puccini's music-drama impression left upon me by this hurried incident; and, though there were was inevitable, since the Drink-and- exchange of conversation was to the longueurs in the love-making, which did not suit our hero, the Lieutenant, nearly so well as the revolver business, the interest was strong to the last. And, apart from the behaviour of one of the minor characters, the performance of Mr. Hubbard's melodrama bore exceptionally few traces of the Surreyside tradition.

Miss May Blayney was a piquante

and Mr. MATHESON LANG, the French-Canadian trapper, extremely picturesque. His broken English, with a touch in it—so I thought -of the negro quality, was very effective; and as extra-hero, of the sacrificial kind, he won great favour with the audience. Of the rest Mr. Hubert Willis, in the part of No-Creek Lee, was very good.

Altogether, a clean piece of work, full of movement, and far better worth seeing than a great deal of more pretentious stuff; and if only our holiday invaders are well advised I don't

see what's to stop the run

"The Sovereign was standing under his banner and the Great Master under his, both of them now depending from the west wall instead of, as formerly, from the corner, slantwise, above the Knights' banners and therefore hidden by them."—The Times.

We had no idea that the proceedings were as lively as this.

"Wilkie Bard tells a story of a husband and wife who were always quarrelling. A friend called one evening and found them in the middle of a row. After the storm had subsided a little he ventured to remonstrate with the husband."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

And that is all; but probably Mr. BARD makes it seem funnier.

"There were only 15 scratchings recorded for the seven faces on Saturday.' Brisbane Daily Mail.

This reminds us that the midge season is upon us again.



THE "MONKEY SEAT."

Daughter. "SAY, POPPA, WHAT CUTE LITTLE THINGS THEY ARE!" Poppa. "AND COST SOME! TAKES FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HIRE A GOOD ONE BY THE SEASON, I GUESS." Daughter. "Wouldn't it be cheaper to buy one and keep it yourself?"

## A FORECAST OF THE BRITISH ASS.

(With some slight assistance from "The Westminster Gazette.")

THE subject of the Presidential address, always canvassed with eager interest in scientific and lay circles alike, has of course been long ago definitely determined in its main outlines. Sir OLIVER LODGE intends to take a survey of the position of science generally. Happily this scheme is sufficiently elastic to allow of his dealing with a number of topics which the academic non-scientific mind. scientist would probably regard as taboo. Amongst these, we understand, are the Economics and Statistics there will be a pigs." Psychics of Golf, with especial reference to the question whether it is legitimate to hypnotise your opponent; Recent Cranial Modifications in the Midlands pointing to the ultimate triumph of a Type distinguished for its high domeshaped Forehead; Interviews as an engine for promoting University Extension; the Poetry of the Aztecs; the on Nonconformist Journalism. Influence of Brown Boots on Telepathy, and other cognate subjects. Thus authorities as Mr. Roger Fry, Mr.

and its problems effective scope for an oration as stimulating and exhilarating as any delivered from the Presidential Chair.

This engaging and unconventional quality will also be found illustrated in Prehistoric Oil-wells for bathing by the the programme of the various sections. Troglodytes of the Caucasus, and Mr. Of course the essentially scientific element predominates, but a certain latitude is allowed in the choice of subjects which is eminently calculated such subjects as "The Cause of chronic subjects such subjects as "The Cause of chronic subjects such subjects subjects such subjects such subjects such subjects subjects such subjects subject

Thus in the section dealing with remarkable debate on the cost of living. Sir HENRY HOWORTH will handle the question of Prehistoric Working-men's Budgets, Lord Courtney of Penwith will discuss the Finance of League Football Clubs, and Sir W. ROBERTson Nicoll will read a paper on the

a thinker of Sir Oliver's notorious take part in a discussion on "Canals Asininity.

versatility and range of outlook on life and their effect on the language of those who use them," at which a number of bargees are expected to be present. In the Anthropological section Sir Alfred Mond will deal in his Presidential Address with the Misuse of to command the interest of even the non-scientific mind.

Hiccups among Caddies," a "Study of Oysters in Times of War," and a "Theory of the Behaviour of Guinea-

In the Education section a variety of intensely interesting subjects are down for discussion. Amongst these we may note "Champagne and Cigarettes in the Holidays," "Should Preparatory Schoolmasters be on the Telephone?" "A Plea for Administering Corporal Kentish Coal Fields and their influence | Punishment to Parents," and "Ought Left-handed Batting to be Encouraged?"

In short, the programme, whether we consider its latitude or its longihandled, the subject of his address is LAURENCE BINYON, Mr. MAURICE HEW- tude, bids fair to be as nutritive as obviously of sufficient breadth to afford LETT and Mr. EDMUND Gosse will any included in the records of British

## THE GARDEN PARTY.

this day. Let us do something dashing.

"What particular dash do you feel like?" said Francesca. "I think I've got the pic-nic feeling," I said. "Yes, I

feel like a pic-nic.

"What a pity you didn't feel like that yesterday when we all wanted you to come."

"No matter," I said, "I feel like it to-day. I will carry the table-cloth."

"We shan't want a table-cloth."

"Is that wise, Francesca? A table-cloth gives an air of aristocratic ease to the humblest feast. You shake your head? Very well, then, no table-cloth. But I will watch you cutting the bread-and-butter and making the tea. The children shall carry the cake and the jam. I will choose a spot for the feast. We will go there in a boat, and, if you like, you shall do the sculling while I steer and the children all let their hands trail in the water. Yes, Francesca, I feel more like a pic-nic every minute."

"I'm sorry for that," she said.

"Sorry, Francesca! Why are you sorry? When I refuse in consequence of overwhelming work——"
"Overwhelming sofa-cushions," said Francesca.

"I repeat: when I refuse, owing to the pressure on my time, to join a pic-nic you are—I will not say angry, for you are never angry, are you, dear?—but you are certainly displeased. And now, when I propose a pic-nic, and when I expect you to dance for joy, you say you are sorry. Varium et mutabile scmper.'

"It is useless," she said, "to fling a stupid old Latin

insult at me."

"Let me," I said, "call the children and tell them about the pic-nic. They, at least, will be delighted."

When I broke the news to Mabel that a most insistent cable Had demanded my departure to a land across the sea,

"That, too, would be useless."

- "But why, Francesca?" I said. "I'm quite determined to have a pic-nic."
- "And that," she said, "is more useless than anything else." "I knew it would be," I said. "I have only to express
  - "And it is always gratified. But not to-day."
    "And pray, why?"

"Because of the Garden Party."

"The Garden what?" I said frantically. "The Garden Party," she repeated calmly.

"Gracious Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me you are going to a Garden Party?'

"I do. I am. And what is more, you are coming with me."

"We will see about that," I said gloomily. "But first let me tell you that Garden Parties don't exist. They are Victorian. They are like Penny Readings and Literary Institutes and—er—umbrella covers. Yes, they are exactly like umbrella covers. Don't you remember umbrella covers, Francesca? Some were of plain silk, others were very black and beautiful and glistened wonderfully. Everybody had them and nobody used them. We took them off and threw them away and forgot them. Francesca, there must be millions of unused umbrella covers in England. Let us start a company for the recovery of umbrella covers, but, as we value our peace of mind, do not let us go to a Garden | Tears of joy there 'll be for shedding when "The Darkie's Party.

"But," said Francesca, "it's such a beautiful day." "It isn't really, you know," I urged. "It's only pretending. There's quite a nasty little cloud over there, and it's growing. You mark my words, it'll rain in buckets in another hour or so; and how will your Garden Party get on then? There, I felt a drop on my nose."

"But that'll stop the pic-nic, too, won't it?"

"How foolish of you, Francesca! It never troubles to "Francesca," I said, "I am intoxicated by the beauty of rain on a quiet family pic-nic, but a great showy Carden Party brings out all nature's worst qualities."

"Well, I can't help it. You've got to come."

"No, no," I said warmly, "you mustn't take me. I don't know how to dress for a Garden Party. When you see me in a black frock coat and brown boots and a straw hat you will be ashamed of me and you will wish you hadn't brought me; but it will then be too late. It will got into the local paper. The Daily Mail will have a paragraph about it: - 'Strange conduct of an alleged gentleman at a Garden Party.' You mustn't take me, Francesca."

"But how can I help it?"

"How can you help it! There are a thousand ways. You can leave me; you can forget me; you can suddenly begin to dislike me; you can go alone; you can lock me into the library: you can fail to find me when the moment comes; you can-

"You needn't go on," she said. "It's not a bit of good." "Indomitable and relentless woman," I said, "tell me at least where this Garden Party is to be, and who is giving it."

She laughed. "You're giving it," she said. "It's going to be here. Hurry up and get into your frock coat. They'll all be arriving directly." R. C. L.

#### THE GLAD GOOD-BYE.

[According to the New York correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, recent practical tests prove that the substitution of ragtime melodies for the lugubrious farewell music usually played on a big liner's departure does away with the mournful scenes attending such functions and puts everybody in the best of spirits.]

She occasioned some dissension by announcing her intention Of delaying her farewell until the vessel left the quay.

I displayed a frigid shoulder to her scheme, and frankly told

That no public show of sentiment my tender heart should

For I knew the tears would blind me when "The Girl I Left Behind Me"

And the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" reverberated in my ear.

But I've recently relented and quite willingly consented To be sped upon my journey by the mistress of my soul;

I shall banish sorrow's canker ere the sailors weigh the anchor,

And present a smiling visage when the ship begins to roll.

There'll be no one feeling chippy when the band plays " Mississippi"

(Such a melody would even lend a fillip to a wreck); I shall laugh and warble freely when they start "The

Robert E. Lee. And my cup will be complete when "Snooky-Ookums"

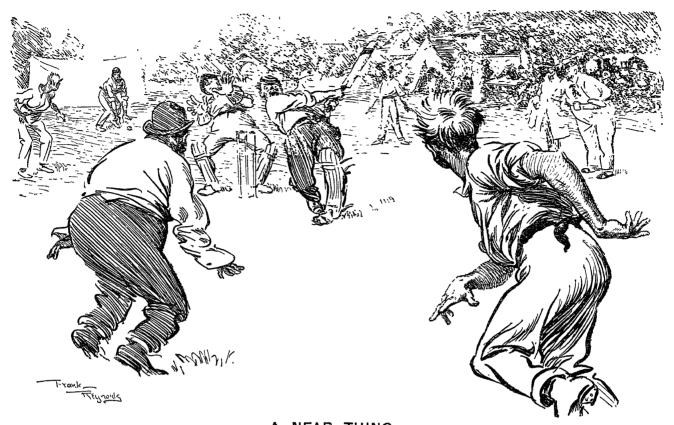
sweeps the deck.

Ragtime Wedding"

Sends a syncopated spasm through the passengers and crew:

And, when warning tocsins clang go, down the gangway Mab will tango,

While I bunny - hug the steward to the tune of "Hitchy-Koo."



A NEAR THING.

Disappointed Trundler. "NEARLY 'AD 'E, JARGE."

Disappointed Batsman. "AH, AN' NEARLY 'IT 'E!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Gracechurch (Longmans) is one of those books that to some readers may perhaps seem lacking in "sustained Mr. John Ayscough tells in these short and simple annals of a mid-Victorian country town. Exactly how far things novelist has improved upon the memory of the small boy, it is not for me to say. Perhaps even Mr. Ayscough himself is not altogether sure on this point—at least, so I a model of such things, should not be passed unread.

Of the sketches or studies or stories (it is a little difficult to find the right word for them) that the book introduces. I liked best the group that centres in the Thorn family. Especially do I recall the grim little picture that ends the hidden. first of these, called "Sal Fish," which tells how Fernando It is, I believe, "atmosphere" that has made Miss Mac-Thorn ruined the hopes of his sister Kezia (who doted on LAGAN so elusive. Atmosphere at any price always leads in her chair, as she would say, 'Fidgety to-day! Full moon, worth her while.

maybe.' And Kezia would collapse." Without doubt the little Ayscough had an eye for the dramatic.

Collision (DUCKWORTH) is Miss BRIDGET MACLAGAN'S second novel, and I wish that it had more of the simple interest," but to others, of whom I myself am certainly one, will have all the charm of true and remembered childhood. It is the record of his own childhood's surroundings that her other queer people who explored India together. Miss MACLAGAN is very clever; she knows how to give you a character's physical peculiarities with a mere twist of the happened just so, and how far the art of the grown-up pen; but this makes the clouded confusion of the incidents all the more to be regretted. I have, for instance, a very clear idea of that powerful little monster, Mr. Benjamin Trotter, and I feel that he should do most interesting things. gathered from his entirely charming dedication, which, as It is possible that he does; but the author knows more about that than I do. In Maggie, again, I hoped that here at last one would enjoy a human and glowing portrait of a Suffragette, someone who was both real and interesting. But no, the incidents in which she shared are veiled and

him, and expected the handsome lad to marry a friend of to confusion in an Indian novel, because it is so strong and her own) by wedding a girl who cried fish in the streets of highly coloured that it swallows up the characters in those Gracechurch. The sudden shock destroyed Kezia's mental clouds of yellow dust of which we hear so much. In her balance; and we see her later, as the boy Ayscough saw her, a middle-aged, over-dressed woman, "as mad as a March hare," sailing in to call on the triumphant sister-in-law, "who presently would turn to look at her, without settle down in his chair and know where he is. Miss interrupting her knitting, but with a full turn of her body MACLAGAN is too clever a writer for hide-and-seek to be

Happy-Go-Lucky (Blackwood) is well-named, for Mr. hero than The Freak. I had indeed begun to endure this youth very gladly, when (opposite page 106) I saw an illustration of him by Mr. C. E. Brock, and my feelings received a rude buffet. Until that moment it had not occurred to me that The Freak could also be a nut, and the distinguish it from most other books on the same topic, the theme of a rich and only son falling in love with a dressmaker; but the treatment is Mr. Har's, which is as much as to say that it is slightly sentimental and very diverting. I must add that, if Mr. Brock had not there was born in her mind the idea that "a garden was challenged my idea of the treatment of the passage in which she relates how, from the chance phrase of a guest, "What a paradise this will be after you've worked at it two or three years," a canvas on which to

With that jolly assurance which the modern publisher affects, Messrs. CONSTABLE have announced in divers places that V. V.'s Eyes, by HENRY SYDNOR HARRIson, is an advance upon his quite admirable Queed. Well, I wonder! It is widely different, anyway, oddly different. Not so arresting or so touched with that bizarre delightful humour. More possible, surely, and more real, and certainly exhibiting the same patient skill in developing character through incidents selected and arranged with seeming art-

The Freak, I should

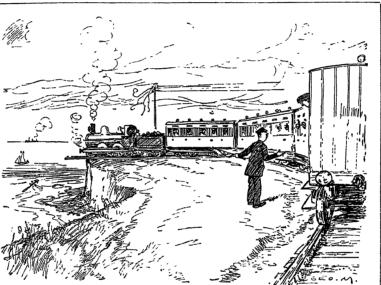
have given undiluted

praise to his illustrations.

accounts; lame and a helper of lameness in others; a believer in folk, a cheery despiser of money, with eyes that are extraordinarily (if unconsciously) appealing, questioning, restraining, compelling. Cally Heth, the beautiful daughter of a lesser business magnate—someone called the Heths "improbable" people—is intent on a successful marriage, with all the insincerity and heartlessness that go to make for victory in that ruthless quest. V. V.'s path crosses hers, menacingly as she thinks at first (for V. V. has attacked the conditions of labour at the Heth cheroot works), and he sows in her the seeds of a divine discontent which bear fruit in a changed outlook, so that her big fish, Hugo Canning, a sort of Transatlantic Sir Willoughby Patterne, is put back amazed into the troubled pool. I don't know if I quite believed in V. V.'s eyes-after all, the reader doesn't see them-but I can answer for his charm and courage and the inspiriting quality of his fine philosophy of life. "There are useful people . . . and useless people; good people and bad people. But when we speak of poor people and rich people we only make divisions where our Maker never saw any, and raise barriers on the common which must some day come down." Of course this can be challenged, but it is a piece of thinking. comes of moujikal stock.

V. V. in fact is a character which any writer might be proud IAN HAY has never drawn a more irresponsible, irrepressible to father; and to have carefully cut out the sentimentality which might have spoiled it is a considerable feat of reticence. Perhaps, after all, the publishers were justified.

difference between Mr. Brock's conception of him and that it really does deal with the gardening troubles of an mine disturbed me not a little. Once over that difficulty, however, I derived much amusement from a book which is full of high spirits and high jinks. Mr. Hay must have is the gardener; and, whether or not her story is wholly been in a holiday mood when he wrote Happy-Go-Lucky, a true one, and she did or did not in fact bring to her and seaside librarians will be tired of its name before the garden so entire a lack of experience in the first place, she summer is ended. The characters—save The Freak him-certainly tells the tale of her education and ultimate self and Mr. Welwyn—are conventional enough, and so is triumphs in a way that is both entertaining and helpful.



Guard (addressing passengers). "This place seems to have gone. What DO YOU ALL SAY IF WE SHUNT BACK AND TRY LITTLE SPLASHINGTON? IT WAS STILL THERE WHEN WE PASSED."

[Some parts of the East Coast have been rapidly disappearing.]

paint a picture in flowers and trees and winding paths." There is no question that Mrs. CRAN thoroughly enjoyed the process; and the results achieved appear-judging them by a number of excellent photographs scattered throughout the volume—to have more than repaid her efforts. Thousands of garden-lovers will rejoice in this homely and practical book, which is further enriched by a usoful appendix on the various flowers mentioned in its course, with hints upon their treatment. I have already praised the photographs; to one of them, however, the frontispiece (showing a sunbath), I must take

lessness. V. V. is a slum doctor, who forgets to send in his exception. Here the Pagan effect apparently aimed at seems-in contrast to the costume of the subject-not wholly to have come off; and the only result is one of futile impropriety wholly out of keeping with a delightful

## Gleanings from History.

From an examination paper:-

Domesday Book was published by Edward III. After it was published about four times it was called the Common Prayer Book." "In 1666 there was a very great fire in London, which was caused by Suffragest."

""There was a case of mental deficiency which was hopeless up to eight years of age, and now the man occupies a post in the (tivil Service,' said Mr. Watt, M.P., yesterday at the Select Committee on the Mental Deficiency (Scotland) Bill."—The Daily Mail. What was there, we wonder, about this particular case which called for notice?

M. Chaliapin, the Russian singer who has been having such a success at Drury Lane, has told an interviewer that his father was a peasant. This explains his talent. He

## CHARIVARIA.

requisite that the Infidel Turk should helm-Hahnenhut." commit more atrocities than the Christian Crusader if the face of the latter is to be saved.

The Light Side of the Suffragist Movement. "Hannah Booth was arrested last night for smashing two windows at 38, Smith Square, Westminster, in the belief that it was the residence of Mr. McKenna, who lives next door.'

recent stampede at Aldershot of the horses of the Queen's Bays, the War Office is pointing out to the Territorial Cavalry how dangerous it is to have mounts.

We hear that on the occasion of the Royal Visit to Aldwych the loud cheering and cries of "Coo-ee" caused the greatest alarm among the wild life in the neighbouring Forest of Aldwych, and representations are to be made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to those responsible for the arrangements.

Colonel CROMPTON, Engineer to the Road Board, considers that SQUADEON'S HORSE YET!" pedestrians need speed-

right to do exactly what he likes on the human machines. road. We have actually seen workmen on more than one occasion coolly dig themselves a hole in a busy thoroughfare contributing to a contemporary Mr. paper is torn up and the pieces are and then pic-nic there.

The Daily Mail, the other day, Ommundsen's eyes. This is a new departure, and soon, no doubt, we shall have pictures of the tongue of a great speaker, the ears of a distinguished musical critic, and the nose of a prominent sanitary inspector.

In the opinion of Sir James Linton, the well-known painter, the bowler hat is artistic. It now remains for the Cubists to point out that the high hat is high art.

A German gentleman who was trans- in the first degree" and "Murder in lating an English novel into his native the second degree.' Ir is difficult to ascertain the exact language was puzzled for a time as to truth in regard to the alleged outrages how to render "billycock hat." He in the Balkans, but it is certainly decided ultimately in favour of "Wil-

> "NOVELTY OF THE WEEK. THE RUN-ABOUT BUFFET."

> > Daily Mail.

But a well-known toper informs us that this is no novelty. He has frequently seen buffets in motion.

"Alcohol will be the fuel of the future, and the sooner we start to utilise it the better," says Professor It is said that as a result of the Lewes. In order to avoid disappoint-

OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

Sergeant. "WHAT THE --! WHY THE -- AREN'T YOU ATTENDING TO YOUR RIDING BUSINESS?"

Territorial Trooper. "Please, Sir, 'Dolphus ain't finished with our

ing up, and there is a good deal in what ment in drinking circles, we think surely have shot his visitor. he says, especially as to the average it well to point out that the Professor Englishman thinking that he has a was referring to motors and not to

ARNOLD WHITE gives the title, "Looking Round." It is astonishing that this title should never have been used published a photograph of Sergeant by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for very few If there were anything in the theory people look as round as he.

> It is good to know that the wearing of the slit skirt will never become universal. A lady who had a wooden leg was heard to say the other day that nothing would induce her to assume this disgusting garb.

At Ebbw Vale a thousand colliers went on strike owing to a dispute with the management over leave to attend a funeral. It does seem too bad to interfere with the simple pleasures of these poor miners.

"Why is it that there are so many bald men and so few bald women? asked Dr. BARENDT at the British Medical Conference. The answer, we suppose, is because women consider baldness does not suit them.

A catch of herrings valued at £30 was

destroyed last week at Ardglass, Co. Down, because the inhabitants thought they had been caught on Sunday. It is not generally known how much the fish enjoy their Sundays off. It is said that, to show their gratitude for the Sabbath respite, increasing numbers get caught on Mondays.

A hoopoe, a bird with a crown of feathers. rarely seen in Great Britain, flew in at the open window of the Manor House, Heston, Middlesex, one day last week, and was captured by Mr. P. H. BROWNE. who set it free after examination. We are afraid that Mr. BROWNE is not a genuine sportsman or he would

According to The Express, many English ladies are taking to a new Parisian method of keeping the figure To a weekly causerie which he is slim and the limbs supple. A newsscattered on the grass, and the devotee, clad in a Japanese kimono, crawls along and picks them up one by one. one would expect to find our professional street scavengers an exceptionally slim and supple race. But then, of course, they don't wear kimonos; not, at any rate, in the open.

Another paper informs us that many fashionable women are now suspending \*\*
"Prisons," says Prince Квороткін, their beltless skirts by means of braces.
Frankly, we grow nervous. This looks "are the universities of crime." Hence, remarkably like the first step towards we suppose, the expressions, "Murder appropriating our trousers.

## THE HOMBURG CURE.

As one that has high work to do-To win a rowing pot or two, To box till all is black and blue, Or run a league against the ticker-Will wean his flesh, by force of mind, From pleasures of a carnal kind Likely to spoil his second wind, As pastry, jam and liquor;—

Or as a man about to sail Beyond the missionary's pale, Where insalubrious airs prevail That turn the health and temper rocky. Will take some prophylactic pains To cope with tropic heats and rains By introducing in his veins A stream of streptococci;-

Not otherwise, my James, you go Where Homburg's healing waters flow, And doctors keep your diet low With regimens of awful rigour; Bravely resigned to kiss the scourge Laid on your grosser self, and purge Your inward parts, and so emerge A masterpiece of vigour.

Deadly the strain that you'll endure Of what is loosely termed a "cure"-That process which renews the pure And perfect type of lissome beauty; Yet what a purpose! to repair The tummy's annual wear and tear And fit yourself once more to dare The coming season's duty.

A noble sacrifice, I say, And must, for one, admire the way . We English spend our holiday Practising deeds of self-denial; I recognise the patriot's part And cry from out an envious heart, "Fair winds attend you as you start To face this searching trial!"

And, when in Town you take your meed, I'll mark the vie de luxe you lead, Performing miracles of greed With scarce a single pause for panting, And think of how your strength was won . Where Homburg's loathed waters run, And say, "Such feats are never done . Except by prayer and banting." O. S.

## PERILS OF THE DEEP.

I HAVE made my will and arranged that Aunt Mary shall become guardian of my white mouse "Robert" in the event of my not returning, for I am embarking on a hazardous voyage. There are so many dangers which may prevent my return. I have worked it out and find that my chance is about 1.563 in a thousand of ever seeing home and friends again.

The Company has very kindly sent me a list of the chances The Company has very kindly sent me a list of the chances to be faced; and I am determined to fare boldly forth to meet them all. The Company does not hold itself responsible for fortnight's holiday, where the need was greater, to 21,000.

loss of, or injury to, passengers from any of the following causes (I quote from the conditions under which I sail):

"The Act of God, the King's enemies, pirates, restraint of Princes . . . barratry, collision . . . damage by vermin . . . perils of the seas and rivers . . . defective stowage . . . smell, insufficient ventilation . . . neglect of the Company's officers, deluge and deviation."

These are but a part of the many nicely-varied ways in which I may end my short, but so far pleasant, life.

You, out of the kindness of your heart, will say, "Bold adventurer. This is the stuff of which heroes are made. Is it an air-ship venture, or does he voyage to Pernambuco or Singapore?"

Nay, friend, my ticket is taken to Dublin by one of the lesser known routes. Where I shall arrive is evidently quite another question (see "Deviation"). Very possibly our gallant skipper, glancing at my ticket, will say, "No, no, my lad, not *Dublin*. This voyage my health requires a week-end in Japan." Or the steward will have a brother prospecting in Peru, and we shall simply deviate to see how the world goes with him.

At any rate, you will agree that it is at best a hazardous adventure, though, judging by the first danger on the list,

I gather that my captain is a man of religion.

"Pirates," of course, in these days one is always prepared for. But "Princes"? I always have said that a Prince is a nasty risky sort of thing to nicet at any time. "Barratry" I pass because I don't know what it means; but how well it would sound on a tombstone!

Glancing on a little, we come to the dread words, "damage by vermin." Cockroaches, it seems, may be encountered. Very possibly passengers are carried simply to feed the brutes, and thus leave the captain and crew free

to discharge their duties unmolested.
"Dangers of seas and rivers"? I wonder if last voyage the captain took her up to Henley and was run down by ٠, 

"Defective stowage." It looks as if my sleeping-compartment might be congested. I may find myself with the live-stock (is it towards Ireland or away that pigs mostly travel?), or with the frozen mutton which comes from New Zealand. The latter association might be very tolerable in sultry weather. The idea of a little frozen leg of mutton lying in a corner of my cabin, clad chastely in white muslin, has often appealed to me.

"Neglect of the Company's officers." Evidently I must not count on my evening game of chess with the Bosun. It will be a hard life indeed if no one is told off to San Service Services

And "Deluge." This is annoying. Surely steamers should tow an Ark on every voyage. Though in these degenerate days we have no navigators to compare with the devoted and adventurous NoAE, the sight of a comfortable, roomy Ark bobbing on the waves astern would give timid travellers a feeling of great security.

Altogether, the prospect is very sinister. Yet I am an Englishman. I come of a race of heroic and fearless tars. Yet I am an With this thought to uphold me I take my life in my hand and fare forth to encounter the perils of the Anglo-Irish passage.

## A Song of Ninepence.

Sing a song of Ninepence, such a little sum, Yet it means a whole day's outing from the slum; Send it, then (and kind hearts should be gladly dunned) To 23, St. Bride Street, Fresh Air Fund.\*



# KLEPTOROUMANIA;

OR, THE PINCH OF CHIVALRY.

ROUMANIA. "SIRS, I WILL NOT STAND IDLY BY AND SEE THIS HELPLESS GENTLE-MAN EXTINGUISHED."



STAMPING OUT REVOLT IN UPPER TOOTING.

Mother (to daughter with yearnings for the higher life). "Use what arguments you like, child; no tango-teas shall be given in this drawing-room."

## THE WITS.

IF you want to know how to get a good joke out of every one I can tell you. I ought to add that it is the same joke, but since each probably thinks it original all is well.

I discovered it in this way. The week-end well ran dry and water had to be imported. Neighbours being rather distant, and milk coming in every morning by cart, I approached the farmer who supplies the milk and asked him to let us have water as well; and he said that if he could find a suitable receptacle he would.

The next morning the water arrived right enough, but (in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, as you will see) in a can precisely similar to those which hold milk and are tumbled about on railway platforms.

The can stood just outside the door and we dipped into it as water was needed. So much for the premises. Now for

Our first visitor had a good look at the can and then asked if I had become a dairy-farmer.

I explained the situation.

"Well," he said, "it's the first time I've ever known the water get into an independent tin."

The next visitor also pulled up at the can and became inquisitive.

"Oh, it's all right," I said. "It's only water. You see, we have to get it professional humorist turned up, and he in owing to the well having gone too inquired the meaning of the can. dry."

He looked enormously droll and sly as he replied, "How refreshing to see it for once in a can all to itself!"

the case rather differently, but without loss of point.

"Delightful," she said. "Do you know it's the first time in all my experience as a housekeeper that the two fluids have not been together?"

All our friends were so immensely pleased with their efforts, and laughed so heartily, that I thought it was time I got a little credit for myself, especially as the burden of tipping Aquarius fell

So before the next visitor could score I said, "Do you see that milk - can there? What do you think is in it?"

"Milk," was his instant answer.
"No," I said; "water."

"Ah!" he replied, before I could get on. "Tell me where you buy your separator. It's the one thing we've always wanted."

The final joke was made yesterday. A

"Well," he said, on hearing it, "that's the most candid milkman I ever heard of."

Next week-end the can will be again The next visitor was a lady, who put | filled, and the beaux esprits will again leap like troutlets in a pool.

But what a commentary, not only on the similarity of all our minds, but on the nation's milkmen!

## A Bridge of Sighs.

"Salonika, Thursday.—The Greeks continue the pursuit of the flying Bulgarians, the enemy burning the villages and destroying the bridges to delay the Greek advance. Two incendiaries were caught in Flagrante Delicto and punished."—Inverness Courier.

Only a vandal would have destroyed the famous bridge at Flagrante Delicto, immortalised by Byron.

## A MISCARRIAGE OF HUMOUR.

DEAR SIR,—As a constant and careful student of your humorous weekly, might I ask your authoritative opinion upon a matter which is presenting great difficulties to myself?

From my infancy up I have been known as a keen humorist, and among my comrades have the reputation of prejudiced, continually urges me to go on the Comic stage, and assures me that I should make my fortune there. For myself, I prefer to keep my genius for my own privileged circle, and I only cite Aunt Matilda's opinion to show you what my reputation is in the eyes of those who know me best.

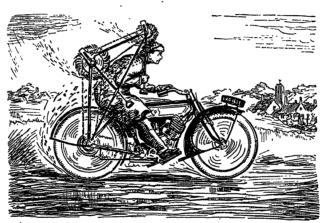
conceit that I have always been in the vanguard of the funny ones. I have an excellent book of Conundrums, to which I know all the answers without referring to the book. I was among the first to ask such riddles as "Why was Charing Cross? Because the Strand ran into it," and have quite a good collection of such tricks as "The Red Hot Coal," "The Matches one Can't Light," "The Poached Egg on the Floor," and others of that type. (In passing, I should like to ask you where the "Funny Dog Bite," recently advertised in your excellent you just as quick as you get muddled. journal, can be obtained. I

have tried many places, but have been | find that it is not always so successful | hustled along at the mercy of a man unable to procure this humorous device.)

Hitherto I have always found my sallies taken in the merry spirit in which they were offered. I now, however, discover that there are exceptions. Perhaps it is that the joke itself is too subtle, and can only be told with success to educated people. I myself found it amusing and entertaining, and laughed heartily when it was told me by a friend. Though it is difficult to tell a joke without the necessary accompaniment of gesture and facial expression I venture to tell it to you, believing that, as a trained humorist, you will probably appreciate its finesse.

It is necessary to commence by showing to your listener an ordinary half-sovereign, and asking him if he sees anything wrong with it, in such manner as to insinuate that there is. After it to you, stating that he can see nothing wrong with it. At this point comes that he was not Scotch, I proceeded to

When you have sufficiently mystified "and" has the same meaning as "plus," or the mathematical sign +, and that the half-sovereign was made being an incorrigible joker. My Aunt at the Mint, and can be bought for Matilda, whose opinion may be a little four-and-sixpence and (or plus) five-andtimes, told it to other friends. Perhaps lose five shillings and sixpence. it may be due to the differences in



ADJUSTABLE BRUSH ATTACHMENT FOR MOTOR CYCLISTS.

expected. times, in order that he might see the as to rebuke me, saying that he was a with jesting upon serious subjects. Upon consideration, I am bound to he says, and am sorry that I unwittingly shocked his religious prejudices.

After McPherson had left, another

further that they can be bought for joke he was listening to—I always four-and-sixpence and five-and-sixpence believe that it is better in a really each. This statement will naturally humorous story or joke to conceal the mystify him, and cause him to believe point of it till the end. When I got to that you are in league with coiners. The point of the half-sovereign being obtainable for four-and-sixpence and him you can explain that the word five-and-sixpence he was frankly amazed, for, as he said, the coin was of such excellent appearance. He begged leave to examine it, and took it to the at the Mint, and can be bought for light to do so. Perhaps I should have explained the joke at that stage. As it sixpence, i.e., ten shillings, the actual was, I was so delighted at the success value of a half-sovereign. It is quite a of my sally that when he passed me good and, when explained, simple joke. When I heard it I laughed heartily; begged my friend to repeat it to me, the time I did he had gone, and, as I do and, after I had rehearsed it several not know him, I am afraid that I shall

Had I been wise I should have I think I may say without undue temperament in different people, but I refrained from repeating the joke again

that day. But my failures had galled me, and so I tried it on a third person. He was a tall stoutish man who looked good-humoured, though obviously not highly-educated. He listened to the story with gratifying interest, and asked me a great many questions, to all of which I replied with humorous candour. Just as I was about to explain it, the man rose suddenly, gripped me by the shoulders, and asked me to come with him quietly. I explained that I did not wish to come with him, but he was very insistent and also very strong. You may picture my surprise and fear.

Here was I being or so easily understood as might be whom I suspected of being another My first mishap with it Scotchman. I tried to explain the was when telling it at lunch time to joke to him and appeal to his sense McPherson, who is a friend of a clerk of humour. He, however, repelled my in our office. I told it to him three attempted friendliness, and advised me to "shut my mouth and come along." point. When I eventually convinced Unaccustomed to such treatment, I was him that it was merely a joke I was at a loss to understand it till I found dismayed to find that, instead of being myself in Vine Street Police Station. delighted and amused, he regarded it It appears that I had to do with a with disfavour. Indeed he went so far policeman in plain clothes who had mistaken me for a criminal. At first I Scotch Presbyterian, and did not hold thought that explanation would be easy, but I fear the police are somewhat deficient in humour. Each time admit that there is something in what I attempt to explain that it is a joke I am met with the same rebuff that they "have heard that sort of joke before," and am recommended to tell it to the gentleman sitting at the same table Magistrate. Therein, it seems, lies my said he had heard the beginning of my only hope; but it will depend upon the examination, he will (or should) return story, but not the end, and begged me Magistrate. If I were to go before Mr. PLOWDEN I should feel safe, for I the joke: you tell him in all seriousness retell the story, and was delighted to or, at any rate, believe it was a joke. that you know where it was made, and find that he did not know that it was a Otherwise I do not know what may



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A KEEN 'BUS-CONDUCTOR MAKES A POINT OF NOT STOPPING HIS 'BUS (WHILST APPEARING TO DO SO), IN THE HOPE THAT HE MAY DISCOVER A GOOD HALF-MILER.

happen; all magistrates are not as humorous as Mr. Plowden.

It is upon this point that I am venturing to solicit your proverbial kindness. Would you be so good as to appear as a witness for me, and in your capacity of Professional Humorist state that you recognise the story as a joke. I am told that it might influence the case a great deal. Perhaps it isn't really a good joke, or perhaps it requires more rehearsal, but I will not ask your opinion on that at the present crisis. All I ask at the moment is that you should bear witness as to the blamelessness of my intentions.

I am, dear Sir, Yours very respectfully, J. J. J.

P.S.—In case I have not made my joke quite clear: Half-sovereigns are made at a place I know of—The Mint. They are sold for 4/6 and 5/6 each—i.e., 4/6 + 5/6 = 10/- each.

The joke you will see is really quite harmless, and free from all taint of immorality or illegality. I mention this lest you should fear that you are being dragged into a shady case.

## Rabies at Wimbledon.

"'Roper Barrett was superb. He crouched down at the net and snapped at every ball that came near him."—Glasgow Herald.

GOOZLEY AND CO.'S NEW SONGS

May be sung in Public without Fee or Licence. Anyone singing them elsewhere will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour.

Offley Dodder's New Song
WHERE EARTHQUAKES BID ME SMILE
(words by Margery Butterfield) will be
SUNG by Mr. HAMISH TIPPLE at SHIDE,
I. of W., and by Miss Rosanna Plimmer
at Moreton-in-the-Marsh To-day.—
Goozley and Co.

Adelaide Egham's New Song
THE STOKER'S SERENADE (words by
Toschemann) will be sung by Mr.
NIGEL COKE at RUNCORN and by Mr.
Odo Stopper at Cinderford To-DAY.—
GOOZLEY and Co.

Eric Howlett's New Song
When Middes Bite (words by Nellie
Pupe) will be sund by Mr. Coody Glott
at Brixton-super-Mare, by Mr. Oliver
Bath at Brightlingsea and by Mr.
Nicodemus Pottle at Walberswick
This Day.—Goozley and Co.

Tarley Bindell's New Great Song
My Ladye hath a Toothsome Smile
(words by Sarah Slumper) will be
sung by Madame Vesta Tandstickor
at Barningham Parva This Day.—
Goozley and Co.

Bertram Blitherley's New Song
LET ME BLEAT AGAIN (words by
Tiffany Bunter) will be sung by Mr.
ERASMUS DOBY at CHOWBENT, by Mr.
Alcuin Tibbitts at Bacup and by Mr.
Hosea Hogg at Baconsthorpe ToMORROW.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Bernard Huxley's New Golfing Song
BURY ME IN A BUNKER, BOYS! (dedicated to the Grand Duke Michael) will
be sung by Mr. John Duff at MachriHanish, and by Mr. Hector McSclaffie at
Lossiemouth To-day—Goozley and Co.

Bury me in a Bunker, boys,
When I've foozled my last tee shot;

I've never been a funker, boys,
Though my game was far from hot;
So let no banjo-plunker, boys,

Commiserate my lot.

I've often had to pick up, boys,
My ball when I've played fifteen;
And my caddie once gave a hiccup, boys,
As I putted my tenth on the green;
And I once had an awful kick-up, boys,
When I drove through a bathingmachine.

So bury me, not in the sea, boys,
But deep in the yellow sand,
Some sixty yards from the tee, boys—
That 's the carry I could command;
And bury my niblick with me, boys,
The noblest club in the land.

## AMONG THE ANIMALS.

JEREMY was looking at a card which his wife had just passed across the family?" asked Adams with a grin. table to him.

"'Lady Bendish. At Home,'" he read. "'Pets.' Is this for us?"
"Of course," said Mrs. Jeremy.
"Then I think 'Pets' is rather

familiar. 'Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith' would have been more correct."

"Don't be silly, Jeremy. It means it's a Pet party. You have to bring some sort of pet with you, and there are prizes for the prettiest, and the most intelligent, and the most companionable, and so on." She looked at the fox-terrier curled up in front of the fireplace. "We could take Rags, of course."

"Or Baby," said Jeremy. "We'll enter her in the Fat Class."

But when the day arrived Jeremy had another idea. He came in from the garden with an important look on his face, and joined his wife in the hall.

"Come on," he said. "Let's start."

"But where's Rags?"

"Rags isn't coming. I'm taking Hereward instead." He opened his cigarette case and disclosed a small green animal. "Hereward," he said.

"It isn't just blight, dear; it's one particular blight. A blight. Hereward, the Last of the Blights." He wandered them a word as she went past. round the hall. "Where's the lead?" he asked.

"Jeremy, don't be absurd."

"My dear, I must have something to lead him up for his prize on. During the parade he can sit on my shoulder informally; but when we come to the His eyebrows get so matted if he's left prize-giving, 'Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward, must be led on properly." He pulled open a drawer. "Oh, here we are. I'd better take the chain; he might bite through the leather one." "Oh, w

They arrived a little late, to find a one glance was sufficient to tell Jeremy that in some of the classes at least his pet would have many dangerous rivals.

"If there's a prize for the biggest," he said to his wife, "my blight has practically lost it already. Adams has brought a cart-horse. Hullo, Adams," he went on, "how are you? Don't come animal a mischief."

"Who's Hereward?"

Jeremy opened his cigarette-case.

woodbine; that's quite wild.

and I had to chase him through the churchyard; that's why we're late."

"Does he take meals with the

"No, no; he has them alone in the bath of soapy water every day. Hereward simply loves it. George squirts on him, and Hereward lies on his back by the last beast. and kicks his legs in the air. It's really quite pretty to watch them."

through the crowd with Mrs. Jeremy. The collection of animals was remarkfulness from the Vicar's kitten to Miss Trehearne's chrysalis; and in ability in the f for performing tricks from the Major's friend." poodle to Dr. Bunton's egg of the Cabbage White. -

all," said Mrs. Jeremy. "A handicap,

of course."...

"Hereward is very fast over a short distance," said Jeremy, "but he wants encouragement. If he were given ninetyin a hundred, and you were to stand in him and sighed. front of him with a William Allan Hullo, there's Miss Bendish.'

Miss Bendish, hurrying along, gave be proud."

"They 're going to have the inspection directly," she said, "and give the prizes. Is your animal quite ready?" "I should like to brush him up a bit," said Jeremy. "Is there a tent or anywhere where I could prepare him? to himself for long." He took out a cigarette and lit it.

"There's a tent, but you'll have to

"Oh, well, it doesn't really matter," said Jeremy, as he walked along with agility will take him through."

On the south lawn the pets and their owners were assembling. Jeremy took the leash out of his pocket and opened

his cigarette case.

"Good heavens!" he cricd. "Hereward has escaped! Quick! Shut the gates!" He saw Adams near and too close or Hereward may do your hurried up to him. "My blight has escaped," he said breathlessly, holding "Hereward," he said. "Not the afraid he may be running amok among be quite the same." The the guests. Supposing he were to leap blight. He's much more domesticated, upon Sir Thomas from behind and but there are moments when he gets savage him - it's too terrible." He out of hand and becomes unmanage- moved anxiously on. "Have you seen able. He gave me the slip coming here, my blight?" he asked Miss Trehearne. Why literary?

"He has escaped, and we are rather anxious. If he were to get the Vicar down and begin to worry him-He murmured something about "once getting the taste for blood" and garden. You ought to see him having hurried off. The guests were assembled, his bath. George, our gardener, looks and the judges walked down the line after him. George gives him a special and inspected their different animals. They were almost at the end of it when Jeremy sprinted up and took his place

"It's all right," he panted to his wife, "I've got him. Silly of me to He nodded to Adams, and wandered mislay him, but he's so confoundedly brough the crowd with Mrs. Jeremy. shy." He held out his finger as the judges approached, and introduced them able; they varied in size from Adams's cart-horse to Jeremy's blight; in play-fulness from the Vicar's kitten to Miss "Hereward, the Chief Blight. Been in the family for years. A dear old

Jeremy went home a proud man, "Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward," "There ought to be a race for them had taken first prize in the All-round

"Yes," he admitted to his wife at dinner, "there is something on my mind." He looked at the handsome nine yards, two feet and eleven inches cigarette box on the table in front of

"What is it, dear? You enjoyed "Why, Jeremy," cried his wife, "it's Richardson, I think we might pull it yourself this afternoon, you know you —why, it's blight from the rose-tree!" off. But of course he's a bad starter. did, and Hereward won you that off. But of course he's a bad starter. did, and Hereward won you that beautiful eigarette box. You ought to

> "That's the trouble. Hereward

didn't win it."

"But they said—they read it out,

"Yes, but they didn't know. It was really Elspeth who won it."

"Elspeth?"

"Yes, dear." Joremy sighed again. "When Hereward escaped and I went back for him, I didn't find him as I er—pretended. So I went to the rose garden and—and borrowed Elspeth. Fortunately no one noticed it was a They arrived a little late, to find a said Jeremy, as he walked along with lady blight . . . they all took it for lawn full of people and animals; and her. "Hereward's natural beauty and Hereward . . . But it was really El-peth and belonged to Lady Bendish."

He helped himself to a cigarette from

the box.

"It's an interesting point," he said. "I shall go and confess to-morrow to Sir Thomas, and see what he thinks about it. If he wants the box back, well and good."

He refilled his glass.

"After all," he said, "the real blow up the now useless leash. "He gnawed is losing Hereward. Elspeth—Elspeth through the chain and got away. I'm is very dear to me, but she can never A. A. M.

> "The stories that appeared half a century ago in the Cornhill have no prototype to-day.
>
> Everyman "Literary Notes."

#### NOBLESSE OBLIGE?

Honesty is all very well as a policy but it is sometimes very bad manners. If I had only known how unspeakably straightforward and outspoken George Nesbitt was in the matter of victuals and drink I might never have taken him and his wife on after the theatre to supper at the only supping place in London, and I certainly shouldn't have handed him the wine list and her the menu. I should have myself ordered the table d'hôte supper and a bottle of the best and given them no chance. As it was, I left the choice to them, with the implication that expense was no object; and they took me at my word—always a dangerous thing to do.

Imagine my discomfiture, surrounded as I was by the pink of Society, to see George beginning at the wrong end of the wine list! .

"Your appointed task is to select a wine," said I, "and not to collect curious information concerning mineral waters and cigarettes."

"Why wine," asked George, "and

why not beer?"

"H'sh," I interrupted him apprehensively. "They might hear you." .. "And what if they do?" said George. "Nay more, what if they see me?"

I asked, with horror, if he was aware what he was saying. He spoke, he assured me, and was about to act, with the utmost deliberation. He had no intention of belying his feelings or denying his taste in order to impress people who were really belying their feelings and denying their tastes in order to impress him. "I don't believe," said he, "either in their air of wickedness in general or their lust for champagne in particular. That fat jovial old gentleman over there, what is he but a keen man of business who has got rich by the most glaring industry, and would have got richer still if he had not been unable to be unscrupulous. Do you think he deceives me by smiling subtly as he drinks his champagne? Does he do it because it is his idea of pleasure? or in order to create an atmosphere and conceal his sterling qualities under a show of ultra-smartness? And his daughter there, what has she to do with the magnum? Do you think she really prefers these goings-on to a glass of hot milk and an early bed? Even the lubricated youth by her side, are his motives honest? shouldn't be surprised to learn that, when there are no appearances to keep up and he is absolutely sure that there is no one looking, he quenches his thirst with shandy-gaff. As for us, are waiter, "There is no such champagne," we not here to enjoy ourselves?"



Ticket-collector (after heated argument). "Well, you'll have to pay for him; he ISN'T UNDER THREE.

Mother. "No, but if he hadn't got a new suit on he 'd be under the seat."

"What has that to do with it?" I said. "If you drink shandy-gaff here, I shall go.'

George resumed the wine list. "Expense is at least no object with you?" "Nor," said I proudly, "with any-

one else in the room.'

"With the others," he waved a dogmatic hand to include the whole room, "expense is the sole object, but you I take to admit that there are other things to drink besides mere bubble, and that the best of all liquids comes out of a barrel. Waiter, we will drink Pilsener, and so would everybody else if only it was extremely expensive.

To maintain my dignity before the said I.

George was not to be stopped. "I want BEER. If it wasn't so late at night I should want stout. Bring me beer in a jug, and if anyone at a neighbouring table demands an explanation you will have to blurt out the truth that it is for a gentleman—one, that is, who will only drink what he likes drinking.

Kidneys on toast and beer! I turned from him in disgust to Mrs. George, who was engrossed in the menu, hiding, I thought, her shame at her husband's brutal conduct. But women, though they set about things more delicately, are just as bad as their men when you get at the truth of them. She blushed to say she was not hungry, though it was getting on for three hours since



Sentry. "'ALT! 'OO GOES THERE?"

Belated Reveller. "BLONDIN!"

she had dined. She was actually afraid, more shame to her, that she could touch none of the substantial things. She would wait till we got to a later stage and then, if she might . . . might she? . . . Well, we had been rather a long time discussing the drink question and it had given her space to study the menu thoroughly; and right at the very end, in small print, she had discovered . . . did I mind? . . . semolina pudding, and semolina pudding and cream she couldn't resist. But nothing to drink, please. No, absolutely nothing.

What was left for me but to settle down to beer along with George? And the most depressing thing about the whole affair was the inner feeling that for once I was honestly enjoying a midnight meal at . . . But it would never do to give the name.

"Unseasoned bats are generally found to work unsatisfactorily, and at times split up into two creating a sort of disliking towards its manufacture?" its manufacturer.

Advt. in " Poona Mail." This is not putting it too strongly.

"In English cricket yesterday Kent beat Maycup, Queen Ena and Iron Duke."

Glasgow Herald. Kent's chance for the championship I know not, but the swiftest keel seems particularly rosy.

## LINES TO A PORPOISE.

SEEN LATELY AT THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

O PORPOISE, gamesome beast and wild,

You that were Liberty's true child (Or so it seemed),

'Tis with mixed feelings that I gaze On one well known in other days, And much esteemed.

For, truly, of all ocean sights You are the one that most delights The sad, bored eye

Of him whose watch, horizon-bound, Sees but the great deep stretching round,

And no land nigh.

'Tis sweet to mark you sport and frisk.

Taking the maddest kind of risk From the sharp prow, Yet, somehow, never cut in two; How you escaped I never knew. And don't know now.

And then to see you sprint, and skip Light-hearted past the quivering ship In idle cheer.

Or to engulf some hapless meal, Was nowhere near.

Yes, porpoise, you're an agile thing; The young bird in his pride of wing, The cub, the pup,

The kitten, too, delight to sport; But, as a rule, they cut it short As they grow up.

But you—nor years nor weight can dim The fire of that hilarious vim

With which you shave The steely prow, and leap, and dive, And generally look alive. But never grave.

One would have bet, a thing so free Would find his life one sparkling spree, A constant game;

Even the dour and ravening shark Would merely lend an added lark, To dodge the same

But none, alas, may dodge the nets Of Fortune when she really gets Up to her tricks:

A moment's error, seen too late, And these grim words announce your fate

"Tank No. 6."

Dum-Dum.

"Tom M'Inerney was a prominent figure, but it was rather his style and carnestness than the number of his runs that signalled him out."—Porcupine.

This always used to be the umpire's business.



# THE COLLECTOR.

UNCLE SAM. "SAY, JOHN, WHAT'S THIS GAME, ANYWAY? CRICKET? WELL, SEE HERE; MAIL ME A COPY OF THE RULES, WITH DATE OF NEXT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. I'M JUST CRAZY ON CUPS."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Mr. Bonar Law.



Sir Frederick Banbury.



Mr. McKenna.



Mr. JOHN REDMOND.



Mr. Winston Churchill.



Mr. ASQUITH.

THE DAY OFF, AUGUST 4TH.

-WINSOME WINSTON'S statement with respect to purchase of oil for Naval ing example that shall be nameless, we had contracts running with firms purposes spoiled promising little game lay low and said nuffin'. Bided his or companies in foreign countries?" in which, as mentioned at the time, ARCHER-SHEE led off. The Marconi affair played out, it was desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to break out in fresh place. Oil contracts made (or not made) by the Admiralty seemed propitious. Archer-Shee read somewhere that the Admiralty had made a contract with the Mexican Oil Company for a trifle of a million tons of oil. Now Lord Murray of Elibank was closely connected with this commercial undertaking. He was the man who as Chief Whip invested certain funds in American Marconis.

You see? What more natural than to suspect that he had used his influence with old Ministerial colleague to load the Admiralty with this stuff to be paid for by the taxpayer?

ARCHER-SHEE having set this millionton ball a-rolling, a series of questions to be set aside in that fashion.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28. | about Admiralty dealings in oil began to appear on Paper. Winston, followtime till House got into Committee on Naval Estimates. Then he let fly. The fable about purchase of a million tons of oil resolved itself into microscopic fact that order for a hundred the Admiralty." tons had been placed with Mexican test its quality and value for Naval pur- potato where it was dropped. poses. That point cleared up, Winston emphatically insisted that if there were other aspersions or insinuations now was the time to set them forth.

Database times Stage of Lords, Tuesday.—Engaged in Committee on Scottish Temperance

and his friends dropped subject like hot measure regarded as foredoomed to fate potato. To-day Doctor Fell picks it of Home Kule Bill and Welsh Church up. Wants to know if Admiralty con-Bill. The Lords would have none of tracts for supply of oil will be made it as it came on from the Commons. only with companies established or Last Session peremptorily threw it registered in the United Kingdom? out. Repetition of experience seemed Winston declines to pledge Admiralty inevitable. Sitting to day presented to such temptation. Doctor Fell not transformation scene. The spirit (non-

"In the event of war would not grave difficulties arise," he asked, "if

"Strange as it may seem," replied the First Lord with grave courtesy that perplexed the good Doctor, "that aspect of the case is borne in mind by

House laughed. Doctor Fell began Company with business-like view to to wish he had left other people's hot

Business done. — Report stage of

Thus boldly confronted, Archer-Shee Bill. So recently as a fortnight ago alcoholic) of the measure permeated

Committee witnessed an affecting scene between BEAUCHAMP representing Government and Salisbury leading Opposition. There was about it something reminiscent of a once popular, still vaguely famous, melodrama resulting in discovery of long-lost brother. As conversation proceeded one almost expected to see Beauchamp bare his right arm, disclosing the mulberry mark which identified the strayed, loyally-mourned kinsman. Stopping short of that, Minister in charge of Bill publicly thanked noble lords opposite, especially

tear, acknowledged generosity of remarks thus made, but modestly deprecated excessive share of commendation bestowed upon his unworthy self. The PRIMATE interposing at this juncture, the peers thought he was about to pronounce a benediction. Instinctively felt for their hats in which to bury their faces. He however merely wanted to say "how entirely he shared the satisfaction that arrangement had been arrived at, even if it were not completely satisfactory to the advanced wings of those who represented two sections of opinion.'

Here were Some Emotions. The Moral not lacking. For the little more than an hour in which business was in hand the Lords presented object-lesson of the method and manner in which social legislation might be effected if Party politics were discarded and personal prejudice held in restraint.

Business done.—Scottish Temperance Bill passed through Committee without division. Reported with amendments involving concessions from both sides.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Yesterday morning adjourned at a quarter to four o'clock. Sat up all night with Mental Deficiency Bill. Another late sitting last night. Progress blocked by little band of malcontents illumined by solitary flash. New clause moved abolishing death sentences in cases of mental deficiency in criminals.

"I would sooner," said WEDGWOOD in reflective mood, "suffer the death sentence than perpetual imprisonment under this Bill."

Scanty audience pricked up its ears. Obvious that whichever alternative were selected its adoption would necessarily lead to a vacancy in the representation of Newcastle under-Lyme and the withdrawal at Question time, and through subsequent stages of a sitting, of a persistent personality.

No one rose from either side to suggest preference as to method of alive.

proceedings. Temperance was the order procedure. Tacitly agreed to leave the matter entirely in Mr. WEDGWOOD'S hands.

Business done. — Colonel SEELY heckled about his aeroplanes. On vote for War Office salaries and expenses Ministerial majority drops to 33.

Friday.—During debate on Welsh Church Bill last Session, LORD BOB and Cousin Hugh, fighting for preservation of the Establishment, its fabrics and endowments, were habitually hampered by inconvenient citation from historical works showing that in the spacious times of Elizabeth and earlier the CECIL family ran LLOYD GEORGE the marquis, for their friendly attitude. | pretty close in matter of hen-roosting Salisbury, brushing away a furtive in connection with Church property. In present House this inconvenience of remote ancestry is not widely felt.



Mr. FELL picks up the hot potato.

Interesting conversation in smokingroom to-day on subject of Members claims to pre-eminence in respect of family antiquity.

SARK insists that the Member who boasts the longest descent sits for East Edinburgh. Čareful study of the question has convinced him that Mr. Hogge is the lineal descendant of Og, King of on Ministerial side. Dulness of debate Bashan, who went out against the ancient Israelites journeying forth from the Wilderness.

Earlier in conversation ATHERLEY-Jones drew attention to probability that ATHERLEY is a modern variation on ATHELSTANE, King of the West Saxons and Mercia in the tenth century, later crowned sovereign of all the English. That he regarded as indisputable. But when it came to reading Hogge for All the same, 87 is too late an age at Og, it was, if he might say so, going absurdly beyond the extreme length of the animal. Besides, as contemporary chronicles record, the Israelites smote Og, King of Bashan, his sons and all

"That being so, how do you account for Hogge?" asked ATHERLEY with that inflexible logic that marks alike his Parliamentary and his forensic

"I can't always account for him," said SARK, "especially when he goes for the harmless SECRETARY OF SCOT-LAND. All the same I am convinced of his royal descent."

## TO MR. SIKES.

[At the recent congress of the British Medical Association the theory was put forward that crime is a good thing, being to the country what pain is to the individual and teaching valuable lessons.

O Sikes, I am sorry. Had I only thought,

Or ever I gave you in charge,

Of the good that arose from the deeds that you wrought,

You'd still be serenely at large.

Twas finding you prowling about in my room

(I hurt you, I fear, when we clinched And your head hit the washstand) that made me assume

You richly deserved to be pinched.

I opened the window and shouted right well.

While prone on the carpet you lay; A constable came (at my thirty-first yell) And stolidly led you away;

The judge heard my story, accounted it true.

And cut off the freedom you prized; He apparently failed to remember that

Were really a blessing disguised.

Why didn't your counsel put forward the plea—
Alas! he was painfully young—

That crime is a thing it is pleasant to

Whose praises deserve to be sung? Had I but reflected the night that we

On what is now patent and clear, welcoming palin in your own I'd have set

And pressed you to suppor (with beer).

"After being coached in swinging he went out on a private ground one day with several caddies and several boxes of balls, and drove off five hundred consecutive balls before he left his teeing ground. This was three years ago: to-day he is a sound scorer about 90.

which to take up the game.

"At the height of her fame Theresa achieved perhaps more than any music-hall Og, King of Bashan, his sons and all singer has, even in these days of to hitumrp his people, till there was none left mmmmmmm."—Melbourne Herald.

These ragtime days, in short.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hawkins are now back in town and intend to furnish their new home in the Hackney Road WITH OBJETS D'ART ACQUIRED DURING THEIR HONEYMOON."

## A LIGHT OFFENCE.

the lonely, pine-bordered road; and I experienced a twinge of that unreasonable sense of injury with which the punctured sometimes inspire the resilient.

But it wasn't that at all.

"I've had a feeling all day that there was something I'd forgotten," he said blankly. "I forgot to fill the lamps!" and he explained how he had emptied them overnight, to clean them, and had intended to refill them in the morning; but - well, I suppose a Perpetual Curate—that is Pilcott's métier—has lots of things to think about.

had mounted me in the dewy morningsince I was his guest and must be kept amused—on the bicycle that commonly goes district-visiting with his sister, and, on his new and spirited all-black, had given me a lead all day across a stiff country.

"Now, what had we better do?" he went on, in tones of suppressed homily with the loan. agitation. "Unless my watch is fast, it's two minutes past Lighting-up Time."

I pointed out that nature herself had provided for the contingency by intro-WE had just crossed a local Alp, ducing a large and practicable moon when Pilcott dismounted suddenly in into the sky that arched our homeward path.

"But it's past Lighting-up Time," he repeated, with such an air of simple rather presumptuous on my part . . . goodness as should have left me abashed. But it didn't.

"Now, shall I ride back," he continued with a brave cheerfulness, "and get some oil?'

I thought of the Alp.

"Leave me, and turn Ultramontane?" I said reproachfully.

"Or, as we shan't pass a house for another six miles, shall we just walk?' "Ride," I corrected him.

And then, standing in the pale moon-His contrition was very proper. It light, he told me the story of Ernest was, he owned, entirely his affair. He Gabbage. It was a true but unexciting story. Ernest, a young man generally of good principles, sang bass in the village choir. But this did not avail him in the hour of temptation. And when he was ordered to pay half-acrown and costs for riding without a money till Saturday, and threw in a

> "So, you see, I can't risk being caught doing the same thing," he said. "I've got to think of the example."

So we set our faces sadly to the

night.
We had not covered many leagues, at least had not got to set an example to Pilcott's parish. Indeed, it would be

I only rode at a gentle footpace. But even the district-visiting bicycle's footpace tried Pilcott. So I got off again; and, at Four Ways Mark, Pilcott bared his head to the night wind and stood a moment in thought.

"I suppose," he said, with a new diffidence, with a note of apology that I found touching—"I suppose cold cutlets are all right-if-if there's a salad.

"Quite all right," I conceded. "But I shouldn't like—I mean, if you think our delay will hurt the cook's feelings in any way-

I watched him anxiously. was, I think, an inward struggle. But the priest conquered the man. went on again, footsore and dismounted.

"I had an aunt once," I said prelight, Pilcott had had to lend him the sently, as we emerged on a heathy plain, "a good woman, who believed that if you felt that what you did was right, and harmed nobody, why, then there was no harm in what you did." I stole a furtive glance at Pilcott's face. Methought it looked pale and stern in the white moonshine.

"But perhaps that is rank heresy," I added hurriedly, urging in extenuation

that she was a Dissenter.

On, on, and the road plunged into an oak wood. How it happened I never knew. Suddenly Pilcott was riding-I was riding, with an uplifting of spirit, with a lightness of heart that I had not known since half-past eight. I breathed an ampler air. I had become a wild thing of the Forest-but with a human appetite for cutlets.

And then there was a scrunching crash as four feet came to the ground

together.

We wheeled our bicycles forward.

"Good night, Williams," said Pilcott cheerily to the shadow that had resolved itself into a policeman. "A fine, warm night.'

"Yes, Sir;"—and still our fate hung in the balance. Oh, the slowness of rustic speech! - "good night, Sir," said Williams, the clement, the great-

There was an interval of chastened silence.

"We got out of it better than Ernest Gabbage did," was my tactless comment.

The Penitent said nothing.

"But of course," I added with sudden inspiration, "you can put halfacrown and costs in the plate on Sunday.'

Pilcott heaved a sigh of relief. "I certainly mean to," he said fervently.

(But it was my idea.)

"And I," I said, lifting myself deliberately into the saddle. "So that's settled, and now we can have our money's worth with a clear conscience."

I don't know whether you can find any fault with my argument; but, if Pilcott did, he showed no outward sign of sin, but ate his cutlets like a man absolved.

Rubbing It In.

"The whole source of the trouble is now found to be in the existence of this secret society, the members of whom believe in a medicine which they call boriformor, the principal ingredient of which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which a human victim is required." Bournemouth Daily Echo.

The writer is determined to make our flesh creep.

From a letter in The Times:—

"Those who are acquainted with the Ulster Scot know that there is little of the jelly-fish about him. He may be told that his 'Covenant' was rash, that it was unpatriotic—yea, even that it is revolutionary—but he need not be asked to tread it under foot."

But that is the last thing we should ask of a jelly-fish.

## INSURANCE IN THE LOWER SCHOOL.

Or course the whole thing has been squashed now. That's the worst of this place. It's simply no use having ideas, and if you do get hold of a good thing you may just as well chuck it unless you can keep it dark. And all was left of it. That was a pretty complicated affair to arrange to everyone's satisfaction, for, as the Ape said himself, unexpired policies are tricky things to value. It was the Ape who thought of it, and as he has always been a explain that he is an extraordinarily brainy chap, the Ape. He simply sent out a secret circular to say that he had started an insurance company, and most of the chaps tumbled to it tremendously. He collected nearly five bob the first evening. There was nothing that he wouldn't insure you against (young Forman, who was down with the flu, took out a life policy), but his principal lines were Insurance

(1) Against being licked.

(2) Against your rabbits dying.

(3) Against making a blob in a match between forms.

(4) Against your watch stopping before the end of the term. (In this case you had to prove that it had been wound up the night before in the presence of two witnesses, which was rather a nuisance.)

All that was pretty useful, as these are the four things that chiefly worry a chap at school. And later on he had a ripping scheme on a sort of sliding scale for insuring batting averages.

The Ape knew jolly well what he was doing. As I have said, he is a most extraordinarily brainy chap. He was an excellent judge of risks, and you never knew what sort of a premium you would have to pay. Billy Turton had to pay eightpence a week to insure against being licked (which was paid for at the rate of 1s. a licking, with a bonus of 3d. if he got more than four); but he took Little Mary—that's Field Junior-for a halfpenny a term. And as for rabbits he absolutely refused to take Billy's at any price at all. Which showed his wisdom, because there was some sort of infectious disease among them that cleared out the lot before half-term. The Ape did quite well out of rabbits. He paid young Carey to go round and feed them all in case their owners forgot; and after Billy's epidemic he went about with a syringe and freely drenched the place with carbolic.

I myself was simply insured up to the hilt. It cost me a good lot, but I had plenty of money at the beginning of term, and after it was all fixed up I felt rippingly snug and secure. I knew that simply nothing could possibly go wrong with me for the whole term, which is a topping sort of feeling to have. It didn't matter a bit if I left my new bat the money had to be paid back—what out all night or had to sing a solo in chapel or was bottom of the form and got snarky letters from home or broke

rules or anything.

The trouble is that you never really know how things will turn out until you try. As the term went on some of special pal of mine I was a good deal the chaps who were insured against mixed up in it from the start. I should being licked began to find that they wern't getting their money's worth. And then there was a most extraordinary outbreak of crime. The authorities couldn't make it out at all. Chaps went down town without leave in batches of half-a-dozen at a time; supper parties were held in the dorinitories; people were always climbing on roofs, breaking windows, cattying the house-master's fowls, missing roll-calls. We really had a high old time for a week or two, till Beardmore Minor gave the whole show away. He had just been licked for bringing a sodawater syphon into form and spraying Watkins Major over his shoulder, and after he had had his six he was heard to remark in a thoughtful kind of way, "Well, that's ninopence, anyhow." And later on he confessed, under pressure, that he simply had to be licked as he had run out of jain for tea and couldn't afford a new pot.

That was how it came out.

#### A White Man.

"The Prime Mmister is now as white as he will ever be."—"Glasgow Herald's" London Correspondence.

This is bad news. We had always pictured the Premier's soul as growing whiter and whiter every season.

Master and Pupil.

"Percy James Milner (24), polisher, and John Callighan (24), polished, both of Biriningham, were found guilty at the Manchester City Sessions."—Manchester Evening Chronicle.

"It is encouraging to find that some of our visitors think more of the city than the residents, with many of whom no doubt familiarity breeds an unjustifiable contempt.

Grocott's Penny Mail.

A little rough on the residents.

From a notice in the Hotel Hassler, Naples:-

"Ring once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter, three times for the boot."

At the third ring, you see, the proprietor is seriously annoyed.



Lady. "Are you sure you haven't come to the wrong house? I ordered a one-horse 'bus." Driver. "There ain't no mistake, Lady; this is a one-'orse 'bus. Bless you, Mam, you've only seen it standin' still."

#### MY BEAUTY SPOT.

I ought not to give the secret away, but I have some vestiges of conscience, and I feel I cannot leave the public in entire ignorance.

Of course you are pestered by men who will tell you how superbly the sun rises over the penny-in-the-slot hearts and the cooing of nightingales. machines at Billingsgate-by-the-Sea; Turn to the left. There the great machines at Billingsgate-by-the-Sea; who will boast of the weather they never had, and force on you the names of the hotels where they were overcharged. I am not one of those. I shall recommend no hotels; I shall indicate no railway routes; I shall just describe precisely what I see before me.

In front of me lie—perhaps I had better say stretch—no, in front of me are—vast expanses of brilliant blue sea and shimmering yellow sand. So vivid is the view that one involuntarily exclaims, "Aha! the light that never was on land or sea!" It is all that I can do whilst writing to refrain from stepping forward and taking a header into those refreshing blue billows. A bright promenade borders the sands and on it I see scenes of refined jollity. I see the nut and the flapper, but a polished nut pursuing a dainty flapper. locality?

And on the pier gay pierrots are enlivening a happy throng.

I look to my right and I see bosky dingles—faint paths, leading amongst flowering bushes, where the honey-suckle twines round the honeymooners; green arbours of silence where nothing is heard save the murmurings of sweet-

cliff rises majestic against the sky-line and an awful precipice of hundreds of feet ends in huge piles of rocks and a smuggler's cave. My heart thrills as I recognise the famous Maiden's Leap and think of its romantic story.

Behind me is a fair expanse of peaceful country crimson with poppies, and with a rippling stream running through well-wooded meadows.

You are looking for the skeleton in the cupboard?

Let me point out that the rainfall is nil; the temperature never rises above eighty nor falls below sixty-five; that the postal service is superb; the sanitation splendid; the amusements unequalled; and the cost of living is no

But I don't know that I want you there. Above all things I hate a crowd. Still, if you'll promise not to intrude

whilst I am in residence-

Well, it is my flat, with a seaside poster on each of its walls, and there is not a watering-place in Great Britain to touch it.

## The Climber.

"For Sale .- Cottage Piano made in Berlin, requires tuning, owner getting grand."

Advt. in "Pioneer."

We are afraid that he is giving himself airs, and so thinks that he can dispense with a piano.

"With an hour to play Westmount only succeeded in notching 40, Brebner showing good form for a well hit 2."

Quebec Chronicle.

We should like to meet Brebner and tell him about our masterly 3 last Monday.

The London General Omnibus Company invites suggestions with the view of solving the problem of keeping seats more than in any great town.

You insist on knowing the precise wet weather. What's wrong with the old-fashioned plan of sitting on them?

## HOLIDAY PLANS.

July 24.—At last we have settled where to spend our holidays. We are going to Les Sentiers, a most delightful little place in Switzerland. The Mordaunts are there and give a most attractive description of it. They have promised to engage rooms for us at the Hôtel Bertrand, which they say is much the best. After all this uncertainty and discussion it is very pleasant to have fixed everything. The children are overjoyed. They are now

practising the jodel in the garden.

July 25.—To-day I went to Cook's and bought the tickets—very expensive. Was quite ashamed of myself for asking so many questions about reserved seats in trains, and sleeping cars, and restaurants, and customs, and whether, if you travel second class, they admit you to meals on the train or make you get out at stations and eat there, which, as we are so many, would certainly make all or some of us get lost. A dreadful fate, to be lost on the Swiss frontier and to wander backwards and forwards under perpetual customs' examinations. After about an hour's talk with the gentleman behind the counter, with everything or nearly everything settled and paid for, I asked him about Les Sentiers. He said it was very popular during winter, which was, of course, the best time, but if we didn't mind the great heat during the day and the chilliness of the nights we should perhaps be able to enjoy ourselves. Some people, however, preferred Les Cailloux, where the hotel was newer. Decided to say nothing at home about Les Cailloux. As I came away I ran across Battersby in Piccadilly. Told him I was off to Switzerland. He said, "Wherever you go in Switzerland don't let anyone tempt you to stay at Les Sentiers." He then hurried off. Wonder what they did to him at Les Sentiers. Mustn't mention this at home either.

July 26.—Jack Moberley and Mrs. Jack motored down and lunched with us. Told them where we were going. They looked at one another and at first said nothing. Then Mrs. Jack broke out and said she was too old a friend to let us ruin our holidays by staying at such a dreadful place. Jack chimed in and said it was the last place on earth and he wouldn't be found dead in it. "Why the deuce," he added, "didn't you ask our advice? Now if you were going to Les Cailloux it would be different. Everything's Al there, but Les Sentiers is beyond conception for dulness. You'll bore yourself stiff and the children will simply hate it." Unfortunately the children were present. After the Moberleys had gone we held a family council and decided to write to the Mordaunts and get them to countermand rooms at Les Sentiers. On Monday I shall interview Cook's and try to change our tickets for Les Cailloux.

July 27.—Coming away from church this morning we had a talk with Sir William and Lady Hartsley. Lady H. said she was sure we shouldn't care for Switzerland in the summer. In fact it was quite old-fashioned to go there except for winter-sports. This was overheard by the children, who have been under the impression that winter sports go on in Switzerland all the year round. At luncheon they all said they didn't want to go to Switzerland.

July 28.—Up to London and called again at Cook's. My friend behind the counter not quite so friendly. Seemed colder and more distant and tired more rapidly under my questions. After a good deal of worry got tickets changed for Les Cailloux. Lunched at the Club and found Frank Naylor there. Told him we were going to Les Cailloux. He said, "Then I pity you." According to him it's a terrible place. Happened to meet Mrs. Nicholson in Bond Street. She said, "Les Cailloux! You'll be roasted and Personally, though we have been often struck by these

been once, but never again for me." This was a facer. Told Alicia when I got home. She said, "Why go to Switzerland at all? Let's go to the Isle of Wight."

July 29—Up to London again, and called at Cook's.

Friend behind the counter tried to hide when he saw me. I got rid of all our tickets, countermanded all reserved places, and, just to show there was no ill-feeling; took tickets from him for Totland Bay. Wired there for rooms.

July 31.—No rooms to be had in Totland. Dare not

interview Cook's again. Shall throw the tickets away and stay quietly at home. The children very despondent and occasionally sarcastic. The Mordaunts wire to say we shall have to pay a week for rooms engaged at Les

## THE GURRUMPORE LINKS.

THE fairway, I grant you, is shocking, 'Tis a nightmare of villainous lies. Of speargrass that works through your stocking, Of foul and importunate flies; The greens are "brunettes," they are branded With the trampling of bullock and horse, And yet, to be thoroughly candid, We're proud of our Gurrumpore course.

And why? Ask the vulture that track'd us. Poised fearless o'er eyrie and bluff; Ask the cobra that gaped through the cactus At the sound of our laugh in the rough; Go, stand where you cataract crashes In a passion of thunder and foam, And ask of our jubilant mashies If they yearn for the hazards at Home.

Though a tigress may happen to stalk mo Through the shadows of canon and chine; Though the yowl of her offspring may balk mo Of holes that were morally mine; Shall my golf be upset by a trifle, When "a tigor (or adult or cub) May be gently removed with a rifle "-Rule IX. of the Gurrumpore Club?

There's a lake at the fourth, such as HERRICK Might have sung in some exquisite lay, But it goes by the name of "Enteric" Since the fate of a foursome in May; And an obelisk marks where our captain (+ 12 and a K.C.I.E.) Topped an easy approach and was trapp'd in The anthills that guard number three.

It's not a long course—you'll remember The landslip just after the rains That robbed us of half in September, But we're proud of the piece that remains; Though no golf periodicals name it, Though St. Andrews would greet it with mirth, From the depth of our hearts we acclaim it A course with no equal on Earth.

you'll be robbed and you'll bore yourself to death. I've likenesses, it has never been a really staggering blow.

<sup>&</sup>quot;What beginner at collecting has not been struck by the startling resemblance of the female of Hypolimnas misippus (Linn.) to the common Danais chrysippus (Linn.)? or by that of the moth Epicopia rolydora (Westw.) to the Papilios of the Philozenus group?—just to mention two very self-evident instances."



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ARNOLD LUNN, in The Harrovians (METHUEN), sets out to write the school story as so many have done before him. Any man who was ever a Public School-boy will be struck by his realism and truth to life, but any man, on the other hand, who is still a Public School-boy will call the book "tosh" and will, no doubt, be right. Only a boy at Harrow could have written a story of Harrow in a manner likely to appeal to the present generation, and, as truth that it is likely to get. This Peter must certainly arouse much interest, but whether he will get sympathy is another question. Myself, never too tolerant of Radicals even in later life, found the prevalence of them in a Schoolhouse quite intolerable, and that this most priggish and aggressive of them should be patted on the back for shirking his games when a "new man," and, when raised by his scholarship to be Head of House, for using every legislative and executive authority to humble and degrade the "Footer Bloods" in the presence of the fags, was to me monstrous. He badly wanted kicking, and, if he still lives, I feel sure without knowing him that he wants it now more badly than ever. Mr. Lunn, I gather, is all for the amelioration of the lot of the small fry, the suppression of brute force and the triumph of intellect over muscle as well at school as elsewhere. Apart from my general belief that we suffer from too much of the intellectual nowadays, I foresee no good from the substitution in Public Schools of an aristocracy of

disagree with his opinions, I must give him credit for a very fair and accurate and felicitous statement of the facts.

Always a timid starter with historical romances, I am happy to say that my plunge into Before the Dawn (CHAP-MAN AND HALL) was not half so chilly and caliginous as its title had led me to fear. All the same, the book needed a little courage and perseverance, in spite of the fact that KATHERINE JAMES, its author, had chosen for her background one of the most blood-warming episodes possiblethe Garibaldian struggle for a united Italy. I said backhe must have written it in a language unintelligible to the ground, but as a matter of fact it occupied the best part of the outer world, the outer world must be content with Mr. stage. The interest of that tremendous revolution, of which Lunn's record of Peter O'Neil as being the nearest to the the writer has evidently made a most careful study, often came near to obscuring her fictitious creations, instead of bringing them out in relief, as a background should. Whole chapters passed in which these young people were seldom met with, and not particularly missed. To Philip Sinclair, for instance, the English hero, I sometimes felt inclined to say, "Sinclair-er-yes, I think I do remember your name. Same school-er-m-excuse me, will you? I've just got to go off and meet GARIBALDI;" and the ramifications of a plot which was concerned with a concealed will and a mistaken identity, not to speak of other intrigues, needed really more time than I was able to spare from the pressing business of Italian politics and the siege of Rome. None the less, I was glad to see friend Philip depart safely for England with Monica Erskine, after they had both jeopardised their lives for the sake of a country not their own. Philip was a plucky fellow, if a trifle naïf and over-credulous. For he was mistaken surely in supposing that Mr. Punch sent out a special artist to make funny pictures of the war, brains for an aristocracy of beef. But, however much I may and he shocked me severely when he said, reproaching

himself for trifling with a girl's feelings. "If I allow myself to hear that bell many more times I shall be worse than a cad — a damned cad, as we used to say at Rugby." Tut-tut, Philip! all I can say is that this must indeed have been Before the Dawn.

Mr. Whybrew's Princess (Alston Rivers) is one of those stories that give you their argument in their title-at least very nearly. I opened it in the confident expectation of a strong, silent American millionaire, and a distressed Royalty from one of those states that the rise of Ruritania has made a little too frequent in fictional geography. As it turned out, I was practically right, the main difference being that the hero of Mr. Howard C. Rowe's novel is a northcountry Englishman; but he is just as rich and strong and successful as the other type, and on the last page he is left exchanging pet names with the Princess in the same old way. One novelty is that the lady has in the meantime ceased to be what one might call a practical princess, her kingdom having become a republic. Also the villain of the tale, Demetrios, reigning usurper of Transiola, is perhaps even more villainously compounded than the generality of little need to search. I cannot say how accurate may be

his species. The way he carries on in the attempt to defend his ill-gotten position from the efforts of Mr. Whybrew and party to kick him out of it is something dreadful, and will provide sensation-lovers with more than a sufficiency of murders and tortures and escapes and secret passages and all the rest of it. On the whole, indeed, though I am far from denying that its melodrama is tempered by a certain distinction, I was left with the impression that Mr. Whybrew's Princess would be more at home in paper covers. So FAN AT ONGE! IT'S WALLES IN HOME IN THE SOUP." attired, and with a picture

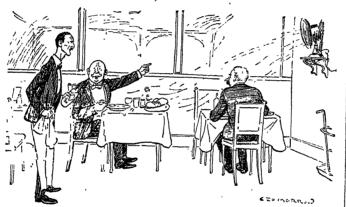
in appropriate colouring, I should anticipate a long reign! for her on the bookstalls.

Towards a New Theatre (DENT) reveals Mr. Gordon CRAIG still proceeding in this desirable direction upon the stepping-stones of his published works. There is this quality about Mr. CRAIG, that, having said once what he holds to be the truth, he never hesitates to say it again and again; and always apparently with the same fine careless rapture of conviction. Personally, I can only wish that I believed in his drawings half as much as I enjoy looking at them. In the present handsome volume forty of them are reproduced at large. Some of these you may remember, not long ago, at the Leicester Galleries; others are, to me at least, new. Anyhow, the art of their creator has here a fair trial. Art it certainly is; but, from the point of view of practical stage-craft, upon my word I don't know that one can say much more for it. I hope that this admission, regretful as it is, will not make Mr. CRAIG righteously indignant with me; for there are several instances in the book of persons who have been compelled by their consciences to object to this or the other design, on the ground that it was too vague, or lacking in point—and the pages of the letterpress are, so to speak, strewn with their corpses. Much of this letter-press is highly amusing, some of it vexatious, as for example when one looks to Mr. CRAIG for enlightenment

on a baffling illustration, and he elects instead to be rather cheaply cynical about something entirely different. But let me consolidate my faith. I do believe in Mr. Craig as an artist and a reformer; I acknowledge that he has already done great work; and, if it is the privilege of artists to become at times a little intoxicated with their inspirations. then that privilege I, very respectfully, concede him.

Upon first consideration I found The Red Mirage (MILLS AND Boon) vastly dramatic and moving, but a second and calmer thought prevents my passing it over without a captious remark or two. It is eminently a story of the hero and the heroine, the villain and the minx, and above all the man of strength, silence and imperturbability. The complications are infinite and adroitly contrived, and the Sahara makes a fine background for the clash of arms and passions involved. The atmosphere is wholly military, only one civilian intervening to any practical purpose and then to play the baser part. Army plans are stolen from time to time, the dishonour and punishment are vicariously suffered, and for the woman at the bottom of it there is

the representation of France's notorious Foreign Legion, that last resort of those who have lost everything except the fighting instinct. But it is very graphic and plausible, and it almost escapes one's notice that this legion, alleged to consist exclusively of the dregs of humanity, exhibits in its members little else than the most pleasing qualities of courage and unselfish generosity. Upon third, and personal, consideration, I refrain from emphasizing Miss I. A. R. WYLIE's great fault, her lack of a sense of the ludicrous. shown by the way in which



The Epicure. "Waiter, I want you to switch off that electric FAN AT ONCE! IT'S WAFTING THE FLAVOUR OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S

she allows virtue and vice alike to go to such absurd lengths and by her habit of letting her people analyse aloud both themselves and each other in such strange phrases and at such strange times. In making the charge I am myself involved in it, for that I read the book with unaffected zeal from cover to cover and never paused to laugh or even smile at the contrast between it and real life.

## The "Times" Literary Sensation.

Says Spielmann: "Here, through Hegger's bonte, Are letters writ by Charlotte Bronte; Says Clement Shorter: "Well, I'm blighted! I thought I'd had 'em copyrighted!

## "Ce n'est que le premier pas. . . ."

From a list in The Referee of theatrical companies on

"'Her First False Step' (Sunderland to Glasgow)." And a long one too.

"The Russian Court of Justice had ordered the first three volumes of the works of Leo Tolstoi in the Gorbunoff edition, containing the translation of the four Gospels, with notes by Tolstoi, to be destroyed. Yorkshire Weekly Post.

To make this paragraph more acceptable, it has been headed "Motoring on the Cleveland Moors."

#### CHARIVARIA.

COLONEL SEELY has been elected a member of the National Liberal Club. We can only hope that this will serve as a warning to any other Unionist who thinks of going over to the enemy.

Gamma. But there are several military aeroplanes known as "Gammon."

The fact that some members of the London County Council played bridge during an allnight sitting has been much commented on as an innovation, but we believe it to be a fact that the Corporation of London has a Bridge Committee which was instituted before the game was even invented.

"Over eighty abandoned cats," we read, "were picked up in the London streets on Thursday by the Animals' Rescue League." We are not at all sure that the expression "abandoned cats" is not a libellous one.

"Is there a Hell?" asks a volume recently published. Our New York Correspondent informs us that the doubt implied in this question has been greatly resented in Chicago. \* \*

Owing to its author refusing to supply the libraries with it on the day of publication a certain new book nearly became known as "The Woman Thou Wouldst Not Give Us."

Thieves who visited the residence of Mr. René Bull,

the well-known artist, took away a! drawings untouched. Modern artists are getting used to insults of this sort.

The outburst of ill-feeling in the interested in it. United States over our refusal to take part in the Panama Canal Exposition is a little bit difficult to understand. Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Morocco and Siam have also declined the invitation. Why should we be singled out for attack?

namely, a framed copy of the Panama golfers do not need brains. We have hurst or to one of the older Universities.

ment refuses to observe.

A Christmas greeting posted at Chiswick on the 24th December last was delivered at its destination, Market Square, Brentford, on the 29th July. It is only fair to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to mention that the 29th There is only one air-ship named July was an exceptionally cold day.

"ALONE IN LONDON." PATHETIC WEST-END SCENE DURING AUGUST.

of Denver, "baby talk," in which parents a man standing at a distance of 100 yards can indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter enjoy it." small quantity of jewellery, but left his indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter of fact many infants have for years looked upon it as an insult to their intelligence, and have refused to be

> Doris, the steam yacht belonging to Mr. Son Joen, and called after his daughter, has been re-christened Eileen. By way of counter-stroke we understand that Doris has decided never again to call the sun Old Sol.

Personally we would like to see Mr. Marshall Whitlatch, in an This should help parents in deciding Great Britain show just one exhibit, article in The Century, asserts that whether to send their sons to Park-

Treaty which the United States Govern-loften felt that our own have been wasted on this trivial pursuit.

> It is said that during the sitting of the International Congress of Medicine no one has dared to be taken ill in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall for fear of perishing in the rush that would be made for him by the 6484 doctors.

Surgeon-General Sir DAVID BRUCE, According to Professor A. A. Berle, who has returned to England from

Central Africa, where he has been studying sleeping sickness, states that half the wild animals shot were suffering from this disease. If this be so the exploits of certain big game hunters become rather less miraculous.

"It is sixteen years since I was last here," said Senator JAFFRAY, of Toronto, at a luncheon given to him by Canadians at Prince's Restaurant last week, "but from what I see I am convinced that England is anything but asleep." That 's so, Senator; it's these darned motor-buses that cause the insomnia. They'd keep even Canada awake.

In certain quarters the Balkan States are constantly being blamed for their warlike propensities. What nonsense this is! They're always making peace.

#### Commercial Candour.

From a circular:-

"Mr. Trilokinath Sharma writes:—'I have been unbounded-ly pleased with your sweet scented Raminia Oil, which is a very useful preparation. It is an excellent remedy for headacho. It cures it in no time; at the same time the hair becomes bright and smooth. Its perfume is so very strong that

## The Miler's Motto.

"Above all he would commend to them the well-known Latin quotation, 'Mens sana in corpore sand'—'A sound wind in a sound body.'"—Bath and Wilts Chronicle.

Dr. Charles Goring, in a criminological Blue-book just issued, says:-

"As regards cephalic measurements it is shown that in breadth of head Cambridge exceeds Oxford to about the same extent that Oxford men exceed criminals, but that criminals and Oxford men are equally longer-headed than the Cambridge men."

## THE HEIRS OF HELLAS.

[On Wednesday last the Home Secretary, presiding at the morning session of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, made the following historical statement: "Since the times of the Grecian democracy no people but the Welsh have developed an institution like this, and it is your honour and glory to be the successors of the greatest artistic people in the world."]

O isles of Greece! O isles of Greece! (Where burning Taffy never sang), What though your warblers hold their peace; What though your lyres have lost their twang; Our choirs of Wales can do as well as Any old choristers of ancient Hellas.

Strange that, until the other day, Halfway, in fact, through yester-week. None had compared Apollo's bay With Cambria's local veg., the leek; Or noticed how a common fluid Flowed in the veins of Bacchic bard and Druid.

Who was it, steeped in pedant lore, That marked—what never yet was seen— The signs of kinship which they wore-The Welshman and the late Hellene? Who first conveyed this truth to men? He of the Celtic fringe, from Monmouth (N.).

Emerging from the Eisteddfod's chair He flung an eye o'er history's page And saw no rival record there Since Athens and the Golden Age. Where was its like? There wasn't any. That's what he told 'em down in Abergavenny.

Arising out of which remarks This further precious truth was found:— Not under bloated oligarchs Such beanos of the bards abound; You never get the taste that's Attic Except where governments are democratic.

Ah, well may Wales lift up her voice, When, full of sweetness and of light, A second Pericles makes choice Of Criccieth for his cottage site, And breathes on this high bardic function A local air of Panhellenic unction! O. S.

KEEPING THE THEATRES OPEN.

["Miss Mary Forbes has had a few slight alterations made to the Third Act of The March Hare at the Ambassadors' Theatre, with the result that Mr. Harold Smith's piece now plays at a high speed and provides two hours of continuous laughter. During her sensational china-smashing scene a few nights ago Miss Forbes had the misfortune to let slip from her finger a very valuable diamond ring, which so far has not been recovered."—Press, passim.]

Mr. Punch, who has been throughout in fullest sympathy with the great discussion on How to Keep the Theatres Open, is at present undecided whether to award the prize to Miss MARY FORBES. There are other cases of merit.

The Messrs. MELVILLE have had a few slight alterations made to the Second Act of Oliver Twist at the Lyceum Theatre, with the result that the piece attributed to the late CHARLES DICKENS is now playing to packed houses. When the curtain rises on the interior of Mrs. Maylie's house the stage is seen to be crowded with plate and valuables, and Bill Sikes, instead of putting Oliver in through the window, comes to the footlights and extends a cordial invitation to Lyceum patrons to break in for themselves by means of a central gangway specially provided for the purpose.

At the Haymarket Theatre, where Within the Law is meeting with a success that is quite unprecedented, a trifling alteration has been made which is proving very popular. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in conjunction with Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. WIMPERIS and the author, has arranged that Joe Garson shall, at a crisis in the play's action, fire five-pound notes into every part of the house by means of a new Silent Tract-Distributing Pistol. Every member of the audience receives with his ticket a personal guarantee, signed by Mr. HARRISON, Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. Wimperis and the author, to the effect that not more than nine notes out of every ten shall be counterfeit.

If anything could possibly add to the success of Diplomacy at Wyndham's Theatre, it is the announcement that during the sensational scene in which Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER draws from his pocket a cigarette-holder longer than any previously seen on the stage, the popular actor-manager allowed it one night last week to slip through his fingers and roll into the auditorium. The cigarette-holder, which is of solid silver handsomely chased, and is calculated to be of not less than twenty-four inches in length, has not so far been recovered. It is understood that if any stallholder should happen to come across it in the dark no enquiries will be instituted.

The enterprising management of the London Opera House have once more caused a few slight alterations to be made in their sensational entertainment. Some nights ago the Beauty Chorus (every member of which is understood to be worth not less than a quarter of a million dollars in the clothes in which she stands) had the misfortune to let slip from their necks a series of very valuable pearl necklaces, which so far have not been recovered. The misfortune occurred during a tour of the auditorium, and it is confidently expected that the invitation of the revue's title will now prove irresistible.

## WANTED, INTEREST NOT CAPITAL.

A Young Man recently advertised in The Times that he would be delighted "if anyone would TAKE an INTEREST in HIM." He made no appeal for financial assistance, and the novelty of the idea should appeal to imitators. Thus:-

A Well-known Clubman would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who would be willing to listen to some of his Best Stories, say for an hour or so each day, and who would not object to an occasional repetition. - Address, Boreas Brown, The Chestnuts, Yarmouth.

A GOLFER (handicap 18), who seven years ago won monthly medal, would be glad to hear from others who would discuss the game with him for a few hours daily. -Address, T. PUTNAM GREEN, The Potbunks, Pulborough.

A GENTLEMAN would be grateful to anyone who would take an interest in his health by calling upon him periodically to make enquiries, etc. Advertiser is not actually unwell, but feels the absence of the attentions referred to. -Apply, Panel Cottage, Malinger-sur-Mer.

Member of Parliament who has never yet had an opportunity of addressing the House would be deeply obliged to any person or persons who would be willing to sit through an occasional speech from him, applauding at any passage which excited approval or admiration. The speeches would not, as a rule, be of more than two hours' duration .-- Apply, Slate 35, The Bar, House of Commons.

Would some kindly disposed person permit Advertiser to send him or her once a week his views of LLOYD GEORGE? -Address, The Sanatorium, Lyme-on-the-Wash.



THE ENTENTE TUBE.

STEWARD (on night Channel boat). "IF THEY BRING IN THIS 'ERE TUNNEL, MY JOB'S GONE."

MB. PUNCH. "THAT'S THE ONLY SOUND OBJECTION I'VE HEARD YET."



T<sub>i</sub>amp (mistaking garden suburb householder for one of his own profession). "You're wasting your time, Charlie. TIME I CLIPPED THAT EDGE I WAS REWARDED WITH THREE 'A'-PENCE, A CUP O' TEA NEARLY WARM AND A PAIR O' CYCLING KNICKERS I WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD IN."

## "THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT."

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to a series of humorous drawings in your Journal depicting imaginary efforts to discover talent which could be utilised for the benefit of the country at the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916.

We are inclined to deprecate such light treatment of a very serious matter, and would like to point out that while your artist is fiddling with the subject, as it were, Rome would burn, if it were not for the efforts of ourselves and others equally anxious for the athletic welfare of the country.

Our own views are set forth in the brochure which we have enclosed with a copy of our Autumn Catalogue for

your perusal.

The brochure has been specially compiled for us by Mr. Hyam A. Seelsmann, a leading light in the American athletic world, and whom we have induced to relinquish an important post in the Games Department of John Money-

Department (see Cat., p. 35). This fact alone speaks well for our determination to leave no stone unturned to uphold the prestige of Great Britain in the forthcoming Olympic struggle.

Our New Autumn Catalogue and Price List describes fully by means of letterpress and illustration our enormous stock, which has been manufactured in the firm belief that the chief requirements of an athlete are that he should be suitably clad (pp. 47-53) both during arouse you to a sense of your great competition and after (see our "Sun-responsibility in this matter, and trustbeam" Sweaters, with the little warm ing to receive your esteemed orders, bath, p. 50), and that his weapons or implements, as the case may be, should be of the very best make and quality. In this respect our new spring grip discus (43s. doz., rim brakes extra) will be found superior to any other on the market, giving longer flight at less cost, and the turned-up edge enables it to be of service on the dinner-table when not otherwise engaged.

A reference to our various makes and sizes of oars (pp. 71-76), tennis racquets (pp. 89-102), and javelins (pp. 113-118) will convince the budding athlete that we provide for every need in these wacker's famous establishment and to directions. Our fencing foils—the Pantake up the even more onerous position jandrum," with the little round button

This in cold-rolled, old vatted spring steel; every blade is twenty over proof and marked "Excalibur" on every inch, without which none is genuine.

Our non-flam dumbbells and our Indian clubs, the latter made of real wood, are and have been for many years the talk of the athletic world (see a few of our unsolicited testimonials, pp. xxii.-mcmiv.).

In the hope that these few lines will

We remain, Yours, etc., THE OLYMPIC OUTFITTING Co., LTD.

From adjoining posters seen in Manchester :-

"TEXTILE "LADY'S SPLIT: LAWSUIT REMARKABLE ABOUT HER SITUATION." BATHING DRESS."

The connection is obvious.

"Doubtless there are many of us who would be glad to pay rent with a red nose, as certain trustees at Bermondsey paid yesterday."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Speaking for ourselves we should be of Manager of our Athletic Outfitting at top (pp. 133-135)—are the last word sorry to present such a spectacle.

## HOLIDAY HINTS.

THE Paris Correspondent of The Daily Mail recently contributed to the columns of that journal a full account account it is perhaps preferable to lure of the recommendations issued by Dr. the bird away by the bait of some F. Helme to mothers leaving home for specially appetising viands, such as known as Chlorales, varying in degrees seaside or country holidays. These Caviare, or Bombay Duck, or Lim- of intensity. recommendations, however, are con-burger Cheese. fined entirely to a list of medicines, including serum for snake-bites, phials of morphine, etc. It has occurred to The large increase of the Romany race, welfare of the young, to supplement cult of Borrow, has been attended by are spent in rocky districts.

this imperfect catalogue of remedies with a number of useful hints to parents and guardians for grappling with holiday emergencies. greater convenience of reference, these are arranged in alphabetical order.

ANIMALS, WILD, ESCAPED FROM MENAGERIES .- The most satisfactory way of dealing with this emergency is to engage a lion-tamer for the holidays and never allow any of the young people to go far afield without him. In case of a division of the party there should be one lion-tamer for each group. Failing this method, the next best is summed up in the rule: Never go for a country walk without a red-hot poker. (The poker can be kept redhot in a specially constructed Vacuum Calidus Case, which can be purchased at Ramjach's.)

Bulls, mad, means of SOOTHING. - No affectionate parent should permit any excursion to be taken in pastoral districts without providing at least one of the party with a other powerful narcotic, in

oxen. Some American millionaires have gone so far as to retain the services of an expert Spanish bull-fighter expressly for the purpose of securing the safety of their children and friends, but the cost is prohibitive to most professional Englishmen. N.B.—The best way of

Eagles, how to rescue children CARRIED OFF BY.—The eyries of these birds being as a rule situated in wellnigh inaccessible places, climbing-irons are an essential requisite of the holiday

badly discharged bomb might hit the

GYPSIES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST. -



bottle of chloroform or some on the ROOF."

The Superintendent. "Now, SIR, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SUN-BATH ON THE ROOF."

case of attacks by mad or misanthropic serious results in the way of the kid- vance with a liberal supply of oil and holding them to ransom. guard against such disasters, it is strongly recommended, (1) that all children should be marked in indelible ink with their names and addresses; (2) that when left by themselves they administering the chloroform is to should be securely tethered by undrench the bag of a butterfly net and breakable chains to absolutely immovable objects; (3) that where this is impossible each child should be provided with a powerful steam whistle or siren to acquaint its parents as to its whereabouts.

them with a small howitzer. Accurate highly desirable to include in the holiaiming is, of course, indispensable, as a day outfit a harp, or harps, for the purpose of soothing children to sleep. child but spare its captor. On this Lists of pieces of a specially soporific character can be obtained from any good nerve-specialist. These are generally

LIMBS, ARTIFICIAL.—A good supply of false legs, arms and eyes should always be laid in to meet the requirements Mr. Punch, always solicitous for the due to the immense spread of the of adventurous children when holidays

> MOTORISTS, ENTERTAIN-MENT FOR YOUTHFUL.-The irritation so generally felt by the high-spirited youth at obstacles to his progress will be largely allayed if thoughtful parents provide him with pea-shooters and air-guns for the regulation of tiresome pedestrians, cyclists, poultry, sheep, dogs, etc. A very pretty game can be played between the occupants of the two sides of the car, the object being to see which can score most hits.

Nose - Bleed, Remedies for. — After all, the best remedy for this common summer complaint is the old device of putting keys down the patient's back. A bunch of keys should accordingly be taken for each member of the party, varying in size with the age and weight of the individual.

OIL, FOR ROUGH PASSAGES. In cases where families are proceeding to the Hebrides or other holiday resorts which involve a sea passage in small steamers, considerate parents or guardians will not fail to provide themselves in ad-

napping of children of wealthy parents in barrels or tanks, for the purpose To of assuaging the disturbance of the troubled waters.

RAILWAY ACCELERATORS. — It is often found that children who start away from London in high spirits at fifty miles an hour on some main line route become impatient, fretful and refractory when they exchange this exhilarating speed for the slow crawl of a local line. To meet this difficulty parents will find it helpful to take with them auxiliary engines to assist locomotives incapable of hauling a passenare an essential requisite of the holiday Insomnia, means of treating ger train at more than twenty miles an outfit. But it is as well to supplement children suffering from.—It is hour up a steep incline. These can be



Sergeant. "Here! what the deuce are you at? Lie down; you'll give the whole bally show away."

Entomological Private. "Hang it, man, I must have it. It's awfully rare—a Dotted Iddyumpticus."

carried on a truck with steam up until such time as occasion arises for their use, and then transferred to the rails. The cost is extraordinarily small, considering the result on the temper of the passengers, averaging only about £100 a journey (exclusive of initial outlay).

SHARK-BITES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.

—Where bathing is indulged in it is as well to provide juveniles with special water-wear, made of chain-mail, to resist the dental attack of these dangerous monsters. To counteract the access of weight, it is desirable to have the chain-mail fitted with unsinkable aluminium air chambers.

Stoves, PORTABLE.—In this context we may also insist on the necessity of small portable stoves to restore caloric in children who stop in too long when bathing.

## Another Impending Apology.

From a criticism of a musical comedian:—

"It is not much good saying he was funny because he could not help being otherwise." South China Morning Post.

## A FATAL FLAW.

I SAT upon her dexter hand One day in London's busy whirl (A rhyme of lasting value) and Thought her a charming girl.

Not to embark on detailed praise, Her voice was low and very sweet; I liked her looks, her voice, her ways; Her figure, too, was neat.

Her converse gave me evidence Of an extremely active mind; Here is, I said, a girl of sense; This is indeed a find.

I will not say she took to me
As I to her, lest you should mock;
But it's the solemn fact that we
Got on like one o'clock.

The garments that I chanced to wear Were new, and fresh as early May; I luckily had had my hair Cut on the previous day.

Happening gently to enquire,
She clung, I learned, to rural scenes
(As I do) and her doting sire
Was dowered with ample means.

And thus she cast on me a spell
So rapid and of such a flame
That I had grown to love her well
Before the coffee came.

And when the ladies left their male Companions to the wonted smoke, I did not heed the cheerful tale Nor chortled at the joke.

The customary talk of man
Just then allured me not at all;
I sat determining a plan
To ask if I might call;

And let my fancy play about
In dreams (ah me!) of wedded bliss,
Which, but for what occurred, no doubt
I had attained ere this.

But, when I saw her next, a blight Fell on me with a sudden chill; The maiden stood up to recite: And I am single still.

DUM-DUM.

"A great pearl robbery at Narraganset Pier is now exciting American society. The victim of America's ablest detectives is Mrs. Charles Rumsey."—Birmingham Daily Post.

Yet another American police scandal?

## THE MISSING CARD.

WHAT I say is this: A man has his own work to do. He slaves at the office all day, earning a living for those dependent on him, and when he comes home he may reasonably expect not to be bothered with domestic business. I am sure you will agree with me. And you would go on to say, would you not, that, anyhow, the insuring of his servants might safely be left to his wife? Of course you would! Thank you very much.

I first spoke to Celia about the insuring of the staff some weeks ago. Our staff consists of Jane Parsons the cook, the first parlourmaid (Jane) and Parsons the upper housemaid. We call them

collectively Jane.

"By-the-way," I said to Celia, "I suppose Jane is insured all right?"

"I was going to see about it to-

morrow," said Celia.

I looked at her in surprise. It was just the sort of thing I might have said

myself.

"I hope she won't be unkind about it," I went on. "If she objects to paying her share, tell her I am related to a solicitor. If she still objects, ertell her we'll pay it ourselves.

"I think it will be all right. Fortunately, she has no head for

figures."

cook, and well worth the £75 a year or whatever it is we pay her; but arithmetic gives her a headache. When Celia has finished dividing £75 by twelve, Jane is in a state of complete nervous exhaustion, and is only too thankful to take the nine-and-sixpence office." that Celia hands over to her, without asking any questions. Indeed, any- ing it to Jane," said Celia. thing that the Government wished I looked at her mournful deducted from Jane's wages we could deduct with a minimum of frictionfrom income-tax to a dog-licence. A play.

Three weeks later I said to Celia-"Has an inspector been to see Jane's

card yet?"

"Jane's card?" she asked blankly.

"The insurance card with the pretty stamps on."

"No... No... Luckily."
"You mean——"

"I was going to see about it tomorrow," said Celia.

I got up and paced the floor. "Really," I murmured, "really." I tried the various chairs in the room, and finally went and stood with my back to the fire-place. In short, I behaved like a justly incensed masterof-the-house.

when I was calm again, "if we neglect this duty which Parliament has laid upon us?"

" No."

"We go to prison. At least, one of us does. I'm not quite sure which."

"I hope it's you," said Celia.

"As a matter of fact I believe it is. However, we shall know when the inspector comes round."

"If it's you," she went on, "I shall send you in a file, with which you can cut through your chains and escape. It will be concealed in a loaf of bread, so that your gaolers shan't suspect."

"Probably I shouldn't suspect either, until I had bitten on it suddenly. Perhaps you'd better not bother. It would be simpler if you got Jane's card to-morrow instead."

"I will. That is to say, I'll tell I added. "Five sevenpenny." Jane to get it herself. It's her cinema evening out."

Once a week Jane leaves us and goes to a cinema. Her life is full of variety.

Ten days elapsed, and then one At least I didn't. evening I said-Before I could get it out Celia inter-

"No, not yet. You see, there's been get you plenty more."

a hitch.'

I curbed my anger and spoke calmly. "What sort of a hitch?"

"Well, Jane forgot last Wednesday, This was true. Jane is an excellent and I forgot to remind her this Wednesday. But next Wednesday-

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

I'll do it."

"Well-er-you just-you-I mean well, they'll tell you at the post-

"That's exactly how I keep explain-

I looked at her mournfully.

"What shall we do?" I asked. "I feel quite hopeless about it. It seems too late now to do anything with Jane. properly."

"Lose Jane?" cried Celia. "I'd sooner go to prison—I mean I'd sooner you went to prison. Why can't you be

a man and do something?"

Celia doesn't seem to realise that I he come to-morrow." married her with the sole idea of getting free of all this sort of bother. As it is I nearly die once a year in the attempt to fill up my income-tax form. Any traffic in insurance cards would be absolutely fatal.

However, something had to be done. Last week I went into a neighbouring post-office in order to send a telegram. The post-office is an annexe of the grocer's where the sardines come from always announced at the close of the season is The post-office is an annexe of the on Jane's cinema evening. Having "You know what happens," I said, sent the telegram, I took a sudden We wish her better luck this year.

desperate resolve. I—I myself—would do something.

"I want, I said bravely, "an

insurance stamp."

"Sixpenny or sevenpenny?" said the girl, trying to put me off my balance at the very beginning.

"What's the difference?" I asked. "You needn't say a penny, because that

is obvious.'

However she had no wish to be funny.

"Ševenpenny for men-servants, sixpenny for women," she explained.

I wasn't going to give away our domestic arrangements to a stranger.

"Three sixpenny and four seven-penny," I said casually, flicking the dust off my shoes with a handkerchief. "Tut, tut, I was forgetting Thomas,"

I took the stamps home and showered

them on Celia.

"You see," I said, "it's not really difficult."

"Oh, you angel! What do I do with them?

"Stick them on Jane," I said grandly. "Dot them about the house. Stamp your letters with them-I can always

"Didn't you get a card, too?"

"N-no. No, I didn't. The fact is, it's your turn now, Celia. You get the card."

"Oh, all right. I—er—suppose you

just ask for a-a card?"

"I suppose so. And-er-choose a "Well, if you'll tell me what to do doctor, and—er—decide on an approved society, and—er—explain why it is you hadn't got a card before, and-er-Well, anyhow, it's your turn now, Celia."

"It's really still Jane's turn," said Celia, "only she's so stupid about it."

But she turned out to be not so stupid as we thought. For yesterday there came a ring at the bell. Feeling instinctively that it was the inspector, threepenny insurance would be child's Let's get a new staff and begin again Celia and I got behind the sofa . . . and emerged some minutes later to find Jane alone in the room.

> "Somebody come to see about an insurance card or something," she said. "I said you were both out, and would

> Technically I suppose we were both out. That is, we were not receiving.

> "Thank you, Jane," I said stiffly. I turned to Celia. "There you are," I said. "To-morrow something must be

> "I always said I'd do it to-morrow," said Celia. A. A. M.

that of Miss Constance -

#### GREAT LITERARY SENSATION.

DICKENS AND MRS. HARRIS. FIND OF VALUABLE LETTER. VIEWS OF EXPERTS.

IT is Mr. Punch's privilege this week to throw light for the British public upon one of the most interesting secret chapters in the history of our literature.

It will probably come as a surprise, if not a shock, to our readers, howsoever versed they may be in the byways of bookland, to learn that one of the most famous characters in Martin Chuzzlewit not only had a prototype in real life but in CHARLES DICKENS'S youth inspired him with the liveliest feelings.

It is common knowledge that DICKENS was born at Portsmouth. Whether or not the lady whom afterwards he described for mankind as Mrs. Harris was born there too, we cannot say, nor indeed has research yet yielded her maiden name; but the irrefragable fact remains that at some time during his adolescence the young genius soon to dazzle the world as "Boz" expressed the warmest admiration for a mysterious lady unnamed, and all the evidence goes to prove that it was she whom later in life he rendered immortal in the pages of Martin Chuzzlewit. There is no direct evidence, but if ever circumstantial evidence spoke the truth it speaks it here.

The letter which has been placed in our hands is so surrounded with mystery that we can say little that is definite; we are not even at liberty to state from what source it comes. Let it suffice that we are ourselves satisfied with the bona fides of the present owners, who are beyond question the descendants of Mrs. Harris, although that is no more their name than it was hers. DICKENS, the soul of honour and delicacy, could never have used a real may say that the representatives of the then called the object of his early pasfamily are now residing in a picturesque sion, is still vague, impalpable; but Spanish chateau, and that they have through the vivid eyes of her friend, placed in our hands this document, hitherto so jealously guarded from the public eye, to do as we like with.

us consider for a few moments the character of Mrs. Harris. For one inflammable age. thing she is never seen. All that we know of her we know by hearsay. Her friend, Mrs. Gamp (one of the leading nurses of her time), testifies to her existence and her good sense and sympathy, otherwise we should know nothing.

a younger woman she still was mysterious. Dickens seems to have treated | legal owners. her rather as an ideal—shall we say a Grail?—than as an entity of flesh and BELOVED,—If only I knew who you Proofs of the above article having blood. It was years after this letter were and what you looked like how much been sent to various of those eminent



Aunt Jane. "Really, Gladys, the bathing dresses you girls wear are disgraceful. Look at me; do I show my figure?"

that he wrote Martin Chuzzlewit, yet happier I should be! Yet should I?

Mrs. Gamp, we see her older, wiser. The letter is dated April 1, 1828. DICKENS, it will be remembered, was

We should premise that the italics in it are our own; but were ever phrases more significant read in the light of after events? After perusing the letter the reader will more than ever wonder how it came to be preserved. Though It is the same in the letter. Even as they may not be responsible for this, the heirs of DICKENS are surely its

But here is the precious document :—

name; nor shall we. At the most we he forgot nothing. Mrs. Harris, as he This is a question which I ponder throughout the watches of the night. To love an unknown is to palpitate in the presence of every woman. I do not even know if you will get this letter, since if I put no address on it how can it ever reach you? And how can I put Before coming to the letter itself let born in 1812, and was thus in the an address if I do not know one?  $\bar{I}$  do neighbourhood of sixteen—a notoriously not even know that you exist at all, but it relieves my feelings to address you thus. If ever I can make you famous trust me to do so. At present I am all at sea about my future, but should I at any time take, as I sometimes dream of doing, to fiction, you may rely upon being one of my dearest heroines.

Fond charmer, farewell.

Your adoring C. D.

Proofs of the above article having



Actor. "I MUST INSIST ON BEING PAID FOR REHEARSALS."

Manager. "What on earth for? I never heard of such a thing."

Actor. "Because lately I've had so many six where' rehearsals for a ten days' run. But I don't mind giving the PERFORMANCES FREE.

men whose opinion on everything is so valuable, we are in the fortunate position of being able to print a selection of their comments.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll writes: "Since the Bronte bombshell fell and proved once and for all that CHARLOTTE did not invent her Professor, there has been nothing so epochmaking as the discovery of the Dickens-Harris romance. As an old student of Martin Chuzzlewit, which I first read in a corner of the Manse library at Fecclewonish, near Canterbury, in the green monthly parts in which it was issued, I must confess that the revelation is no surprise to me, for there are words in which DICKENS refers to this romantic lady which either meant something or nothing. But I can understand that to the mass of readers the story will be startling. The thanks of the whole world are due to Punch for its enterprise."

Sir Clement Shorter writes: "Al-

feeling a flush of excitement as I perused this absorbing letter. Probably no one in either hemisphere has a finer collection than myself of books relating to the wizard of Gadshill, which occupy exactly eighty-three shelves of the hovel in which I take shelter when the toils of the day are done."

Sir GILBERT PARKER Writes: "As one of the most prolific of modern novelists may I say that the story of the young Dickens's infatuation for this magic of the written word would have to plead guilty to similar periods of enamourment. I recollect——" [Next, please.—Ed.]
Mr. Frank Harris writes: "Au

absorbing narrative. . . . But she was, strange to say, no relation of mine, nor did I ever interview her."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., writes: though not interested as a rule in other! "A more astounding pageant of heart-|placed.

students' discoveries, I must admit to | beats never found its way to paper. All our ideas of Dickens must be revised by the light of this supreme discovery.'

Mr. HALL CAINE writes: "Weary as I am from the task of putting forth another earth-shaking romance, I may, I trust, be excused from entering minutely into this matter. It was my privilege to know Dickens personally, and he always struck me as a man in whose deep recesses in early youth a fierce fire might have glowed, leaving behind it such sears and cicatrices as an lady is well within the bounds of unrequited passion is known by masters credibility. Most youths destined one of the human heart to cause. I say no day to enthral their fellows by the more, except that an analysis of certain cognate effects of the emotion of love will be found in my new novel, which has just succeeded in getting noiselessly born into a hard world.'

> "Two boys, Oundle and Tombridge, tied for the Spencer Cup. In the shoot off the Cup was won by Oundle."- - Hastern Province Herald. Young Master Giggleswick was un-



# ÆSCULAPIUS IN LONDON.

Mr. McKenna (to Presiding Deity of International Medical Congress). "YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT MICROBES, SIR. COULDN'T YOU FIND ME AN ANTIDOTE TO THIS?"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Commons, Monday, August 4. Bank Holiday; shops shut; banks closed; City empty; all the world abroad in search of amusement. GENERAL CARSON finds his in Ulster where he has stirred the population to profounder depths by hinting at issue of warrant for his arrest by "this wretched, rotten, discredited and hireling Government."

"Let them come on," said the Defiant Covenanter. "I know nothing about their intentions. I care less."

Rather spoiled effect of this bold declaration by the aside, "It may be true



"The Defiant Covenanter."

they have issued a warrant. One thing I feel certain of is they will never execute it."

Following general example House of Lords is literally shut up. Peers off to Hampstead or Greenwich bent on making a day of it. Only the Commons, dogged in industry, loyal to call of duty, go on with their work as if Bank Holiday were not.

Cannot say we are inconveniently crowded. Gaps on both sides, including two front benches. SPEAKER took Chair one quarter of House was, by exception, thronged to fullest capacity. This the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery appropriated at opening of sittings to accommodation of Parliamentary agents in charge of Private Bills. As usual in last fortnight of a session there is accumulation of these measures. Urgent anxiety to get them through before Prorogation.



"Peers off to Hampstead."

Fully a score stand on Order of the Day awaiting permission to advance a stage. In ordinary circumstances this would be agreed to as matter of course. Circumstances to-day not ordinary. TIM HEALY is interested in a Bill promoted by Urban District authority of Kingstown to provide electric lighting for the town. Board of Trade eliminated this provision.

TIM, accustomed to trace untoward circumstances back to Source of All Evil, discovers in this procedure hand of John Redmond. Why or wherefore no one out of Ireland can say. However it be, suspicion suffices to

else's.

Good as his word. As Clerk at Table read out list of Private Bills with proposal that they should be read a third time, Tim, half rising from his seat and politely removing his hat, murmured, "I object."

That sufficed. The wisdom of Parliament in this respect provides no saunter into Opposition Lobby, whilst

appeal against dictum of a single member, animated by whatsoever personal motive. One by one the Bills were blocked. The end reached, the Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of Gallery, despair written on their brows, dejection enfeebling their footsteps. Spectacle calculated to move the hardest heart.

"Sorry for them," said Tim. "Good chaps, I'm sure, and I don't care tuppence about their Gas and Water Bills. I'm concerned only for Kingstown's little scheme. They'd better call and see John Redmond and come back to-morrow.

Business done. — Report Stage of Supply closed. Four million sterling voted as rapidly as questions put from the Chair.

Tuesday.—Ever since last Wednesday, when five stout Unionists were discovered in a single bathroom, in preparation for a snap division, what time the Terrace silently filled with figures entering on tiptoe through the passage leading from the Speaker's Courtyard, Ministerial Whips have been in state of feverish perturbation. Ambuscade defeated only by rarest turn of luck. Whisper of the plot reached Whips' Room just before dinner hour. Extraordinary effort succeeded in mustering a majority. As it was it ran down to thirty-three.

Reported that at least one more attempt will be made on this lofty plane bring Tim up in arms.

"If they put out our light," he grimly says, "I'll put out everybody these closing days of a session unof opposition to defeat Government speakably wearying, Ministerialists are not only brought down every day in full number; they are throughout the sitting shepherded with assiduity that prevents escape. Bitterness of the cup aggravated by discovery that Opposition Benches remain half-empty. When division bell rings less than a hundred



TIM HEALY holds up a few Bills.

two hundred and fifty to three hundred oldest. weary patriots troop into the other.

alter the situation. Rather it imposes career of War Correspondent. Privatendency to disarm suspicion and place in world of journalism undermined unnecessary. slacken effort. That done, the bath- his health, leaving him in condition rooms may again on eve of critical approaching physical helplessness. division become inconveniently popu- Does not often come down to fill the occurred in the Tube. A mother and

lated, and the darkened Terrace swarm afresh with ghostlike figures watchful for signal to rush the House.

'Tis a noble game, maintaining loftiest traditions of Mother of Parliaments. One sometimes marvels what that shrewd observer the Man in the Street thinks about it.

Business done. The their brows. MEMBER FOR SARK gives notice of a seat reserved for him by easy access intently at the tongue, then pursed his prohibiting overcrowding of bathrooms. affording opportunity for reflection in list of voters. during the Recess.

TIM HEALY triumphs over Board of Trade in respect of their meddling with the Kingstown private Bill. Friendly understanding arrived at, other private Bills will be allowed to

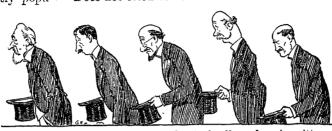
make progress.

Friday.—A few days ago Bonner Law publicly confessed that House of Commons is rapidly losing its interest. In measure the statement is incontestable. Various explanations might be Commons is not so black as it is offered. Most obvious is change of personnel, marked in especial degree on Front Opposition Bench. Have known new Marconi Contract. the place longer even than BONNER LAW. Man and boy have lived in closest intimacy with it for full forty years. Confess to occasional fleeting mood of impatience at recurrent intervals of dulness. But au fond House remains what it always has been, a In common with humanity it suffers from a tendency to descend to pettiness of manner. But it is capable of rising languages. to loftiest heights.

Just heard of little incident that illustrates its multiform character. Hesitate to set it forth in cold print. Seems too intimate to gossip about, yet too charming to hide.

In the ranks of one of the sections of Party which make up conglomerate point of service ranks among the he has received.

The best part of a life now drifting on to limit of three-score-years-This circumstance obviously does not and - ten was spent in tumultuous



"Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of gallery, despair written on

Bill to amend The Public Washhouses from door under Strangers' Gallery. endeavour at this period of session to familiar for more than thirty years. attempt fresh legislation. SARK ex- Colleagues will not hear of such thing. plains that it is a one-clause measure As long as he likes to hold the seat his thereupon be printed and circulated, for critical division his name is found

> From moment he appears on the scene till he quits it he is attended with watchful solicitude by the Party Whip. Setting aside other engagements, howsoever important, this busy gentleman guides his faltering footsteps, looks after his evening meal, sits by him as he partakes of it, helpful as a nurse with a little child.

> As was said of a gentleman accustomed to dye his hair, the House of sometimes painted.

Business done.—In Committee on

#### MEDICAL CONGRESS NOTES.

London is in danger of being overdoctored. You can't be knocked down by the simplest motor-bus without seven or eight of its occupants alightmarvellous microcosm of humanity. ing rapidly to feel you over, set your broken limbs, and take your temperature in seven or eight different

A bright young pharmaceutical chemist, with experience of the prescriptions of our most eminent physicians, has been kept quite busy by the principal hotels in deciphering the signatures of certain of their medical guests written in the registers, and has of the House is a Member who in made a small fortune out of the fees

Opinions differ about the value of the Medical Congress. The proprietor of one of our well-known remedies for every disease under the sun declares increase of precaution. A few nights tion suffered in discharge of duties in emphatically that it is a great waste of this kind of thing has inevitable field and camp that won for him high of time and money, being entirely

The other day a remarkable incident

her child were there; also a benign-looking gentleman with a Burmese cast of countenance. The child, a sickly-looking boy of some seven summers, being no lover of Eastern peoples and ignorant of Western manners, slowly but surely put out his tongue at the foreign gentleman. The wanderer from Burnia gazed long and

lips and shook his head gravely. Utterand Baths Act. Seems hopeless to Sometimes talks of retiring from scene ing a few polite words in Burmese he leaned forward and grasped the wrist of the child, whose how of terror intimated to his mother that something was constituents will return him, and his taking place. Before the train drew up Even if it is blocked its introduction comrades at Westminster will welcome at the next station, the mother inwill serve good purpose since it will him. So when his presence is required formed the Burmese gentleman that he was a foreign kidnapper, that it was no use to raise his hat, that if she had had her umbrella with her she would have known what to do with it, that in future he should hit one of his own size. that it was disgracoful, and that she was getting out to inform the stationmaster. But for her haste her child might have had administered to him some potent Burmese pill that would have sufficed to save her any further medical expense on her offspring's behalf.

#### TO A REASONABLE BEING.

LADY, I do not even know your name, Yet is my heart bereft of its repose, Since in the lift to-day your hat-brim came

In sudden contact with the poet's

'Twas not your face's beauty wove the spell;

I did not see it, and you best can tell If after all that was not just as well.

'Twas not your taste in dress. The hatbrim hid

Even your summer costume from my view.

It was not anything you said or did. Lady, the sole sufficing charm of you Was that your hat-pins, merciful and

Were fashioned to so sensible a size I brushed you close and still retained my eyes.



Mrs. Smith (to Smith who, starting for his annual "rest cure," is making a frantic rush for the train). "John! Are you sure you LOCKED UP THE HOUSE?"

## TWO FATHERS TO TWO DAUGHTERS.

[A member of the London Education Committee suggested at a recent meeting that the Essays of Elia was hardly the kind of book to be put in the hands of young women students.]

"WHAT, reading? An improving book, I trust? Come, let your father look.

LAMB? And who's LAMB, my dear Maria?

What are the Essays of Elia?

I open straight away on 'd-n.' For shame! Away with Mr. LAMB!

'Chimney-sweeps,' 'Beggars,' 'Actors,' 'Whist'!

A scandal to the Library list!

What? He's a classic? More's the

I shall complain to the Committee." (He does.)

"I send you, mia cara figlia, The volume of the gentle Elia.

Also a cutting, which at least May lend a relish to the feast.

For Mr. Podsnap is not dead: His brains alone are lapt in lead. He lives, he lives, though sorely spent; We shrug our shoulders, and lament

The tyranny not overpast Of Philistine and agelast.

Well, well! While Mr. P. must cease, And fade like old John Naps of Greece,

Still Elia's wit and Elia's way Shall strike a bliss upon the day

For girls to whom the postman brings These dear 'unlicked, incondite things.

## THE MONEY COLUMN

(As it appears to one who knows nothing about it).

#### FEATURELESS MARKETS.

1,000, Threadneedle Street, E.C. The commencement of a new account combined with the imminence of the settlement gave the stock markets generally a somewhat unsettled appear-

ance. To these were added some apprehension over the reported outbreak of peace in the Balkans.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Consols showed an in many cases, distinctly the opposite. irregular tendency, finally ending the turn lower. Other gilt-edged securities Home Rails, despite the expanding being in brisk demand.

influence of the recent hot weather, remained without decided movement; the chief feature being Underground Issues, which were inclined to rise. Bulgarian Four-and-a-Half were unchanged: home-brewed ditto however being lowered freely all round. In the American Market, Trunks were largely enquired for, especially by Customs officials. Yarns were, if possible, higher. Cements remained firm. Marconis were not mentioned.

The action of the Bank in restricting facilities for withdrawal was adversely commented upon, especially by a gentleman who was asked to accompany a cashier to the police station in consequence. Several important calls were paid, mostly between 3 and 5. The Egyptian Exchange fell off, but was happily undamaged. Throughout the day the Rubber market presented a welcome exception to the general uncertainty of tone, the leaders shedding their customary quarter with absolute regularity. The material remains raw; company balance-sheets being however,

After the House was closed, there was a universal set-back by the caremoved in sympathy, much of the gilt takers; but the street market was having been by this time discounted. animated, bananas and collar-studs

## PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

BACK in Town again, and, by Jove, it's good to be there! Feeling somewhat run down, I decided, the other day, to try the effect of a whifi of country air. So I flew to Waterloo, entered an empty first-class carriage-I did not feel well enough for companysettled myself comfortably in a corner of the well-padded seat, and got out at the first wayside station that took my fancy. But Town for me; Country's a rotten hole. Nothing there but a lot of stupid scenery and doltish animals. Too many birds, too, making darts at you. What their grievance against us is I don't know. It was different with a silly sow who snapped at me one day. There is a saying, "If pigs could fly . . . The clumsy brutes can't, of course, while we flies can pig—see us in a confectioner's shop—and that's what frolicsome to-day. makes them jealous.

Taking it all in all, Country is an unexciting, sleepy place, and I have no use for it. So, feeling better, except for a slight sore throat, I boarded a train again this morning, and here I am back again in dear old London. I always travel by rail in spite of its being a somewhat old-fashioned method of locomotion—but I am a beggar for comfort. A fly friend of mine went to hang on like grim death all the time; the thing went at such a pace that he was more than once nearly blown off. His poor eyes became so inflamed that he was a sight for days afterwards, and he caught the cold of his life.

I am staying at Lord Belchester's mansion in Piccadilly. That is one advantage that we flies enjoy. All the advantage that we flies enjoy. All the that he was not a bit more clever at it best houses are open to us, and we can than old Rover. Every now and then leave when we get bored. I fancy I he gave himself a violent slap on the shall stay here some time, for it is a head with his hand, hoping I would go well-appointed house with a capital pfutt under it, but, of course, I always larder, and the position is convenient, saw the hand coming, and he must being near to both St. James's and have got a sad head-achc. And he Hyde Parks, which are so handy when

one wants a breather.

sprawled at full length for over an hour, | functionary. "Glanders, kill that I felt fit for anything. So I sought out the house-dog, dear old Rover. I found him trying to get to sleep in the library. I did the most hazardous things. I tighted his rocale and one that the library. I tighted his rocale and one that the library is a library of the library of the library. things. I tickled his nozzle, and once personage should be told off to have a I sailed right through his open mouth, game with me, and I gave Glanders he snapping his jaws just after I was a great time. He fell over a chair, in the shady Fellows' garden. the other side of him. Once or twice broke two valuable Chiny vases, and

lower part of one of the window panes. He rushed at it, attempted to crush me with his great fat paw, of course missed me, but broke the window, cut his paw, and no doubt later on got a sound thrashing from his master.

After that I went and plagued a beast of a yellow cat named Tabby Ochre, who lay in front of the kitchen fire. This was perhaps more enjoyable than dogbaiting, for with a cat there is always an element of danger, and that makes it real sport. However, in spite of the snakiness and celerity of her movements, Tabby Ochre never got me, and I left her in a deuce of a temper, saying to myself, "Heaven save the mouse who comes her way within the next two hours.'

I think that my country trip must have done me more good than I imagined, I feel so well and fit and

I decided I would now go back and chaff poor old Rover. So to the library, where, however, I found much bigger game. Asleep in a chair, with a book in his lap—he is a well-known booklover-was my lord himself. He had the most lovely bald head I have ever hit upon. It is perfectly smooth and shiny. It is astonishing how bald heads vary. It is the exception to find one without a blemish. Some of them are Brighton, the other day, free of expense, most miserable objects, absolutely lack-sitting on a motor-car. But he had to ing in polish and with unexpected Lord Belchester has the perfect cranium one might expect from a man of his wealth and position. I had Winter Sports on it—some of the finest skating and tobogganing that have ever come my way. My word, but my lord did get angry! And what amused me was have got a sad head-ache. And he threw his valuable book at me, missing me but ruining the book. Finally he After a feed in the larder and a rest rang the bell for his chief flunkey. on the drawing - room sofa, where I | "Yes, m'lord?" asked that gloomy the dear old fellow tried strategy. He finally when, out of sheer devilry, I In our pupillary state we always had would pretend suddenly to have fallen settled for a second on the bald head our suspicions of these Fellows.

into a sound sleep, hoping to catch me again, he lost his, and brought a hand that way, but naturally I saw the one down on my lord's pate with such eye open. Finally I settled on the force that the pompous ass was dismissed on the spot. Then, as the game was beginning to pall on me, I flew out of the window, through the hole Rover had made, roaring with laughter, into the sunshine.

In the open, as I flew along, I meditated on men and their ways. How impotent they are! Size is by no means everything. Why, these stupid giants cannot even walk on the ceiling or crawl up a wall. The smug selfsatisfaction of men amuses me whenever I think of it. I really believe they consider themselves our superiors.

While I was pondering these things I suddenly heard a voice behind me cry, "Why, it's Leslie! How are you, dear? I haven't seen you for ages." I turned round and saw Editha, an old flame of mine, of whom I had tired long ago. I looked at her and wondered how I could ever have been in love with her. She had fine eyes, it is true, but bandy legs, and altogether she looked a dowd; one of her wings was actually in holes. "Do go away. please," I said, "I don't want to be interrupted. I am thinking." With a sigh she dropped behind. Lord, how she has lost her looks! And to think that she was once known as "The Merry Widow"! Poor thing! What is there about me, I wonder, that makes me so confoundedly attractive to the other sex? I suppose they like me because I am such a dare-devil. hillocks springing up here and there. Still, it has its advantages. It enables me to pick and choose, and, if it were not that these lines may fall into the hands of the young, I could tell a tale or two of amours low and high.

(To be continued.)

## AT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

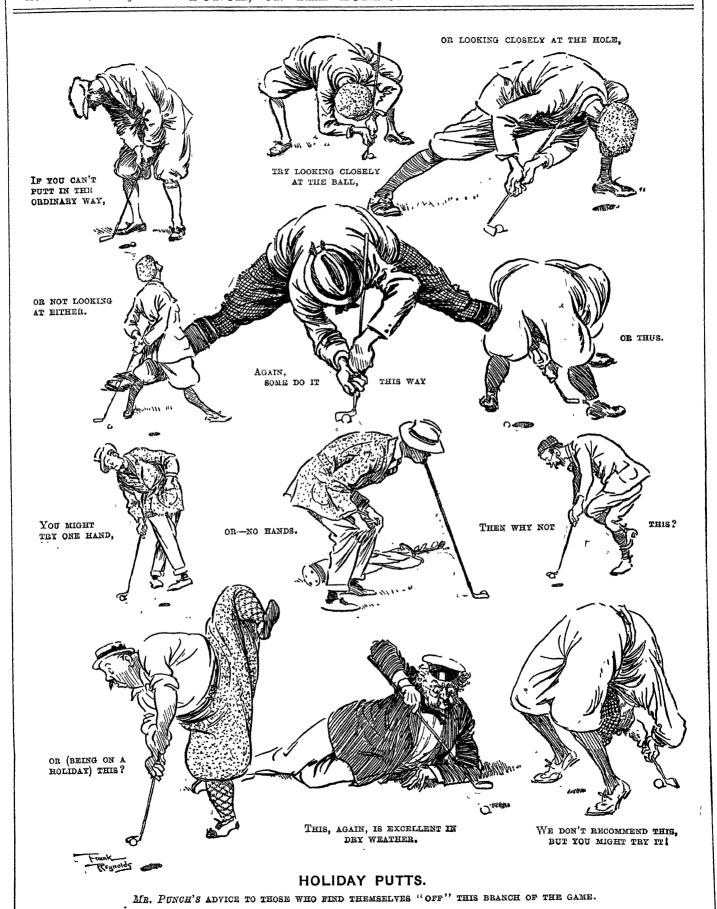
(Meeting after Correspondence.)

"HE comes; a wild, eestatic thrill Consumes my heart, and sudden fire Burns in a cheek unravished still-Can this be William Jones, Esquire?"

So she is there, and I must take Her hand in mine and say the word. But must I? There is some mistake. Can this be Arabella Bird?"

O married life of mutual doubt! O secret shame! Forbear to laugh, Since each had sinned in sending out Another person's photograph.

"This coremony concluded, ten was taken Daily Telegraph.



## THE LAKE.

"OH," said Francesca, "that hurt."

"I am sorry," I said, "I had to slap your face. There body here when you come back." was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

"But you needn't have slapped so hard."

"Yes," I said, "I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

"But why," she said, "are you stopping again? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself

together. The children are far ahead out of sight.

"Let them," I said, "remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

"Get up," she said, "and let us press on."
"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."
"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it

is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of

having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.
"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."
"'Drag,'" she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're

miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England.

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by

now. If only I had been a man-

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up

you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and-

It really was the lake this time.

## THE SCHOOL FOR SUCKLINGS.

[We learn from *The Darly Express* that an American professor has been denouncing "baby-talk." "Every bit of the foolish jargon taught to babies nowadays will have to be unlearned some day," he said in a recent lecture. "The average father and mother, instead of preparing their child for school, instead of establishing a foundation for education and knowledge do the very expression." for education and knowledge, do the very opposite."]

THERE's a pucker in Frederick's forehead, There's an ominous look in his eye, And I fancy he's forming a horrid And hasty decision to cry; And it's oh for the syrup that's soothing To smother the imminent row-For the prattle so potent in smoothing The creases that wrinkle his brow!

But the power that rules over the cradle Has started a novel crusade: Henceforth, 'tis determined, a spade 'll Be plainly described as a spade; And baby, who 'll shortly be burning To win academical bays, Shall skip the ordeal of unlearning The lore of his nursery days.

No longer shall "diddums" and "poppet" Our Freddie to peacefulness woo; That language is dead—we're to drop it; We've uttered our ultimate "goo" Though our temper he sorely should try by A fixed disposition to weep, He'll never be told to "go bye-bye," But simply requested to sleep.

In place of those fatuous fables We lately prescribed for his pain We'll recite him the multiple tables, Or a list of the rivers of Spain; He shall taste in his cot of the pleasures He's destined at school to enjoy— The tale of the weights and the measures, Including the travail of Troy.

When he's cross, we shall bid him remember The year Cour-de-Lion was crowned, And how many days hath September, And how many pence make a pound. Endowed with these generous riches, He'll grow a remarkable lad-Unless, ere he's put into breeches, His brain-drill has driven him mad.

rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have It will be a shock to them to find that they have missed lit after all.

<sup>&</sup>quot;An official circular from the Governor-General's office states that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England until October 7, in order that they may attend the wedding of Bricos Arthur and the Duchess of Flife which has been fixed for oman, of course you're quite different."

of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife, which has been fixed for "At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last October 15.—Reuter."—Newcastle Evening Chronicle.



Sandy (gathering another winged bird). "Man, ye'd be a graand shot for ane o' these retriever trials. They're TERRIBLE FOND O' WOUNDED BUR-R-DS."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Pot of Basil which Mr. BERNARD CAPES has produced with the assistance of Messrs. Constable is the sort of plant which should thrive on idle summer beaches. Perhaps you will be pleasantly intrigued (as I was) to meet on an early page and anything more than a hundred and fifty years ago a brave equipage lumbering up the high road containing a handsome gentleman in uncustomary suit of solemn but costly black. Very well then. This is an Archduke incognito. And lo! at a turn of the pass appears a vision of delight, apparently just a casual fair maiden of the place in difficulties about a water-lily, but really the destined princess, Isabella, granddaughter of Louis XV. of France and daughter of Phillip, Duke of Parma. And of course the Archduke must needs send a deputy to do his wooing, one Tiretta, an honourable soldier-courtier with a very pretty light tenor voice and a troubadour's gift of improvisation, a sort of cross between Charles Wogan and Paolo. Follows the inevitable tragic consequence, aided by wretched mischances and very thorough and rather incredible and insufficiently motived villainy on the one part and an ingenuous lack of suspicion on the other. Mr. Capes is an accustomed weaver of romances. Perhaps custom has staled his form a little. I doubt if he would once have thought

unhappy authentic ingredients of his romance, for the basil need have had nothing to do with the case and seemed forced rather than pleasantly fanciful. But Mr. Capes is nothing if not allusive and one understands his temptation.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, you may be glad to hear, is at it again. He was, I fancy, too profitable a servitor of the Baroness Orczy to be allowed to remain permanently in retirement, however well-earned. His reappearance should be for everyone's benefit, especially since it shews him engaged upon such an excellent adventure as that set out in Eldorado(HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This time his objective is the rescue of the Dauphin. "Could I, or anyone else, doubt for a moment that sooner or later your romantic hero would turn his attention to the most pathetic sight in the whole of Europe—the child-martyr in the Temple prison?" asks one of the characters in an early chapter. Of course not; no more could the Pimpernel's enormous public. So it is well that their confidence has been rewarded. No one at this time of day will be astonished to learn that the mission is a triumphant success, and the little prince safely smuggled over the frontier; for your Pimpernel is not the man to be checked by so trifling an obstacle as historical accuracy. The future course of events with the child is not indicated. What is of far more importance is that the tale shows Sir James Blakeney at his delightful best-witty, debonair, that anyone even in the seventeen-sixties would say, "Hark and so resourceful that even when things look darkest the to that chink, Gaspare! A double silver ducat to line your reader can rest upon the comfortable assurance that all old breeches withal!" And I am inclined to wish that he will come right in the end. There were moments when, had not chosen a pot of basil in which to boil up the but for this conviction, my own optimism would have been

sorely tried. improbable and most entertaining story.

There was once, you may remember, a gentleman named STERNE who wrote a book called A Sentimental Journey. Since then there have been others of like mind, such (for example) as Stevenson, Belloc, and plenty more whom I could mention, but have forgot. The point about these persons is that they all wrote books of easy-going travel, and (which is the strange thing) wrote them in very much the same style. There appears indeed to be a Common Form in these matters. The latest exponent of it is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, whose book The New Foresters (NISBET) is not only an interesting study for the stylist, to read. Mr. Caine, being, as is clearly apparent, of the initial; and when I was told that "B. had not yet killed stuff of which adventurers are made, has hit upon a bright his lion, so the shot was his," I confess that my concern

idea. Perceiving that motors and their attendant dust have rendered highroad caravanning a humiliation and torture not willingly to be endured, he determined with his wife to explore only such side tracks as were impossible to the Destroyers. To this end, having secured a small cart and a moderately reasonable ass, he started upon a leisurely tour of the New Forest, with such results as are here set down. It is a book that any fool can enjoy and chuckle over; but to the choice company who love the Forest and its enchanting villages as a man may love good ale, or that grow in a certain

pure delight. I should like to quote from almost every chapter. What more could one say? Buy it at once.

"RICHARD DEHAN'S" method hardly lends itself to short story writing. It needs the elbow-room which it (and I) emphatically enjoyed in Between Two Thieves. The Headquarter Recruit (Heinemann) is, I am afraid, a sheaf of not very notably inspired or diverting pot-boilers, and their author is less concerned with probabilities of situation and character than any I have the honour to be acquainted with. The stories set out, for the most part, on a gay Kiplingesque note of genial allusiveness, but the plausibility of that adroit model is not at command. Besides, "his horses, his dogs, his guns, his hunters were discussed and rediscussed by men at clubs, in Fleet ward-rooms and garrison mess-rooms;" "the adjutant said in a tone that rang like bell-metal;" "the pale translucent hazel eyes of the young lady flashed violet;" and these things, I imagine, are no longer done, though they are well-known and convenient ingredients for the wholesale manufacture of fiction. But in the same position. "The Fourth Volume," the story of the wife who married on his death-bed the hussar who had broken his back on his death-bed the hussar who had broken his back "At the 17th the captain won by laying his iron shot about 140 a-hunting is, strangely enough, as short and as ingenious yards on the green at the 18th hole dead,"—Croydon Advertiser. in construction as one could desire; quite a satisfactory We have often laid our drive dead on the wrong green.

Still I ought to have guessed that the example of the compressed and unexpected. There is a bandaged ruffian was really Mr. Fred Terry-I mean the certain movement and fantastic vitality about this writer's Pimpernel—in disguise, because this sort of thing has work even when, as in several of the examples collected happened before. That I didn't is my tribute to a breathless, in this volume, it is brimful of defects of matter and faults of style. And vitality is, after all, a better thing than

"Hundreds of men," says Mr. S. E. White, in The Land of Footprints (Nelson), "are better qualified than myself to write just this book." I commend his modesty, and only wish that he had carried it a little further and refrained from disparaging hunter-authors in general, an invidious task to which he devotes the first chapter of his book. But apart from this error of judgment I have only one fault to find with him, and it is that he refers to his comrades as B., C. and F. This reticence may have been obligatory, but all the same I can never pretend to a very but incidentally as entertaining a record as you could desire human interest in a man who is cut down to a mere

about the issue was largely academic. On the other hand I found unqualified virtue elsewhere in Mr. WHITE'S reticence. He has not revelled in details of indiscriminate slaughter, If I happened to be a Grant's gazelle, a Newman's hartebeeste, or a lesser kudu and had to be hunted, I should esteem it a privilege to be pursued by such an unbloodthirsty sportsman as the author of The Land of Footprints. It is more than a thrilling story of adventure, for Mr. WHITE shows that he is a man of broad sympathies and understanding, who not only can deal successfully with primitive tribes like the Kikuyus, Monumwezis and Wakam-

orchard near Minstead (I had to put that in), it will be a bas, but really knows them. If Memba Susa and Fundi ever happen to come my way I shall feel that on their side the ceremony of introduction has already been most pleasantly performed.



"CAN MY 'ERBERT BATHE 'ERE, MUM? 'E AIN'T GOT NO UNIVERSITY a mistress, or the apples COSTUME, BUT 'E'S GOT IS ETON COLLAR AND 'IS COLLIDGE CAP ON."

In my experience there are two kinds of satisfaction to be derived from a good detective story. One is a sense of triumph when you have spotted the winning clue and find that you are right; the other a sense of relief following the solution of a mystery that has left you baffled till the last page. In The Widow's Necklace (DUCKWORTH) Mr. ERNEST DAVIES gives a taste of both kinds. Without claiming any very deep skill in detection I was able to guess pretty early in the story how the theft was accomplished, and I felt continually desirous of kicking the slow official sleuth because he didn't guess, too. I also had a correct suspicion, not, I confess, unclouded by one or two incorrect ones, as to the identity of the thief. But the finish was a complete surprise to me, and I flatter myself that most of Mr. Davies's readers—and he deserves a good many—will find themselves

#### CHARIVARIA.

In view of the present pretty custom of suggesting that a Cabinet Minister is mixed up in every scandal of the day, it

have hinted darkly at the possibility of Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL'S having purloined the famous pearl necklace, which is admitted to have been consigned by post.

Mr. HALL CAINE announces that his new book has been commended by the Archdeacon of West-MINSTER, Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Sir DAVID Jones, Mr. WILLIAM CANTON, the Rev. Father JAY, and Sister MILDRED. May we add that one of our aunts also liked it, while Miss Effie Smith (of Balham) has written to say that she thinks it lovely and so interesting?

During the last week of the Royal Academy Exhibition sixpence was charged for admission. Several visitors expressed the opinion that it was well worth the money.

Suffragettes tried unsuccessfully to burn down the Higher Grade LAST MONDAY'S SHOOT." Schools at Sutton-in-

Ashfield last week. We understand that | Chamber of Deputies it has been dis-|Upon the bridegroom's boxing the bride's this will prove to be the first of a series of attempts to gain the support of the rising generation.

"Among Messrs. London, Weekes & for the Protection of Animals. Co.'s most recent publications is an effective setting of Tennyson's immortal Break, Break, Break." This should have an encouraging circulation among the militants.

Says the author of The Writing of English, just published in the Home University Library:—"So precise a person as Matthew Arnold misquotes making arrangements at once for his the New Obesity Cure.

"If Richard —, fat boiler, will communicate with Thos. —, he will hear of something to his advantage." Keats's 'Pure ablation round earth's Christmas Number.

human shores' as 'cold ablation' with-A TOPICAL touch was given to the proceedings of the Congress by Dr. Walsh, who, in a paper which he read, undertook the white-washing of Lucrezia Sorgia.

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Out a blush, and under circumstances cially forbidgen "to carry away in any test called for great accuracy." The vessel or receptacle any quantity of sea water except by special licence." The local lock-up should be badly overtook the white-washing of Lucrezia slip which remained uncorrected not only during the poet's lifetime, but bathers who have inadvertently swaldown to the appearance of The Writing lowed some of the precious liquid. of English.

THE UNSEASONABLE NUT.

Minx. "WHATEVER ARE THOSE FEATHERS DOING?"

Nut. "Oh, I must have forgotten to take 'em out of my pocket after

covered that on occasions there are ears, the guests thrashed him and threw 75,000 microbes there to the cubic yard. The scandal of this overcrowding is to

The gentleman who wrote to a contemporary last week from Saffron Walden to announce that three degrees of frost were registered there on the 7th of August did, after all, serve a useful purpose. A forgetful editor, we are

Visitors to Pourville have been offiout a blush, and under circumstances cially forbidden "to carry away in any

A short way with poets! A prisoner, As a result of investigations into up before Mr. Horace Smith (himself a seems almost uncanny that no one should the sanitary conditions of the French poet) last week, asked him to read a poem

he had written. magistrate read one verse, and then sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment in default of finding two sureties for his good behaviour.

The news that in the excitement of a cricket match a Leeds youth who had been dumb for ten years regained his speech does not surprise us. We have heard the most reticent man we know say quite a lot at the wickets when the ball hit him sharply on the little finger.

"A Vicar's Moral," announced a paragraph in The Daily Mail. "Dear, dear! Have we come to this?" commented an old lady, "A vicar with only one moral!"

At a ball that followed a rustic wedding the other day, there was a violent quarrel between the bride and bridegroom owing to the lady's dancing several times with her husband's former rival.

him out. Among the superstitious peasantry the incident is looked upon as a bad be taken up at once by the local Society omen, and the wiseacres are prophesying for the Protection of Animals.

> The Rev. Canon M. M. FFINCH and Mrs. FFINCH celebrated their golden wedding at Northfleet, Kent, last week. We congratulate these llove-bbirds.

#### The New Obesity Cure.

Advt. in " Liverpool Echo."

## KAISER WILHELM TO KING CAROL.

(On the conclusion of Peace.)

GOOD KARL, your second loyal wire to hand, Acknowledging receipt of Ours and sending A further tribute to the brain that planned, By just allotment of another's land, This amicable ending.

Telegrams, as you know, We've sent before, Throwing, at well-selected points of time, light On Our supremacy as Lord of War, And now this new one gives Us back once more A place within the limelight.

For, frankly, We have been for many a day (We who were born the cynosure of nations) Eclipsed by this loud talk of EDWARD GREY, How he was always, in his tactful way, Saving the situations.

Yes, We have been bored stiff; We could not bear Those tedious tales of how he kept his head on, Calming the others when they lost their hair, And, by his cool behaviour in the Chair, Postponing Armageddon.

But now the public We so long have missed Acclaim Us as The Man Who Made the Treaty-Not as they make 'em at St. James's tryst, But bearing on its face Our final fist, German and mailed and meaty.

And, if some monarch-rival or ally-Thinks to revise Our work a little later, "Stet!" is our comment; "let it stand!" We cry; "Enough to know (without the reason why) It has Our imprimatur!"

Thus WILLIAM KAISER is himself again, Halo on brow, superb in shining show-wear; Once more Our prestige, slightly on the wane, Retrieves its former bulk and swells amain, O.S. And EDWARD GREY is nowhere.

## THE PATRIARCHAL DRAMA.

THE statement that, at the beginning of Sir HERBERT Beerbohm Tree's Biblical play, Jacob (whom our great histrionic epigrammatist is to impersonate) will be eightysix years of age, and at the end one hundred and six, has caused a flutter in centenarian circles, for hitherto the stage has paid very little attention to very old men. But, since every new dramatic departure finds instant imitators, Mr. CLARKSON has already laid in a large stock of venerable wigs and beards.

Sir Herbert's modus operandi for getting age into him is most interesting. In his charming villeggiatura he has been busy for some weeks on a monograph of OLD PARR, which is said to bristle with good things; he has exchanged his magnificent limousine for a bath-chair; and his constant companion is a copy of De Senectute. So great has been his success, at any rate superficial success, that in the towns he passes through in his quaint conveyance he is deluged with old-age pensions.

There is no truth in the rumour that Sir Herbert has consented, in deference to the wishes (or threats) of the W.S.P.U., to let the colours of Joseph's coat be purple, | in which he keeps nothing back which he feels the public green and white.

In giving Potiphar's wife the name of Zuleika, Sir HERBERT has again displayed his marvellous ingenuity and readiness. "What shall we call her?" Mr. Louis N. PARKER asked one day at rehearsal. Quick as lightning came the reply, "Call her Zuleika." Any other man would have thought for hours and then have done worse. "Or. As you Like Her" has been suggested as a sub-title to the play; but Sir HERBERT is against it.

The pit used by Joseph's cruel brethren in the great desert scene will be supplied by TRAPP AND Co.

As we go to press we learn that the sprightly piece to be entitled Methusclah, which was confidently expected from Mr. Bourchier, is not to be produced before 2163, owing to the thoroughness of that actor's methods.

## THE NEW INTERVIEWING.

(With acknowledgments to "The Observer.")

Anxious to glean some information regarding the forthcoming production at the Novelty Theatre of Mr. G. Bernshaw's much-canvassed play, The Girl from the Niger, our representative called upon the famous manager, Mr. Garville Banker, and put a few leading questions to him.

"Touching The Girl from the Niger-" began our inter-

viewer in an inviting tone.

"Who's touching her?" inquired Mr. Banker.
"—may I ask whether it is intended to give a realistic stage-picture of the West African interior?"

"You may," was the encouraging reply.

"Of course the popular legend may provide the substance of the story, or it may merely be treated in an allegorical fashion?" it was suggested.

"There are those alternatives," said Mr. Banker.

"And I suppose you do not intend to introduce a real tiger on the stage?"

"Do you?"

"If an allegorical treatment is adopted it is possible that the tiger may be designed to represent the retribution that follows upon the prevailing feminine follies of the age?" insinuated our representative.
"The word 'possible' covers every eventuality that

may present itself to the imagination," replied the talented

impresario.

"Do you think that an author should produce his own plays, or that a professional producer should be universally employed?" was the next question.

"I don't think," replied Mr. Banker.

"Does Mr. Bernshaw agree with your revolutionary stage methods?"

"I'm afraid we shall have some rain after all," said Mr. Banker, rising and peering anxiously out of the window.

"I presume-

"Quite so, you do." "And one would like to know how many scenes there will be, and who are to act in the play, and whether the

incidental music will be of Nigerian origin?"

At this stage of the interview, however, Mr. Banker lapsed into a contemplative silence, first toying with some papers, then looking at his watch, and finally ringing the bell. Concluding that little further information was to be obtained in this quarter and hearing a heavy footstep on the stairs, our representative took his departure.

But to one who has known what it is to interview an actor-manager like Sir HERBERT TREE about a forthcoming production and to revel in the fine, free, generous manner

ought to know—oh, what a difference!



# THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

Conscientious M.P. "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T REALLY BE EARNING MY FULL SALARY THIS YEAR WITH NO AUTUMN SESSION."

PAYMASTER BULL (weary with legislation). "DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT. YOU GO AND TAKE A NICE LONG HOLIDAY; THE COUNTRY NEEDS IT."



Mabel (trying her first story—the latest from the Junior Atalanta Smoling-room—on Auntie). "D'You see the point?" Auntie. "IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, I DON'T."

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

" EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST."

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was taken to the Zoo by her father. Her father's tastes were wholly scientific; he paid five guineas a year for the privilege of forgetting to give away Sunday tickets; he could add F.Z.S. to his name if he liked; and when he went in he asked for a pen, instead of paying a shilling like inferior Cavy at all. folk. But the little inferior in what is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? where unmoved by the world's strand angelts whether elephants or snakes, and the little inferior impatiently inquired. Whether elephants or snakes, and the little inferior impatiently inquired. result was that she followed listlessly and fatigued at her father's heels throughout the expedition, while with eager eyes he scrutinised this odd creature and that, from the very postimpressionist mandril by the Circle gate even to the distant and incredible camelopards.

The little girl, I say, was listless and fatigued—with the exception of two moments. For it chanced that as they walked in solemn procession through the house of the ostriches and the emus and various cassowaries, each of

the little girl, loitering at his bars, uttered a gasp of delight, for there, all unconcerned and greedy, sat a tiny

English mouse, eating grain.

It looked at her with its brilliant eyes, and nibbled as though there were only two minutes of all time left for refreshment; and, secure in the know-

"What is it? What is it?" her

and look at this darling little mouse."

"Pooh—a mouse," said her father, and so strode on, eager to reach the elusive apertyx. But not yet could he do so, for at the very next compartment, after she had dragged herself all unwilling from this one, the little girl can often give points to the startling." stopped again, and again was absorbed, not however in contemplation of the Red-bellied Wallaby which resided there and had been brought at great expense many thousands of miles from Australia for her benefit, but of the halfdozen London sparrows which fought whom is named after his discoverer, and scrambled and gourmandized in It is more likely to be pleaded that the they came to the Patagonian Cavy, and the Wallaby's food tim.

"Well," said her mother when the little girl returned, "and what did you see that pleased you best?" and the little girl mentioned the mouse and the sparrows, but chiefly the mouse.

And what of the mouse? may call yourself a Patagonian Cavy, he remarked later in the evening, "but ledge of the dividing bars, it refused it doesn't follow that you're everybody. even to blink when she flicked her hand Did you notice a little girl with a blue at it. She never saw the Patagonian bonnet this afternoon? Just after teatime? The one that called her father back to have another look? Well, being a poor benighted Patagonian, you don't, of course, know what she said, but it wasn't what you think it was, oh dear no. What she said was, 'Do come back and look at this darling little mouse,' which merely," the mouse concluded, "again illustrates an old contention of mine that the familiar

> "The last general election appears to have been in October, 1910. The Constitution pro-vides for elections every two years, so that, did a normal state of things exist, they ought to take place in a couple of months. It may, of course, be pleaded, with some plausibility, that the condition is not normal."—Times.

arithmetic is not normal.

## PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

WHEN Editha fell behind I was able I repeat it: I really believe these men consider themselves our superiors. I have often tried to think why. Possibly brother Bertie, who was entering. Howit is because they are so proud of ever, I pretended not to see him, he is and beneath these words was what I having learnt to walk on their hind such a spectacle. I wonder, in fact, at first took to be a lifelike portrait of legs for a longer time at a stretch than that he shows himself in public. Bertie myself. I almost fainted with fright. other animals. Still, when all is said is the fool of the family. Always I immediately thought of Lord Bel-

and done, that is but a circus trick. And how petty are these giants, and how cruel! Their hatred of us is born in them; it comes out in their young; and it is thanks to a little brute of a boy of seven, who actually tried to kill me dead, that I have only three

legs.
There are some who hold that men are more humane than they used to be. It is just possible, though I find it difficult to realise. It is true, though, that I remember my maternal grandmother telling me one day that, when she was a young girl, it was a common sight to see monsters walking about the streets selling things called Fly-papers, diabolical contrivances covered with some sticky substance which were so many death traps for us. One would see hundreds of flies on them either dead or in their death agonies. It was a gruesome sight which, grandma said, had often turned her sick. Poor old lady, she met with a

violent end herself. Latterly

she suffered cruelly from

mising not to tickle.

though old-fashioned, are really quite ferred her affections to me. I suppose good natured. I always think they he was out to-day because it was so fine. have such kind eyes.



THE RAGE FOR ANTIQUE BRIC-A-BRAC.

"WHERE SHALL I SEND IT FOR YOU, GOVERNOR? TO THE QUAYS?" "No, to Bungalow Town. It's for a house, not a shir."

mounted a horse and had the most process to be quite simple. So one so soon get exhausted. glorious gallop. It did our livers no end of good. My gee tried to throw butter at a cheesemonger's—and esme at first, but desisted on my process to be quite simple. eye-lashes. Now he is an almost help-Shortly after this the two of us had less cripple—a sheer hulk. So near some pretty good fun teasing a daddy- was he to death that his nerves are la paix.

long-legs whom we happened on near practically ruined, and he scarcely ever Hyde Park Corner. It was rather a ventures out, and his best girl, a shame, perhaps, as daddy-long-legses, strapping wench named Maggie, trans-

Near my home I myself had an ugly Percy now said that he must be shock. Upon a hoarding my eye sud-

chester and his immense influence. Annoyed at my lack of respect for him, had he. I wondered, caused London to be plastered with these incitements to assassinate me? I pulled myself together and looked again. Imagine my relief on finding that the fly of the placard had six legs!

The fright caused by the "Kill that Fly" poster quite knocked me over, and on reaching home I sank back into an arm-chair feeling far from well. Scon I fell into a restless sleep, and I must have slept for some hours for, when I woke up, none the better for my rest, it was quite dark. I pulled myself toge her and made my way to the dining-room, where Lord Belchester was at dinner. I dined with him. It was a reckless thing to do, but fortunately he never recognised me. All went well until sweets were served, when I had the misfortune to overbalance myself and fall into a glass of Vichy water. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to scramble out. At one

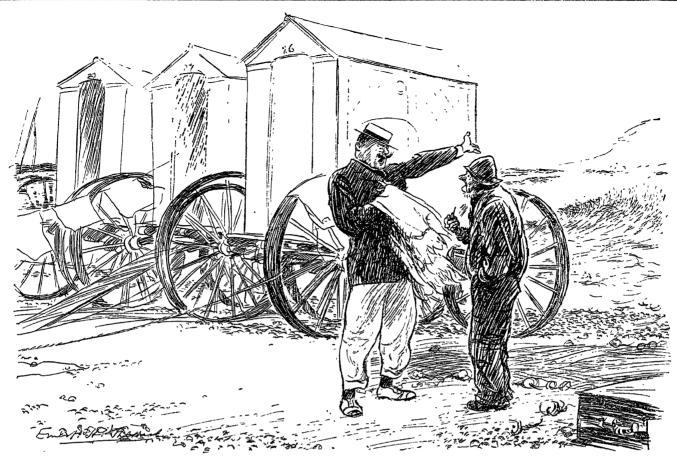
rheumatism, and one day, when she brainless, as a youngster he developed moment, indeed, I thought it was all was dragging her poor tired limbs into a bit of a fop, and acquired in over with me. Phew! It is this kind laboriously across the road, a horrid a very short time a reputation for of incident that ages us flies. Death motor-car, which did not even blow its being a lady-killer. And what must be by drowning is indeed a constant horn, went clean over her.

Well, well, I pondered, these are gloomy thoughts for so fine a day, and I resolved to put them from me. Just could never consort with anyone who as well. I often think that it is a pity then I met a pal named Percy, and we was not of her own genus. At that, the that steps are not taken to teach us decided to go for a ride in the Row. silly young ass decided that he would long-distance swimming. We can most So we made our way thither, and each become a butterfly. He imagined the of us keep up for a certain time, but

(To be concluded.)

The Treaty of Bukarest. (By Our Military Prophet.)

C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas



Teuten (on being told it is too rough to bathe). "You English sailors—the ocean, is it yours? Ach! We shall spe!"

## A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

man as ever wore a cummerbund on an who in a subsequent interview would esplanade—was in despair. For half-an-hour he and Miss Spratt had been sitting in silence on the pier, and it was still William's turn to say something. some such old gentleman more and Miss Spratt's last remark had been, more; for only thus, he realised, could gentlemen he was prepared to waive it.

"Oh, Mr. Bales, you do say things!" he capture the heart of the wayward gentlemen he was prepared to waive it.

"Oh, Mr. Bales, you do say things!" he capture the heart of the wayward gentlemen he was prepared to waive it. tion must at all costs live up to the a dull season; in a whole fortnight standard set for it. Three or four nobody had gone out of his way to times he had opened his mouth to oblige William, and to-morrow he must speak, and then on second thoughts return to the City as unknown and as had rejected the intended utterance as unloved as when he left it.

unworthy. At the end of half-an-hour "Got to go back to-morrow," he said sized whiting—that Miss Spratt spoke be, and he told himself that even it did not do him justice. BERNARD SHAW or one of those clever writing fellows would have been hard Spratt. put to it now.

William was at odds with the world. He was a romantic young man who said Miss Spratt. had once been told that he nearly looked like Lewis Waller when he pier. There was an old gentleman frowned, and he had resolved that his fishing at the end of it, his back turned

let himself he saved by—and, later William Bales—as nice a young on photographed with—William Bales, and William felt that his next observa- Miss Spratt. But so far it had been One kick and then . . . . Fame! And,

his mind was still working fruitlessly, at last. As an impromptu it would He knew that the longer he waited have served, but as the result of halfthe more brilliant he would have to an-hour's earnest thought he felt that

"So you said before," remarked Miss

"Well, it's still true."

"Talking about it won't help it,"

William sighed and looked round the holiday this year should be a very invitingly to William. In half-an-hour spratt.

dashing affair indeed. He had chosen he had caught one small fish (which the sea in the hopes that some old he had had to return as under the age beach, and, rounding a corner of the-

gentleman would fall off the pier and limit) and a bunch of seaweed. William felt that here was a wasted life; a life, however, which a sudden kick and a not only Fame, but the admiration of Angelina Spratt.

It was perhaps as well for the old at this moment.

"Well, you're good company, I must say," she observed to William.

"It's so hot," said William.

"You can't say I asked to come here."

"Let's go on the beach," said William desperately. "We can find a shady cave or something." Fate was against him; there was to be no rescue that day.

"I'm sure I'm agreeable," said Miss

cliffs, they came presently to a cave. In earlier days W. Bales could have done desperate deeds against smugglers there, with Miss Spratt looking on. Alas for this unromantic age! It was now a place for picnics, and a crumpled sheet of newspaper on the sand showed that there had been one there that very afternoon.

They sat in a corner of the cave, out of the sun, out of sight of the sea, and William prepared to renew his efforts as a conversationalist. In the hope of collecting a few ideas as to what the thither, and will then swim for help. London clubs were talking about he picked up the discarded newspaper, and saw with disgust that it was the local Herald. But just as he threw it down, a line in it caught his eye and remained in his mind-

"High tide to-day-3.30."

William's heart leapt. He looked at his watch; it was 2.30. In one hour the waves would be dashing remorselessly into the cave, would be leaping up the cliff, what time he and Miss Spratt-

Suppose they were caught by the

Meanwhile the lady, despairing of entertainment, had removed her hat.

"Really," she said, "I'm that sleepy—— I suppose the tide's safe, Mr. Bales?"

It was William's chance.

"Quite, quite safe," he said earnestly.

"It's going down hard."

"Well then, I almost think-She closed her eyes. "Wake me up when you've thought of something really funny, Mr. Bales."

William was left alone with Romance. He went out of the cave and looked round. The sea was still some way out, but it came up quickly on this coast. In an hour ... in an hour.

He scanned the cliffs, and saw the ledge whither he would drag her. She would cling to him crying, calling him her rescuer. . .

What should he do then? Should he leave her and swim for help? Or should he scale the mighty cliff?

He returned to the cave and, gazing romantically at the sleeping Miss Spratt, conjured up the scene.  ${
m It}$ would go like this, he thought.

Miss Spratt (wakened by the spray dashing over her face). Oh, Mr. Bales! We're cut off by the tide! Save me!

W. Bales (lightly). Tut-tut, there's no danger. It's nothing. (Aside) Great Heavens! Death stares us in other day. He wore no hat; his clothes the face!

Miss Spratt (throwing her arms around his neck). William, save me; I cannot swim!

W. Bales (looking like Waller). Trust me, Angelina. I will fight my way a few yards of the edge of the turf, and he found better luck.

An Englishman can only die once.

Miss Spratt. Don't leave me! W. Bales. Fear not, sweetheart. See, there is a ledge where you will be beyond the reach of the hungry tide. I will carry you thither in my arms and will then-

At this point in his day-dream William took another look at the sleeping Miss Spratt, felt his biceps doubtfully, and went on-

W. Bales. I will help you to climb

Miss Spratt. My hero!

Again and again William reviewed the scene to himself. It was perfect. His photograph would be in the papers; Miss Spratt would worship him; he would be a hero in his City office. The actual danger was slight, for at the worst she could shelter in the far end of the cave; but he would not let her know this. He would do the thing heroically-drag her to the ledge on the cliff, and then swim round the point to obtain help.

The thought struck him that he could conduct the scene better in his shirt sleeves. He removed his coat, and then

ledge.

Miss Spratt awoke with a start and looked at her watch. It was 4.15. The cave was empty save for a crumpled page of newspaper. She glanced at this idly and saw that it was the local *Herald* . . . six days old.

Far away on the horizon William Bales was throwing stones bitterly at the still retreating sea. A. A. M.

## A VARIETY ARTIST.

chooses for his pitch the turf within the ropes at the Oval is a fellow not pass frequently; and whatever may be the desire of the authorities to encourage the brightening of cricket it is doubtful performer to take his stand upon the and the performance absolutelyvery field of play.

Yet the official must be stern indeed who would molest the perky little chap with the bright eyes, the knowing look, and the sprightly manner who sometimes entertains occupants of the sixlooked as if he habitually slept in them

round the point and obtain help. (Aside) facing his audience with all the assurance of a LITTLE TICH (yet keeping a sharp look-out for any who might come to turn him off) he pursued one of his methods of making a living. Perhaps only a few, if any, quite understood what he was saying; but if you will accept my version I think you will not be seriously misled.

"Now, gentlemen all," he piped in his thin, staccato voice, "they ain't 'ittin' any fours this arternoon, and the game's shockin' slow; so I'll ask your kind attention for a few moments to my little efforts to amuse you. Fust of all, gents, I propose to roll in the grass just like as if it was the dust old 'ITCH out there keeps kickin' up in 'is 'op, skip and a jump to the wicket. Followin' that, I shall, if I 'ave any luck, engage in a contest under catchas-catch-can rules wiv one of the wriggly denizens of this 'ere grass, if 'e'll only 'ave the pluck to put 'is 'ead out for 'arf a mo'. After that, I will give my celebrated performance of chasin' from the field one o' them overgrown insults to our speeces as is no use to anybody till they are plucked and shoved underneath the pastry. went out of the cave to reconnoitre the And, finally, I will give my sidesplittin' imitation of a Petticoat Lane canary afore 'e's got 'is best clo's on.

"But first I'll ask you to throw in a few contributions, just by way of encouragement." Here a piece of bun struck him; but instead of taking offence he nibbled at it cagerly, and with his mouth full expressed cordial thanks. "Nine more like that, gentlemen all, is what I ask, and then the show begins,' he continued. "Nine crumbs only—bun, biscuit or bread; I'm not perticklar. Thank you, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Seven more, and I begin with THE itinerant entertainer who no further—thank you; much obliged, Sir—no further delay. Only five more, gentlemen. (Needn't look so cross, without courage. For there are police- you with the nose; it's only crumbs men about, and the score-card sellers I'm askin' for; I don't want to rob you of your whiskey.) Throw 'em on the grass, gentlemen, or I'll come and take em from the 'uman 'and, which you whether they would allow any vagabond like! Now, only two more required,

But at this exciting moment the banquet spread upon the grass around the entertainer brought a baker's dozen of other sparrows and a couple of gigantic pigeons on to the scene. I cannot sully this fair page with the penny seats. I was watching him the words which the one who was on the very brink of his performance presumably addressed to the intruders. Seizing (which no doubt he does); and he was the largest crumb with his beak, he not over-clean. He belonged to the flew over towards Hobbs and gobbled gutter, the young scamp, and little did it greedily, and then departed to the he care who knew it. He kept within other side of the ground, where I hope



Householder (having subdued burglar with discarded golf club). "H'm! That's the first time I've ever really liked that

## TWO OF A TRADE.

THE moment Charles Meredith entered our Temple flat, just after we had finished our lunch, I knew that he was in trouble and meant to carry it off lightly. His face gave him away to those who, like myself, knew him well. Knowing, moreover, my Marjorie's fatal gift of spotting my unconfessed wickednesses, and her deadly habit of not allowing me to carry them off lightly, having also suffered much from odious comparisons between myself and this same Charles Meredith, I looked forward to a pleasant ten minutes or so. But I ought to have known that I am never very far out of trouble myself when Marjorie and trouble are about.

"I have come up to apologise to you, Mrs. Shelley," said he.

I waved a kindly hand at him. "Don't mention it," I said airily; "all is forgiven."

view, if she knew what the trouble was. I begged Charles, as being the only person who did know, to tell her.

After some hesitation, Charles began: "The fact is that a long, long time ago an uncle and aunt of mine fixed this week-end for their annual visit."

and aunts," said I, "it seems that you are entitled to the apologies."

"We dare not put them off," said Charles, "and we have only one spareroom.

I had suddenly the instinctive feeling of having not done something which I ought to have done. Was it possible that Charles had given me a message for my wife which my wife had never received? My worst fears were realized when Charles proceeded to inform us that his wife bitterly regretted having to put us off. "Let us," I said hastily to Charles, remembering now exactly what the message was that I had omitted to deliver-"let us go back to our respective chambers and resume our work. It is high time, very high time, that we were forgetting our respective wives and devoting the whole of our great minds to the affairs of others.'

Marjorie got between me and the Marjorie said she would endorse this door. "Put us off what?" she asked. "Didn't he tell you?" asked Charles,

"If they are anything like my uncles | Some little time ago a message was his own generosity. "You would

despatched to you, which got lost in transit. It was to the effect that the Merediths would be delighted if we would spend the week-end in their Surrey ĥome. The week in question would have started ending to-morrow, I believe. But now, since the uncle and aunt have unhappily intervened, shall we disperse without referring again to the melancholy affair?"

"Really, John," Marjorie began (I suffer more from "really" than from any other word in the dictionary). And then to Charles, "Why, I ought to have written to Mrs. Meredith days ago to thank her for asking us, for of course we should have loved to come. Of course it doesn't matter a bit about putting us off, and it was awfully kind of you both to have thought of asking us. But what does worry me is what she will think . . . really, John."

"What, again?" I said. But Marjorie's face had now assumed the familiar I-wish-I-had-married-somebody-else expression.

pointing an accusing finger at me.

I interrupted. "If you ask me..."
Marjorie interrupted. "I was asking
Mr. Meredith. Yes, Mr. Meredith?"

"If you ask me," I continued, "he probably didn't, but he will do so now.

Some little time age a manager was a manager was a manager to the continued of the continued of



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

HUMILIATING POSITION OF BATHER WHO HAS REACHED THE LIMIT OF HIS POWERS IN SWIMMING TO THE DIVING-RAFT.

never treat your wife in this off-hand way."
"Yes, yes," said Charles. "I mean,

Marjorie I didn't mind—she is my fate and is, no doubt, good for me-but there came to be that element in the attitude of Charles which gave me to think that he was easily carried away. "And now," he said finally, arming me favour, however caustically pronounced. towards my own exit, "we ought to be getting back to work. Come along, you, John."

My next remark may not bear the explanation may sound." impress of startling intelligence, yet it The arrogance of Charles collapsed. was the cleverest I have ever made in "I beg of you, as a favour to myself," my life. "Marjorie," it ran, "you'll he pleaded, "to do no such thing." have to write to Mrs. Meredith and "But why not?" asked Marjorie. explain."

Charles waved the suggestion airily aside. "Don't you trouble to do any

such thing," said he.

Now this Charles and I, friends though we be, have met as bitter opponents in the forum at any rate sufficiently often for me to know when he is in a hole and is trying to jump out of it.

- "Write she must," said I, firmly.
- "Write she must not," said Charles.
- "Oh, yes," said I. "Oh, no," said Charles.

Charles turned to Marjorie, brushing me aside much as he does his learned friend on the other side in court, when he is endeavouring to bounce a judge. "I am sure you will take it from me that there is no need to write.'

I, on the other hand, kept that silence which I always keep when I know that judgment is going to be in my

"I shall most certainly write to Mrs. Meredith and explain," said Marjorie, "however incredibly monstrous the

"Because Charles has forgotten to tell Mrs. Meredith that we were ever asked," said I pleasantly; and to Charles, more in sorrow than in anger, as I led him from the room, "Really, Charles . . . . ''

"President Wilson has denounced the 'insidious lobbying' against free wool in the

A column of these insects, five miles wide and 18 miles long, is sweeping over the country."—Sydney Morning Herald.
Help! Help!

United States.

## THE MERMAID'S TOILET.

WHEN Summer suns have warmed the sea

To sixty-two or sixty-three, I saunter thither o'er the sand, My brindled costume in my hand,

And find, as might have been foreseen, An occupant in each machine, While heavy booking in advance Indefinitely queers my chance.

Mermaidens through the ripples dash, Mermatrons also sport and splash, And, by the steps, a thought more dressed,

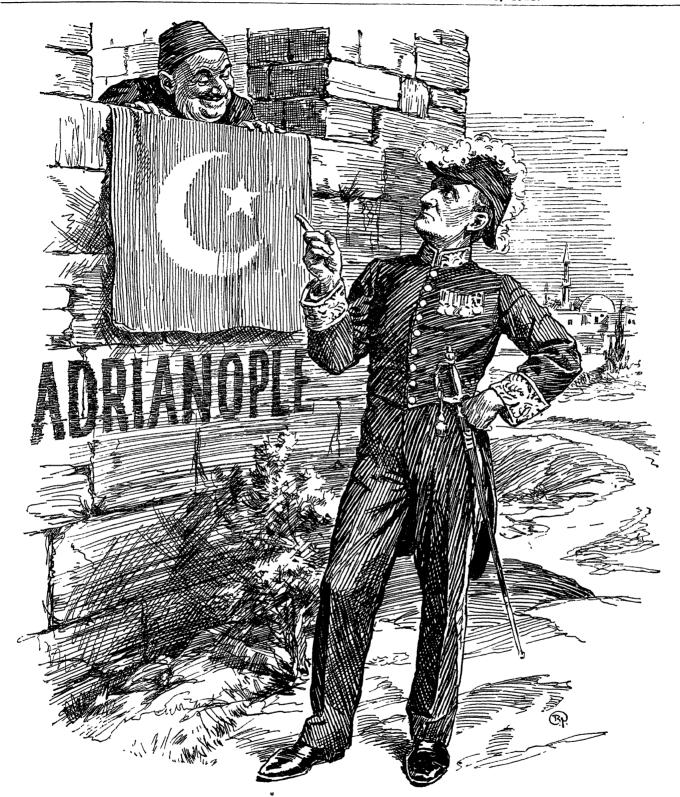
Wait others eager to divest.

However, sanguine on the whole, In patience I possess my soul, For girls who wear such scanty kit Will soon slip out and into it.

But other habits, cut and dried, Are not so lightly laid aside, And ere I take my tardy turn This bitter, bedrock truth I learn :-

Though garments to be donned or loosed

To four or five have been reduced, Woman takes root in her machine As if she still wore seventeen.



# A QUESTION OF DETAIL.

SIR EDWARD GREY. "YOU'LL HAVE TO GO, YOU KNOW. THE CONCERT FEELS VERY STRONGLY ABOUT THAT."

TURKEY. "AND WHO'S GOING TO TURN ME OUT?"
SIR EDWARD GREY. "CURIOUS YOU SHOULD ASK ME THAT; IT'S THE ONE POINT WE HAVEN'T DECIDED YET. HAVE YOU ANY PREFERENCE IN THE MATTER?"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, August 11. -Heard of potted plays. Regarded from point of view of frequenter of matinées, they are nothing compared with this afternoon's performance of Potted Bills. Order of the Day contained as many as twenty-eight separate measures standing at various stages of progress, all bound to be put through at current sitting. Recognised that only possible way of accomplishing stupendous task was to meet an hour earlier than usual. Accordingly at quarter-past three Lord Chancellor took seat on Woolsack. Notice was taken that his constitutionally slim body bulged out in measure suggesting recent enjoyment of exceptionally lusty lunch. Explained later that these were amendments to Mental Deficiency Bill. Their total, including overflow, amounted to no fewer than ninety-one.

Two front benches well filled. Below Gangway to right of Woolsack was here and there a Bishop. For the rest, red leather benches were with one ex-ception unoccupied. Exception had forthwith have got to business. When Request hurriedly granted, and House important consequences affecting course of public business. The solitary unofficial peer was Camperdown, known to his peers as Conversation Camper-DOWN. Sobriquet acquired vogue because so full is he of information, so eager to convey it, that where another would interpolate a sentence in Parliamentary conversation he makes a speech.

On the Order Paper, amid battalion of Bills waiting to be carted off to

a question so voluminous that it would have sufficed less gifted men for a treatise. Had something to do with alluring topic of Undeveloped Land Duty. In the Commons the thing would have been treated as a question. Minister to whom it was addressed would have read reply and there an end on't. In the Lords innocent-looking question may, and frequently does, lead to prolonged debate.

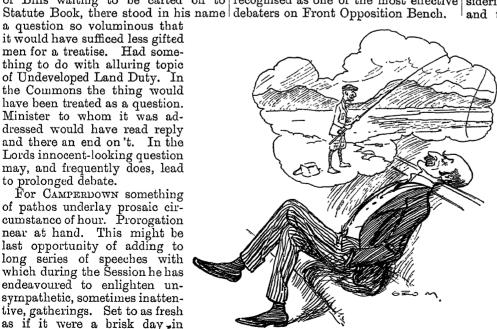
For CAMPERDOWN something of pathos underlay prosaic circumstance of hour. Prorogation near at hand. This might be last opportunity of adding to long series of speeches with which during the Session he has endeavoured to enlighten unsympathetic, sometimes inattentive, gatherings. Set to as fresh as if it were a brisk day in February instead of a languorous thunder-charged afternoon in

August. Strachie, so recently imported from the Commons as to be still influenced by its methods, treated interpolation as a question. Read reply prepared by the Department he represents in the Lords.



MENTAL DEFICIENCY AMENDMENTS. (Lord HALDANE.)

one remembers historical scene in the last century when the first Viscount Deficiency Bill. Wolmer, called to the Peerage by the death of the Earl of Selborne, insisted on remaining in the Commonsa revolutionary movement in which he was backed up by two other elder sons known at the time as George Curzon and St. John Brodrick-his adaptation to later conditions is disposed of. marvellous in its fulness. Come to be recognised as one of the most effective sidering near approach to Prorogation



DAY-DREAMS. (Lord LANSDOWNE.)

Jumped up now and said a few words having remote reference to LLOYD GEORGE and his famous Budget. Thus encouraged, Camperdown positively made another speech. CREWE, most courteous-mannered man that ever led a hopeless minority, thought it incumbent upon him to say a few words. Pretty to see how, standing at Table, he, before opening his mouth, deliberately buttoned the front of his coat, with obvious intent to discourage expansion of phrase. In this he succeeded.

When he sat down the scantv audience glanced anxiously at Leader of Opposition. Would he think it necessary to follow Leader of the House? Happily Lansdowne, dreaming of verdurous sea-haunted Derreen in faroff Kerry, not inclined to risk delay in reaching that haven of rest by blocking Bills with idle talk. Accordingly made no move. Camperdown rose again. Was he on homeopathic principle going to fill vacuum by reiterated vacuity? With sigh of relief was heard to ask leave to withdraw the motion that had went into Committee on Mental

Noble lords, looking at their watches. found it was a quarter-past four. CAMPERDOWN had spent for them the precious sixty minutes dearly bought by earlier hour of meeting.

Business done.—More than a score of Bills coming up from the Commons

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Conand the lure of well-earned holiday,

attendance at opening of business this afternoon surprisingly large. Due to fact that important statement on condition of affairs in the East of Europe expected from Foreign Secre-TARY. Opportunity provided by Second Reading of Appropriation Bill, upon which may be discussed all matters in the heavens above (e.g. insufficiency of aeroplanes), on the earth beneath (the Piccadilly flat) or in the waters under the earth (lack of submarines).

On motion made, EDWARD GREY rose and in studiously casual manner remarked, "There is some information I should like to give the House with regard to foreign affairs which I think it certainly ought to have before it separates and on which it is necessary for me to make some explanation." In this characteristic manner was interest not only at home but abroad.

If ever there was a time when habitually impregnable modesty might temporarily yield to pressure it was here presented. As Sir EDWARD pointed out, up to outbreak of war in Balkans nications with the Foreign Ambassadors last October, there had been universal The rest was comparatively simple. expectation that it would be the signal for a clash of arms among the Great in equally critical times has done such Some would be unable to Powers. keep out of it, and if one or more were but to the Continent. The only man brought in it was impossible to say how many others would follow. That is Sir Edward Grey. calamity, threatening the greatest war since the days of Napoleon, has been read a second time without division. averted. By common consent the

troduced a speech of profoundest in-with regard to the rumours arising out of Haldane's journey to Berlin in February, 1912, he observed, "It is not difficult to tell the truth; the difficulty is to get the truth believed." That difficulty he surmounted in his commu-

Not easy to name a statesman who supreme service not only to his country who seems unconscious of its magnitude

Business done.—Appropriation Bill

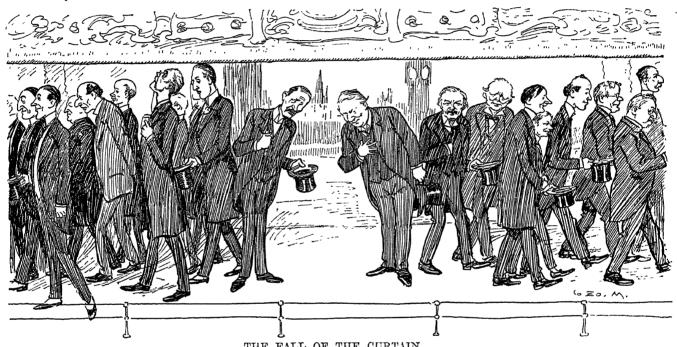
Friday.—Parliament prorogued.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH HOLIDAY - MAKING.

By NINE MAYORS.

(With apologies to a well-known photographic firm.)

Extract from Preface:—This book resembles no other book that has ever appeared. You never read anything like it before, and probably you never will (intentionally) do so again. It is about happiness, and nine mayors have written it to tell you how and where to be happy. What mayors don't know about being happy isn't worth knowing. Is there not an old proverb



THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

leading part in the difficult delicate task has been played by the British Foreign Minister.

Through months of anxious labour, unresting, unhurried, with sublime tact, unruffled patience, inflexible urbanity, he has at long last won a victory more renowned than any achieved in the annals of War. One secret of his success, generously extolled this afternoon on Opposition benches, is the conviction slowly but surely growing in the minds of Representatives of Foreign Powers with whom he has had dealings, that he is an honest man who says exactly what he means and, in spite of unfailing politeness, right thing.

In one of his clearly-cut sentences EDWARD GREY defined the difficulties that since diplomacy was first set to work has environed its practitioners. Speaking in the House of Commons | He mustn't do it again.

"A CORRECTION.

Through inadvertence, the name of Mr-John Smyth, Moyarget, Ballycastle, appeared in the list of persons fined for drunkenness in our report of Ballycastle Petty Sessions in our last issue. Instead, the charge against Mr. Smyth was that of burying a horse within the statutory distance off the public road. We tender our apologies for the error and regret the unpleasantness involved.'

Coleraine Chronicle. All the passers-by regret the same.

"The flowers of nasturtiums make a dainty and delicious sandwich. Lick the flowers just before they are to be used, plunge them into cold water, to remove all dust or a lurking insect."—Montreal Family Herald.

Personally we would rather lick them will resolutely do what he thinks is the after the dust and insects have been removed.

> "Dr. T. J. Van Loghem, the Amsterdam infectious very long after biting a yellow fever infectious very long after biting a yellow fever patient."—Evening Standard.

that says, "The mayor the merrior?" Very well then.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT MUDPOOL. By the Mayor of Mudpool.

I consider that at no place in the world has the visitor better opportunities for winning your Million Pound Happy Moments prize than at Mudpool; and, as the largest shareholder in the Pier and Winter Gardens Co., I ought to know. Here seascape and landscape are so pleasantly combined that on six days out of seven it is impossible to tell which is which. Surely there is significance in the old association of mud and larks. Come, then, to Mudpool and lark.

JOSHUA JUDKINS, Mayor of Mudpool.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT SLUSHVILLE-ON-SEA.

By the Mayor of Slushville-o.-S. Your suggestion that I should write



(After a desperate encounter with a conger-eel, which takes possession of the boat, Edwin persuades the monster to return to its element.) Extract from Angelina's correspondence: "Yesterday Edwin and I caught a splended conger-eel, but unfortunately it FELL OVERBOARD."

to you, pointing out the many advantages which Slushville offers to competitors in your Happy Moments contest, is one that I readily comply with. [Idiot! Don't give the thing It was supposed to be sponaway. taneous!—Editor of Symposium.] Of the joy to be had at Slushville I will simply say that the town supports five concert parties, three bands, and a scenic railway; and leave intending visitors to judge for themselves. I should, however, add that on the morning after last August Bank-Holiday no fewer than seventy - five cases of alleged inebriation were the subject of judicial enquiry, many of them being accompanied by disorderly conduct. And yet they say that the English take their pleasures sadly. Not at Slushville!

Amos Higgs, Mayor.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT TRIPTON. By the Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

urging intending competitors for your as our covey of Arabian donkeys (un-Million Pound Happy Moments to seek equalled on the coast for speed and them at Tripton is that it is so unfair to comfort); our bathing beach, where at all the others. It is impossible to be high-water mixed bathing (or neat if anything else but happy at Tripton. preferred) may be enjoyed with absolute snapped open and shut, and she glared her Why, we have a town-crier who is safety, the depth never exceeding twelve defiance at her husband. J.G. sighed again." enough to make a cat laugh. Why inches; and our casino, boasting the He never did like his wife's transparent

the old market for fish)? should you fail—which is unlikely have spent a happy time (and I hope to Sandborough, and win the prize. much else) at entrancing Tripton.

Thos. J. Pinkerton,

JOHN BROWN,

Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT SANDBOROUGH. By the Chairman Sandborough Council.

Salubrious Sandborough is so well known as the chief health and pleasure resort in the British Isles that any attempt on my part to enlarge upon its many advantages in a competition such as the one that you are so generously appointed, and over 400 parsons, including instituting would only be to gild the several paramount chiefs, were arrested." already refined lily. Passing by, there-The only objection that I can see to fore, such adjuncts to true happiness not photograph him? And as for most matured collection of illustrated eyelids.

"picturesque" bits they abound. What papers to be found in Great Britain, I about the old fish-market (or, to avoid would draw attention to the important misunderstanding, I should rather say fact that, if true happiness is to be found Nor will in health, then Sandborough offers both. lovers of the artistic willingly neglect For the past twelve months our deathsuch a spectacle as Sunset on the rate has been 1 per population, that Tram-terminus. So I extend a hearty one being the local undertaker, who welcome to all and sundry. Even died of starvation. Need I say more? should you fail—which is unlikely— Remember the old phrase, "As happy to secure the million, you will at least as a Sand(borough)-boy." Come then

> Chairman Sandborough Urban District Council (but counts as a Mayor).

And so on.

The Revolt of the Missionary.

The Eastern Daily Press on the Human Leopards' Society of Cannibals:-

"Investigations showed the state of things to be so serious that a special tribunal was

We trust that no Colonial Bishops are implicated in this new policy of retaliation.

From a story in Pearson's Magazine:

"Mrs. J. G.'s bosom heaved, her eyelids

# THE FRIENDLY WAITRESS.

Saturday, August 9th.—Arrived quite safely this afternoon at Les Vallons, which is really one of the most beautiful places in Switzerland. A grand view of valley and mountains. Our hotel stands high and commands the best of the scenery. Mary and Dorothy have become members of the Tennis Club. Little Cynthia and Dick are, of course, too young, but there is plenty of amusement for them in other ways. In fact this is an ideal place for children, and Edith and I are sure to have an easy time in looking after them. There are several Russian and French families in our hotel, all very stout and jolly-looking. We seemed quite sylph-like in comparison with them. Curious how foreigners nowadays run to fat. We all dined at the table d'hôte in the evening. We were looked after by the head waitress, who insisted on our taking a helping of every course. She is extremely friendly and seemed hurt by the mere idea of our refusing anything. It was a long dinner, and the leg of mutton struck me as unnecessary after what we had already eaten. Children a little flushed, especially Cynthia.

Tuesday, August 12th.-At the table d'hôte luncheon to-day, the two top buttons of little Dick's shorts gave way with a loud report. Under the influence of our waitress he had worked his way steadily through all the courses of the luncheon, which had included chicken patties and Irish stew and cauliflower à la crème. At the moment he was engaged upon caramel pudding. The waitress was highly pleased. She said he was increasing in weight à vue d'ail, which, indeed, is true of all of us. Mary and Dorothy not so keen on their lawn-tennis as I should like Edith's skirts refuse to meet round the waist, and I myself am in great trouble with my flannel trousers. Perhaps they have shrunk in the wash. The waitress continues to urge us on at every meal and we dare not offend her. Where will

this end?

Thursday, August 14th.—Had intended to make a walking excursion into the mountains to-day, but when the time for starting came could not move family. Though it was only 10.30 in the morning they were all asleep in the drawingroom. The Russian and French families prefer the smokingroom. The Russian snore has a very penetrating bass note. I cannot say I was displeased at the postponement of our walk, for the mere idea of exercise under a hot sun was most repulsive. Instead of exhausting ourselves by climbing steep ascents we all sat and watched the tennis tournament. Coming up hill afterwards to our hotel, Dick and Cynthia fell down, and before we could stop them they had rolled fifty yards to the bottom of the slope, where they lay, unable to get up, till the English chaplain, who was passing, set them on their legs and started them up-hill again. Edith and I felt inclined to cry with vexation, but what could we do? We could only sit still on a wall and hope for the safety of our children. Mary and Dorothy told me afterwards that they simply couldn't have gone down to the rescue with the prospect of having to toil up again. We hope this will be a lesson to Cynthia and Dick, but, like all children, they are thoughtless. At dinner to-night three of the buttons of my dress-waistcoat suddenly flew off, and one of them hit a French General on the forehead. He was much offended and said he had not the habitude to receive blows of buttons on the face without demanding an explana-tion. Mollified him with some difficulty. The misfortune was entirely due to a poulet chasseur au riz which I had intended to pass, but was not allowed to by our waitress.

Saturday, August 16th.—As a family we have put on eight stone since we came here. Am afraid this is not necessarily a sign of robust health. Every article of everybody's And the leaves, too? How generous!

wearing apparel has had to be let out everywhere. Have arranged to leave on Monday for home. Thank heaven, only two more table d'hôte dinners. Our faces are all cheek. If we could only have hunger-struck all would have been well, but the amiability of the waitress made it impossible. Wonder if the dogs will recognise us when we get home.

# THE KING WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

(1 Fable for Parents and Guardians.) Long years ago, in Puritania's realm, A learned King stood firmly at the helm; A man of blameless and industrious life. Devoted to his exemplary wife, A model father, generous and just, In whom his subjects placed implicit trust. And yet this paragon had two small flaws: He was a slave to Logic's ruthless laws, And owned a gift of humour far intenser Than that of J. S. MILL OF HERBERT SPENCER. Yet all went well until that fatal year When, as the last days of July drew near, At Puritania's greatest public school, Where all her noble sons are taught to rule Her subject races, of all hues and sizes, The King arranged to give away the prizes.

The sun shone kindly from a cloudless sky, And rank and fashion loyally stood by As, guided by the Reverend Head, the King Inspected practically everything; And then, proceeding to the College hall, Amid the cordial cheers of great and small, Rewarded with gilt-edged and calf-bound tomes The scions of his kingdom's stately homes. Then as the last prize-winner sought his seat The King, whose voice though guttural was sweet, Addressed the boys, who checked their loyal din Till you might hear the dropping of a pin. He said it gave him pure and genuine joy To watch the progress of the human boy, Especially when every one was yearning To beat his neighbour in the race of learning. "I gather," he continued, "from your Head That you are all contented and well-fed; That in these placed groves of Academo Your life slips by like some celestial dream; That, scorning luxury and slothful ways, You lead harmonious and laborious days, And never taste of bitter in your cup Save at your periodic breakings-up. Therefore, because your ardent courage falls When you are exiled to your fathers' halls, I have prevailed upon your worthy Head, In recognition of the lives you've led, To grant a boon as welcome as unique And lengthen term-time by an extra week." Within three days the monarch's blameless life Was ended by a young assassin's knife. Yet there are British parents, I am told, Who his audacious sentiments uphold,

"Mrs. -- wore a lovely dress of black and gold; and carried a bouquet of yellow roses (all given by the bride's brother)." Isle of Man Times.

Who mourn in secret his untimely doom And offer furtive tribute at his tomb.



Father (finding his son doing nothing in particular near forbidden cupboard). "Bobbie, have you been eating the Jam again?" Father. "YES." Bobbie. "THEN I HAVE." Bobbie. "CAN YOU SEE ANY MARKS ROUND MY MOUTH, FATHER?"

#### PSEUDO-NEO-GREC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, -So many of my City acquaintances whom I have consulted at lunch or in the train about my new house have said, "You ought to have an architect," that I feel the enclosed diary is of public interest. Anyhow, it answers the objections raised to my project of designing the house myself.

I enclose my card and am Yours faithfully, BALBUS.

June 9.—Feel this project of building myself a house biggest event in my life. Am resolved to keep diary. Sophronia says, "Mind you do keep it." I will. Architect calls himself Benson Benson Friba. Odd name; but Sir George Bilger, who recommended him, writes that he is "the coming man."

June 10.—Not much done. D

not know architect's address except that it was Gray's Inn Square, so floor. Benson Friba was in shooting asked man with broom in Square clothes. Nervous manner; pulls his where Benson Friba's office was. Man asked, "Is he a harshteet?" Have seem to understand. Told him what we taken liking to word. At entry of wanted—i.e., library, drawing-room, house indicated by man found name Brodie's patent self-cleansing lavatory

Institute of British Harshtects"). Sir George apparently thought "Friba" a title of rank similar to Pasha. Found squash racquet court at back and my way slowly up to top floor, where scraper at entrance firmly fixed because Benson nests in rookery of Fribas. ours wobbled about and the man who Some confusion as four names distri- came to mend it did not do it properly. buted among three doors but identified Dining-room, of course, and kitchen, etc. my harshtect's door at last and knocked.

looks out of windows and taps for a living with a pencil. He went to inner door, came back, asked me to take seat and resumed his tapping. Studied framed picture titled "Proposed house for F. Cheese, Esqr.," and discovered that bicycle accident in road was really nursemaid with perambulator talking to Arabian dwarf with turban and naked scimitar. Bell rings and I am shown into Benson's room. There are two dusty silk hats on top of cupboard, violoncello case and golf clubs in corner, and Gladstone bag in middle of painted on wall, "Mr. Benson Benson, basins, conservatory, perforated gauze

F.R.I.B.A. (i.e. "Fellow of the Royal to larder window to keep out flies, entrance hall with alcove at side for billiard table (full size), study, boudoir,

y harshtect's door at last and knocked. Friba listens nervously; says, "I see," Benson's office boy sits at a desk, I see," and then asks, "What style?"

"A thoroughly good style of house," I tell him. He means, however, what style of architecture. "What building Studied do I particularly admire?" he asks. "Westminster Abbey," I tell him.

 $"I {
m see."}$ 

Friba then pensive; finally he says, "The sort of house you want is a Pseudo-neo-Grec house."
"Do I?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all right."

"Yes, you would like it."
"Would I?"

"Yes."

"Right; but don't forget the scraper and the fly gauze."

Friba makes note on blotting pad and asks how much I expect to spend.

"At the outside?"

"Certainly at the outside."

"Five thousand."

"I see.

When I told Friba we wanted French windows to drawing-room he became dejected. Says, "Then it can't be Pseudo-neo-Grec." He explains this at is talking about. I tell him "All right, never mind the French windows, but we want a big bay-window to library.'

"You won't like that," he says.

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing it isn't Pseudoneo-Grec."

He again explains at length. Evi- heeded. Frances does talk so.

dently he is right.

"Well, never mind the bay-window, but we are very fond of oak beams and carved gables," I tell him.

"I am afraid that is out of the hopefully.

question," says Friba.

" Why?"

"Because it isn't Pseudo-neo-Grec." It struck me Friba was coming it a bit strong, but he clearly showed me we did not like beams and carved gables, but only thought we liked them.

"All right; leave 'em out."

My harshtect waxes enthusiastic as we discuss the house. Says he will send rough sketches and then we can talk over details. Bid him good-bye. Then go back, put my head in at the door and say, "Lots of cupboards, please." Expect to hear "Pseudo-neo," &c., but Friba (who for some reason has begun ing," I said, "and it always uprets to undress) agrees at once. Good chap, me." Friba. Have not told Sophronia about windows and oak timbers. Shall make most of cupboards.

July 16.—Sketches came by second post. Fine-looking house, but very strong and unpleasant smell. Don't understand plans yet. Cannot find any

scraper. Only one cupboard.

July 18.—Have solved plans at last. Friba has drawn them upside down. No scraper, though; and can't see fly Sophronia discovered three more cupboards, then had to give up owing to smell of paper. No conservatory, no racquet court, no verandah. Can't understand. Billiard-alcove only fourteen feet square. We cannot make out what thing like starfish in kitchen yard is. No linen-room. Have written Friba asking why no verandah or conservatory or racquet court.

August 13.—No reply from Friba. Hear he is in Scotland. Have written asking estimate of cost. Sophronia has discovered another cupboard. Starfish proves to be pattern of

paving.

Because Pseudoneogrec."

August 17.—Wire from Friba: "Penzance: Estimate from twelve to fourteen thousand."

# A DEBT OF HONOUR.

By her unhappy machinations my sister-in-law has landed me in hot advice. For if, on the one hand . . . ! the facts and then you can judge for hastily. yourselves.

One Sunday in April I was sitting in her drawing-room waiting for her to offer me some tea. For the last out hints, which passed, however, un-

"This morning," she said, breaking out afresh after a momentary lull, "this

"No. Down in the waterside meadow I saw a swallow. Aren't you glad it's

the spring again?"

"Are you sure it wasn't a labourer making a noise that looked like a swallow?" I asked, with grave misgivings. "Spring doesn't really begin, you know, till I've ordered my fancy vests.'

"My dear boy, where is your nose? Can't you smell that it's spring in the air, in the earth, in the tires—everywhere?"

I took a sniff, just to humour her.

"I can only smell the spring-clean-

I sighed and went on with my thirst.

"Now that spring is upon us once more," she persisted in the voice of one with a mission, "there's something I've been wanting to speak to you about."

She paused. I cast my mind hurriedly back over the interval since last I had seen her. What had I been doing

"It's this," she said impressively: "it's quite time you thought seriously of settling down. Everybody says so."

"Don't move. I'm very comfort-

able, thanks."

"You know very well what I mean. Think how nice it would be," she went on in mellifluous tones, "to have someone always to love and protect, someone to welcome you at night and talk to you when you're lonely."

I thought about it.

"I don't see much in it," I said. "Nothing has been fixed up definitely, I hope-not for a day or two?"

"Don't be so absurd!"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I August 14.—Wire from Friba: "Oban: replied. "Since you all seem to have made up your minds about it. Produce the bride, then. Where is she? Why "I like it so much," I put in keep her skulking in the background? pleasantly, "that it seems a pity to Is nothing ready for me?"

Frances gave a mysterious smile which annoyed me.

"Please understand," I pursued, with some heat, "I'm not going to get water again, and I am in need of married for anyone, unless I like. And at present I don't like. . . . Besides, great length. Seems to know what he but perhaps I had better first give you I can't afford it," I added a little too

"What? With—why you're not in debt again already?"

"Er—technically—you see," I proceeded to explain, "it's the buttons. twenty minutes I had been throwing They keep on coming off. And sowhat happens—

"How much do you owe your tailor this time?" She eyed me severely as My mind never works she spoke. morning I saw—what do you think?" really well when people stare at n "A man holding a mug," I suggested and my memory is not what it was. really well when people stare at me,

"I f-forget for the moment. But I dare say I could find out for you."

"And I suppose there's a lot more besides?"

"Er-now you come to mention it," I began.

"I thought so. Then it's certainly time you had someone to look after you," she announced with decision.

"That's not what you said just now, you know. You promised me that I was going to have the looking after somel ody. That's not fair."

"I shall see about it at once."

"Give me till tea-time," I pleaded; "I'm very thirsty.

"Now I know the very girl for you. She's pretty, has a nice disposition. and is easily pleased."

"I ask you for tca," I complained, "and you give nie a wife. Why is there all this delay? What are we waiting for? It seems to me this house isn't properly managed.'

"You must get to know one another. I think you'd make a very good

couple."

"I should only tread on her toes," I urged.

"Well, you shouldn't be so clumsy,"

she replied.

I sat up suddenly and gave Frances a piece of my mind; and there's more where that came from.

"I'm not clumsy. On the contrary, I'm said to be exceedingly graceful. If the truth were known, I believe you tell them to put their feet under mine on purpose so as to give them a secret hold over me. I'm not clumsy. Clumsy!" and I laughed with a hollow mirth.

"Her name is Gwendolen," said Frances, "Gwendolen Hope. Pretty name!

"A very nice name," I agreed.

"I'm glad you like it, becausedisturb it."



Tyro (to Scotch chauffeur, who is acting as loader). "I don't know how I shall get on with those driven birds." Chauffeur. "YE'LL GFT ON ALL RICHT. ALL YE'VE GOT TO DAE'S TO POUB IT INTO THEIR BONNETS WHEN THEY'RE FLICIN TAE YE, AND INTO THEIR DEFFERENTIALS WHEN THEY 'RE FLEEIN' PAST YE.

"Because," she continued, rising and the muscles of my arm. ringing for tea, "just now I heard a

mind you behave yourself!"

So that was why . . . . I jumped up in alarm, preparing for flight, but it was already too late. The door opened and the bride-elect was shown in. She might easily have been worse; in fact a white serge tailor-made frock, wellshaped shoes, and brown silk stockings, which I like. Yes, she might very well have been worse. But in choosing a wife, especially the first, one has to be careful. And yet, dear friends, so in-scrutable are the workings of destiny that, be as careful as you may, things to you exactly what happened. What happened was this. You know those cups they have nowadays, those senseless, precarious things with no balance to speak of? Well, I was handing her her third. I was taking particular pains over it, for I knew that Frances' eye was upon me. Another inch and is the correct thing to do? According I was practically there. And just then (to this day I cannot sufficiently account for it) something (I don't know what it was) suddenly gave way pel me to offer to buy the young person An example (without any warning whatever) in a new frock, and this would be to take Suffragettes.

awful moment . . . "I've done it," knock at the door. I have asked her I whispered, turning bloodlessly to to tea, and I think here she is. Now Frances. "Look!" and I pointed to in what she says. Gwendolen's lap.

If the good creature had only had the presence of mind to sit still! A girl at all handy with her needle could easily have let in a new piece, and nobody would have been any the wiser, she was really rather pretty. She wore excepting ourselves. But no. Rising quickly and without thought she spread it. And, whereas a small concentrated pool would have represented all the mischief done, many tributaries of tea flowed down to the floor in every direction, and the skirt was to all intents spoilt. I did what I could. I gave her my handkerchief and a spoon, have a way of turning out otherwise, in and knelt down to point out the worst spite of every precaution. Being an places. But unless she is not very actual eye-witness, I will try to explain particular, which I doubt, she will never want to wear it again. It is such a mistake, I do think, for mothers to allow young and inexperienced girls to wear white, especially white serge. Frances was obliged to lend her a cloak to go home in.

> And now the question remains, what to Frances, having gone thus far and compromised myself, I must go further. The dictates of honour, she says, com-

For one an intolerable liberty unless I first asked her hand in marriage. And I am bound to admit there is something

#### Candour.

"Young Man teaches Pianoforte, practically and theoretically, 4s. monthly; painstaking with beginners, theoretically.' Advt. in " Dublin Evening Mail."

Practically—well, you should hear him.

"In the end stumps were pulled up half an hour before time, three having then fallen." Daily Telegraph.

By which time even a single-wicket match was impossible.

"FIRST ZINGARI v. GEORGE ORR'S XI." Glasyow Evening News.

The First Zingari, who are very proud of being first, have acquired the bad habit of calling themselves " I Zingari," instead of the more grammatical "We Zingari." This was bound to lead to trouble sooner or later,

"A pretty Summer Frock in spugged crepon with plague of Chinese embroidery, and flat vassell at the corsage.

East Anglian Daily Times.

This sounds like another orgy.

"Violent guests caught us, but the monoplane behaved splendidly all the time." Darly Mail.

An example to Ministers attacked by

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Nothing about Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel impresses me quite so much as its ruthlessness, the ineluctable vigour of its advance. He is a bloodhound on the trail of pathos, stretches octopus tentacles of coincidence, out of the pigeonholes of memory plucks like a hawk every topic of recent interest, from the story of Marie Claire to the foibles of the Smart Set, from the Minority Report on the Divorce Commission to the discovery of the South Pole, and sweeps them all onwards to the great and final thrill. Mary O'Neill, the heroine of The Woman Thou Gavest Me (HEINEMANN), educated in a convent, was forced into a marriage of "suitability" with the dissolute profligate Lord Raa (situate on the Isle of Ellan, wherever that may be), refused to be his wife in more than name, was humiliated because he flaunted his mistresses in her face, found no sympathy from Church, relations, or law in her struggle for freedom, and at last, just before he sailed for Antarctic parts, gave herself

to her life-long lover, Martin Conrad. When she found that she was to become a mother she fled to London, suffered, starved, and in order to keep the child alive was just about to earn the wages of infamy on the night when Martin (whose ship was reported lost) arrived in London. "'Yes, the very next man who comes along,' I thought." The next man was Martin. . . . The elements and supernatural omens are pressed with equal relentlessness into the awful march. When Mary interviewed the bishop about the possibility of divorce, a "vast concourse of crows" was holding con-gress in the tall elms of Bishop's Court." As she left, "a dead crow tumbled" from one of them to the

Poor bird.

With regard to Miss King's Profession (MILLS AND BOON), I am in the same position as if I had come across an excellent brew of home-made lemonade, a liquor which, however good of its kind, I should hesitate to press upon a Mrs. Francis Channon writes of schoolgirls and primarily for schoolgirls; in her ingenuous and innocent plot virtue of the more homely sort triumphs all the way. But if the tale is not intoxicating it is by no means flavourless; the career of Miss King, so far as it consists of Work with her Pen (always capitalized), is most lively and cannot but prove amusing and instructive to all who Write, have Written, or mean to Write. This young lady, having distinguished herself at school by composing essays elegant in

possession of which she is, like the rest of us, inwardly conscious. So doing, she affords Mrs. Channon the opportunity of knocking the bottom out of all the nonsense which is current with respect to the Writing and publishing of novels, and the real position is nicely summed up, with a simple directness and many sly touches of humour, as between the publishers and the authors, the point being that if there are some knaves amongst the former there is a much larger proportion of fools among the latter. In the title, moreover, we have a double entente; there is another profession, more conventional but no less honourable, open to Miss King. Men who still believe in real women, and real women who still believe in themselves, must find in the conclusion of this pretty story an element of peace and quiet very welcome in these sexless days. To those to whom I dare not, for reasons above given, recommend the draught as a thirst-quencher, I advise it with some confidence as a soothing medicine of a most pleasing nature.

HAVE you ever encountered one of those depressing little

volumes published in the early part of the last century (and still to be met with on second-handbookstalls, or the topmost shelves of circulating libraries) called usually by some such title as "Irish Wit and Humour"? Well, though it would be unkind to suggest too close an analogy between these and Knockinscreen Days (Methuen), I am afraid I must confess that Mr. Jackson C. CLARK'S book did remind me of them more than a little. The trouble, I take it, for all writers of Irish studies is that, the Irish being accepted as a race of comedians, some show of Wit and Humour has to be somehow got into all anecdotes about them. On the cover of this volume, for example, is an illustration (reproducing one of four



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF A CELEBRITY. THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "EVERYBODY'S USING IT" TROUSER-PRESS MANUFACTORY.

ground. There are a hundred-and-sixteen chapters in The excellent drawings to be found within) which presents a Woman Thou Gavest Me, and a great many tearful incidents, gentleman in a farmyard being knocked down by the rush but I think I felt sorriest about the death of that crow. of several pigs, while a small boy flourishes a blackthorn in the distance. This is very typical of the ground of my complaint. I could have been far more entertained with the doings of Mr. CLARK's characters had they been less obviously out for laughs at all cost. As it is, his pictures of life in an Ulster village have at least a topical interest; more especially in such examples as that which describes stranger of whose taste in drinks I had no knowledge. the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in a Protestant neighbourhood, and what came of it. As for Jimmy McGaw, acquaintance with such a mild beverage. Myself, though however, whom the publishers describe as "a manservant no literary teetotaler, I found the book most refreshing. with original ideas," I can only regret that I found his originality too farcical to be amusing. This was my mis-fortune and not my fault. It is ill dogmatizing about humour. Very possibly other readers may be more happy: so I will leave it at that.

#### Financial Candour.

From a circular:

"Quite a good number of our customers have taken advantage of tinguished herself at school by composing essays elegant in style and agreeable in sentiment, settles down with serious purpose and at regular hours to develop that talent, of the have no further trouble with regard to either the principal or interest."

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Palace of Peace is to be opened for some of them. on the 28th inst. A little while ago it was feared that the tenant for whom the magnificent structure had been is, a contemporary informs us, being erected would be unavoidably prevented considered by the Louvre authorities. taking up residence there, but it is now The idea seems to have been rather to make a short stay.

REDMOND'S view, the "highest authorspirits. They declare that an absority" has not yet been consulted on lutely certain preventive for appendithe matter.

Says The Observer :-"Messrs. Guinness are to erect a brewery in the Manchester district, and Messrs. Jacob are to open a bakery in Lancashire. . . . These firms are the largest of their kind in Ireland, and their determination to seek in England a field for their enterprise is a matter which gives food for reflection." But is beer food? Possibly when one remembers the classic dialogue—"'Ad any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!

A refreshment pavilion in King Edward Park, Willesden, has been burned down by Suffragettes. They are surely carrying their hungerstrikes to absurd lengths.

A doctor has been recom-

sustained attack of deafness.

In spite of the assertion that in Mr. Dunne's invention the safety aeroplane has been discovered at last; the promoters of the Channel Tunnel intend to persevere with their project.

It is suggested by The Hospital that wild flowers, which can be sent cheaply by post or rail, would be welcome gifts in the hospital wards. It is important, mere perusal of the announcement. however, that they should not be too wild.

"The bilberry harvest," we read, "is

season are poor." If it will help at all mounted the pavement. It is not

The necessity of fresh air for pictures possible that she will anyhow be able overdone in the case of "La Gioconda."

It is stated "on the highest authospecialists of the Johns Hopkins Hosnity" that there is no present intention pital, Baltimore, appendicitis and other to make any Cabinet changes. In Mr. intestinal diseases are due to gloomy

FORCE OF HABIT.

mending the telephone as a Stranger (to Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench). "Excuse cure for deafness. We ME, SIR, BUT IS THIS THE WAY TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL?"

believe there is something Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench. "THE ANSWED in the idea. We have more than once succeeded ultimately in citis is to smile habitually. An un-Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench. "The answer is in the

making a telephone assistant hear our fortunate friend of ours who tried this call after what appeared to be a has, it is true, not been operated on for appendicitis; he has, however, been relegated to a lunatic asylum.

It is announced that for the Confectioners' Exhibition, which opens at the Agricultural Hall on September 6, a cake is to be made 16 feet in height with a base of 9 to 10 feet in diameter. We are sorry to hear that a number of little boys are already being medically treated for delirium brought on by a

Looking into a stationer's shop in Great Newport Street one evening last week. Mr. Andrew Paterson, a visitor the deputation."—Western Morning News. week, Mr. Andrew Paterson, a visitor in the Lake district. The fruit this window by a motor car which had of these famous brothers.

we are quite willing to provide a home known what Mr. PATERSON had done to annoy the car.

> A suggestion has been made that, in view of the number of children who are lost every year, labels should be attached to every child, giving its name and address. The idea might be carried further. If the words "OF NO VALUE EXCEPT TO OWNER" were to be added, much kidnapping might be avoided.

# INTO THE FIRE.

[Fighting at bargain sales, says a daily paper, is growing obsolete.]

WHEN Ermyntrude from Oxford Street hies back She looks not like a Mænad who has revelled

The long night through. Her eyes are never black,

Nor rent her robes; her hair is undishevelled;

She does not hurl the name (as once she hurled)

Of "cat" at every woman in the world.

Her temperature is normal, suave her smile;

Her manner sweet that formerly was acid;

She heaps her acquisitions in a pile

Upon the floor, and scans them, proud but placid. But oh, that heap, once

moderately slight, Has risen to a most appalling height.

I see it at a glance. The hours she spends In steady purchase now.

in strife and rages She squandered once. buys threefold, and lends

Most rapid wings to my hard-gotten wages.

"Ah, would again," I am inclined to wail,

"That Ermyntrude were at it tooth and nail!'

#### Triangular Cricket.

"The home side were mainly indebted to S. G. Smith, Haywood, and C. N. Woolley coming together when the second wicket went down at 57."—Daily Chronicle.

"These conditions were embodied in a document which was signed by the Hemmings, and Mr. A. Mills, the three great Hemmings, and Mr. A. B. Mills, the three Great Western

now being gathered on the mountains from Montreal, was hurled through the We regret that we have never heard

# THE SPREADING WALNUT-TREE.

WE were having breakfast in the garden with the wasps, and Peter was enlarging on the beauties of the country round his new week-end cottage.

"Then there's Hilderton," he said; "that's a lovely little village, I'm told. We might explore it to-morrow."

Celia woke up suddenly.

"Is Hilderton near here?" she asked in surprise. "But I often stayed there when I was a child."

"This was years ago, when Edward the Seventh was on the throne," I explained to Mrs. Peter.

"My grandfather," went on Celia,

"lived at Hilderton Hall." There was an impressive silence.

"You see the sort of people you're entertaining," I said airily to Peter. "My wife's grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall. Celia, you should have spoken about this before. It would have done us a lot of good in Society." I pushed my plate away. "I can't go on eating bacon after this. Where are

the peaches?"
"I should love to see it again."

"If I'd had my rights," I said, "I should be living there now. I must put my solicitor on to this. There's been foul play somewhere."

maps which, being new to the country, front of the house.

he carries with him.

"I can't find Hilderton Hall here," he said. "It's six inches to the mile, so it ought to be marked."

"Celia, our grandfather's name is being aspersed. Let us look into this." We crowded round the map and

studied it anxiously. Hilderton was there, and Hilderton House, but no Hilderton Hall.

"But it's a great big place," protested

"I see what it is," I said regretfully. "Celia, you were young then.

"Ten."

"Ten. And naturally it seemed big to you, just as Yarrow seemed big to Wordsworth, and a shilling seems a lot to a baby. But really—"
"Really," said Peter, "it was semidetached."

"And your side was called Hilderton Hall and the other side Hilderton Castle."

"I don't believe it was even called Hilderton Hall," said Peter. "It was Hilderton Villa."

"I don't believe she ever had a grandfather at all," said Mrs. Peter.

"She must have had a grandfather," I pointed out. "But I'm afraid be never lived at Hilderton Hall. This man's grounds looking for walnut-trees,' is a great blow to me, and I shall now | I said, "with no better excuse than that resume my bacon.'

returned his map to his pocket.

"You're all very funny," said Celia, "but I know it was Hilderton Hall. I've a good mind to take you there this morning and show it to you."

"Do," said Peter and I eagerly. "It's a great big place-

"That's what we're coming to see,"

I reminded her. "Of course they may have sold some

of the land, or-I mean, I know when I used to stay there it was a-a great big place. I can't promise that it-

'It's no good now, Celia," I said sternly. "You shouldn't have boasted." Hilderton was four miles off, and we began to approach it—Celia palpably nervous-at about twelve o'clock that morning.

"Are you recognising any of this?"

asked Peter.

"N-no. You see I was only about

eight-

"You must recognise the church," I said, pointing to it. "If you don't, it proves either that you never lived at Hilderton or that you never sang in the choir. I don't know which thought is the more distressing. Now what about this place? Is this it?"

Celia peered up the drive.

"N-no; at least I don't remember Peter looked up from one of the it. I know there was a walnut-tree in

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, I was only about six-Peter and I both had a slight cough

at the same time. "It's nothing," sa d Peter, finding Celia's indignant eye upon him. "Let's

go on." We found two more big houses, but Celia, a little doubtfully, rejected them

"My grandfather-in-law was very hard to please," I apologised to Peter. "He passed over place after place before he finally fixed on Hilderton Hall. Either the heronry wasn't ventilated properly, or the decoy ponds

had the wrong kind of mud, or \_\_\_\_\_' There was a sudden cry from Celia. "This is it," she said.

She stood at the entrance to a long drive. A few chimneys could be seen in the distance. On either side of the gates was a high wall.

"I don't see the walnut-tree," I said. "Of course not, because you can't

see the front of the house. But I feel certain that this is the place."

"We want more proof than that," said Peter. "We must go in and find the walnut-tree.

"We can't all wander into another Celia's great-grandmother was once

I drew my plate back and Peter asked down here for the week-end and stayed for a fortnight. We---"

"My grandfather," said Celia coldly.

"lived here."

"Well, whatever it was," I said. "we must invent a proper reason. Peter, you might pretend you've come to inspect the gas-meter or the milk or something. Or perhaps Celia had better disguise herself as a Suffragette and say that she's come to borrow a box of matches. Anyhow, one of us must get to the front of the house to search for this walnut-tree."

"It—it seems rather cheek," said

Celia doubtfully.

"We'll toss up who goes."

We tossed, and of course I lost. I went up the drive nervously. At the first turn I decided to be an insuranceinspector, at the next a scout-master, but, as I approached the front door, I thought of a very simple excuse. I rang the bell under the eyes of several people at lunch and looked about eagerly for the walnut-tree.
There was none.

"Does Mr.—er—Erasmus—er—Percival live here?" I asked the footman.

" No, Sir," he said-luckily.

"Ah! Was there ever a walnut-I mean was there ever a Mr. Percival who lived here? Ah! Thank you," and I sped down the drive again.

"Well?" said Celta cagerly.

"Mr. Percival doesn't live there."

"Whoever's Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know him. Friends," I added solemnly, "I regret to tell you there is no walnut-tree.'

"I am not surprised," said Peter. The walk home was a silent one. For the rest of the day Celia was thoughtful. But at the end of dinner s e brightened up a little and joined in the conversation.

"At Hilderton Hall," she said suddenly, "we always-"

"H'r'm," I said, clearing my throat loudly. "Peter, pass Celia the wal-

nuts.

I have had great fun in London this week with the walnut joke, though Celia says she is getting tired of it. But I had a letter from Peter to-day which ended like this:-

"By the way, I was an ass last week. I took you to Banfield in mistake for Hilderton. I went to Hilderton yesterday and found Hilderton Halla large place with a walnut-tree. It's a little way out of the village, and is marked big on the next section of the map to the one we were looking at. You might tell Celia.'

True, I might . . .

Perhaps in a week or two I shall. Α. Λ. Μ.

# A MINISTRY OF SPORT.

TRAMBUMAN

Mr. Punch (inspecting Candidates for the new Department), "SELECTION IS INVIDIOUS WHERE EVERYONE IS SO ELIGIBLE; BUT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I SHALL PLUMP (IF I MAY USE THE EXPRESSION WITHOUT OFFENCE) FOR HALDANE."

[There is talk of our following the lead of Russia and establishing a Ministerial Department of Sport.]

## DEBATE ON SPORTS' OFFICE VOTE.

MR. BONAR LAW rose amidst loud Opposition cheers to move the reduction of the vote for the Minister of

Sports' salary by £100:-

"Sir, the conduct of Ministers, degraded, corrupt and incompetent as it is in all spheres, is peculiarly base in the domain of sport. We see foreigners unchecked, untaxed, subsidised by their respective Governments, enter our competitions and carry off our treasured trophies to other lands. This serious drain of silver pots must not be allowed to continue. I put aside with contempt the fallacy that we regain the value of the cups because they are carried abroad in British ships. I say emphatically that unless foreign competitors are handicapped on British ground our day is done. We cannot pretend to stand up against the competition of a protected world. Unless foreign athletes are compelled when performing to bear a burden of at least ten per cent. of their own weight "-(Mr. Swift MacNeill: "Poor Hacken-SCHMIDT!")—"there is no hope of regaining our national supremacy.

"Wherever one looks in the field of British sport one sees cause for grave uneasiness. So far this season the aggregate attendances at the Chelsea Football Ground have only increased by thirty thousand "—(Mr. Chiozza Money: "Hear, hear.")—"That may satisfy the honourable Member for Northamptonshire (E.), but the thoughtful sportsman will contemplate the German figures. The Berlin clubs have this season increased their aggregate attendances twenty-five per cent."—(Mr. Rowland Hunt: "Shame! Let's have a war," and laughter)-"twenty-five per cent., and the Chelsea increase is only ten per cent. If this continues come, given a prolongation of the rule I predicted that corruption would creep of this the worst of all Governments, when excursionists will rush from this country to see the German Cup Final at Berlin." (Loud Opposition cheers.)

"Again, I accuse the Government of gross neglect in not enforcing the for the foreigner. I state with regret Aliens Act against foreign professionals. Blackburn Rovers have spent £5,000 on a centre-forward from Prague. The Cobdenite fallacies die hard in Lancashire. Sheffield United have given British gold for a Peruvian half-back. English money leaves the country, English footballers are thrown out of work, and the Government sits supine, content if they have robbed a Church, ruined an Empire, debased football and drawn their salaries." (Loud cheers and a Voice: "Rub it in!")



Gladys. "Oh, Bert, I wonder if there are any stalactites in this cave?" Bert. "Well, if there Are, haven't I got this stick to defend you with?"

"But I have an even graver accusain even with the sport of kings. This year there chanced to be an Italian runner for the Derby. It was fairly obvious that Ministers wished it to win. They could not hide their love that the CHANCELLOR OF THE Ex-CHEQUER and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL received racing tips from the trainer of this foreign horse. The trainer was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S brother. And I may say that if there is any intention of promoting the right honour-

CHEQUER to pile up an immense fortion to bring against this all-iniquitous deverament. There is nothing in the now I must explain. I have made no where shall we be? I see the hand-realm of sport more important than the fortune. I am a poor man. The horse writing on the wall. The day will Derby. When the turf was nationalised ran thirteenth. And, to show that I was not actuated by motives of personal gain, let me state publicly that I have not yet paid the bookmaker." Loud Ministerial cheers.)

"I am content to leave it at that. We see the highest legal authority of the Crown accepting racing tips. We see England's CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who should be the acutest financier of the country, squandering his money on 'also rans.' Would Mr. GLADSTONE have done that?"—(Opposition shouts of "Never.")—"Would even the present PREMIER, enemy of the able gentleman to the important post Empire as he is, deliberately use his of Judge on the Government race- position to back 'also rans'? I doubt courses"—(The Chairman: "Order, order. That question hardly arises on this vote.")—"in any case this tip enabled the Chancellor of the Exof his supporters should have so low an

opinion of him.

"Sir, I have shown the Government to be incapable, base, corrupt, and the sport, and it is my painful duty to move the reduction of this vote by £100." (Loud and continued cheering.)

# "GENTLEMEN, THE DRAMA!"

A MEETING of dramatists to consider Mr. Cyril Maude's suggestion that play-writing should be systematically taught in schools has just been held in the operating theatre at Guy's moment a painful sensation was caused Hospital. Mr. Walkley was in the by Mr. Shaw's sorrowfully leaving the Chair, and he was supported by some of room.) the leading dramatists of the country,

including Mr. Max Pem-BERTON, the Revue King. Mr. MAUDE was also

present.

In his opening remarks Mr. WALKLEY said that his own opinion was that everything that the budding dramatist need know was contained in the Poetics of ARISTOTLE. (Groans.) The misery of gentlemen present, he added, did not alter the fact. He was born lisping Aristotle's name, and if ever he died, which was unlikely, no doubt it would be with Aris-TOTLE'S name on his lips. (Renewed commotion.)

Mr. Bernard Shaw was being made about

writing was a gift which some men, such as himself, had, and others, such as Shakspeare, had not. He would be ashamed to spend more than a few hours on any play, however masterly. (Sensation.) The idea of teaching playwriting was only one degree more absurd than teaching cricket. (Oh! Oh!)

Sir James Barrie wished Mr. Maude's project every success. Nothing could be easier, he held, than to teach successful play-writing. In Mr. Maude's words the pupils "would have exercises in dialogue, and would be taught conciseness, crispness, and how to make points. Then they would learn the construction of a play, openings, curtains, and all the vital matters which spell the difference between failure and success." Well, Sir James asked, what could be simpler than that? Crispness and point were, of course, at any one's service, and the circumstance that so many plays were dull and ill-made was

friends of the foreigner. I have proved personality counted, as in other forms them to be the enemies of British of art, or as if a sense of life was neces-

produce plays sufficiently true and drab to empty the theatre; which was, he said, the aim of all conscientious craftsmen. Mere entertainments no doubt could be knocked up, but not first-class



THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

TIMID PEOPLE, EVEN IN THE IMPROBABLE EVENT OF A HOSTILE FORCE Mr. Bernard Shaw being in Possession of Calais, need have no fear whilst we have said that too much fuss sturdy British conductors on the trains.

tact and discretion, offered to teach play-writing to any pupil in six months
—"provided he had the mind." (Mr. CYRLL MAUDE: "I forgot that."

Mr. Galsworthy agreed that playwriting could be preceded by much useful learning; but it was not the learning of the schools but of the hard grey world. Coal mines, factories, prisons, mean streets—these were the proper training-ground of the dramatist. (Cries of Help!)

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH urged that Mr. GALSWORTHY had omitted the best school of all - Justice BARGRAVE DEANE'S court. "All I ask," he said, "is two boards and a divorce case." (Loud cheers.)

The Revue King, who was greeted with cries of "No! No!" sat down again amid great applause.

Mr. Arnold Bennett said that he to do its job for weeks.

wholly owing to the absence of Mr. agreed with every word that Mr. Maude's scheme of instruction. Hence- Maude had said. Play-writing could forward he saw no reason why any be taught and should be taught—in play should fail. It was not as if fact, he had done something to teach it himself, as readers of his "How to do it like billy-oh" papers, recently running sary. (Cheers and counter-cheers.) in The English Review, would remember.

Mr. Granville Carker denied that All that was needed was a clear-headed in The English Review, would remember. the writing of real plays could be expository instructor, an apt pupil, taught. Only genius, he held, could paper, pen and ink. If they had a few minutes to spare he would show them. (Panic.)

Sir ÁRTHUR PINERO paralysed the company by asking in what way his latest play would have been improved plays of the order indicated. (At this had he attended a class for dramatists. No one replying, he sat down in silent

and sarcastic triumph.

In the gloom that followed, the meet-Mr. Louis N. Parker, who looked ing silently dispersed, and Mr. MAUDE

returned to his theatre to complete arrangements for a number of new plays, none of which was written under instruction.

We hear that several of the public schools have taken so kindly to Mr. MAUDE's suggestion that they are already in negotiation with well-known dramatists to act as coaches. After the passage in Peter and Wendy describing Captain Hook's education, the headmaster of Eton had no alternative but to invite Sir James Barrie to instruct the Etonians whom he understands so well. Harrow has thrown out feelers towards the Brothers Mel-

what was, after all, only a trick. Play-I somewhat fatigued from his efforts in I VILLE. Mr. MAUGHAM goes to Rugby, dramatising the Old Testament and Mr. Houghton to Winchester, Mr. DE satisfying Mr. Brookfield with his Courville to Ardingly, and Mr. Gals-WORTHY to the School of Economics.

> Meanwhile The Daily Sale, ever on the look-out for objects for its singleminded munificence, is offering £5,000 (five thousand pounds) for the best play written by a school-boy under sixteen fresh from a dramatic class, to be entitled The Failure of Pickles. The editor's decision to be final. A further sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) for the best "Pimplet" concocted from the above phrase.

> "Another of Hodder and Stoughton's autumn books will be a snoring edition of Sir J. M. Barrie's 'Quality Street.'"
>
> Liverpool Courier.

Just the book for the bedside.

"STRIKE OF PUTTERS," announces a contemporary. Our own has refused

# THE EDUCATION OF THE BRITISH ATHLETE.



"LET'S HIRE THIS LITTLE BLIGHTER; WE'LL SHOW HIM WHAT'S WHAT—WHAT?"



"COME ON, GUIDE! HURRY UP AND SEE THE WONDERFUL VIEWS."



"Why will the silly ass point out views? Country fit only for flies."



THE SUMMIT!

# PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.) III.

My narrow escape from a watery grave brought on another fit of nerves, and I quietly left the room and crawled upstairs and lay down on the library sofa again. Is it, I wonder, an unlucky house? There are such things.

I may leave to-morrow.

What a deal of tragedy there is in a fly's life, if one comes to think of it. Few of us-only, I should say, an infinitesimally small proportion—die in our beds. Death is always lurking at our elbow. For example, each winter hundreds of thousands of us-all, in fact, who cannot manage to get to the Riviera—perish of cold. Something, I Riviera—perish of cold. Something, I tunity of a lifetime, and Geraldine cannot help thinking, might be done to made the most of it. But it was her prevent this appalling mortality. have seen moths, for instance, in expensive fur coats. If they can do it, we ought to be able to do it. But it is rather of the sudden deaths—the violent ends-that I was thinking. Take my own family. I have already mentioned grandfather, when asleep in an armchair, was sat upon by a man weighing eighteen stone. My brothers and sisters, Frank, George, Mary, Daphne, Joyce, Patience and Iris, when mere youngsters, were all trapped in treacle, and my father perished in an heroic attempt to rescue them. A spider got my dear sister Ermyntrude, and birds ran off with Dulcie, Clarence, and Stephen. Guy-powerful fellow though he washad his spine broken by a horse's hoof. Marmaduke was pulled to pieces before his mother's eyes by a brat of a boy.

Then there was the case of Reginald. Reginald was our black sheep, and consequently his mother's favourite. He took to drink. It was perhaps scarcely It began in a small way. Out of curiday. Some men there gave him a drop of beer. Apparently it amused them to see him intoxicated; the thought of it is sufficiently humiliating. The liking for strong drink grew upon Reg., and he became a public-house loafer. He would even steal beer. One day-posmissed his footing on the inside wall horrible to contemplate . . . of a tankard, fell into a half of bitter, and—it is almost too gruesome to tell was swallowed by a bricklayer-without even enjoying the wasp's satisfaction of stinging the fellow as he went down. He left 51 widows and 3,071 children; for Reginald, in spite of his weakness, was an exceptionally hand-

some and taking fellow. By a mere chance the tragedy was witnessed by a friend of ours who happened to be on the bar counter at the time, and he gave us a full account of the affairincluding a description of the coughing, spluttering, and swearing of the dirty toper who became, so to say, the grave and monument of my poor brother. It nearly killed my mother, and made teetotalers of such of us as had hitherto been in the habit of taking a drop now and then.

Another of my family perished through over-eating. My half-sister Geraldine had the good fortune, as she thought, one afternoon, to be the only fly imprisoned under the muslin cover over the cakes in the window of a confectioner's shop. It was the opporundoing. She gorged and gorged and gorged. Then suddenly she felt a rush of blood to the head, there was a loud report, and then no more Geraldine.

Thus does misfortune dog our footsteps. And what about the "mysterious disappearances"? There have been the cases of my poor mother and hundreds of these in our family. Some her mother before her. My paternal few may possibly be explained by elopements, but the great majority point to a violent end. Not always, though. An old friend of mine-I had known her in her maiden days-lost one of her youngsters. Again he was the black sheep and the favourite-I don't pretend to understand these things-and the mother wore herself to a skeleton searching for him. One day, just as she was thinking she must give up the quest as hopeless, she spotted the young gentleman in a butcher's shop. "My dearest, dearest pet!" she cried as she rushed towards him. "Hulloa, Mother; fancy meeting you!" said the callous young beast, licking his chops and scarcely looking up. That is your modern young his fault. He was egged on by others. fly! He left home, he had the good taste to tell the old lady, because he found it osity he looked into a public-house one dull there and the restrictions irksome. and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after a promise had been given that nothing should be said if he came in late at nights, that Master Archibald was persuaded to return home!

Still, that was an exceptional instance. The mysterious disappearances sibly he was under the influence—he | which are so common with us are too

> There is a question which I often What becomes of us think about. after death? Some say currants, and there is an end of us. I don't believe this. I believe we become angels—for we can fly. I wonder ....

In the act of wondering I fell asleep. FINIS.

# THE YELLOW GNOME.

Hush! Creep at the cool of dusk By a rill where sleeps the rush: By a fern-choked fence Where meadow-sweet and musk Faint opiates dispense. Whist !

Steal through the languid mist Drowsed from the poppy's wound, Sweet from the trodden clover, Hurry tip-toe over.

Creep!

As the owl's low note is crooned Hollow, mellow, deep, Enter a wood, dark, old; Step light on the yielding mould O'er many a moulted plume:

Wake not a note of sound Across the slumb'ring gloom.

Steal! Stoop low to the velvet ground.

Kneel! Behind a leafy mound-

Sec 1

At the waist of the mouldering tree. On the lip of the ragged hole, In the stricken moss-grown bole,

There's a rogue of a yellow Little fellow

Of a gnome At the porch of his vaulted home.

"Where?" There !

See! With his chin on his gnarled knee, Thumbs on shin,

Lips a-grin—

So. See?

"No?"

Elbows bare. Tangled hair

Like weed on a yellow beach; Nose awry,

Glowing eye,

Now green as a mildewed peach, Now saffron hot, then sapphire cool, Like gems in a moonlit pool.

See? "No? Not yet?" Oh, oh! Why, bless— Ah, yes! Too loud, too loud! He's gone for good In a musty cloud,

In an odorous shroud Of rotten wood!

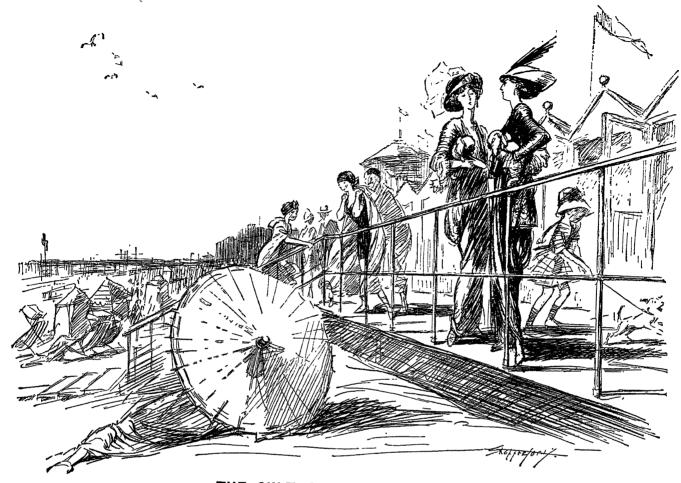
"COW IN THE BULL HOTEL." Essex County Telegraph.

The forward sex!

"Thanks mostly to a stand by G. N. Foster and Perrin, when things were critical, Leicester left off with 127 for four wickets."

Daily Mirror.

Very sporting of Worcestershire and Essex to allow this.



THE CULT OF THE PEKY-PEKY.

First Owner of Prize Doglet. "These seaside places don't appeal to me the least little bit. But Ozoneville was RECOMMENDED TO GIVE TONE TO CHOO-CHOO'S NERVES. HE'S BEEN SUFFERING FROM SEVERE SHOCK THROUGH SEEING TWO FEARFUL MONGRELS HAVE A FIGHT IN THE PARK ONE DAY. YOUR LITTLE THINGY-THING'S OFF COLOUR TOO?"

Second Owner of Prize Doglet. "YES, A BIT BUN DOWN AFTER THE SEASON. SORRY, BUT I REALLY MUST HURRY AWAY. BAND'S BEGINNING TO PLAY SOMETHING OF BALFE'S, AND I NEVER ALLOW MING-MING TO HEAR BANAL DÉMODÉ MUSIC.

### SADIE AND THE LAVENDER MAN.

SADIE and her "Pop" were doing London exhaustively. On a certain dull August morning they were in a taxi, sampling the suburbs, when Sadie suldenly called a halt.

"What's the trouble, baby-child?" asked "Pop," as the chauffeur brought them up short. "Nothing to see in this old place, anyway!"

"Maybe not, Pop, but something to heer," cried Sadie, her bright face alight with joyous triumph and her finger raised. Sure enough, in the distance sounded the remote, melancholy, mysterious cry of a lavender man.

"Sit up and take notice, Pop! That's the last, the vurry last, of the old London Street Cries! There was haf a hundred and more in old times, and now there 's vurry last survivor. Isn't it a lovely which was not quite so pretty as her chant through the streets of Old Lonface, and sang the opening bars:-

"Will you come buy my sweet lav-en-der?"

"I know all about it, Pop, and I've been after that dear old cry ever since we concluded to sample Greater London this morning. It's one of the oldest of the old street cries; and the finest lavender comes from a place called Mitcham, way down south-west of London. For centuries it's been grown there; and for centuries the same families have cried it through the streets of London. The industry, by what I learn, has been kept vurry much among one lavender man. Say, Pop," as a new set of folks, like a good many British idea struck her, "what's the matter institutions, and the dear old cry has been handed down from father to son; that's what makes it so interesting and so romantic; and that's why it seems only the Sweet Lavender Cry-the to strike some old hidden chord somewhere in one's being. Guess this vurry

don, and our ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the Mayflower."

The lavender man, with his loud and somewhat raucous chant, had approached the stationary taxi by this time, and Sadie, after listening rapturously to him at close quarters, beckoned him and proceeded to buy up his whole "The whole crowd'll want stock. some," she said; "Momma and the boys, and Clytie and Edna—real, genuine Mitcham lavender, bought of a real, genuine, traditional, British with our taking this man back, right now, to the Savoy and getting a record of the last of the old London street cries for my phonograph?"

"Best not take him back with us, Sadie," objected "Pop" in an aside. chant?" and Sadie raised her voice, man's ancestors sang that old lavender | "Looks like we should be taking more



MODEST BUT SHORT-SIGHTED BATHER FINDS THE STONE WITH WHICH HE HAD WEIGHTED HIS BATHING-CLOAK MUCH HEAVIER THAN HE HAD IMAGINED IT.

than him if we took him. Let him clean himself some and come to the Savoy later, if you want a record of his old cry. Seems a mighty dull specimen. Hasn't said a word yet.

"No; isn't that purfectly lovely? Such true British taciturnity. Dear, dull, silent, moss-grown folks they are."

To the lavender man Sadie proceeded to explain: "We want a record of that lovely old cry of yours. We're from the other side; but we know all about lavender; how it's grown at a place called Mitcham, and all you lavender men live there in a sort of little settlement to yourselves, just as your fathers and grandfathers did before you; and you've learned the dear old chant from generation to generation, your father teaching it to you and his father teaching it to him, and so on way back till it's enough to give anyone brain fever to think of it! It's a purfectly purfectly sweet notion! And the fact that you don't answer anything I say to you is just right-shows what a true, genuine British lavender man you must be."

"'Fine capacity for silence,' to quote the late Thomas Carlyle, of Eccle-

fechan, Scotland, and Chelsea, London," put in "Pop."

"Well, now," went on Sadie, "that's what we want of you—a record of this splendid old chant, that's come down from father to son through the centuries. You'll come to the Savoy Hotel, Strand, and sing it good and hard into a phonograph—and you might add a few particulars of the life at the Mitcham lavender settlement and how far back you can trace your descent from the original old lavender men, and we'd give you seven dollars-or. say a pound and a haf, British money. Take it or leave it.'

"'Scuse me, lidy," interrupted an expert in bottles and bones, who had stopped pushing his barrow in order to no use arstin' that bloke nothin'--you place as Mitcham, anyway!" won't get no change out of 'im. Lives in same 'ouse as me out Bednall Green way, 'e does, and 'e on'y landed 'ere last week, and carn't speak nothin' but Yiddish-couldn't tip you a word of English, not if it was ever so!"

lavender cry," urged Sadie desperately. Journal.

"Oh—that! Yus, lidy, 'o was chuckin' it out cert'nly, but they learns'em that at the place where they gets their stock o' lavonder.'

Frequence socialism of relative has an early system or de system and the second second

"'Guess this vurry man's ancestors cried that lovely old cry through the streets of Old London, and our ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the Mayflower," quoted "Pop" musingly, as the taxi sped away again on its suburb-sampling mission. "Another illusion knocked out, haby-child!"

"Don't rub it in, Pop!" pleaded Sadie; and then, with a sudden movement, she threw all her recently-purchased lavender into the road. "Perishing old stuff! Reckon even that's listen, and now drew up, "but it ain't imported! And maybe there's no such

"TYPHUS IN GLASGOW. TWENTY-FIGHT CASES. AILMENT WELL SPREAD."

These cheerful headlines appear in The "But—but he was singing the old | Glasgow News, not The British Medical



# WOODROW ON TOAST.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, U.S.A. "IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE, I SHALL HAVE TO TREAT YOU THE SAME WAY AS EUROPE TREATS THE TURK."

MEXICO. "AND HOW'S THAT?"

President Woodrow Wilson. "WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO-TO GO ON WAGGING MY FINGER AT YOU."





# THE CALL OF THE WILD WAVES.

"Well, Lancelot, we will go down to the sands just once, but don't let us caper about like the common herd jusi because we are at the sea-side."

THE FALL.

#### THE LAST LAY

Of an illegible Poet, whose typewriting machine, having occasion to travel, collapsed en route.

Is Cuthbert broke? Is Cuthbert dead?
Shall he no more display
His rampant S, his couchant Z,
His slightly jaded A,
His errant colon, sudden stop?
Hath Cuthbert had a fatal drop?

'Tis so indeed. Too dead is he To type a final R. I. P.

A porter man of coarse physique,
Who'd never paused to note
The verse, appearing week by week,
That I and Cuthbert wrote—
A porter man it was by whom
Befell this comprehensive doom—

A porter man, who didn't choose To mind poor Cuthbert's P's and Q's.

By day, when I am other than
The thing I am by night,
I practise as a Business man
And little else I write

Save "Yours to hand . . .," "the thirteenth inst. . . .,"

And such-like phrases, bald, unminced.

And even these I but dictate For others to elucidate.

The shaded lamp, the evening meal,
The alcoholic cup,
These bring my gentler muse to heel
And keep me sitting up
Inditing verses by the score,
While others lie abed and snore;

But verses, which no human eyne Could later read—not even mine.

Till Cuthbert came, when poems which
Had little use of old
Were now discovered to be rich
In seams of sterling gold,

And, what is more, to scan and rhyme And earn a guinea every time.

And doth the sudden end of Cuth Involve the end of me? It doth.

That I am loth to fill his place
Is not from sentiment,
But only that I cannot face
The money to be spent,

For twenty pounds is surely what May be regarded as a lot.

"Dictate 'em to the clerk," you say? The notion takes my breath away.

To call in person, sit beside
The Editorial chair,
And, once a week at eventide,
Declaim one's verse from there
Would be a gross unkindness to
My Editor, nay, hero, who

This once (but, mark, this once alone) Has taken stuff by telephone.

#### Another Near Eastern Problem.

"Russian warships have been ordered to Sevastopol. It is thought that this move is in connection with Turkey's refusal to evacuate Constantinople."—Aberdeen Free Press.

We all know that Turkey has a yielding nature, but this is asking too much of her.

"According to Kobe advices, refugees from China are daily swelling. Reuter." Western Daily Mercury.

The Kobe mosquito is notorious among travellers.

# AT THE PLAY.

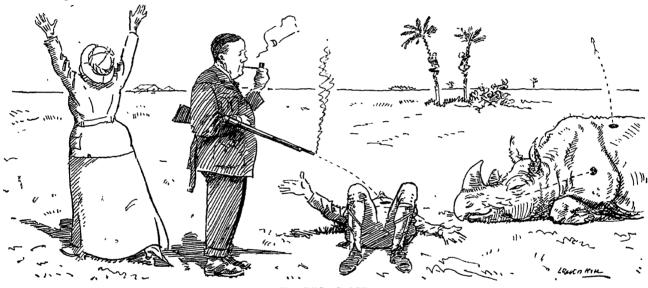
"THE BIG GAME."

IT was on the third night that I paid a visit to the New Theatre, and was struck, before the rise of the curtain, by the curiously ingenuous and undistinguished aspect of the stalls. I half seed of all the trouble, but he had been

feared that they had been misled by was not nearly so white as he was the title of Mr. Carroll's play and painted. He was, in fact, a bigamist, were anticipating the appearance of and, in the article of death, had conface the footlights. It was like this. however, sniffing a rat (as it might be the innocent lady whom the bigamist

suspected, without any good reason, of | Act, where the legitimate wife pays her complicity in his parent's death. Like conventional visit of inspection to the a little Hamlet he sets himself to illegitimate. The play, indeed, was only avenge that death, and it was indeed a saved by the intervention of little Miss cursed spite (both for him and the ELLEEN ESLER, who played with great audience) that he should have felt called charm and intelligence the precocious upon to put things right. For, unlike | part of Kitty "Morrison," daughter of the King of Denmark, the late Mr. Ross Ross by the lady who was his wife "in was not nearly so white as he was the sight of God." Apart from her. the relief-humour was of the thinnest.

Mr. Fred Kerr, as Grimshaw, did some of the larger fauna of the African fided to Grimshaw the guardianship of his possible for the play, and was very continent. It was true that, in the his extra wife. Faithfully he executes workmanlike. His brusque manner hands of Destiny, a rhino had laid the the trust, concealing it, of course, from was admirably suited to the character his wife, who cherishes the memory of of a man who didn't mind being a dead some ten years before the opening of the play, and consequently did not "a man in a million." Young Hamlet, a stage-hero. Miss ETHEL DANE, as



"THE BIG GAME."

Scene-Central Africa. Time-Ten years or so before rise of curtain. [Note—The track of the fatal bullet is indicated by a dotted line.]

Dying Rhino. "There'll be trouble about this. I shouldn't be surprised if a pretty bad play was written on the subject."

ing trip in Central Africa. One fine day a rhino charged the first-named. The native who was carrying his rifle threw it away and fled. Mr. Grimshaw at once discharged his piece at the monster, and at the same moment Mr. Ross ran across the line of fire and intercepted the bullet. Mr. Grimshaw, having received his friend's dying confidences, married the widow, and gave out for convenience that the deceased had perished of fever. His conscience was quite clear as to the accidental nature of Ross's death, and fortunately the lady, who witnessed the episode, was in a position to support his view.

All, then, might have gone moderately well in the home circle but for the fact that the extinct sportsman had left behind him a son, who adored his memory frankly, it was dull stuff, reaching the

enough to recognise that a living lion is worth any number of dead dogs, gives the secret away.

It is patent that every step which the boy takes to expose what he imagines to be his step-father's baseness and duplicity only brings him nearer to the loss of his own ideal. Like Œdipus on the track of his father's

Mr. and Mrs. Ross and their particular | Polonius behind the arras), spies upon | had betrayed, never quite secured my friend, Mr. Grimshaw, were on a shoot- his step-father and reports him at home sympathy. She had too much the air as a base deceiver leading a double life. of a virtuous cocotte. Mr. Beveridge, Grimshaw, persistently noble, declines a medical amicus curia, with a perto clear himself at the cost of his dead manent frock-coat, an Irish brogue and friend's honour—always a good line a vein of extremely childlike and primi-for heroes of the stage. But the family tive humour (largely associated with his doctor, who knows all and is sensible umbrella), was not so well served as I have seen him. Miss Frances Ivor, as Ross's widow and Grimshaw's wife, bore with a nice serenity the division of her dear heart between her two husbands; and Miss Margaret Dallas, as a garrulous menial, saw the fun, and, I hope, the improbability, of her lines.

It was unfortunate that Mr. DENNIS doing. This is your right Sophoelean irony. But when you have noted that, you have noted practically all that it is a supposed to the part of the stepson, Julian Ross, the first part he has "created" (I cull this dreadful word from his own alleged uttowned) NEILSON-TERRY, in the part of the to an interviewer), should have had to represent a spoilt and insufferable prig —or "neuropath," as he put it; for and detested the step-father, whom he low-water mark of tedium in the last with a young actor who has yet to



Nervous Tourist. "Are you sure the driver is a strictly sober man? He does not look like an abstainer."

Landlord. "Weel, there's no an abstainer about the place, Mam, but he's the next best thing tae it; ye canna fill that yin fou."

make his mark in original work an audience is apt to make confusion between the character that he plays and his own personality; and some of us may have been excusably tempted to attribute to Mr. NEILSON-TERRY the conceit and affectation of Julian Ross. It was a difficult and outrageous part, and he tried honestly to play it; but he has much to learn in voice and gesture and movement. It is, perhaps, a pity that, in the interview to which I have referred, he should have advertised the merits of The Big Game so loudly; for those who allowed themselves to be guided by his youthful judgment must have been sadly let down. O. S.

"More is expected of every class of woman than Girton or Newnham, and if they have not they wish they had."—Daily Mirror.
Surely you see that?

"Startled by the impact of bat and ball, it has been said that rabbits often scurry across the Worcester ground, but the two Surrey batsmen showed no such timidity."

Daily News.

Hobbs and Hayward are no rabbits.

#### THE ADDED CUBIT.

[A doctor claims to have discovered a compound which will increase the height even of adults, though it is most efficacious in the case of children.]

Fined by a firm resolve to rise
To heights untouched before,
And daunted not by frequent tries
To make my inches more,
I bought a bottle of this boon,
A large one, and a table-spoon.

"My son will note a change in me,"

Thought I, "and much admire
The strapping man that used to be
His far too puny sire,
And murmur in respectful tone,
Oh, mother, hasn't father grown!"

Alas, I did not count upon
His passion for research.
One morn I found the bottle gone
From its accustomed perch.
The youngster sought to know (and touch)
What is it father likes so much.

He drained this wondrous draught of mine.

And youth's the time to shoot, So at the early age of nine He tops me by a foot, And, when he argues with his Pa,

And, when he argues with his Pa, Treats him too much de haut en bas.

# The Coming of Autumn.

"Sir John Simon has already consented to address a series of Free Trade meetings in the autumn, which begins in Glasgow in October."

Manchester Guardian.

And in England a few days earlier, as usual.

Mr. Aynesworth, as reported in The Evening News:—

"It is, as you know, adapted from 'La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom,' an alliterative title." We should never have guessed it.

"Wanted a dwarf or midget. Must be small."—Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."

The conditions are too arduous. If the advertiser were not so absurdly particular he would get many more applicants.

# RE-SESSIONAL.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Parliamentary Representative of "The Daily Chronicle," the lines that follow being little more than a metrical version of the subjoined passages from his Review of the Session.)

"The Liberal party has had its ups and downs in the past Session, and on a few occasions it was confronted with very embarrassing, not to say perilous, situations. From all of them, under the cool and skilful guidance of the Prime Minister, it emerged not only without discredit, but with added strength—indeed, fortified and purified by the discipline of adverse circumstances. . . Mr. Asquith has the discipline of adverse circumstances. . . Mr. Asquith has mastered the secret of getting profit for his Ministry out of circumstances of peril. . . Mr. Asquith is an Englishman to his fingertips. Yet this typical Englishman has succeeded in winning the unqualified devotion of the Irish Nationalists. At the banquet given to the Prime Minister by Mr. Redmond, the warm-hearted Irishmen was already succeeded to the prime of their fact by a thrilling passage in Mr. Asquith's were almost swept off their feet by a thrilling passage in Mr. Asquith's speech in which he acknowledged his gratitude to 'my Irish comrades.' . . . Next to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George has bulked largest on the Parliamentary stage. His daring and supple genius has been of inestimable value to the Liberal party. He was winged for a time by the wretched tracesseries of the Mayoni affeir winged for a time by the wretched tracasseries of the Marconi affair, but quickly recovered "

After noting Mr. Lloyd George's "apostolic fervour" for social reform, the writer goes on to describe Mr. Winston Churchill's "pean on oil fuel" as a remarkable performance, enlarges on the exceptional humanity of Mr. McKenna, the "flowering out" of Mr. Masterman into a first-class Parliamentarian, and the all-round competency of Sir John Simon, "who shines with equal lustre in the House of Commons and at the Courts." In a previous issue he dilates on Mr. T. P. O'Connor's championship of the small nationalities,

especially the Armenians.]

WE Liberals in the twelve-month past have had our ups and downs:

We basked awhile in Fortune's smile, and wilted 'neath her frowns;

Yet, though this arduous discipline our grit has sorely tried,

We've issued from the ordeal completely purified.

Our wonderful PRIME MINISTER full-throatedly we bless For turning to our profit each Ministerial mess; He pilots us through perilous seas, where surging billows

But hitherto has never lost his little can of oil.

Besides, he has no maggots in his massive English brain; He's free from thrills and Celtic frills, he's sturdy and he's

Yet when he called the Irishmen at REDMOND's festive

"My comrades," from O'Connor's eyes the teardrops freely poured-

O'Connor, ceaseless eulogist of all that's chic and smart; Who takes the poor Armenians to his all-embracing heart; Whose loving human kindness, saponaceous and serene, Reaches the lactic level of the richest margarine.

Next to our priceless PREMIER, I must essay to paint The superhoman virtues of our Cambrian super-Saint; Who joins the lion's daring to the slither of the eel, With his "apostolical fervour" and his Athanasian zeal.

Immune from all the weaknesses that hamper common Dukes,

He thrives upon exposure and he battens on rebukes; And, the deeper that he flounders in the mud of ill renown, The mere insistently he claims to wear the martyr's crown.

Next comes the only Winston, whose exuberance is such That we cannot eulogize it or disparage it too much; His Marconi exhibition was magnificent, of course, But it showed less thought for others than vituperative force. same."

Still, after George and Asquith, he's quite our brightest jewel.

And we all admired his memorable "pæan on oil fuel." Whose far reverberations cheered Lord Murray of Peru On his journey from Bolivia to the wilds of Timbuctoo.

Of the admirable Rufus 'tis perhaps enough to say, As a man and as a brother, that he's perfect in his way. While Masterman, whose unction is exuded with such tact, Is quite the shoving leopard of the great Insurance Act.

Though Simon's not so simple as his surname might sug-

And the way the Tories praise him stirs misgiving in my

Though he scorns to bluff and bluster or indulge in cheap retorts.

Still "he shines with equal lustre in the Commons and the Courts."

The facetiousness of BIRRELL is alone worth twice his

And a dilatory magic gilds the utterance of CREWE; JOHN BURNS'S self-assurance is unshattered up till now. And HALDANE still can perorate the hind-leg off a cow.

Last comes the mild McKenna, so tremendously humane. That to stamp upon a beetle gives him agonising pain, And with such a noble passion for veracity imbued That he beats the best achievements of an amateur like FROUDE.

In fine, however sketchily the Liberal artist paints The variegated progress of his heroes and his saints, He cannot fail to recognise that, though severely tried, Their spiritual nature has been wholly purified.

# THE GLACIER.

"This," said Francesca, "is your excursion, and I refuse

to bear any responsibility for its consequences."

"Consequences!" I said. "What consequences can there be?"

"I have already," she said, "got a blister on my right foot, and my throat is choked with dust."

"I admit that, in a sense, these are consequences, but I am bound to point out that you must bear them yourself. I cannot change feet or throats with you."

"I don't want you to," she said with dignity; "but why have we hired a carriage?"

"We have ordered a carriage," I said, "in order that it might precede us as we ascend these steep Swiss roads. It makes a dust; but what of that? It is a comfort to know that the carriage is there."

"For all the good we've had out of it, it might just as well not have been there," she said. "Two hours have gone by since we started and we have not been in it for more than ten minutes.'

"And that is due to the kindness of our hearts. We cannot bear to inflict unnecessary suffering on the horses.

"Then we should have left them in the stables."

"No, for then we should not have had the beautiful consciousness of self-sacrifice. It is for the sake of the horses that your foot is blistered and your throat parched.

Let this thought console you as you limp through the dust."
"But you," she said, "have no such consolations; and that is what annoys me."

"Francesca, you are an unselfish creature; but if both my feet were one solid blister your pain would be the



INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET ON BATHING DESIGNS.

(SALOME AND THE FAUN.)

"Then there's the coachman," she said. "Why doesn't he get off his box and walk sometimes?"

seat, he prefers to stay there. Though I am myself a slim are crevasses in a glacier." man, I can understand his preference. Perhaps his doctors have told him that carriage exercise is good for him."

"In that case he ought to pay us thirty francs instead of our paying him.'

"I will mention it to him," I said, "if you like; but I do not think he will look favourably on the suggestion. They are a grasping lot, these Swiss coachmen, and the law protects them.

"What I am asking myself," said Francesca, "is why we came out on this excursion at all."

"We came," I said, "to see a glacier."

"Pooh!" she said. "What is a glacier?"

"A glacier," I said, "is a sea of ice. That is to say, it is not the sort of ice that you know. It is made of snow. It is always there-

"Then all I can say is that we could easily have gone some other day, or even imagined it. The things I want to see are the things that are not always there—earthquakes, avalanches and that sort of thing.'

"If money could buy an earthquake, you should have it on the spot. But this glacier is not so constantly there-

"You said it was.

"It is not so constantly there as you seem to think. It moves, you know—only a few inches a day, I fancy, but have said so. Personally, I admire it very much." still it moves."

"But we shan't see the silly thing move."

"No," I said, "perhaps not; but it is grand to know "He is a fat coachman," I said, "and, once on the box- that it can get along without our seeing it. Francesca, there

"Page 45 of 'Physical Geography for Beginners."

"In face of this great blind natural force your flippancy is misplaced. If, for instance, I fell into a crevasse to-day, and you came back to this glacier forty years hence-

"I should come in a carriage, you know," said Francesca cheerfully. "I shouldn't walk."

"Yes," I said, "you would probably come in a carriage. Then you would stand at the edge of the glacier and let your mind stray back over forty sad years."
"I've lost my handkerchief," said Francesca.

"You always have. And while you stood there you would suddenly see amongst the stones a gold watch and a large boot with nails in it. That would be me—I mean, those melancholy relics would be all that was left of-

"You unwoman me," said Francesca. "All the same," she added, "I can't help saying this glacier of yours is a very slow worker, and, if you wanted me to admire it, you

haven't succeeded.'

"Look! There it is," I said, pointing across the gorge.
"Call that a glacier!" she said. "It's about as big as a

large tablecloth.

"Anyhow," I said sharply, "that's all the glacier you'll get to-day. If you wanted something bigger you should

"I don't," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

who do, or talk of doing, Big Things, I have never before met so large and mixed a company devoted to this vocation. There is no doubt, of course, that the class of which Sir GILBERT PARKER Writes in The Judgment House (METHUEN) did much, if not most, of the bringing about and carrying through of the Boer War, but I cannot think that the Magnates of the Rand or the Officials of Diplomacy set about the business in quite the large, direct and melodramatic spirit of Rudyard Bing and Ian Stafford. They must have given some thought to details; some trifles must have obtruded themselves upon their notice, causing them to show impatience or irritability, to laugh or at least smile; a little once or twice in a period of some years. On this part of the affair I speak without authority, not knowing but rejected lover of her French grandmother. Then she by the light of nature, nor having been told with any exact-

ness in the book, how Magnates are created or of what Diplomacy (always with a big, big D) consists. The social and criminal elements of the story are, however, open to the criticism of the man in the street. As to the former, I would argue that the smart and plutocratic set of London is herein credited with a brilliance and breadth of mind not its own; as to the latter, that the murder of Adrian Fellowes cast too long a shadow before it. And when it did come the identity of the agent was not difficult to guess, STOCK HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE. though much mystery was

made of it. But the important thing for his many admirers is that Sir GILBERT has written another novel; and nothing that I have said can alter that fact. At the worst, I shall only expect a few of them to agree with me that, while his book is by no means wanting in wit, it would have been much better for a touch or two of humour.

I think I have seldom met with a more obvious example of the short story masquerading as a novel than The World's take one hundred and sixty-five pages to tell, are all about the events of one day. True, it was an extremely crowded day. In the morning the hero met the heroine quite casual-like at a railway station. The heroine was missing trains, and the hero, who was a perfect stranger (and a far from imperfect hustler in such matters), said, "Come along for a pic-nic with me instead," and, a few minutes later, "I love you." They were in the train by this time, and the rest of the book is devoted to the pic-nic and what came of it. Incidentally one may say that it was a somewhat comprehensive outing, involving a bathe in a stream, two accidents—by dive and bicycle—and a night in a friendly cottage. But no one need be really alarmed. The proprieties, though strained almost to breaking-point, do just which, after the lovers have got back to town, and she has enough interest in this pale narrative.

sent a wire saying they must part for ever, becomes even tedious. Yet Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT has written an engaging (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.) | fantasy, which, though it never convinced me, has many Used though I am, more particularly in novels, to those delightful moments. In other words, Mr. HARCOURT the plot-inventor will probably owe the success of his book entirely to Mr. HARCOURT the dainty stylist. Heavily treated, his theme would have been intolerable.

I read The Power Behind (Hutchinson), by M. P. Will-COCKS, with deep interest, as a novel quite out of the common run. Much of it I have since read a second and a third time, partly from delight in its many beauties of style and diction and descriptive power, and its thoughtful analysis of life, and partly with the wish to get a clearer understanding of its author's design. In the second of these aims I confess to have fallen short of success. The girl who is the even at such a crisis the tension of the situation and the chief figure is brought into close relationship with three facial muscles of those who conducted it must have relaxed men. She was adopted first of all by an old West Country doctor and naturalist, who in his youth had been the loved

cared much more about the stars than for the mother of his child, and brought wretchedness and disillusionment into her life. And lastly, when he died because another doctor hesitated too long to perform an operation which would have saved him, she married the almost would-be murderer, who was old enough to be her father, and became "the power behind" him, so that he played a finer part among his neighbours than he would have done without her help. All this is straightforward enough, and is worked out with taste and discretion.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

MR. HALL CAINE'S ETERNAL QUEST FOR A BOOKSHOP THAT DOES NOT

But I feel dimly that there is a power — that Miss WILLCOCKS has a power—behind it that I have not fully grasped. And to some extent I think that is her fault and not mine. Her canvas is overcrowded with people and ideas. In the title of nearly every chapter there is an abstract thought large enough in itself to furnish material for a separate novel. In this respect her book is inclined to be vague and baffling. But then so is life, with its good in ill and its ill in good. And because The Power Behind Daughter (LANE). The first two parts of the tale, which is a fine picture of life it seems to me a book that is very well worth reading.

Miss Montréson's The Strictly Trained Mother (Murray) is a gentle chronicle of rather smaller beer than is likely to suit the general palate. The story of Mrs. Betterton, ruthlessly managed out of all liberty by her competent daughters and breaking away from home to go and stay with a grandchild, cannot be said to provide matter that is morbidly exciting. The old lady's portrait has been done with skill and sympathy but the daughters' outlines are not free from a rather crude exaggeration. There are no doubt many managing folk who would do well to read this little study of results; though they might only say, "I quite agree!" or "How ridiculous!" without making suitable inferences. hold. This is rather more than I can say about the plot, For the rest of us I cannot honestly say that there's quite

#### CHARIVARIA.

THE King of ROUMANIA was attacked, the other day, by a gang of bandits. After His Majesty's recent appropriation of Bulgarian territory we feel very strongly that their action was contrary to a proper sense of esprit de corps.

It has been decided by the Govern-

ment not to send a punitive expedition against the Mad Mullah. We consider, however, that a pretty sharp letter ought to be addressed to him; otherwise he will think we don't mind.

One hundred-and-fifty German physicians arrived in Dublin last week, and visited Guinness's Brewery; also Trinity College Medical School and the College of Surgeons.

Lie Temps expresses itself in favour of a Channel Tunnel divided into two sections - one for the railway, and one for motor traffic. Why not a third, asks an Irish correspondent, for aircraft?

Nine years after being posted from Buxton on August 25th, 1904, a post - card was received last week by Mrs. MAR-STON, of 51, Great Queen Street. It is only fair to point out that the Liberal Postmaster-General has succeeded here where his Conservative predecessor failed.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs annual meeting of the

land would be able to ring us up by ending a drought. means of wireless telephony.

Both the Rubber Growers' Association and the Rubber Sharebrokers' Association are offering handsome prizes for the discovery of new uses for rubber. We trust that, in making their awards, these Associations will remember that it was Mr. Punch who "Society's latest craze." first suggested that, if the price of soap continued to rise, that commodity

might be replaced by india-rubber in will feel compelled to make a charge of the case of children.

By the way, not so long ago, rubber was used largely for floating companies. This application of it seems now to have fallen into desuetude.

IN 1930. "I SAY, CARRY THIS BAG TO THE STATION FOR ME, WILL YOU?"

"Ho, YUS, AND 'AVE THE UNION ON TER ME."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs "Why, if I touched that there bag I'd 'Ave the Amalgermated as pessimist! At the Society of Loafers on Me Track. That's wot."

tested on motor-omnibuses will, it is taken to keep them pure. said, when it collides with you, pick you up and carry you along on a kind Lord Howard DE Walden has gone of screen until the vehicle stops. If to Shuna, in the Western Hebrides. the contrivance works well we see no His Lordship, The Glasgow News inreason why it should not develop into

We understand that the companies fished for.

the case of adults, and by ink-eraser in one penny for such a ride. Otherwise, it is feared, mean persons would make a habit of taking their rides that way.

While two boys were endeavouring to burn out a wasps' nest on a farm at Halstead, Suffolk, last week, an oat stack was accidentally fired and entirely The Open-Air Theatre Society has consumed, damage being done to the

amount of £150. It is said that nothing more ghoulish has ever been heard than the laughter of the wasps on appreciating what had happened.

A fly (who was clear-Iv not a militant, for it happened in New Zealand) has burnt a house down. The insect got itself alight by flying through a gas jet, and in its fall set the windowcurtains ablaze-and hence the conflagration. "Burn that house!" may yet become the flies' answer to "Kill that fly!" \*\* \*\* \*\*

Motor prison-vans, it is announced, will be seen in the London streets in a few weeks' time. It will be interesting to note whether this leads to an increase of custom.

Dr. Woodward of the Geological Department of the British Museum has pronounced the skull recently discovered at Ealing to be that of a woolly rhinoceros of the Pleistocene age. This, we understand, is the sort that spinster ladies used to keep as pets at that time.

Dr. H. F. BAKER is, Marconi Company he prophesied that applied to the London County Council we read, to address the British Assothe day was not far distant when, even for permission to give plays in the ciation on the importance of pure if we were aboard ship, our friends on parks. We know no surer means of mathematics in the ordinary relations of life. Can it be that even our mathematics are becoming decadent? If so, A new life-guard which is now being it is good to know that steps are to be

> forms us, will spend his leisure there "in fishing for fish in the sea." We have often wondered what people

#### PEACE WEEK.

[Contemporaneously with the Carnival at the Hague in connection with the opening of the Palace of Peace, attention was drawn in the Press to arrangements for further internecine contests between the Liberal and Labour Parties at the next Election. During the same period there was a strike of the Building and Allied Trades in London which affected the Office of Works, the Athenæum Club, and other well-known institutions.]

> While jocund banners wave above CARNEGIE'S Palace, called of Peace, And all the embassies of Love Give their emotions full release; While She, the warrior peoples' guest, Enters the gates, an honoured boarder, And on the Founder's heaving chest They pin the Orange Nassau Order;-

While banquets mark with seemly mirth The dawning age of muted drums When war shall cease to blast the earth Until the next occasion comes); While olives bulge from every beak And each, in Dutch, adores his neighbour-Is this, I ask, the proper week To fan the Liberal feud with Labour?

If nations born to martial lust Can so assemble at the Hague To talk in terms of mutual trust (Though possibly a little vague), Shall brethren fight? Shall Tory prints Be suffered to indulge in glib blab, Dropping the most offensive hints Of ructions lewdly known as Lib-Lab?

Alas! 'tis so! Affection cools, And, as the masses catch the chill, The Works Department downs its tools And BEAUCHAMP gets a bitter pill; And, just to spite the Liberal few In that Conservative Museum,\* The decorators, gone askew, Decline to wash The Athenæum.

Ah! what avails you Palace scheme (As good as Sydenham's own, I guess) If kinsmen cannot form one team, Or coalitions coalesce? What is the use of Europe bound By one continuous cosmic tether If Lib and Lab, on common ground, Cannot lie down and coo together? ·O. S.

\* The word is here used in its original and higher significance to mean a Temple of the Muses, not a repository of antiquities.

#### THE RUSTIC INNKEEPER.

(A SILLY SEASON SYMPOSIUM.)

Sir,—I was touring through the Western Counties on my 180 h.-p. Mércèdes when I reached the cheery little town of Blickhampton. I stopped at the leading hotel, "The Blue Boar," and told the landlord that I proposed to dine there. Knowing that he would scarcely have a chef at so small an establishment I suggested the following simple menu-an omelette Russe, veal cutlets à la Maintenon, half a brace of grouse, and any simple sweet his cook could supply. To my amazement he replied, "You can have chops, or steaks, or bacon and eggs." I told him aviator wouldn't know what he was going to get till he'd of the delightful meals I had had served at a moment's landed you—would he?

notice in Carcassonne and Nijni Novgorod, and his answer was (I give it verbatim), "You may get them things in America, but we ain't asked for a dinner once in a month." The more one tries to simplify the task of the country hotel-keeper the more pig-headed and obstinate he becomes. A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. Yours truly,

Sir.—I have been making a five days' tour of your island, visiting all its points of historical interest, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, the residence of Benjamin Franklin's great-aunt, and the gaols inhabited by the persecuted Pilgrim Fathers before they started to make the greatest country the world has ever known. At not one of your local inns have I ever found more than a single bathroom. At the Astor Hotel, New York, there is not a single bedroom without four bath-rooms, and the suites rented to multis always have ten. Even the cheap hotels would be ashamed if they had not two bath-rooms for every guest. And I have not even seen a tonsorial parlour at one of your country hotels. I asked for the tonsorial parlour at the Puck Hotel, Little Chidgley, to-day, and was told that there was none, but the boots would brush me down in the lobby. Don't you ever wash or shave? Can't you get the hayseed out of your hair?

Kendrick J. Bings (of Pluto, Mass.). Yours truly, Sir,-Touring through the Midland Counties with that

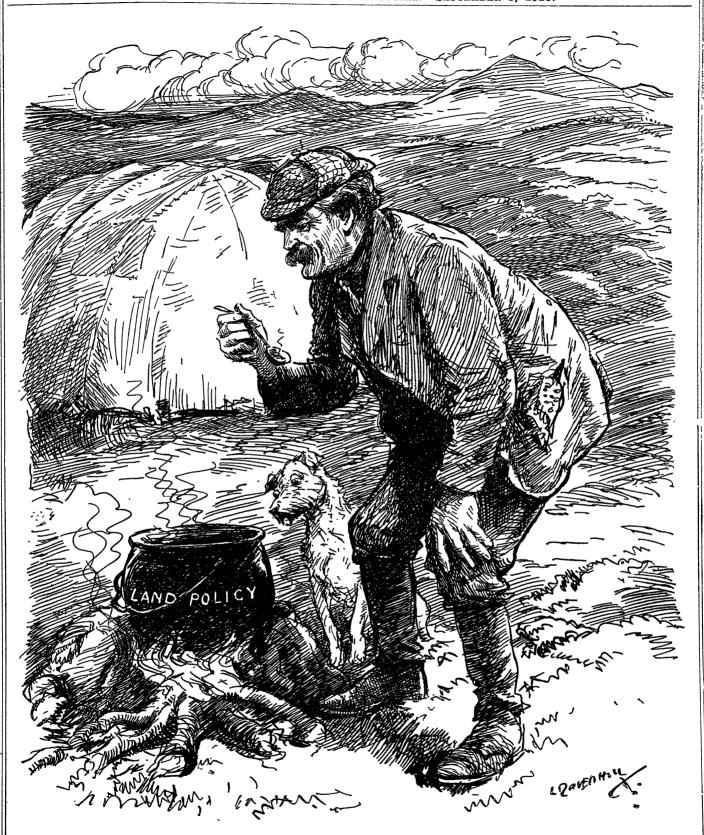
distinguished German savant, Dr. Offlicher (on a special investigation to discover traces of Teutonic civilization in rural British life), we came at 2 A.M. (in consequence of a motor breakdown) to The Reindeer, Chipping Tutbury, Rutland. I remembered a night visit I had paid with the same famous savant to an hotel in the Black Forest—the choice omelette which was instantly cooked; the fourteen varieties of sausage which, as if by art-magic, seemed to leap on to the table. I thought it would be a joy to give him a pleasant little night-meal on this occasion. After I had knocked at the door of The Reindeer for ten minutes, a head appeared at the bedroom window. "Good morning," I said politely. "Can we have a hot supper for two immediately?" "Go to blazes!" came the uncouth reply, and the window was instantly shut.

Dr. Offlicher is strongly of opinion that traces of debasing Celtic influences are to be found in Chipping Tutbury. ONE ASHAMED OF HIS COUNTRY'S INNS.

#### - AERIAL ETIQUETTE.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I am always anxious to do the gentlemanly thing, but, though my mater has got a book about Etiquette, it doesn't say anything about flying, which is what I am worried about. I hope you won't mind my asking your advice, because I know if I told my own people they would immediately knock the whole thing on the head. I have sixpence per week pocket-money, and, as I am dead keen on flying, I have saved up the two guineas which is the lowest price for flight at Hendon (no reduction for children). It has taken ages to do it, including tips, but I don't grudge the money. The awkward part is I have just got the exact sum, and I wonder if you are supposed to give the driver sixpence for himself, like you do a taxi? That would mean waiting another week; but I want to do the proper thing, especially if it's GRAHAME-WHITE. Yours truly, JAMES HODGKINSON GREEN (JUN.).

P.S.—All the same I don't see how it could make any difference to the sort of flight they gave you, because the



# THE LAND-CAMPAIGNER.

Mr. Lloyd George. "I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO GINGER IT UP OR WATER IT DOWN?" [The Chancellor is reported to have been camping out on a Welsh mountain.]



["Since the introduction of tarmac the surface of many roads resembles a cement tennis-court more than an ordinary highway." Road Board's Report ]

The ingenious Mr. Farnborough-Smythe having invented the rising tennis-net, his wife is giving a series of most DELIGHTFUL RECEPTIONS AT THE 34TH MILESTONE, PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

### A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Some people are not like others; I am one of them. To most men the refusal of a proposal is, in sporting terms, a knock-out blow. A refusal by Diana is, I should think, the worst possible. And yet I merely smiled, and with some appropriate, light, halfhumorous remark I turned the conversation into other channels.

I almost think Diana was the more affected of the twain.

No one would have guessed that the well-groomed, debonair man, chatting so gaily with his beautiful companion, had just been refused by her. But he had; and perhaps the incident defines my character more clearly than many words.

That evening I sat up very late, thinking. Suddenly I reflected that Diana was a woman, and it is the privilege of women--nay, even a proof of true womanhood—to change their minds.

Diana in time must change her mind. I met her two days later and immediately started to change it. Diana inspiration. is, however, very clever.

"If you're going to propose," she said, "don't."

I did. After all, what are a few words wasted?

Following this incident Diana became very alert. When we encountered she somehow or other kept me at bay, and, if necessary, took to flight. But she found in myself a foeman worthy of her steel.

"Hello!" "Hello!" I said, one morning. "Doing anything on Friday?"

"No," she replied, falling into the trap.
"Like to get married?" I suggested, and was so pleased at having got past fully, but no idea came to me. her guard that I hardly noticed her mind had not changed.

"Ah, well," I thought. "Some day I shall catch her when her mind is wanting a change; then we shall see."

question; my proposals had to be out. Quickly I seized and read it. short and to the point. I flatter myself that, at times, I was original. The culminating effort was a telegram (reply paid) as follows: "What day would tually I was put through. suit?"

The reply (paid) was very terse: "None at all."

I felt it could only be construed in one way. And then I had a sudden lucky number."

Some people are not like others, and, as I told you, I am one of them. With

already put the question eleven times. Only two more tries were needed.

The twelfth was a clever piece of acting. I rang up Diana on the telephone, disguised my voice, and then proposed like lightning. Then I sat down to consider my next move. The thirteenth proposal was to be successful; it ought to be exceptionally good.

For two days I thought very care-

On the third day I received a letter addressed in Diana's handwriting. I lost my breath. Had she anticipated my thirteenth proposal and accepted? With trembling fingers I tore the envelope Eloquent appeals were out of the open; a dainty sheet of notepaper fell Then I winced as in great pain.

> Blindly I groped for the telephone. Even her number was engaged. Even-

> "Diana," I said, "you can't marry Denholme. Throw him over. I'm proposing for the thirteenth time: six times more than Robert Bruce, and my

> "Sorry," said Diana, "I never change my mind."

And then I realised that thirteen me thirteen is a lucky number. My was indeed my lucky number. I had thirteenth attempt would bring me luck. had an escape. Diana was no true A brief calculation showed that I had woman; she never changed her mind.

# ASSURED REVOLUTION.

In the fear that the Ulster cause has not been sufficiently advertised lately, the author begs to offer this little sketch, at the opening of a new dramatic season, to any manager

patriotic enough to take it.]

The scene is laid in the private house of Mr. James McSmith, a hard-headed Belfast linen manufacturer. Mr. and Mrs. McSmith are seated in the library, a commodious room, furnished on the north wall with a large photogravure of Sir EDWARD CAR-SON and Mr. BONAR LAW shaking hands, on the east wall with one of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. SMITH shaking hands, and on the west wall with one of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Lord CHARLES BERES-FORD shaking hands. The south wall shakes? has been removed for the convenience

of the audience, but actually it bears a large photogravure of Sir ED-WARD CARSON and Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE shaking hands. On the mantelpicce is a snapshot of Mr. James McSmith himself signing the cove-

nant.

Enter Norah McSmith.

Norah. Oh, father, there's another photograph just come from the enlarger's. It's of Sir EDWARD shaking hands with Mr. ROWLAND Hunt. What are we going to do with it?

McSmith (much moved). A stirring picture, my dear. Hang it in the drawingroom, where our visitors-

Mrs. McSmith (placidly). Not in the drawing-room, Norah. Norah. Well, really, it's the only

room left, mother.

Mrs. McSmith. You forget the bath-

McSmith (indignantly). The bathroom! Certainly not!

Mrs. McSmith. Just over the taps,

Norah. Right you are, mother.

[She goes out, slamming the door behind her.

McSmith (jumping up from his seat). Good Heavens, what's that?

Mrs. McSmith. Only Norah, dear. I'm always telling her not to.

McSmith (mopping his brow). I thought it was a pistol shot. I thought the revolution had begun.

Mrs. McSmith (soothingly). There, there, James. You forget it doesn't begin till *next* year.

She goes on placidly with her knitting. McSmith (testily). Why doesn't John come? It's quite time he was back.

has he been?

McSmith (mysteriously). Ah, my love! We were keeping it as a little surprise for you. Still, you may as well be take part in it. told now. (Importantly) As you know, dear, I am in the councils of the Provisional Government, and at the last meeting I exerted my influence to get am prepared to sell my life dearly. our son a post. He was sent for to-day; and I hope, I greatly hope-

John (proudly). It's all right, father, I've got a job. They've made me— You'll never guess.

McSmith (eagerly). Inspector of the Brick-bats? Snapshotter to the Marchers Past? Descriptive reporter of the Hand- is extraordinarily prevalent in Ulster

John. No, no, better than that. I'm

PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

SUFFRAGETTE PRIVATELY HARDENING HERSELF AGAINST GASTRONOMIC TEMPTATION WITH AN EYE TO PROBABLE HUNGER-STRIKES IN THE NEAR

> —(dramatically)—Warden of the Voice Lozenges!

McSmith (overcome with emotion). My boy!

Mrs. McSmith. Well, so long as you don't get your feet wet-

John. And that reminds me. I saw Rankin and said you wanted to speak to him. He'll be up here at any moment.

McSmith. Ah, good! I've important business to discuss with him. My dear, would you mind-

John. Come into the garden, mother. [Mrs. McSmith and John go out. J Enter Rankin, a hard - headed job. solicitor.

McSmith. Good morning, Rankin. Sit down, won't you? You've heard about my boy, I suppose. (Carelessly) Warden of the Voice Lozenges. It's a fine post for so young a man.

Rankin. He'll be pretty hard worked,

I expect.

McSmith. I suppose so. Well now, Rankin, I want to talk to you about the supply of lozenges has completely

Mrs. McSmith. Back? Why, where | business. We are in for a-h'r 'ema-a-bloody Civil War next year, and as a loval subject of the King I need hardly say that I'm quite prepared to

Rankin. Of course.

McSmith. If, as we all expect, there is to be fighting, desperate fighting, I

Rankin. Quite so.

McSmith. But though I am prepared Enter John McSmith, the hard-headed to shed the last drop of my blood, still more to shed the last drop of the blood of any troops sent against us, I should er—naturally be very much upset if my property got damaged in any way.

Rankin. I quite understand, Mr. McSmith. I may say that that feeling

just now.

McSmith. You see what I mean? Death, particularly the death of others, is, after all, a little thing—a loyal Ulsterman can face it

cheerfully; but financial loss hits him very hard. I propose, therefore, to insure this house and the factory against damage by revolution, and I want you to see about it for me.

Rankin (moved more than a solicitor would care to admit). My dear Sir, your feelings do you infinite credit. And, let me assure you, you are not alone in your romantic and chivalrous idealism. All Belfast feels the same. The news, when it gets about, will be a trumpet call to England.

McSmith (simply). Say no more, Rankin. I am only doing my duty.

[He turns to the north wall and salutes the large photogravure of Sir ED-WARD CARSON and Mr. BONAR LAW shaking hands.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

 $\Lambda$  year later. The scene is the same. McSmith is discovered in the Enter John. library. McSmith. Well, John: had another busy day?

John (bitterly). Busy? I've lost my

McSmith. Why, how's that? Every day I read of the long speeches which our noble leader delivers to the army. As Warden of the Voice Lozenges-

John. That's just it. Bar a little rioting and revolver-shooting among our own men there's been nothing doing for three months except harangues to the troops. The result is that



Indignant Bather. "Go AWAY! I OBJECT TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE WATER!" Photographer. "But I'm taking these for the weekly papers; besides, I don't think I took you." Indignant Bather. "Why not? What impertinence!"

given out. And now that the so-called British Government has gone and put a tax on 'em I don't see how we're through the drawing-room window. going to get any more.

McSmith. Why not, John?

John. Father, don't be absurd. The tax money would go to the Nationalist Parliament, of course.

McSmith. Ah, yes, I was forgetting that.

John. And the result is, as I say, that the window, just where mother-I've lost my job. (Gloomily) I don't know what our leaders will do. The army can't fight because there's no one not so bad as you think. to fight against, and the generals will phantly) The window is insured! have to go on making speeches. With nothing to do it on-

[A shot is heard. McSmith. Good heavens, what's

John (calmly). Revolver. Some of our men playing the fool. By Jove, it sounded near. I wonder if it came this way

[Enter Servant hastily. Servant. Fire, fire! The mistress

has been shot. (She faints.)

McSmith. (weakly). John, go and see. (Exit John). Dear, dear! (He looks round the walls dully, slowly gathering fresh courage from the photographs of Sir Edward Carson.) [Re-enter John.

John (with emotion). A revolver shot sent for the doctor. It's bad, but I don't think dangerous.

McSmith (bravely). John, we must bear this like heroes. It is our first sacrifice for the cause.

John (much moved). It came through

McSmith (patting him on the shoulder). Bear up, my dear boy. It is (Trium-

CURTAIN.

#### Painful Reflection on the First Commissioner of Works.

The Globe, after discussing details of the strike at the Office of Works, goes on to say, "Up to the present there has been no serious interference with any service of public utility." Lord Beauchamp will please note.

From a Charing Cross bookseller's window:-

"LARGE TYPE CICERO IN LATIN."

language.

## The Perils of Cricket.

In a cricket match between Montreal and the Australians, MAYNE (according Hit mother in the shoulder. They 've to The Montreal Daily Star) was dismissed by "a bull that kept low."

> "The Real Estate Trust Company is the agent for this property, a 9-room residence, of the living room type, having two baths in a desirable neighborhood."

Within a shilling taxi drive, we hope.

Mr. RALPH CONNOR as reprinted in The Manitoba Free Press:—

"I, who have never set foot outside my native shoes. . ."

They must be too small for him by now.

"Until last week no Englishman had taken so much as a set from him. Indeed the sets he has dropped during the last year could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands—five to Brookes in Australia, five to McLoughlin at Wimbledon, two to Wilding at Manchester, two each to F. G. Lowe and Pages in the Australian chamicagnian Beamish in the Australasian championship at Hastings, New Zealand, one to Graham at Dublin, one to Doust at Newcastle, and one to A. H. Lowe at Scarborough."

Manchester Guardian.

If the writer is also a golfer he should CICERO was always at his best in this try the overlapping grip. He has a grand pair of hands for it.

# A MUSICAL-OLYMPIC APPEAL.

The recurrence in the year 1914 of the great International Pan-Orphic Competitive Festival to be held at Vienna brings home to all patriotic British musicians the peremptory need cf securing adequate representation of their country at this great tournament of song and sound. The situation is best understood by the following statement of the results of the last competition at San Marino in 1910:-Highest note (solo) . . . . America. Highest note (chorus) . . . Finland. Loudest note (solo) . . . . Patagonia. Loudest note (chorus) . . . Corea. Deepest note (solo).... Russia. Deepest note (chorus) . . . Russia. Longest sustained note. . . Germany. Three-legged singing-race . Turkey. Most powerful steam organ Belgium. Largest larynx . . . . Tibet. Longest hair (pianists) . . . Hungary. Largest butterfly tie . . . Venezuela. Best advertised prima donna . . . . . . . . . . America. Heaviest Brünnhilde.... Germany. Most realistic Carmen . . . Roumania. Highest paid tenor . . . . Italy. Longest round of applause Croatia. Best organised claque . . . Argentine. Largest wardrobe (ladies) . Russia. Most epileptic conductor. . Morocco. Greatest number of presents from Crowned Heads . . Italy. Greatest number of floral tributes . . . . . . . . . Australia. Most eulogistic criticism. . America. Most savage ditto. . . . . Servia.

It is, as the Marquis of Mull observes in his impassioned appeal to the public in last Saturday's Daily Terror, one long tale of British disgrace and decrepitude. That we are a musical stirring appeal with a request that all nation cannot be denied. Our ballad concerts, our street organs, our devotion to the banjo, the concertina and the penny whistle proclaim it on every side. We have pledged ourselves to from the Marquis himself, £1,000 from compete at Vienna, and yet with only a brief year in which to prepare ourselves nothing has been done to select or train representatives. To expose ourselves to a repetition of the defeat which we underwent in 1910 is not only humiliating but dangerous. It advertises our weakness and lends impetus to the Chauvinistic policy of the other Powers. In short, by neglecting to organise victory we disregard a most effective insurance against invasion.

The Marquis accordingly appeals to the nation to raise a sum of £500,000 to enable the Executive Committee to carry out their scheme for the selection | One can always tell a Frenchman.

and preparation of British representatives. The amount, he admits, is considerable, but it will be a magnificent investment and will be repaid a hundredfold in national prestige and security. The scheme involves the appointment of 1,000 "talent-searchers" to scour every corner of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Scilly Isles. Suitable competitors, when thus secured, will be sent to specially equipped training colleges, where their preparation will be systematically carried on under the supervision of the best experts. Thus, for example, candidates for the heavy-weight Wagnerian prima donna prize will be segregated in Dietetic Sanatoria, where they will be subjected to a process of intensive nutrition by which a stone weight can be put on in a fortnight.

Another of these colleges will be exclusively devoted to the cultivation of luxuriant chevelures by a process of constant immersion in hot baths of petroleum. Another and a very costly department of the process of preparation is the equipment of poor singers with costumes, jewels, pet dogs and all the other indispensable paraphernalia of prima donnahood. A special school of journalism, again, will have to be maintained for the instruction of competitors for the Musical Criticism prizes in the whole vocabulary of eulogy and obloquy. There will also have to be High Note, Low Note, Deep Note and Long Note Gymnasia. There must be an Academy for the promotion of Epileptic Conductors. And, as the Marquis of Mull eloquently remarks, all this will cost money.

The Marquis of Mull concludes his subscriptions may be sent to him at the Fitz Hotel. The list has been headed by £5,000 from the proprietors of The Hairdressers' Gazette, £2,000 the Duke of Swankerville, £500 from Messrs. Hufenvogel and Fleischheimer, the great petroleum refiners, and 1/from "A Lifelong Lover of Music."

From "Naval Appointments" in Portsmouth Evening News:—

"Lieutenants. — St. A. B. Wake to the Thunderer, as First Lord."

And so poor Winston's brief reign is

"Some amusement was afforded by a typical Frenchman with well-waxed moustache who . . . cried again and again, in true French style: 'Encore, encore, madame!'" Yorkshire Evening News.

# BEST MILD BIRD'S EAR:

OR, WHAT WAS OVERHEARD BY THE LITTLE GENTLEWOMANLY BIRD AT-TACHED TO SOME OF OUR CONTEM-PORARIES.

AT STRATHMOORSIDE.—That one or two grouse got away even when his lordship was shooting.
At Hurst Park.—That not even the

pretty musical comedy actress could find a winner in every race.

AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.-That the bride was very charming.

AT YATTENDON.—That the Laureate may or may not be preparing a wedding

In Paris.—That the little Comtesse's blind chauffeur has at last been discharged.

IN THE SAME.—That the street named after the late King Edward is progressing.

AT FORT WILLIAM .- That "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.—That the workmen are doing overtime on Buckingham Palace and that the scene is one of great activity.

In London Generally.—That the paviors are taking advantage of London's emptiness.

AT ALDERSHOT .- That he was the youngest subaltern who ever failed to grow a moustache.

AT MARGATE.—That a certain young lady who lost a spade on the sands the other day is in danger of not getting it

IN THE STRAITS OF DOVER.—That the fish are talking of little else but the Channel tunnel and what it will cost them.

In Berlin.—That questions of foreign policy are not unlikely to be requiring attention before long.

IN VENICE.—That the bathers at the Lido include more than one member of the Italian nobility.

AT BILCHESTER.—That the Earl and Countess received many congratulations on the occasion of their golden wedding.

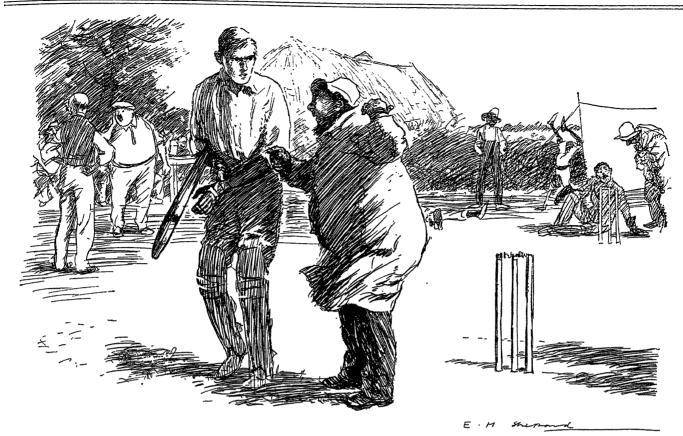
IN ROYAL CIRCLES.—That the past season has been a strenuous one and a little rest is not being resented.

AT Homburg.—That certain visitors this year are more than usually in need of cures.

AT THE SAME.—That "he may have looked at her, but that was all."

In Parliament Square.—That the Houses of Parliament are quieter than they have been for months.

"Many of the low-lying parts of the river are already under water."—Times of India. This is also true of the Cam.



Batsman (indignant at being given out on a confident appeal for a catch by the wicket-keeper, Brown). "What on earth made you GIVE ME OUT?

Honest and Painstaking Umpire. "Well, Sir, it were like this: Muster Brown 'e thought 'twas hout, and I enawed as 'ow 'e knawed more'n I knawed, so I says, 'hout.'"

# "A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION."

DEAR SIR,—Before making a few remarks upon your interesting series entitled, "Pages from the Diary of a Fly," I should like to explain my motives in writing to you at all. They are twofold. In the first place, as a naturalist of, I hope, some distinction, I want to discuss the matter scientifically. And, as the victim of certain misguided people who, under the impression that I was a confirmed dipteramaniac, caused me, some years ago, to be placed in a home for the mentally unsound, I wish to prove my complete ing capacity of an insect? and unquestionable sanity by a course of didactic reasoning the infallibility of which you will be bound to recognise.

Assuming, as I do, that your alleged contributor hails from the Calypterate Muscidæ family, we are reduced to a choice of two species, viz., the Blow-fly or "Bluebottle," and the Musca domestica or common "house-fly." knowledge of the whole order Diptera, to say nothing of certain details in the narrative under discussion, leads me to suppose that the writer belongs to the latter of the two sub-families. Very

any fly possessed of this capacity, he would find the difficulty of transferring those ideas to paper, if not utterly insurmountable, at least far greater than you evidently suppose.

One moment, Sir! ""Tush," I hear you say, "there it is in black and white. We have the fly's word for it. And, moreover, how can any naturalist, however eminent, make such a comprehensive negation concerning the think-

Every word that I have written, Sir, I can thoroughly substantiate. Let me give a brief outline of my own humble researches. Though in the main of antivivisectionist principles, I have brain of the Musca domestica, in every case unsuccessfully. Being forced to the reluctant conclusion that nothing Having obtained a healthy specimen,

which is this: that no Musca domestica with the view of broadening out my yet born can assimilate coherent and pupil's imitative ability. In one inveracious ideas such as are put forward stance only did I achieve any real in this Diary; and, further, that, were measure of success. Occasionally, after clapping my hands and chuckling for some minutes, I had the satisfaction of seeing him simulate the emotion of glee by rubbing his front legs together. But that was all. Often, in trying to make him rear on his hind legs, I not only became stiff from my own exertions, but experienced considerable hoarseness from incessant reiteration of the word "up." His intellect, if any, seemed quite impenetrable. For hours I was in the habit of reading to him select passages from Baedcker, Horace and Bradshaw without response. Only a week ago I subjected my theory to an exhaustive test. Having obtained another excellent specimen, I regaled made various experiments upon the him with the first reminiscences of your small contributor. If you will believe me, Sir, his eyes showed no flicker of interest. But not content with new was to be gleaned from within, I this as a convincing proof of defective set to work on the inductive plan. receptivity, I established what was almost a foregone conclusion—that he one entirely free from empusa and not was entirely unable to produce decipherlong emerged from the pupa state, I able hieroglyphics. I went to the trouble well. I now come to my contention, began a series of instruction classes and expense of having a diminutive



Jack (whose twin has been isolated owing to measles). "When 's Teddy coming back to sleep, Bee?" Bee. "Why? Do you miss him AWFULLY?"

Jack (promptly). "RATHER! Only this morning I turned over to biff him in the Eye and he wasn't there!"

an inch long. It was relatively easy production of the genus Homo. to procure the pen: but to make him hold it was a very different matter. First I placed it between the adhesive pads of his front feet whilst he was rubbing them together. The only result was that he immediately desisted from his occupation, and the instrument fell with a tiny clatter on to the sheet of foolscap I had provided for him. Next I tried the lobes of his proboscis, but these seemed sadly lacking in tenacity. Not to be beaten too easily, however, I dispensed with the manufactured article and dipped the lobes themselves in a bottle of ink. This turned out to be an unfortunate move, for, instead of making any attempt to transfer his thoughts to paper, he contented himself with sucking up the fluid with evident fluential infant circles owing to the relish, thereby inflicting upon himself threat of the elders to withdraw cradles, an attack of what I took to be acute and a force of 4,000 fathers had to be indigestion. At any rate the malady has incapacitated him from experimental work for several days. Although I intend going into the matter more thoroughly when my patient has recovered, I think I have said enough to convince you that this so-called Diary, far from being

Yours in sympathy,

OCTAVIUS GRUBBE (ex) F.R.S. P.S.—During a further perusal of your current issue, I have just noticed the words "By our Charivariety Artiste." This, of course, proves that you yourself were not the victim of an imposture, and stultifies the main purpose of this letter, which I nevertheless forward to you for the sake of its scientific interest.

#### ROCKS AHEAD.

[The City of London Public Health Department have issued a circular in which it is stated that the custom of rocking babies in cradles is a wrong one and should be abolished.]

Unrest continues to prevail in incalled out during the small hours to quell threatened insurrections. The men were not able to return to bed before daybreak. It is clear that the paternal authorities are uneasy and dread an outburst at any moment.

silver pen made for him, one-eighth of of the Diptera family, is some spurious | Bunting protested against their being deprived of a privilege which had been theirs as babies since the days when their poets had first sung. They would remember that imperishable line-

> "When the wind blows the cradle will rock." He was a Pro-cradler, as he had always been. Perhaps he was not so young as he once was, but, if they would allow an old infant, with eighteen months' experience of the ways of the world, to advise them, they would solemnly register a determination never to go to bye-bye without a good rocking.

The Procession of Babies made its way through the principal streets last evening. Banners were carried bearing

such inscriptions as—

"THE HAND THAT DOESN'T ROCK THE CRADLE DOESN'T RULE THE WORLD.—

YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS."

"ROCK US IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP IF YOU LIKE, BUT Rock Us."

Later.—At a meeting of Parents called specially last evening it was agreed to urge the Public Health Department to withdraw their circular. At a meeting of infants held in Little | It is confidently expected that the the work of any enlightened member Britain, E.C., last evening Master babies will come in without delay.



THE "NATIONAL DISASTER" OF 1912.

JOHN BULL (prostrate with shame). "MY PLACE IN THE COUNCILS OF EUROPE MAY BE HIGHER THAN EVER, BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF THAT WHEN THE OLYMPIC PALM FOR THE KNEELING HIGH JUMP IS BORNE BY ANOTHER?"



Flute (to Harp). "There you are—Schubert's brought in fivepence—tuppence worse than 'The Rosary." Ave another go at 'Itchy-Koo; It's always worth one-and-a-tanner."

# UN "MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI."

"TALKING of doctors," said Roleylooks. I know-I was once a doctor have been in trouble over his death myself—ship's doctor—for two whole days. I was coming back from a country in South America where you must be either a 'doctor' or a 'colonel.' I nominated myself 'doctor.' 'Doctor' allows a greater margin of prevarication than 'colonel.' There are several kinds of doctors and you don't have to elect which kind you will be.

"I didn't ask the agents to book my passage with this prefix to my name, nor did I ask my misguided friend to introduce me to the ship's officers as 'Doctor.' Anyhow, I couldn't have hand at a most absurd angle. She foreseen that the resident medico would seemed surprised when I asked her take sick leave in his bunk and that I how long it had been like that. It should be appointed to his duties. I might have made a full disclosure to before, unintentionally sat down on the the Captain and so escaped from an deck and had found her finger that equivocal position, but more eminent men than I have fallen into a similar error.

well. It was unfortunate that the pulling it about preparatory to what I passengers ought to know better than

turned out to be a vegetarian. If the always had a feeling that I should like to know what the stuff really was that I gave him. That it did nothing to soothe his last hours I am certain, but whether it was actually fatal in itself I shall never know. These uncertainties are very harassing.

"I was somewhat nonplussed when they brought a girl to me who had a finger sticking out at the back of her appeared that she had, a few minutes way when she got up. Under these circumstances it seemed to be up to me to do something about it. By a dis-

patient whom I told to knock off meat | believe they call 'setting' it, the thing suddenly resumed the normal. It was Lascar whom I treated had not had lucky that I had not actually diagnosed stone, "their job isn't as easy as it the sense to jump overboard, I might a compound fracture, as I had intended. The girl seemed quite relieved and certificate. As it was, the man was so grateful when she saw all the fingers obviously drowned that a certificate on her hand in a row again. It was seemed hardly necessary. I have rather a nice hand, and it was some time before I felt that it was safe to let

"I still stick to my opinion that that steerage passenger was merely suffering from sea-sickness. I know enough about doctoring to be sure that appendicitis is only found in first or second-class passengers who can afford to pay biggish fees for operations. I am glad that I refused to operate or to assist the ship's surgeon in doing so, when he got well. As it turned out, the woman was still alive when they carried her ashore.

"However, I freely admit that it would have saved my colleague trouble in the end if I had found all the pieces of china which were imbedded in another patient's head before I applied "On the whole I managed fairly pensation of Providence, as I was bandages. But then even steerage



Short-sighted Territorial (oblivious of the rule that badges of rank are worn on the sleeve in Field Service). "Excuse me, but I want to see if I 've got to salute you."

to try to settle their differences with the aid of water jugs.

"I do not believe that the man who said that he had lumbago ever found out with what he had been rubbed. He was much better the next day. There must be some unsuspected curative property in brown boot polish. In spite of this, I have a feeling that the surgery is not the proper place in which to keep a thing of that kind. If I had administered a dose to the child with whooping cough, the result might have been most serious.

white compounds really was quinine.

the phrase and brag about it all over the ship for the rest of the voyage, I should not have told her that she was

began to take an interest in me. He bored me considerably. I could not see that it was any business of his where I had studied medicine. It was certainly careless of me to tell him at different times on the same day that I was a 'London' man and a 'Guy's' man. I do not profess that my explanation was very convincing. I said that I thought it was elementary knowledge that 'Guy's' was in London.

"Finally he had the bad taste to expose a nasty motley-looking arm in the smoking saloon and to ask me what "I did quite well with the fever I thought of it. To get rid of him, I patients when I discovered which of the said that it looked to me as much like hite compounds really was quinine. incipient beri-beri as anything. It did, "If I had suspected that the lady though I never met beri-beri. This with the sore throat would remember | had the effect of clearing the smoking saloon. It also seems to have given suffering from 'periostitis of the cardon person. It was only when the Captain penalties. shaft.' It was when the old gentle-| wanted to know more about it that I heard about this complaint that he London surgeon recovering from an travel.

attack of blood-poisoning. I tried to make out that I really knew all about it and that I was only pulling his leg, but the 'dressing' had, so to speak, come off me. My popularity began to wane from that time, and a fainthearted attempt to get up a testimonial for me met with a cold and unsympathetic reception."

#### CABINET GOLF.

["In a speech at Criccioth Golf Club Mr. Lloyd George told how he had holed out in

It happened (he said) in the South of France. He played a mashie shot off the tee in a short hole over some olive branches and could not find the ball, which, he might say, was not an unusual experience for him.

Later he and others hunted for it to the left and to the right, and were still hunting when a young Frenchman with a sudden stroke of inspiration suggested that it might have rolled into the hole, and behold it was there.

Evening News.

Anxious to ascertain whether any other Cabinet Ministers have equalled the Chancellor's feat Mr. Punch wrote to them all. He has however only received the following replies:-

No, I cannot say I have ever holed out in one. I may add that I make it a rule not to take my "olive branches" with me on to the links; they put me off my game.—Winston Churchill.

I once took thirty-four to the ninth hole at Archerfield, which I think is the record. The score was accounted for by the fact that a party of Suffragettes kept kicking my ball away from the hole every time I putted. They certainly held out nothing in the nature of "olive branches."—H. H. Asquite.

# ONCE UPON A TIME. $\Lambda$ NOMALY.

ONCE upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odours, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cales and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their Holiday Arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favourite seat overlooking the central

And then one day the King of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a decree that no rise to a general feeling throughout the one in this little city should ever ship that he was an uncompanionable leave it again, under pain of fearful

And immediately our friend began man who came on board at Lisbon discovered that he was a well-known to be consumed with a longing for



Wife. "REALLY, THE INGRATITUDE OF SOME PEOPLE! HERE'S YOUR NIECE MINNIE, WHOM I ASKED OUT OF PURE KINDNESS TO BE WITH THE CHILDREN, COMPLAINING THAT SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED; AS IF OUR DARLINGS WEREN'T ENTERTAINING HER ALL DAY LONG."

# THE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT TELLS.

"EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY." LAST year Charles Edward Lartington spent his holidays with a friend on the Norfolk Broads.

By profession he was a bank clerkteller, in fact, at the Plumboro' branch of the Northern and Southern Bankand, being in receipt of about one-half of the salary with which Plumboro' commonly credited him (for the directors expected their officials to keep their appearances up and their expenses down), he had that year, as on many preceding years, been unable "for family reasons" to take the Swiss tour sketched out for him by Mrs. Twemlow, as also the Norwegian cruise suggested by Mr. Aislabie.

By nature he was very much like most of the other hirers of boats at Wroxham, a good sort of a fellow in his way, neither brilliant nor dull, a little weak, a little dissatisfied; in short, just one of the crowd which the from the Plumboro' bank! There they camera of publicity, directed at the egregious, gets so hopelessly out of focus, but which forms the background, were painstaking, men who could follow professional photographer can seldom and, in the opinion of each individual out instructions automatically, indefi-hope to take. Lartington was not trying

member of it, the backbone of the initely, interminably; but talent!country.

So Lartington and his friend set out each morning for their leisurely life on those slow-moving waters with provisions, camera and pipes. It was not a yacht they had hired, but a skiff; for Lartington enjoyed the sculling. His friend, being a photographer of no mean order, lay back in the stern of the boat and kept an eye open for subjects. This attitude of non-interference with another's pleasure is often observable on rivers.

One hot day they lunched off porkpies and bottled beer and, in the afternoon, Lartington, having landed his friend for the purpose of stalking wildfowl with the camera, pulled up-stream alone. It was with a certain exultation at his sense of mastery that he rowed. Here, in the boat, he was director and worker in one ideal combination. What his mind directed his body effected, and for his every stroke there was something definite to show. How different this way." wanted only the workers, the steady, reliable, trustworthy men-men who

That started him off on a new train of thought, of thick-headed duffers who had been at school with him and had long since passed him in the race for wealth. That was the bitterest part of all and made him feel almost anarchical.

And then a new thought struck him, and he began to think harder and deeper, so that his friend had to shout to attract his notice.

"Cheer up, old man," he said, as Lartington drew into the bank. "What are you thinking so deeply about? Stay there and I'll take you before the sun goes down.

Now, had Charles Edward Lartington possessed the gift of prescience, or had had ten minutes more to complete his train of thought, it is probable that he would have refused; but, being just a little vain and just a little vacillating, he did as he was told.

"That's it," said his friend; "better take your hat off, though. Now look

The photograph turned out to be one of those lucky snapshots which the

to look like a bank manager, nor a repertory actor, nor a jolly fellow, nor a bookish prig. He looked just like the man everybody in Plumboro' knew, yet with his "How-will-you-take-it,-notes-or-gold?" air entirely gone. It showed him, as someone said, "away from the counter"; a little preoccupied perhaps, and disguised by his boating flannels, but still Lartington. His friend evidently possessed a good lens, for the empty beer bottles and a paper-bag, with "A. Smith, Confectioner. Pork Pies a Speciality," printed upon it, were plainly visible.

Everybody seemed pleased with the photograph, particularly its author, who printed several copies.

Eventually it got into the papers. In fact, it was there that I saw it; and it was the newspaper photograph and the explanatory note beneath it that | get rid of the flood-water. first made me aware of Lartington's existence.

Poor fellow! They caught him at Liverpool trying to pass as an emigrant with most of the gold tightly wedged in his trunk. It was a third-class Daily Snapshot, who saw through his disguise and told the police. He was His Lordship, suitably rewarded. having sentenced Lartington to five years' penal servitude—for embezzlement he said, but really for being photographed—commended the steward's smartness in court, and the bank presented him with £10 (which made him miss four successive boats). A not pessimism. wholly disinterested photograph, which showed him clutching his favourite gladdened the homes of several hundred of a lawn he had just had laid down. thousands of Snapshot readers; none more so, perhaps, than that of Charles a hire-purchase firm, who had been the company. looking for this same steward (under another name) for the last two years in connection with several unpaid instalments on a vanished piano.

# "Fashions and Fancies."

Under the above heading, The Globe, speaking of the new skirt, says, "Made in the most fragile and transparent of materials, it is worn over tights worn close-fitting." This idea of close-fitting tights is new to us. We always wear ours quite loose.

> "RAILWAY TRAFFIC. 32,000.000 Passengers Lost. SIGNIFICANT DECREASE." Glasgow Evening Times.

We are very glad to hear of this decrease. The figures were much too high last year.

# THE GAMBLER.

No, it has nothing to do with Marconis. You will be thankful for that.

The hotel was full of grumbling guests. The smell of wet umbrellas penetrated to the remotest bedroom. The proprietor, who had assured us that never in the records of his establishment had rain continued for two consecutive days, had gone into dishonoured retirement. People tapped the barometer and read in vesterday's papers the approach of disturbances from the Bay of Biscay, Iceland, the Balkan Peninsula, and the Women's Social and Political Union. The golfers had talked themselves hoarse about the defects of the links. The fishermen, who only two days before—unscrupulous fellows—had been longing for a steady rain, were now grumbling that it would take a week to

The optimist was arguing in the smoke-room that because the oak had come out before the ash, or the ash before the oak—he wasn't quite sure which—abnormally fine weather was about to set in. But every one knew steward, an assiduous reader of The that the optimist was wearing a pair of the head - waiter's trousers, having drenched all his own garments. The pessimist argued that the presence or absence of icebergs in or from the "It's a fraud," said the stout man, North Atlantic proved conclusively that we were to have a cold, wet, miserable summer. We all hated the optimist for his irrational optimism, and the pessimist for his irrational

wide-spread unpopularity by remarking paper (with its title very conspicuous), that this weather would be the making

And then the stout man, who stood at the window cheerfully watching the Higson, the Stockton-on-Tees agent of downpour, turned round and addressed

> "You should have insured your holiday weather as I have done. As there must have been a fifth of an inch of rain vesterday and the same to-day I get my expenses for the week.

> "A fifth of an inch? There's been a fifth of a foot" said the optimist.

> "Of a yard," said the pessimist. The general feeling was that whilst the optimist absurdly underrated the downpour, the pessimist was inclined to exaggerate.

> "That being the case I'm in clover," said the stout man, rubbing his hands. "I get this week for nothing, and I can take another week when the weather is more settled. My forethought has justified itself. I paid a guinea and I shall draw ten."

> Black hatred filled the hearts of everyone.

"Do they take your word for the weather?" enquired the pessimist scornfully.

We all felt that no insurance company could be so foolish.

"No, it is decided by the meteoro-

logical reports in the papers."

One by one we left the smoke-room. The presence of that degraded being who gambled in sacred things like holidays was as repulsive to us as that of a Stock Exchange gambler must be to Dr. CLIFFORD. We stood in the hotel porch watching the golden rain (Daily Mail copyright) pouring money into the pockets of a miscreant.
"One comfort," said the optimist,

"these insurance companies generally

do you."

We felt that the dishonesty of insurance companies was a thing to be thankful for.

It was at dinner-time next day that the London papers arrived. The optimist opened his paper and gave a cry of delight.

"Another anti-cyclone," sneered the

pessimist.

"Listen," said the optimist. "Here's the weather report for Saturday and Sunday: 'Caergwyle-on-Sea, Saturday. Rainfall ·042. Sunday: Showery.

banging the table.

Twenty people explained to him at once that showers were awfully local and that the district rain-gauge might have been left comparatively dry. The optimist declared that no doubt the Then a mild old gentleman incurred rain-gauge had sprung a leak. But the general opinion was that there must be no gainsaying the scientific authority of rain-gauges. The stout man left by the night train to dispute the point with the insurance company.

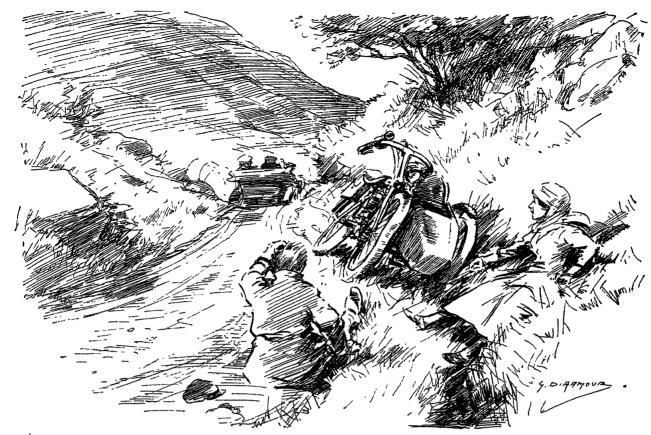
Whether the figures really were 4.2 and 3·1 inches of rain and were deemed incredible by the meteorological authorities, or whether the local council thought it more expedient to modify the facts, I know not; but we all felt thankful for this providential set-back to that most repulsive of men, a holiday gambler.

#### Commercial Candour.

"These light-to-wear vests are made of fleecy material in different shades of color, and it would be almost impossible to mention the occasion on which such garments are useful to gentlemen."- Advt. in "Scotsman."

From The Times Paris correspondent:—

"The fiction that 'every one has left town at this time of the year is perhaps less of a fiction in Paris than in London. My concierge, who went to visit his family at Dieppe the other day, told me that he had to stand as far as Havre in a crowded third-class carriage." Silly of him to have got into the wrong train.



She. "HAVE YOU GOT THEIR NUMBER?"

He (seeing stars). "Thousands and Thousands!"

# THE DOGS' WELCOME.

Hush! We're not a pack of boys
Always bound to make a noise.
True, there's one amongst us, but
He is young;

And, wherever we may take him,
We can generally shut
Such a youngster up and make him
Hold his tongue.

Hush! Most cautiously we go
On the tippest tip of toe.
Are the dogs expecting us
At the gate?
Two, who usually prize us,
Will they jump and make a fuss?
Will they really recognise us
Where they wait?

Hush! I hear the funny pair
Softly whimpering—yes, they're there.
Dane and Pekinese, they scratch
At the wood,
At the solid wood between us;

Duke attempts to lift the latch;
It's a month since they have seen us—
Open! Good!

Down, Duke, down! -Enough, enough! Soo-Ti's screaming; seize his scruff. Soo-Ti's having fearful fits; Duke is tearing us to bits.

One will trip us, one will throw us— But, the darlings, don't they know us!

Then off with a clatter the long dog leapt, and, oh, what a race he ran,

At the hurricane pace of a minute a mile, as only a long dog can.

Into and out of the bushes he pierced like a shooting star; And now he thundered around us, and now he was whirling far. And the little dog gazed till he seemed amazed, and then he took to it too;

With shrill notes flung from his pert pink tongue right after his friend he flew;

And the long legs lashed and the short legs flashed and scurried like anything,

While Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran in a ring.

And last they hurtled amongst us, and then there were tales to tell,

For all of us seemed to be scattered and torn, and all of us shricked and fell;

And John, who is plump, got an awful bump, and Helen, who's tall and thin,

Was shot through a shrub and gained in bruise as much as she lost in skin;

And Rosamond's frock was rent in rags, and tattered in strips was Peg's,

And both of them suffered the ninepin fate to the ruin of arms and legs;

arms and legs;
And every face was licked by a dog, and battered was every limb,

When Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran after him.

R. C. L.

# A MARE'S NEST EGG.

"THE investment itself," George continued, "is a comparatively trifling one. But look at the possible results. By purchasing only one ticket, you may in a moment become the possessor of no fewer than sixty thousand pounds."

"But it's a hundred thousand to one

that I don't win it," I said.

"The advantages," he replied, "are not, of course, limited to one prize only. The others vary in amount from fifty francs to five thousand pounds. There are one thousand prizes of fifty francs alone. Fifty francs," he repeated, making a hasty pencil calculation on the back of an envelope. "Why, that's two pounds in our English money. I myself have bought five tickets. Looking at it, if you like, purely as a gambling operation," he added, "it is infinitely superior to betting on a horse. Think of the possibilities. Sixty thousand p-

I spare you the rest. He went through it all over again. So finally I gave him his sovereign, as he knew

where to buy the beastly things.
"You won't regret it," he confided to me at parting. So far from regretting it, I thought I had bought his silence cheaply at a sovereign, and, of course, dismissed the whole preposterous idea of foreign lotteries from my mind at once.

Somehow or other, one dismissal did not seem to be sufficient. The very next day, when Angela came to lunch (Angela is my property), I fell into a muse. It had suddenly occurred to me what a much better lunch I could have given Angela if only the sixty-

"What's the matter, dearest?" enquired Angela. "You look very

worried."

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "Business -business." And I dismissed the idea. Then Jack Chalmers came to see me

in his new car-one of those long, terrifying, very latest cars that arouse culations — on a larger scale than immediate covetousness. Now with

sixty th-

I abandoned the idea of dismissal and plunged headlong into my new vice. Every moment of leisure, and some others, were occupied for weeks | hotels, four theatres, seventeen newsafterwards with careful calculations. papers, a huge tract of timbered land Judiciously invested, the amount would in Canada, a few South American bring in quite a tidy income. First in the list of expenses would come charities (say a tithe); that would only be right, considering how I had acquired the money. The other items thousand throats, with Angela smiling were wonderfully various, including rapturously upon me. George, waving such objects as an emerald necklace his hat, had rushed up through the (for Angela), a cabinet of cigars (for press, and was shaking my shoulder me), a yacht, a new hat (for me again), and an estate (roughly speaking, for Angela). Then, in case my expecta-

momentarily lay aside the calculations on the sixty thousand basis, and suppose for the nonce that I had only won the five thousand pound prize. That would curtail the possibilitiesbut it couldn't be helped, I would have  $\operatorname{The}$ to make the best of a bad job. fresh list dropped the emerald necklace and the estate as being out of the question. But all my plans were thoroughly cut and dried, and in readiness for either contingency.

Then, one day, I actually rang George up. I talked of the veather, and then

said carelessly:

"By the way, that old lottery of yours—when do the results of the

wretched thing come out?"

"One day more," he said; "results out to-morrow. I can come round to the ultimately resolved itself into this :-Club before dinner and let you know, if you like; I'm having a wire sent. To my mind, it's an excellent investment. At the worst you only stand to lose the initial expense of the ticket—that is one pound. On the other hand, think what you might do with no fewer than sixty th-

I replaced the receiver. I passed a trying day and a sleepless night.

The following evening I waited anxiously at the club for George. I had made up my mind how to receive him. I would be reading The Globe, nothing being further from my thoughts than lotteries. Then, when he came in and said, "You have won the sixty thousand pound prize," I would get up and reply indifferently, "No, really? By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have dinner with me, old

chap, won't you?"

I settled myself down in a chair in the smoking-room with The Globe all ready. The nervous tension of the last forty-eight hours had been great, and in utter exhaustion I began to doze. But my brain continued to make calanything hitherto attempted. More judicious speculation, in which George's advice proved invaluable, gradually increased my fortune to gigantic proportions. I became the owner of ten diamond mines, and a fleet of yachts. I was a multi-millionaire. I indulged in horse-racing. I was leading in my Derby winner, amid shouts from a and yelling, "You've won, you've won, you've won!"

tions should be too sanguine, I would winner was a leather cushion, and George was actually shaking my shoulder and repeating excitedly, "You've won, You've won!"

Fortunately I remembered my pre-

pared impromptu in time.

"No, really?" I observed calmly. "By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have—"
"Yes. You've won one of the small

prizes. Fifty francs, my boy."

"Oh! Well, have—have an apéritif with me, old chap, won't you? How much did you win?"

"Nothing," he said. "But then, of course, I haven't your luck. Fifty francs! Why, that's two pounds in our English money."

-25 My arrangement of my winnings

	£1	0	0	
favourite (and lost)	0	17	0	
Tithe (to charity) 2 Apéritifs Placed on Derby	0	$rac{s.}{2}$	0	

#### TO A FOOD-REFORMER.

[Eating less, especially less meat, is recommonded as a sweetener of the temper.]

LADY, I feel full sure no lust for gold Has set you where "five minutes from the sea"

You give the welcoming smile to young and old,

Who hither come in search of jollity. Yours is a nobler task: you fain would

Our moral good (at thirty bob a week).

And well you seek it; gallantly you strike

A blow for amiability each day, Carving a microscopic joint that, like The British Army, goes a long, long

I praise your noble fight—for such it is-With man's carnivorous propensities.

But pause amid your labour of reform. And note the bard's innately placid mien.

He has no tendency to rage and storm, He never figured in an angry scene. 'Twould be no falling from your high

Did you give him a really decent meal.

#### Things that might have been expressed differently.

From The Times' critique of The Real Thing:—

"If Mr. Aynesworth were a little bit less of a gentleman, if Miss Terry were a little 70n, you've won!"

bit less of a lady—but why speculate about impossibilities?"



DERVEO THOM OUR HOLIDAY ORLION BOOK,

An aristocrat of North Britain sea-bathing from his ancestral foreshore.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHALL not easily forget the delightful revelation of a new power that was given me by Mr. Compton Mackenzie's Carnival. Ever since then I have been waiting anxiously for its successor, and it is now a great pleasure to find, after one uncertain moment, that Sinister Street (SECKER) confirms and heightens my estimate of its author. The one uncertain moment came to me in the early pages, while I feared lest Mr. Mackenzie was going to let his Balzacian method run away with him; but this was only before the charm of the subject had taken hold of me; afterwards I had no more complaints. There are indeed aspects of this book that I should find it difficult to overpraise; its marvellously minute observation, for one, and its humour, and above all its haunting beauty both of ideas and words. These gifts are brought to the telling of something that has not, I think, been told before, or at least not in this fashion—the education of a London schoolboy, so different from the cloistered existence of his contemporaries elsewhere. Michael Fane is a figure to love, because he is of the very small company of boys in books who are entirely human. He grows before our eyes, as with an almost passionate honesty the author traces every detail and influence of his development. I do not know if the result will prove to be a popular novel, and I do not care; what I do know is that as a study of the education of character it is already a masterpiece; and that I look forward to Michael's career at Oxford (which we are promised in January) with as much interest as if I were going up myself. It is not my habit lightly to prophesy fame; but after these two books I am prepared to wager that Mr. MACKENZIE's future is bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction. We shall see.

I have always this difficulty when confronted in book form with a story which I have already seen as a play—that I find it exceedingly hard to believe in the reality of those episodes that take place, so to speak, off the stage. The others are a very different matter; there I have my own recollection to support the author's statements, especially in the case of a play so delightfully well acted as was this that Mr. George Birmingham has now published as a novel under its original title of General John Regan (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). For example, when Mary Ellen enters in the first act—I mean chapter—Mr. BIRMINGHAM really need not have bothered to tell me that she was adorably pretty, and that as she saw the motor-car "her beautiful brown eyes opened very wide. Her mouth opened slightly and expanded in a smile. A long line of the black transferred from the kitchen kettle to her cheek reached from her ear to the point of her chin. It was broken as her smile broadened, and finally part of it was lost in the hollow of a dimple which appeared." All this is quite firmly fixed in my delightful memory of Miss CATHLEEN NESBIT. Conversely, when Dr. Lucius O'Grady is here described as riding furiously away on his bicycle, I am unable to banish a suspicion that it carried him no further than the wings. Still, I would not have you suppose from this that the present version of the affair does not make a highly entertaining novel. It does. If you have been unfortunate enough not to meet it already at the Apollo Theatre, you can read about it here, and chuckle continuously from page the first till "the curtain drops" on the last. That these words are a quotation seems to show that Mr. BIRMINGHAM was not wholly insensible of my own difficulty.

Valentine was a young man who was not in himself especially remarkable. Mr. Grant Richards writes a story

about him, calls it by the young man's name and publishes habits of Kissing and Nose-rubbing. dinners and his wines; but, although he tells us of these rubbing noses with me. things pleasantly enough, he knows quite well that we've heard it all often before. No, it is not Valentine who is moment when Valentine loses ten thousand and seventy The heroine, a distant cousin, daughter of a long line of

pounds because the letter N turns up on the tape instead of the letter R; that is a really thrilling chapter. In short, Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, having been for so long a publisher, believes in the Cinematograph Novel and enjoys Valentine's external adventures more than his internal ones. For myself, I agree with him that they are, at any rate in Valentine's case, considerably more interesting.

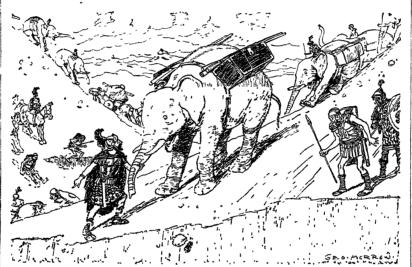
As I sit reading Sir RAY LANKESTER'S new series of Science from an Easy-chair (Adlard) I am very glad to be

position to reach, without rising, a considerable library of books of reference. If not, then I confess myself overwhelmed by the versatility of his erudition. His topics range from Glaciers to Sea-squirts; from "Fatherless Frogs" to "Pre-historic Petticoats;" from New Guinea Pygmies to the Galloping Horse in Art; from the Origin of the Soul to the Extinction of Turtles. Here is matter for all tastes. And as for the manner of it, the author writes as he would talk, repeating himself if he wants to, digressing and meandering at his own sweet will, but always keeping to the happy middle way between the preserves of the pedant and the hunting-grounds of the popular writer. And through it all runs a pleasant savour of what I hardly dare to call humaner studies. I like, too, his way of suggesting that, while making due allowance for my state of darkness in relation to science, he assumes that I possess intelligence of a sort. He has a chapter that treats of the rudimentary idea that underlies the cognate

Well, I will not it himself; it is therefore obvious that he considers his hero salute Sir Riv as he was once, to his great embarrassment. of very considerable importance, and indeed he spends some saluted by a foreign confidere, but in my gratitude for a time in telling us about his discovery of Paris, his bills, his charming volume I offer him the alternative privilege of

I am not the proud possessor of an ancestral estate, but interesting, although he is an agreeable fellow and his I have always flattered myself that I should feel and do all tailor's address it would be pleasant to discover; it is his the right things if I were, so that Constance Holme has author's consciousness of the fantastic bizarrerie of London given my self-esteem a sad fall in Crump Folk Going Home that I enjoy. Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Chesterton (Mills and Boon). To the de Lyndesay family, who bewere once also aware of this, but lately their activities have longed to Westmorland, and whose ramifications and rebeen in other directions, so it is delightful to have Mr. lations recall some Highland clan in the days of Bonnie Grant Richards building us enormous palaces in Leicester Prince Charlie, the estate of Crump was scarcely less Square, palaces with thousands of flats and kitchens and than a fetish. To walk across the park resolved itself shops, but palaces that the architects' miscalculation of the almost into an act of worship, and whatever form of exact amount that is made by twice two may send toppling harakiri seemed good to any member of the sept would at any moment to the ground. There is also that colossal cheerfully have been performed for the sake of the land.

Crump stewards, unhesitatingly promised to marry Slinkin' Lyndesay because, though a ne'er-do-weel, he was the heir, and as a girl only thus could she serve the estate. When he died a violent death in accordance with the family curse which connected itself with a huge cedar-tree (presently to slay the terrible dowager, Mrs. Lyndesay, in the throes of its uprooting) Christian or Lakin Lyndesay won his cousin Deb's love for himself as well as for his land, so that after many woes all ended peacefully, and the young couple went home to



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

HANNIBAL ENCOURAGES A TIMID ELEPHANT DURING HIS PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

able to picture him in an attitude so conducive to a a distinctly brighter Crump, with curse, cedar, mothersense of well-being; but I am still more glad that the style in-law and misunderstanding all removed at once. Till of his instruction permits his readers also to assume the then I had hardly felt that Crump could be called an same comfortable posture; for easy writing does not always asset, so greatly was the atmosphere of storm and glcom mean easy reading. I cannot say—since I have never and necessity insisted on throughout, and so heavy seemed caught him in the flagrant act of composition—whether the Lyndesay yoke. Yet they would all stop and admire the Professor, with his writing-pad on his knees, was in a the Crump scenery for hours, or stoop down (almost) and kiss the turf at any time. It seemed a preposterous obsession of the soil for its own sake apart from most of the things it usually stands for. Still, Crump was Crump; there is no getting away from that; and for those who were born to Crump the very name spelled balm. An ordinary fellow like myself would probably have tried to get it altered.

"How the King Struck an Archbishop."

This was the terrible headline in The Liverpool Echo that caught our eye. But his Grace was no modern Thomas à Beckett; he was merely the Archbishop of Sydney, and the King "struck him as being one of the most vigorous and alert personalities that any one could wish to meet."

#### The Boarding-House Keeper's Paradise.

"LLANDUDNO.-The threatened break-up in the weather has passed and the money was again beautifully bright and clear." Birmingham Mail.

# POETS AT BAY.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., on "The Future of English Poetry," has caused so much disturbance in the best poetic circles that excitement.) a mass meeting was recently called to debate the great critic's conclusions. contention that the poets of the future will disdain the ordinary forms of speech and will refrain from celebrating clearly wrong in his suggestion that Mr. Rupert Brooke said he was one natural objects on the ground that everything that can be said about their obvious beauty has been said. "Future anticipated him. Any little grammar-written a volume chiefly of love poems, poets," says the gifted Librarian of the school boy, smart or otherwise, could but he was bound to confess that his House of Lords, "will seek to analyze have told him that it is part of the interest in love was principally the the redness of the rose [not "nose," as nature of the poet to admit no pre-conviction that it was certain to end. in an unfortunate misprint], and will decessor and to believe his discoveries He defied any little boy in a granunar scout, as a fallacious observation, the original." (Hear! Hear!)

statement that the violet is blue. All schemes of art become mechanical and insipid, and even their naivetés lose their sayour. Verse of excellent quality, in this primitive manner, can now be written to order by any smart little boy in a grammar-school."

The meeting was held over the Poetry Shop in Devonshire Street, W.C., where the modern bard may be found, of an afternoon, declaiming his latest effusions to admiring audiences; and the chair was taken by Mr. EDDIE MARSH (by kind permission of Mr. Winston Churchill). There were present a number of distinguished poets, some ordinary persons, a large con-

tingent of ladies, and, at the back, two rows of smart little grammar-school followed. "Mr. Gosse," he said, "is risen but for the circumstance that the boys.

A phonograph on the table was, it was understood, intended to convey a report of the meeting to Mr. Gosse, who was week-ending with one of his peers.

Mr. Marsh, in his opening remarks, said that he was, he supposed, peculiarly qualified to take the chair, since he was the editor of The Book of Georgian Verse. (Loud applause.) It was called Georgian, he said, bécause all the poets in it were born in the reign of VICTORIA and educated in the reign of EDWARD VII., and most of the poetry was written before George V. came to the throne. None the less, Georgian was a good title, especially as the word had no eighteeenth-century connotation. (Renewed cheers.) He had made continued, and was satisfied that a return to simplicity might occur at any moment, and that when it did sou'-wester and was imperfectly heard It probably wasn't sticky enough.

smart little grammar-school boys would owing to a large quid in his starboard

Objection was principally taken to his the Poet Laureate, whose name was no matter how squalid. Realism was one poet can be checked in his raptures of the young guard. His particular by the fact that another poet has line was emotion. He had in fact



A STICKLER FOR PROPRIETY. of distinguished poets, some "Waiter, waiter, call the Manager. Here is a fly bathing looking strangely like without a costume."

A letter from Mr. THOMAS HARDY are invariably right. Mr. Gosse has immediate presence at Kiel. decided that, 'the natural uses of Eng-meeting thus terminated without any-lish and the obvious forms of our thing very definite having been arrived speech will be driven from our national at except renewed respect for the genius poetry.' That may be so; but for my of the Sainte-Beuve of the House of part I believe that upon the arrival of Lords. a great post great and simple poetry will follow, and that the combination of old-fashioned words is no more of old-fashioned words is no more exhausted than the combination of the notes of the piano. (Loud enthusiasm.) wish it every success '—(loud laughter).'' notes of the piano. (Loud enthusiasm.) In my opinion," the letter concluded, "there are few less profitable tasks than the attempt to forecast the trend of the arts, since a genius may at any moment appear, to blow conjecture skyhigh." (Renewed applause, and not a burglary at Datchet, says:a close study of modern verse, he little self-conscious enthusiasm among the younger men.)

Mr. John Masefield, who wore a

have no hand in it. (Riot on the cheek, said that he -- well, agreed back benches.) Rather would it be an with everything that Mr. Gossi had affair to be managed by certain long-said. There was no doubt whatever haired friends of his own. (Tremendous that mere—pettiness had had its day. excitement.)

What the poet of the future needed The chairman then proceeded to read was a hard-bitten vocabulary drawn a letter from Dr. Robert Bridges, from experience of rough-and-ready life,

school to write anything that would

naturally fall into place in his, the speaker's, volume.

(Cheers.)

A slight hitch now occurred, brought about by a little misunderstanding as to whether Mr. EZRA POUND or Mr. LASCELLES ABER-CROMBIE should speak first, which was settled by Mr. Pound, who comes from Arkansas, in the ready manner of his country. Mr. Abercrombie's body having been removed, Mr. Pound remarked that obviously Mr. Gosse was right, since he, the speaker, had already begun to employ a jargon of his own and to avoid the obvious. No one should ever be able to lav a "Psalm of Life" to his conscience. (Applause.)

No doubt other speakers would have always industrious and often ingenious, chairman at this point received a cablebut not even Commanders of the Bath gram from his chief requesting his

> "The Countess of Seafield, who received a Aberdeen Free Press.

> And they say Scotland has no sense of humour.

The Daily Telegraph, describing a

"Some sticky brown paper was discovered on the lawn, but the visitors succeeded in getting away."

# AN OLYMPIC CATECHISM.

Question. What are the Olympic Games?

Insucer. An athletic festival held every fourth year for the purpose of reviving the glories of Greece and promoting international friendship.

Q. Are they like the ancient games of Greece?

A. Not much.

- Q. Have they promoted international friendship?
  A. Not at all. There have been unfortunate incidents-
- Q. We will not go into that. Must we take part in the Games?
  - A. Oh, yes. Q. Why?

A. Because we are pledged.

Q. Who pledged us?

A. Some one.

Q. Can you give me his name?

A. No, but the GERMAN EMPEROR would be offended if we did not appear at Berlin.

Q. Has he said so?

A. No, but it wouldn't do to let the Americans win every-

Q. Why not?

- A. Their methods, you know. The way they train and shout and all that.
  - Q. But don't you propose to imitate these methods?

Q. Do British athletes like the Olympic Games?

A. No, but they must learn to like them.

Q. Why?

- A. Because of the Americans, you know, and the GERMAN EMPEROR and all that.
- Q. How do you propose to deal with the Americans and the GERMAN EMPEROR?

A. By collecting £100,000. Q. For what special purpose?

A. To discover Olympic talent; to provide champions; to pay for talent and champions; to pay for trainers; to make it easy for champions to give up their business and devote themselves to athletics; to avert national disaster; to restore our athletic supremacy.

Q. Are these champions to be amateurs?

A. Certainly.

Q. What is an amateur?

- A. An amateur is one whom we do not call a professional.
  - Q. But if other people call him a professional?

A. That only shows their ignorance. Q. What is a professional?

- A. A professional is one whom we do not call an Olympic
- Q. Thank you, that is very satisfactory. Now tell me. please, what is the character of the Olympic Games? Are they a recreation?

A. Certainly not. They must be made the business of a man's life.

Q. Why?

A. In order to avert national disaster.

- his life?
- . A. We refuse to have anything to do with him.

Q. Why? A. Because he is a professional. He has not got the Olympic spirit.

 $\overline{Q}$ . How is the Olympic spirit acquired?

A. By taking part in the Olympic Games; by subscribing to the Duke of Westminster's fund; by devoting oneself to the discovery of champions; by advertising; by organising | beside the driver, but he simply wouldn't talk.

a boom; by promising a public reception to successful

athletes; by paying their expenses; by—
Q. I sec. Then I suppose Great Butain has no athletics

at present?

A. No, none of the right soit. What is the right sort?

A. The sort that is inspired with the Olympic spirit

Q. Does everybody like the Olympic spirit?

- A. Yes, everybody who is anybody.
- Q. But if somebody says he dislikes it?

A. Then he is a crank.

What is a crank?

A. One who has not got the Olympic spirit.

Q. Are the subscriptions coming in?

A. I refuse to answer further questions.

R. C. L.

#### ODE ON A WEEK-END COTTAGE.

Two miles from a town where the road runs down To an olden mill and a buttressed bridge, And the river runs wimpling, bright and brown,

By haunts of dragonfly, kingfisher, midge, It stands on a bank

And faces its flowers, Where the hollyhock towers And rank on rank

The lavender stalks stand single and straight 'gainst the shine of the stream on its flank.

Four rooms in all, and a tiny hall, And a balcony raised on the river's front With fishlines drying and steps that fall

To the channel beneath where they tie the punt;

And a pump, be sure, And a porch, and an arbour Where roses harbour The honey-bee's lure,

And a bucket for cellaret dangled deep where the current runs cold and pure.

There are chub and bream in the brown mill-stream That leap with a swirl at the well-flung fly From the pool where the white weir waters cream,

--- Or close to the turf-slope lurking lie. There is yet more sport When put on our mettle To boil the kettle For tea of a sort

(Our milk's left under the flowers by the gate in a jug that is good for a quart).

O the gold of the days when a soft heat haze Hushes the river and stills the trees!

O eves more quiet when blues and greys Steal down in a glamour of muted ease!

When night's warm wings With peace come teeming, The stream slips dreaming Of ageless things,

Q. But when a professional makes them the business of And a chub leaps plashing till silence again flows out on the widening rings.

> "Miss Laramore . . . interviewed an imposing 'Bobby' on the subject of motor-buses . . . and hurried up the steep staircase to the top of the one he hailed for her. Once on the top she secured a seat directly behind the red-faced, loquacious driver and proceeded to make friends with him."—Ladies' Home Journal.

> The last time we hired a hansom we looked for a nice place



OUT OF COMMISSION.

LORD HALDANE (back from his lightning tour). "QUICK, TELL ME, HOW IS ENGLAND?" THE GREAT SEAL. "SPLENDID! WHY, WE'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO MISS YOU."



Colonel Blastingham. "Why the -- CAN'T I PLAY THIS --- GAME?" Caddie. "You AIN'T GOT THE GOLFIN' TEMPERATURE, SIR!"

#### PENNY WISE.

You see, there are two stations: Blackhaven Harbour and Blackhaven Central. The train for Ellam starts at the first and passes through the second. most of them.

As we arrived at the Harbour Station with thirty minutes to spare, Charles suggested walking in to the Central Station.

"Why?" I asked.

"It will pass the time away."

"That can be done automatically," I protested.

"It will be exercise."

"I'd rather do some Swedish drill in the refreshment room.'

"It will save a penny."

"Charles," I said, "my forefathers occupied the throne of Scotland, but you cannot tempt me thus. When I am on my holidays I never think about His conversation concerned itself with

anything less than threepence."
"Come on," said Charles illogically. He fascinated me with a walkingstick.

I came on.

But my worst fears were realised. As the engine flies, it is, I believe, half-a-mile onward from Blackhaven Harbour to Blackhaven Central. As we fled it might have been anything When I say passes through, of course up to fifty miles, if Charles had not be purchasable for a penny when we I mean stops. Trains on the Ellam admitted after ten minutes that he did reached the Central Station, in time branch stop at all stations and between not know the way. Inquiry only to see the Ellam train disappearing served to acquaint us with unblissful truths. In the first place there was the river Wurzel. You have to go along the street by the Wurzel till you is the cemetery. Somehow I had known that there would be trouble with a cemetery. You have to walk round three sides of it because the fourth side is the railway, where one is prosecuted. I rather expected a swinging barrel and a water-jump, but apparently the Corporation hadn't quite finished laying out the course.

Charles remained insolently cheerful. pennies, their origin, history, and future; with great men who had started life with a penny arduously scraped Our own thermometer sets too early for together from weeks of office drudgery; lus to do this.

with stories of banks which had averted closure by an odd penny; with the purchasing power of the penny in the sixteenth century. He was just looking forward to the day on which a first-hand copy of The Times would slowly but firmly into a tunnel.

"It is true," said Charles, "that by wasting time we might have got to Ellam two hours sooner. But you come to a bridge. But it must be the must not forget that the fare from the right bridge. In the second place there | Harbour Station is sevenpence, where-

> There are moments when Charles comes near palling.

I strode to the booking-office.

"Third single, Ellam, please," I said wearily. "How much?"

The clerk felt for the ticket.

"Ellam, Sir?" he replied. "Sevenpence."

"THERMOMETER HOVERS AROUND 83 AND Public Revels in its Rays Vancouver World.

# GOLF FOR HEROES.

A HUGE, grim man in tweeds, with the jaw of a gladiator, sombre, smouldering eyes, and a pair of crutches, who clubhouse, pointed out the secretary with, I fancied, a boding, rather sinister look.

"You have played so long upon your rather easy local links that you seek a

ous?" said the secretary, a bland, easy-mannered, enthusiastic gentleman. "Quite so; you have done well to come here. You must let me show you round the course. I am very proud of it—extremely proud. Yes, I designed it; every detail of the laying-out was completed under my personal supervision. I came to the conclusion that, for really ambitious players, golf generally was too safe, simple, dull-trivial, in fact. But we are not trivial here. One's nerves must be more or less in order if one is to play a good round on the Shadow Valley Links. But you will see for yourself.

"I think we need not waste much time over the first hole; it is comparatively simple. The bunkers seem rather formidable? Oh, one would hardly say thatthe wasps' nest inside each of them makes it a tolerably interesting hole, but hardly formidable. I beg your pardon? Oh, yes—wasps, I said. Three nests one in each bunker. When a ball trickles into the bunker it automatically sets into actiongentle and sustained action-a

patent stirrer and poker attached to the steel rakes, so that a badly played ball the sudden ringing of their rattles would nest, so that the wasps are more or less ready to receive the player when he arrives to play out. We use hornets at the fourth hole—it is much more awkward to be bunkered there.

"This is one of the longer holes—a good hole. We call it the Great Surprise.
There are no bunkers, you see. It is a
clear fairway from tee to flag. Easier
than the fourth, you think? Ah, but one has to keep straight because of the pitfalls. The safe fairway is only four yards wide. Either side of that, here a member.) Don't mind him; he's and there—dotted about, don't you know—are concealed pitfalls, with lids "Now, this is really chic, the twelfth. -trapdoors-covered with real grass, of course. They work on the dead-fall

articles about it.

"This is the sixth. You see, the green is well guarded. Yes, they are bull-terriers—four of them. Fierce?

"Now, Horace, stop that wriggling about and walk PROPERLY."

this hole. Oh, yes, they are safely fastened; each dog can only work within the limits of its string—unless the string snaps. The posts flimsy? Oh, I don't know. Do you think so? We have had no complaints. (Ah, Cerberus, old boy; there you are. Down, sir; the gentleman is not yet

The green is under the cliff, as you see. or possibly three. I really don't remem- the green and an avalanche falls upon be expensive, I fear."

ber at the moment. Do you cultivate you. It is loosened by a magnetic-the pull at all? I should not advocate hydraulic device, patented by me. that shot just here. The hole is a You see the avalanche—up there, great favourite with heroic golfers. straight overhead. Good imitation of Mr. Henry Leach admires it so much snow, is it not? Rather expensive, was standing outside the granite-built that he has written seventeen different | but one cannot have really heroic golf without paying for it, obviously. call this the Excelsior Hole. Mr. P. A. VAILE considers that the cliff is not sufficiently under-cut to allow the Oh, so-so—moderately. It is possible correct amount of over-spin to the to hole out without risk, but one needs avalanche. I begged him to play the change—something a little more trying, to hole out without risk, but one needs avalanche. I begged him to play the a shade more difficult—and have heard to approach very accurately. Hardly hole for himself, but he was of the that the Shadow Valley Links have a fair test, I think, because some men opinion that it was hardly necessary; been laid out especially to accommodate have an inborn dislike for dogs. We he relied upon his calculations, he said. those who like their golf made strenu- meet that, however. We provide long Personally I think he was wrong; we

regularly bag our two brace a

month at this hole.

"That one with the red flag is mined in every direction—in six places, to be exact. We use the old-fashioned black blasting powder; we find it slightly more effective than gun-cotton. It is fatal to slice there. Mr. BERNARD Darwin thinks it is a very amusing hole. He wrote quite airily about it.

"But you must not imagine that we have neglected the ladies. We are not so ungallant as that, I hope. Indeed, no. Upon the tenth and sixteenth greens are a number of small holes of decidedly menacing appearance. Round about these are sprinkled baited mouse-traps and rat-traps. This is for the moral effect. If a lady makes a bad putt a circuit is completed and an electric current causes a number of mice to pop fiercely in and out of the holes. We have found it very successful. We use snakes also -sparingly, curled up in certain of the holes. The size of the hole, of course, is a draw-back. One rather leans to rattlesnakes;

can be raked out of the bull-terrier test the composure of a putter admirzone. One forfeits the hole in that ably. Unfortunately rattlesnakes run case, naturally. You see some of the large. A pity; but I am giving some finest approaching in the world at thought to the point, and hope soon to overcome the little difficulty.

"Of course, the idea is really in its infancy. You must not expect too much at first. It is not easy to make golf really heroic, but we shall improve. We welcome suggestions, too. If you have an idea at any time—" he spoke absently, musingly, his eyes fixed rather vacantly on a building close by which looked ominously like a cottage hospital.

"I think you have it all very com-One positively must play a good shot plete," I said. "But there is one thing, principle, and contain water or tar-five here; a slovenly stroke is sharply pun- perhaps, though probably it is merely water, six tar. Only two are staked; ished. Put your ball anywhere but on an oversight on your part. It would



Motorist. "Why don't you look after that child?"

Elder Girl. "Me! Why, she don't belong ter ME."

His face lighted up. "And that is?" he enquired.

"An automatic earthquake, or even a pneumatic volcano."

He beamed.

"Oh, glorious!" he said; "we will have both. Forgive me, I must telephone to our chief engineer at once. This will delight some of our members."

He hurried into the clubhouse.

The grim person with the crutches hobbled up.

"How do you like the course?" he asked.

"Oh, very fine, very fine," I said. "I am just going to get my clubs."

It was fearfully annoying to discover that I had left them in London-two hundred miles south—and, as I am not at my best with new or strange clubs, there was nothing for it but to come home for them. It was during the train journey that I strained my back —which, of course, put golf out of the question for a long time.

#### Commercial Candour.

From a time-table advertisement:

- DRIVES AWAY Nervy Symptoms. Gives Power of Brain and Body. LEAVES BEHIND Irritability, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, etc."

# THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.

Our Jane till very lately, By high ambitions swayed, Was serious and stately, An academic maid. She shunned the Russian ballet. She studied Roman law Admired Professor Raleigh And looked askance at Shaw. But now she dotes on mumming, Her books away are hurled-June's rapidly becoming A woman of the world.

Despising frocks and fashion, She solemnly had vowed To shun the tender passion And flee the madding crowd. Desipere in loco She had entirely banned. And meant to live on cocoa And potted meat, or canned. But now she 's given up slumming, Her hair is waved and curled— Jane's rapidly becoming A woman of the world.

Time was when on the Army She looked with deep disdain; Her views were all school-marmy, She only worshipped brain. With apathy impartial She viewed all sons of Mars.

And was so anti-martial As to despise Jack Tars. But now her heart goes drumming Whene'er a flag's unfurled— Jane's rapidly becoming A woman of the world.

Jane's sense of the artistic Was formerly austere, The waltz was too hubristic For her fastidious ear; A florid cavatina Oppressed her soul with blight. While Bach and Palestrina She studied with delight. But now she's always strumming The tunes to which she's twirled-In short she's fast becoming

A woman of the world.

This wholesale transformation Her serious friends deplore, And yet her fascination Is greater than before. So, if she took to flying In some outlandish dress. I feel there's no denying I'd have to acquiesce. For Jane's kept all things humming, Since, totally ungirled,

She started on becoming A woman of the world.

# AT THE PLAY.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN."

THE production of Joseph and his Brethren—a play in four Acts by Moses and Louis N. Parker-marks (I am told) an epoch in theatrical history, as fit material for the English stage. This recognition may take a load off the minds of actor-managers, producers and playwrights, but it leaves me cold. My temperature, however, being a matter of no public interest I will not dwell upon it, but, instead, Rachel; and they seemed unto him but will try to find the reason for the en- a few days, for the love he had to her." thusiasm of the faculty.

The story of *Joseph* is known to everybody. It is a simple story enough; and though the method which Joseph the other like Mr. PARKER. adopts to reveal himself to his brothers

more than a touch of the theatre about it, yet, told in simple Biblical language, its very naïveté makes its appeal. The story of Zuleika is known chiefly to Mr. PARKER. Zuleika, having marked Joseph as her prey from the moment when she bought him for twenty shillings at the pit's mouth, played the scorned villainess so thoroughly that twelve years later she was still plotting to stab him by the hand of another. Not unnaturally her husband Potiphar was there to overunthinkable that so good a

one), and Zuleika's eyes were put out to the accompaniment of a thrilling scream and the fall of the curtain on Act IV., Scene 3.

Very well; now call Joseph by any other Jewish name-Jimnah, say; imagine that the story of Jimnah was also invented by an Englishman, and let us all go to see the great Eastern production Jimnah and Zuleika in four Acts by Louis N. Parker. What would be the result? Well, of course, the play would not have a chance. Not all the skill of Mr. JOSEPH HARKER (scenery), Mr. Adolf Schmid (music), Mr. PERCY MACQUOID (costumes), and Sir HERBERT TREE (overseer) could save so absurd a melodrama.

So perhaps that explains the enthusiasm of the profession. Joseph and and I have come to the conclusion that of colds her children had; her conhis Brethren will be a success, but it it was Sir J. M. BARRIE's own fault. will be a success because it rests upon He started too well. a Biblical story; it could never stand on its own merits. That it can have plaining lately what happens to a play the warder whom she made hold her any evil effect on the spectator, that it between its conception and its pro- wool for her; all this was delightful.

years. But, on the other hand, I do not see that it is going to do any good either to the stage or to the public.

Yet it may have this effect; it may send people to the Bible to see how the Bible being recognised henceforward much of the story comes from Genesis may come to this verse-

"And Jacob served seven years for

the difficulties of a collaboration in which one author writes like this and

when they come to Egypt for corn has Mr. George Relph, and as Jacob, sidered as comedy and rejected as mis-



Probable appearance of Sir HERBERT TREE if, in consequence of his hear the plot (for it is success as Jacob, a mere boy of one hundred and six, he should be tempted to portray METHUSELAH.

plot should not be overheard by some-|Sir Herbert Tree had a small part | was the murderess; that she had pushed ordinarily lifelike, and his delivery of that fine speech from the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis was a triumph. I has for making Simeon the villain of the piece, but Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY ordinary Adelphi touch.

> "THE WILL" AND "THE ADORED ONE."

I have now had twelve hours in which to wonder what went wrong at

Mr. Arnold Bennett has been excould offend the most susceptible, I do duction. According to him it is really But, as I say, the audience was not

not believe for a moment; though the four different plays. First, the play Censor apparently has believed so for as the author writes it and as he means it to be. Second, the play as the producer imagines the author means it to be, and as, accordingly, he decides to produce it; possibly a better play, but anyhow quite a different one. Thirdly, the play as rehearsed by the and how much from Mr. PARKER. And having read the story of Joseph they may stray backward or forward a little. If they stray backward they different one. But what, you ask, is the fourth play? The fourth play, says Mr. Bennett, is the play of the opening night—the play in which for the first time an audience collaborates. Then at least they will understand And it was the fourth Adored One which went wrong.

This is simply to say that the audience was not in the right mood for it. Joseph was excellently played by What was meant for fantasy was con-

> placed farce. It was, as I have said, BARRIE'S own fault for starting too well. He opened the evening with The Will, a serious comedy of real people, finely conceived and finely worked out. In this atmosphere began the First Act of The Adored One, and it too started delightfully on the plane of high comedy. True, there was some talk about a murderess coming to dinner, and some nonsense about nobody thinking much of a murder nowadays, but we didn't take it very seriously. And then suddenly Leonora announced that she

which gave him no difficulty. But I a man out of a railway carriage and killed was most taken with Judah and Simeon, him because he objected to having the and particularly Judah. Mr. Hubert window shut—her excuse being that Carter made the first scene extra- her little girl had a cold. And when all her friends had agreed that the excuse was sufficient and the incident in itself trivial, there was a wildly don't know what authority Mr. PARKER | fantastic trial, which resulted in her acquittal.

Î have not tried to do justice to the gave him something more than the fun of the trial scene; to the delightfully absurd behaviour of judge, counsel, witnesses and jury, all in love with Leonora; to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's adorable conduct in the dock-her bewilderment at the necessity for a trial, and her repeated "I just pushed him out; my little girl had a cold"; the Duke of York's on the first night, her explanation of the different kinds fidential smiles to the jury, and her discussion with one of them as to the best soil for roses; her subjugation of ready for it. Having expected real life, it was bewildered by this. True, Sir J. M. BARRIE tried to let us down gently at the end by making the Judge tell Leonora that she was really only a legend—a legend of the dear old-fashioned women, of their inconsequence, and of the adoration men paid to it—but it was then too late; the fourth play had gone wrong.

I do not presume to tell Sir James how to write plays; but as one of the audience, and therefore (according to Mr. Bennett) one of his collaborators, I would tell him how he could have helped us to do our share better. He once wrote a joyful little story about the murder of an editor; it was called, Pettigrew's Dream, or something of the sort. I may have the name of the man wrong, but I am right in saying that it was described as a dream. Now, if the First Act of The Adored One remained as it is, with this exception, that, instead of Leonora confessing to a murder, there were merely some talk of a murder which had happened; if the Second Act were a dream—Rattray's dream that Leonora had committed the murder and that after an absurdly fantastic trial she was acquitted; and if, in the Third Act (for one Act is all that is wanted for the trial) the parable were explained, and the contrast shown between the Leonora type of woman and the modern woman, why then the collaboration of the audience would leave nothing for regret, and The Adored One would be the splendid success that it ought to be.

I say "ought to be," chiefly because it is so full of good BARRIE, but partly because it is so full also of adorable Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

# OUR INSECT FRIENDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been recently delighted to read—in the London Letter of one of our leading newspapers—a statement with regard to glow-worms which should not be allowed to escape notice. "A wellknown Member of Parliament," says the writer, "informed me some time ago that he was constantly in the habit of using a number of these luminous insects in his nursery in place of the ordinary night-light."

May I say, without undue vanity, that it is many years since I first began to make a study of the practical efficiency of insects, and that I have found them of use to me in a great variety of ways? I have myself kept a tame glow-worm for some months which has rendered me splendid service as a bicycle lamp. It has proved far



"James, do  $\it look$  at these lobelias! They 're quite parched, poor things. You should have  $\it watered$  them."

"T'AIN'T OI NOT WARTERIN' 'EM, YE KNOW, MUM; IT'S THIS ERE DROUGHT AS 'AS DRIED 'EM UP, THAT'S WHAT 'TIS."

lettuce to the handle-bars for the little I have found them admirable for doing object to settle down and make itself at all manner of little odd messages about

But it is not only in luminous insects that I have enjoyed marked success. The wasp is a valuable ally. When leaving one's house locked up for the holidays no form of burglary wasps' nest attached to the sash of matter to the public notice? each of the downstairs windows. A scorpion, by the way, may be used for the same purpose, suspended from the blind-cord by the tail.

I am at present engaged upon the ducation of a colony of ants. Ants are, of course, not capable of lifting so for an indefinite period."—The Builder. superior to acetylene in penetrating fog, | really heavy weights, unless they are | It will.

and it is only necessary to attach a employed in inconvenient numbers, but the house, and they are always ready to bring me a stamp, an envelope or a cigarette. In conclusion, in my capacity of Secretary to the Society for the Employment of Insects, may I tender my thanks to the M.P. in question for protection is more effective than a indirectly bringing this important

> Yours faithfully, John Clegg (Hon. Sec. Soc. E.I.).

"It is stated that the new building will be



Short-sighted Old Lady (gazing with horror at bathers). "Well, if those are the New Skirts we hear so much about, NOTHING WILL INDUCE ME TO WEAR ONE.

# CHARIVARIA.

baulk of timber, she buried her nose in added, "is not nearly broken up yet." Mrs. Pankhurst. It was a German from his home? submarine which collided with the harbour wall at Heligoland.

It is announced that Mr. Keir HARDIE is going to hold a meeting in Dublin. Won't someone tell us, as a together. Appropriately enough, Mr. change, when Mr. Keir Hardie is not Westmorland was accompanied by going to hold a meeting?

Two goldfinches, we are told, regularly visit Totland Bay to feed their four young in their nest in the middle of a battery. Spies!

"It is understood," says a Reuter telegram, "that the British, Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies have received instructions to lend diplomatic support to the Bulgarians during the negotiations with Turkey." "Loan oft loses both itself and friend" seems to be an appropriate quotation.

The Hon. A. P. McNaB, the Saskatchewan Minister of Public Works.

questing them to come in thousands to "After cuiting through a thick Saskatchewan. "Our country," he the cement wall." No, this was not Is this the way to lure a peaceable Scot

> Mr. Westmorland, a motor-cyclist, has climbed Skiddaw on his machine. We welcome this movement for bringing the counties of England more closely Mr. DRINKALL. The name opens up glorious possibilities.

> The Inverness Town Council has been talking of holding a baby-show. It was suggested that some of the babies might be left on the Council's hands for good. Surely this would be taking too literally the good old name of City Fathers.

> "All Round Idleness" is the heading of a Stock Exchange article in a contemporary. All square business is what we really want.

Germiston, South Africa, has referred ductor, and rang his bell.

has been praising Scotsmen and re- to the British Government as a maneater and to the Union Government as a hyæna. Mr. Clark, another town councillor (who, by the way, has been arrested), has disagreed with him, and has said that the Union Government is more like a common ass. We deprecate these zoological amenities of controversy. Even the common ass has his feelings.

#### The Return to Eden.

"Mrs. Combe—a most chic gown of two coloured cinnamon fronds cleverly put to-gether."—Times of Ceylon.

Pretty, but-you know what people are.

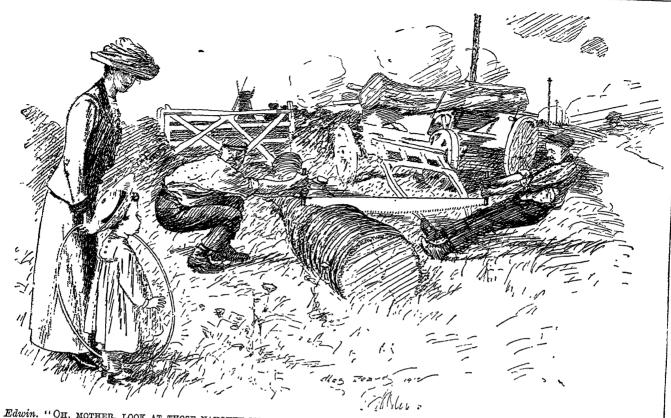
"The bride, who was given away by her father, was trimmed with handsome lace. Hull Daily Mail.

This is worse than Mrs. Combe's costume.

"At about 12.30 p.m. today tram car No. 13, driven by W D Francis, while going to Grandpass, collided with a little urchin at New Moor Street. A large crowd soon gathered—chiefly consisting of Moors—and it was found that the foot-board had struck the lad's head, fortunately only cracking the head slightly. Ceylon Observer.

Mr. WADE, a town councillor of "Tut, tut, hard-boiled," said the con-

THE RIOTER'S IDEAL.



Edwin. "Oh, mother, look at those naughty men quarrelling. Why don't the big man let the little one have it?"

# THE PURPLE DRAGON.

I suppose it is not once in two years that I drop into an auction room, but when I do go I invariably make a fool of myself. It is a queer coincidence. Ursula, my dear wife, is the sweetesttempered woman in the world, but if there is one thing that does provoke her more than another, it is quite certain to be the thing that I have been doing, or leaving undone, when I return from an auction.

The other day, however, I thought myself safe. To begin with, my presence no commissions that I could exceed or coveted bargains that I could let slipmatters in which I had often been proved liable to error. I had been away from home for three weeks, and having should have met me, I was strolling profess to understand these matters about at a loose end, when I saw the myself, but I have observed this. sale going on, and went in. That I think clearly shows that for what for my dislike of auctions is that they followed I was not personally to blame. make me nervous. I can never hear Anyhow, it seemed at first as though I my own voice naming a figure without were in luck. I hadn't been inside the the sensation of going extremely white place five minutes before the man in about the lips. Whether I do so really shirt-sleeves began carting round some- or not is another matter; I have never

like a flash. I saw then that it must | Also the backs of my hands tingle. have been inspiration that had sent me into the sale-room that afternoon, to encounter a treasure for which I had ransacked Europe (more or less) in vain. The auctioneer was letting off some of his usual patter about rare old Oriental porcelain, but this didn't concern me.  $ilde{ ext{I}}$  had seen in an instant what the thing really was-the long-sought fellow to Uncle Dick's purple dragon.

You can fancy if I was excited or not. The other dragon, the mate (if I may so express myself) of this one, had been a present to Ursula from her uncle at at the sale was partly accidental. No our wedding; and for years we had one having sent me there, there were tried to find its companion. The thing had at last begun to get on Ursula's nerves, so much so that I had heard her express actual distaste for our lonely monster, and even a wish to destroy it. But of course now it would be different. an hour to wait at our market town It appears to be a rule about china that owing to the breakdown of the car that two horrors make a beauty; I don't

So I began to bid. One of the reasons pounds offered."

Thus it requires a considerable exercise of courage on my part to bid at all.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "make a start. For this valuable piece of genuine old Eastern ware. What offers to commence? Shall I say fifteen guineas? Only fifteen guineas for this exceptionally-

"Five," said a stout man, immediately below the table. ("This," I thought, "is excellent; I shall get it dirt cheap!")

The auctioneer rewarded him with a smile of encouragement. "Thank you, Sir. Five guineas I am bid. Five guineas for this—I beg your pardon, Sir, pounds. Five pounds only. What improvement on five pounds?"

He looked round the company, and his eye caught mine. Possibly my lips moved, but I am uncertain; at all events some subtle telepathy seemed to have been established between us. pounds," said the auctioneer (though how he knew is a mystery). "Six

"Eight," said the stout man.
"Eight," said the auctioneer, after

another glance at me.
"Ten," said the stout man, who was apparently a dealer.
"Eleven." This was a travesty of

thing that caught and held my attention, been able to see. But I feel like it, my own voice, raised for the first time.

Silence followed. The stout dealer was sucking a pencil and meditating course it's a lot of money, but-gloomily. No one clse bid anything She interrupted me with a delig

"Come now, gentlemen," repeated the auctioneer. "This is simply giving it away. Eleven pounds for one of the most exquisite examples of the best period of Oriental art. You'll be sorry for it afterwards. Eleven pounds only I am bid. Going at eleven pou-

"Twenty," snapped the stout man.

But my blood was raised.
"Twenty-five," I said quite calmly and clearly. The pricking in my hands the quiver of an eyelid, "is the whole had ceased. Several persons looked object of an auction. round, and I could feel that they were

gaze with the impersonal regard of Royalty or people who open bazaars. It was a great moment. "Any advance on twenty-five pounds?" said the auctioneer; but it was obvious from the first that there would not be. The stout man had pocketed his pencil and turned away. "For the last time, only twenty-five pounds. Going, going, gone!" The hammer fell. I had con-

The price of victory was possibly a trifle stiff; but as it happened I had the precise sum in gold in my pocket. Thus there were no delaying formalities. The precious object (a phrase apt in more senses than one) was wrapped up and handed to me. I will not linger over my emotions upon the homeward ride. I had determined during it to say

in the actual making of a gift that enhances its value tenfold.

so sorry you had to wait for the car," she said sympathetically. "If you'd known, you might have looked in at the Hambletons' sale."

I decided that after all I would not postpone the pleasure. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I did."

Ursula looked interested. "How brave of you!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you didn't happen to see what the purple dragon fetched?" So she must have known, and not dared in my absence to try for it. Obviously the time was come when such wifely duty should be rewarded. I leant back carelessly.

"Twenty-five pounds," I said. "Of

She interrupted me with a delightful bubble of excitement. "I should think it was!" she cried. "Twenty-five pounds! How simply too splendid! And for a thing that I'd got to hate the very sight of! When Major Hambleton let me put it into their sale, I never thought it would fetch a penny more than ten." After a pause she added, "I can't help feeling, dearest, that whoever bought it was rather carried away!"

"That." I said placidly and without

So the rule had held good, after impressing my features upon their all. We received our cheque, which memory, perhaps so as to tell their amounted to twenty-three pounds odd,



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE ON A WALKING-TOUR. (8 P.M.—10 miles from the nearest inn. It has been a long day. They have not exchanged a word for the last hour.) The Tired One. "OH, I WISH YOU WOULD STOP THINKING ABOUT DINNER."

nothing about my purchase to Ursula, has not yet ceased to marvel at such but to find some secret occasion to good fortune. The net result of the install the new arrival in the once transaction is that she has had two new And it's thanks to the babies, the lonely cabinet, and await her delight at | frocks-to say nothing of lunch at the discovering it. There is often an art Savoy, and a matinee—and that I possess (hidden under the bed in my dressing-room) a rare old Oriental vase, Ursula met me in the hall. "I'm for which no reasonable offer will be refused.

> "People are asking why Irish farmers do not raise more onions than they do. There is no country where better onions can be raised, and we import no less than 12,000 annually, at a cost of £60,000 per year." Cork County Eagle.

> £5 an onion is of course only the price of the hot-house variety. An ordinary young onion can frequently be picked up for as little as fifteen shillings.

"Girl's nearly new cycle; age about ten years."—Adrt. in "Western Daily Press." We should like something just the But we are saving up our money for least bit newer.

## BROWN BABIES.

Γ" Brown Babies." is the English for the name of a certain Indian village.]

THERE'S a stir in the village, a rattle Of looms in the tumble-down huts,

A tramping of humpty-backed cattle That plod through the dust and the ruts;

For it's sey'n o' the morn and there's work to be done,

But the tiny brown babies, the shiny brown babies,

They wriggle and roll in the sun.

Above them the kestrels are wheeling, Beside them the buffaloes stare. And a red-eyed old pi-dog is stealing As near as he possibly dare;

children afterwards. I returned their in the course of a week; and Ursula They may wheel, they may stare, but gaze with the impersonal regard. Those merry brown babies.

those berry brown babies That tumble and turn in the sun.

The fat little mynas are hopping. The lizards are darting for glee,

And a big blue chameleon's popping

Round the trunk of a tamarind tree;

There 's a spirit of joy in the day that 's begun,

And the crowing brown babies, those knowing brown babies,

They twitter and twist in the

In the breezes the palm-trees are swaying.

A cocoanut falls with a thud. By the creek little monkeys are playing

Ridiculous games in the mud;

pranks of the babies That scrimmage and squirm in the sun. J. M. S.

Two extracts from The Irish Independent:-

"CHAMPION WALL JUMP. Mr. John M'Morran's John B..... 4"

> "CURRENT CRICKET. BEST INDIVIDUAL FEATS.

MR. JOHN M'MORRAN'S JOHN B..... 4 We are glad to call attention to the extraordinary versatility of Mr. M'Morran's horse.

A Strand bookseller's advertisement: "'Misti': 1/- net. Guy de Maupassant's latest volume of short stories.'

the appearance of Balzac's new novel.

## SLINGING IT ABOUT.

PLAIN WORDS TO POLICEMEN. (In the gentle manner of Mr. Arnold White in "The Daily Express.")

WE have got them on the run. Their hair is on end, great clammy beads of sweat are on their brows, and with the light of panic in their eyes they are sprinting for the horizon; they are fleeing before their doom—the muddied Ministers who have torn the Constitution into shreds, despoiled the Church. sung psalms while they wallowed in the slime of speculation, insulted the KING. and sent up the price of bacon.

And with them is the Editor of The Dictator. The Editor of The Dictator is an accomplished writer, but he has dared to oppose his faint-hearted counsels to the clarion call of the men who wield the bludgeon, and who exult tiercely at the sound of their horrific weapons beating the air. When I told him last week that his politics were pig-wash, he attempted no reply. He too has donned his running-shorts and is showing a clean pair of heels to the advancing host. But the heels of Ministers are far from clean. They are befouled with thick mud. There is mud all over their traitorous bodies, and they shall stick in it all the days of their life.

In previous articles I showed how the Separation Bill, if passed into law, would split the Army and the Navy. This week we have to consider its no less cataclysmic effect upon the police force. The finest thing in boots is a British policeman, fixed and rooted in the determination to preserve the peace. Shall these stout souls be ordered to trample upon the inalienable rights of the Ulstermen, to coerce them into submitting to govern themselves? I do NOT DONE NOWADAYS. not know a single policeman who would not rather swallow his truncheon than apply it to the heads of men, women and children who are fighting for the priceless heritage bestowed upon them by the Act of Union. In Ulster, they tell me, even the infants are in arms. And why? Because they know that Home Rule has in store for them convulsions more terrifying than any of the natural ills their tender flesh is heir to, and because the stench of the Ministerial slime-pits has turned their stomachs. Shall the knee of the British policeman be pressed into their innocent backs? Calmly and dispassionately I say that the very thought is a shricking outrage upon all instincts of decency, and that the feet of any policeman who for one moment harboured it would be a disgrace to their leather.

The temper of the force is one of the most vital factors to be reckoned with in any consideration of this stupendous | reckoning without the British police- | But then anglers say anything.



Brother. "What did you say to that old chap just now?" Sister. "I ONLY THANKED HIM FOR PICKING UP MY BAG."

Brother. "MY DEAR GIRL, YOU MUST LEARN NOT TO BE SO BEASTLY GRATEFUL. IT'S

subject. know about the police he is supposed to have under his control? He has a slight superficial knowledge of the manipulation of processions and the cost of helmets; but of the soul of the police he knows no more than my aunt's tomcat. If he imagines that this patriotic body of men is going to stoop to the dirty work of running in Ulstermen, the doors of Colney Hatch are yawning to receive him.

There are some delicately nurtured people (such as the Editor of The Dictator)—men who put on a clean collar every morning and dress for dinner—who say that the King should sign the abominable Separation Bill, and who would thus wash their finniky hands of the consequences. The politicians who would thus stand calmly by and see the Empire dynamited are

What does Mr. McKenna man and his multitudinous affinities. If the cooks of England are willing that the burly arm of the law, which has so often essayed the circle of their waists, shall be laid upon the shoulders of the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects, then in Heaven's name let the King sign, and let the cooks stew in their own juice. But everybody who is not a victim of the verbal staggers (like the Editor of The Dictator) knows that the goddesses of the kitchen will not allow this atrocity, and it is this knowledge that makes the faces of our muckrake Ministers turn ghastly pale beneath their coating of mud.

(And so on.)

"While playing in the roadway at Compton, Cookham, a Farnham angler states that he hooked a tortoise about 6in. long." Portsmouth Daily Post.

# A PERSONALITY.

companies. When he explains that the principle is the creation of a new be put forward for me to abuse? persona, which is the company as distinct from the individuals it com- liability) assured me that the Comprises, you will look very knowing, pany's one object in existence was to murmur, "Ah, yes, of course," and wonder privately whether the speaker himself sees any sense in the words he in a book). is using. It is not till you come to pick a quarrel with a company that that at Birmingham, where all comyou realize the soundness! of the modities are to be had, including lawyer's observations and discover how individual personæ upon whom you endeavour to fix the blame.

Our back-to-work train was already half-an-hour late at Exeter, yet there was no single person I could get hold was no single person I could get hold He regarded me calmly. "You of and say, "You've done this; what refer," he suggested, "to the lateness in thunder do you mean by it?" There were only innumerable porters heard some mention? and ticket collectors, guards and a bookstall boy unanimous upon one subject, that nothing would induce the train, once having started, to stop again before it got to Cheltenham. "Next stop, Chltnm!" they repeated. getting more heated and determined about it every time. But even on this point they were wrong, wrong by about twenty-five full-stops and as many commas. They had reckoned without the signals, and signals at holiday time do not believe in too much rush. My carriage happening to stop opposite a signal-box, I took the opportunity to go into the matter with its occupant.

"You ought," I told him, "to be ashamed of yourself, carrying on like this."

he was not to blame. The explanation was dull and familiar; I do not repeat it.

The guard walked along the track in order to join in our conversation. I tried him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told him. The guard my friendly enemy asked me if there also had his defence ready and gave it "As the engine-driver smilingly. appears to be unoccupied," I continued, "you might just ask him to step this

way and hear what I think of him."
"Old Bill?" said the guard. "Why, he's as anxious to get home to his supper as any of us. You can't blame "I?" he queried. "I?"

"Then who the dcuce can I blame?" I asked.

been the other way on and the Company had been employing me to do a not do?" job for them at the price of 18s.  $3\frac{1}{2}d$ .,

you may be sure that a definite persona a loss. "I have nothing to do with Any lawyer will elaborate to you, if doing it so badly. Why then, as I put gers." you will let him, the root idea of it to the inspector at Cheltenham eventually, why shouldn't such a one

The inspector (having disclaimed give satisfaction.

"Bah!" said I (I had seen the word

The inspector could only suggest and a top hat. "Now, Sir," said I, at last having cornered an overdressed official, "I trust that you are heartily ashamed of yourself."

of this train, of which I have already

"I do indeed," I cried bitterly.

He looked as one about to fight, but on second thoughts he seemed to appreciate the depth of my feelings and to decide upon another attitude.

"I can only say," he declared, "that THE entertainers on the pier I am very, very sorry about it.'

"It is no good your being sorry," I sniffed. "I desire to find the person who is to blame and make him sorry."

He blushed; he appeared very nearly to weep. "I," said he, "I am to blame."

I was at first incredulous, but being assured on the point, I told him in what opinion I held him, what course I proposed to adopt with regard to him, and what end I hoped would overtake him, when, reported, disgraced Affably but finally he explained that and dismissed, he crept solitary and broken into the outer darkness. It was a five minutes' speech, but the pleasure of it was ample compensation for the suffering of many hours.

Upon being assured that I had dealt with the subject in all its many aspects, was anything else he could do for me.

"Tell me," said I pleasantly, for I was now, if exhausted, on good terms with the world again, "how came you to make the train behave so badly? How, I mean, do you influence its

"Yes, you. Without prejudice, what exactly have I been reprimanding you What was it which neither the signalman, guard, engine-driver nor You see what I mean? If it had inspector could do to expedite the train, but which you could have done but did

"I expedite the train?" said he, at we thought.

would have emerged to abuse me for trains. My business is with passen-

"But what are you?" I asked.

"The Responsible Official," he said. "But what are you employed to do?" I pressed.

"To listen, mostly."

"Speaking quite technically," I said, "what are you for?"

"To blame," he said. "I mean, to be blamed."

Since then I have always travelled by this line, whenever its trains and I lawyer's observations and discover how elusive is this persona of the company, and how little it has to do with the confidence I waited for Birmingham straight way, have even on occasion straight way, have even on occasion adapted my destination for the purpose. The most important and real convenience of railway travelling is to have an official ever ready to accept in person a responsibility which he may in fact have done nothing to deserve, always prepared to look upset and downcast when I swear to him that nothing on earth shall ever induce me to be a passenger on his line again.

# THE GREATER MAGIC.

Are pretty bad, as pierrots go, But now a conjurer is here I never miss a show.

His tricks are all as clear as day (With one exception); far from smart His patter: I regret to say I know it off by heart.

So, when he takes the final trump From any given pack of cards, Some gambler's pulse may haply jump, But not the present bard's;

When from the magic kettle's spout Free choice of stimulants is poured And thirst-tormented people shout For drinks they can't afford;

When handkerchiefs a hen disclose Or rabbits from a topper spring, I murmur, "I am tired of those, Show me that other thing-

That trick for which the audience lend You coins. I put a florin down On Monday night, and at the end You gave me half-a-crown."

"GABY DESLYS PUZZLED." SHE DISCUSSES WHAT SHE SHALL WEAR WITH THE DAILY SKETCH." Daily Sketch.

Won't The Daily Sketch be enough?

From a Madras catalogue: — "The price of the —— car, Rs. 2,850, brings motoring within the reach of all." Lo, the poor Indian is not so poor as



TO PROTECT THE POOR MOTORIST.

It has been suggested that animals on our roads at night should carry lights.

# THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A NOBODY.

(Being an essay in the modern psychological novel designed to appeal to the present-day taste.)

BOOK I.—HUBERT SELECTS A TIE.

HE entered a shop in the Burlington Arcade to buy a tie. To be accurate, he did not enter it so much as he was drawn into it. He wanted to buy a tie, but he had not utterly and finally decided that he would purchase it at that particular shop. Indeed, for a fraction of a second he hesitated in the very doorway. An almost sub-acid intuition warned him that the whole current of his life might depend on the particular shade of the tie he selected.

A fly buzzed. It was an ordinary fly, not different outwardly from a million other flies. Yet the convolutions of its brain could not be exactly like the convolutions of its million fellows. The path in which it flew was inevitably different from the path which any other fly would have taken. It alighted on a purple tie. If the tie had not been of a soul-arresting purple, it might have flown elsewhere. Somewhere back in the æons of ages a Purpose had decided on this concatenation of circumstances.

Hubert followed the fly. He examined the tie. He brought his whole faculties of mind to bear on the problem. He held the silken trifle to the light. The purpleness changed under the incidence of the sunlight from a challenging militancy to a slightly faded ineffectualness. It seemed to him as a Parable of Life. He would have said so to the shop-assistant, had not a flooding intuition warned him that this automaton of the mart might misunderstand the inmost significance

of his thought.

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant. He was a small man, or rather youth, with a moustache which appeared to have been forced beyond its natural development and gave the suggestion of social striving doomed to eventual impotence. He lived in Fulham. It was three miles from the Burlington Arcade. He reached his mart daily by motor-'bus, buying a twopenny ticket of an unassertive blue. Sometimes he took 'bus No. 42, and sometimes 'bus No. 19. He had no preference in the matter, for such was his temperament. He cared nothing for where the 'bus proceeded after it had deposited him at Bond Street—or rather, eight yards to the eastwards of Bond Street—and continued on its beyond their dwarfed understandings.

journey. His stunted imagination How petty the world was—how could not follow its passage down ineffably unsympathetic! He felt old camel's back.

Montreal Daily Star.

Regent Street, through the pleasurebustle of the Strand, through the shiny-elbowed strivings of Fleet Street, up the sharp incline of Ludgate Hill, perfumed with incense from the slowburning strips of the street-hawkers . . . . (At the end of three pages the 'bus reaches Bow and disappears out of

"The very latest shade," insinuated

the assistant.

"H'm," said Hubert non-committally. He searched into the eyes of this fellowhuman, groping for the sympathetic understanding his soul craved for. He inadequate lancets of his vision. He would have liked to discuss that tie from the point of view of æsthetics, of ethics, of morals, of philosophy, of metaphysics, of pragmatic neo-Bergsonism. He would have liked to engage in a discussion which could have embraced the universe and the stars and the purpose of creation. Yet he faltered, and examined the tie anew.

The assistant was a sordid being. After half-an-hour he fidgeted. wanted to sell Hubert a tie, and that was the limit of his present ambition. He could not realise the epochal significance of Hubert's decision. He lived in Fulham in a little semi-detached. two-storied house where he occupied a rear room on the upper floor. . . . (Description of the room occupies four pages solid without a paragraph.)

"H'm," repeated Hubert at the end the shop.

of thirty-four minutes of thought. "Three-and-six," said the assistant. It was an ill-judged observation.

What did it matter to Hubert whether the tie were three shillings, three-andsix, or four shillings? Sixpence more or less would not ruin his finances; but a shade of purple more or less might shatter his soul. It might sear his ego with an ineffaceable brand of emotion. True that he could not see the tie when it was knotted into place, except by straining his eyes downwards over his 3½ inch wing collar, but the effect nevertheless would be all the more crassly dangerous. It would catch his eye from the glass of a shopwindow or the mirror of a taxisuddenly, thunderously, with the force of a planetary collision.

He was torn with doubts. Another ten minutes passed. The assistant whispered discreetly to a fellow-tradesman at the rear end of the shop. Out of the tail of his eye Hubert caught the clandestine converse. It disturbed him rudely. He felt that they were mocking at a momentous decision far

hideously alone. A barrier of glass. steel-strong, separated him from his fellow-beings. It had always been the same. He recalled the days of his cradle. . . . (Ten pages of cradlethoughts follow.)

Then his first school—a mixed school of little boys and girls. . . . (Twelve

Afterwards the public school, rudely repellent. . . . (Eighteen pages, including two on the psychology of having

measles.)
The 'Varsity. . . . (Twenty-one pages, with eight devoted to an analysis tried to dissect a fellow-soul with the of his feelings towards the girl at the

tobacconist's.)

And now life! Full-grown, fullblooded life, where a man struggled and made decisions that were irrevocably vital. Should he buy that purple tie?

The fly, tired of the battle of temperament-or perhaps not caring greatly for the outcome—had flown away to other fields of endeavour. It had done its work in the life-history of Hubert. It had come into touch with his soul, and then moved on light-heartedly to jostle with other souls.

A clock struck eleven . . (Two pages on the way the clock did it.)

"Will you buy the tie, Sir?" insinuated the assistant.

His crude impatience shattered the fabric of the sale so nearly consummated. Hubert roused himself.

"I think not," he replied, and left

(End of Book I.)

#### MAKESHIFTS.

When love arrives, the poet feels A passionate desire to sing; Where coarser souls neglect their meals, And nurse, in silent gloom, the sting, I longed to burst Into a lyric from the very first.

But, somehow, didn't. Goodness knows The theme has been explored enough; In moments too sublime for prose I spout some other poet's stuff,

And squeeze her hand (My own idea). She seems to understand.

A Paris contemporary, Excelsior, says of the Isle of Man:

"Cette île est dépourvue d'habitants, d'hôtels et de commerce."

Yet the Booming Thou Gavest Me still goes on.

"Madrid proposes to utilize the water brought to the city by an old camel to produce about three thousand electrical horse power."



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In fiction—I say nothing of real life—I have a constiaffections is as charming as she is in The Secret Citadel (HUTCHINSON), the man must have a great deal in his favour for his persistence to command my sympathy. And he is ashamed of the clean, honest soap from which, without any exertion on his part, his wealth is derived. Nor am I attracted by the members of the old Roman Catholic family into which he aspires to marry, and the motives which induced them to tolerate his suit. Miss IS IBEL C. CLARKE does her best to make him fascinating in other respectshe is good-looking and cultivated—and, of course, neither the girl nor her people could be expected to know beforehand that he was going to turn out the tyrant of a husband that he proved till he was brought to his bearings and his better self by his wife's narrow escape from death. They objected to his origin and his soap, and particularly to the fact that he was a Protestant. And yet they accepted him, and encouraged the girl to accept him, because of his wealth. That, no doubt, has been known to happen before in our rough island-story. But the weakness of the position in this case is that the author is herself blind to their real motive. Everything is subordinated to her chief object, which is to conduct a rather poor creature of a man to the bosom of the Roman Church, regenerated at last by the suffering caused by his own selfishness. On the whole, though she gives us a fairly interesting study of an unconvincing.

I strongly suspect that if the question were put to him Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT would acknowledge Edward Henry Machin as his pet creation. You no doubt remember this fascinating character as the "card" of an earlier volume; tutional objection to the importunate wooer who will not he reappears now in The Regent (METHUEN) with all, or take no for an answer. At least, if the object of his nearly all, his former vitality, with the same fertile resource and engaging impudence, crowned as before with triumph. He was left, you may recall, practically monarch of all he favour for his persistence to command my sympathy. And surveyed in the Five Towns. The Regent brings him to Godfrey Denne is not that sort of man. He is selfish, he London to build and run a West-end theatre with that is idle, he has a very good opinion of himself, and a very name, and to experience various entertaining adventures in poor one of the plebeian family from which he is sprung; the process. There are some quite delightful chapters about the inception of this idea; and the First Night, with its rapturous applause promising success for what turns out to be financial failure—this betrayed the man of theatrical experience in its author. Later, I thought the hero's wit a trifle less active and personal than of old. It was certainly a fine idea to snatch victory from defeat by engaging the head of the Militants to speak three lines in the languishing poetic drama-but somehow I had looked for something even more startling. However, the quest of the saving suffragette takes Machin on an amusing dash to New York (where his experiences, with motors, hotels, and the like, seem to have been oddly similar to those of Mr. Arnold Bennett as recorded in Those United States), so I have no cause to complain. An optimistic and merry volume, which (as in a double sense nothing succeeds like success, or is so jolly to read about) is certain of huge popularity, and well deserves it.

Miss Sophie Cole's appeal is so essentially not to men that I felt, after opening Penelope's Doors (MILLS AND BOON), as if I had concealed myself in the heroine's flat and was playing the despicable part of eavesdropper to conversation happy marriage with a happy ending, she fails to make it that was not intended for me. But when this embarrassment had been conquered I began peacefully to enjoy the who can never see the clouds because of the rifts in them. Men in this novel do not amount to very much, if we except mildly intrigued but not violently excited.

what was obviously the same story that I had just read should appear in the advert sements at the end of the book under another title. But to return to Captain Corbeau. I could hardly tell you (and should not if I could) the weird and wild things that happen to him as a result of accepting the commission of the pretty servingmaid on that snowy night. They bring him to a ruinous old chateau on the coast of Brittany (what a certain Oxford don of my acquaintance would call "a most gloom - surging place "), the home of an elderly and evil dame, who does

against the whole affair is that it works up to a breathless to understand what anybody was doing, or why. Perhaps this was my own fault. For I can hardly believe that those clever persons, Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Fraser. whose craft I have before now praised, would wilfully leave me in such obscurity. Yet I read every word of the book. Of these, by the way, there are rather less than one expects of a novel, but quite enough to contain a good florin's worth (the net price) of swashbuckling and mystery; indeed, somewhat less of the latter would have been an advantage.

- Mr. Hichens in his new book is concerned with the effect that an ambitious wife may have upon an unambitious husband. As is usual with him he is quite frankly occupied with the sensational thrills to be obtained from his theme and cares more for the excitement of some situation skilfully contrived than for the human spontaneity of his characters. He gives us, of course, some of the properties that he has used before, and I recognise the mysterious Eastern musician to 30 rounds with it, and it is still in sound condition.' with his fascinated audience of European ladies, the fashion- That's because he replaced the divots.

optimism of Penelope, for although it has never been my able London gatherings to which no one but unpleasant happy fate to meet such a determinedly plucky and cheerful people ever seems to be invited, and the glittering and woman (or man) in the flesh, it is cheering to read of those artificial Eastern scenery in which palms, sunsets and distant music have so important a place. But, above and beyond these things, The Way of Ambition (METHUEN) Mr. Tuppy, who by trade was a comedian, but by instinct does make a real attempt to grapple with the psychology of seemed to be a professional "turner-up" whenever *Penelope* an artist who has in him a little genius, a little self-conwanted him. Another man, called *The Inconnu*, was well-fidence and a little humility, but not enough of any of these named as far as I was concerned, for I never got a clear qualities to drive him to carve out his career for himself. conception of him. If, however, Miss Cole has failed a Mr. Hichens' hero is not a very attractive character and little with her men, she has succeeded most thoroughly in his wife is positively unpleasant; but the reader, if he cannot drawing the characters of *Penelope* and her nieces, and I be honestly interested in Mr. HICHENS' people, is carried am glad to recommend the book to those who like to be away by the things that happen to them. The final scenes concerned with the production of an opera in New York are as noisy, as theatrical, as nerve-shaking as though one were Captain Corbeau's Adventure (Hutchinson) was of the actually present and personally involved. I hope that in sort that begins on a snowy night in mediæval Paris, with his next novel Mr. HICHENS will, in addition to his deft a penniless soldier of fortune, a fair lady, and a mysterious technique and brilliant dialogue, give us some characters message. However, the message was but the first of many who are attractive not only as puppets in a skilful fable but mysteries, not the least of which to me was the fact that also as human beings whose histories are not limited by the

necessities of a plot.

FORGOTTEN ACTS OF KINDNESS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT PRESENTING DIOGENES WITH A NEW RESIDENCE.

Alexander Pryde, M.A., B.Sc., Edin., of Mr. CROCKETT'S Sandy's Love Affair (Hutchinson), is a cocksure, doughty Scot who comes to London in these our days to make his mark. As to whether in so short a time the confident Sandy could attain high eminence as a novelist and also found, organise and run to financial success a parcel delivery business with motor-van service I leave to the judgment of workers in those two excellent trades. But Sandy is a droll. Ladies throw themselves into ponds for love of him,

creepy things with bats and red-fire in order to frighten al and he insists on diving in and fishing them out; strong men young and beautiful maiden into some course of action about mock him and he hurls them out of windows. There is which I am regretfully vague. Indeed, my chief complaint indeed a general air of unsubdued accomplishment about the whole environment that put a heavy tax on my credulity. but empty climax, in which I found myself too muddled I scarcely believed that little Alice MacComic, a gay and pleasant enough young lady, should easily beat, apparently playing level, the champion of Portrush G.C., and that too with just a driver and a cleek! Nor did I find either her or V.V.-Vivid Vivienne, the music-hall star and Sandy's beloved—quite as irresistible as alleged passim. Most difficult of all to believe was the gentleness of Mr. Crockett's quite astonishing gentlefolk. Indeed I fear that his ready skill has betrayed him into just writing the first things that came into his head. It must be noted, for the avoidance of epidemics, that V.V., having been already twice this season independently employed as a pet name, is no longer available.

#### Fashions in Autumn Underclothing.

"He was wearing a neat suit of dark grey over a smart fawn dust coat."—Yorkshire Evening Press.

From a testimonial in Golfing:—

"The course here is of a brittle, sandy nature. I have played 2!

#### CHARIVARIA.

Perthshire home of Lord Lansdowne, his property. Her Majesty the Queen, it is said, greatly admired the famous hedge there. Many motor omnibuses are now being To Lord LANSDOWNE'S credit he has fitted with a patent guard to prevent never, in spite of its size, sat upon the mud splashing on to the pavements. hedge.

has, we hear, caused no little offence over there. However, the fact that His Lordship failed to notice that this desirable consummation had already been arrived at is attributed to the shortness of his visit.

Statistics just published, show that New York has 1,156 buildings of ten or more storeys. Of these, 117 have more than 16 storeys, and 9 have more than 30. America, in fact, might be called the Land of Tall Storeys.

Mrs. Pankhurst is now undergoing a rest cure in We understand France. that she prefers this to arrest cure in England.

By the way, the authorities at New York, which city Mrs. PANKHURST proposes to visit, are, it is stated, undecided whether to treat her as a fugitive from justice or as an undesirable alien. It is possible that they will gallantly allow her the choice.

During the painters' strike, we read, there was a stoppage of work at St. Mary's Hospital. We are a little bit doubtful as to what this means, but presumably patients with relaxed throats were unable to have them painted.

The imported policemen in Mid-Cornwall have been boycotted, and cannot buy cigarettes or be shaved. We cannot help thinking that this is foolish policy on the part of the strikers. The policemen will be all the more fit for not smoking cigarettes, and the lack of a shave will make them more terrifying in appearance.

Stands Ireland where she did? We think so.

Upon the occasion of her visit to the give any directions for the disposal of is it necessary for the names to be

This unselfishness is more than creditable to the company concerned, for it Lord HALDANE's expression of opinion will now be unnecessary for such that fifty years hence the United States pedestrians as wish to avoid being where disorderly resorts are shown on would be the leading nation both splashed to travel by omnibus. the stage. The proprietors of the materially and intellectually theatres declare that this is

Suspicious Wife. "Now do hurry up, dear; we mustn't lose SIGHT OF THE LUGGAGE. I DON'T MUCH CARE FOR THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN."

A Highgate doctor was last week robbed of a number of valuable silver articles by a bogus patient. To the fellow's credit, we understand, he left untouched several bottles which were labelled "Not to be taken."

Miss Isabel Valle, of St. Louis, whose engagement to Mr. J. H. Nelson is announced, is declared by Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT and Mrs. ROBERT GOELET to be the most beautiful girl in America. She is also the heiress to a great frame.

"Seeing that the guards on the A resident of Armagh, who Central London Railway announce the before leaving.

died the other day, made his will name of each station as the train appointing executors, but omitting to arrives," writes a correspondent, "why written up in the stations?" This is done, we imagine, to enable passengers Many motor omnibuses are now being to ascertain what the guard has shouted

> Mr. McADOO, chief magistrate of New York, has issued warrants empowering the police to close any theatre

a case of McAdoo about nothing.

Noticing the words "The Insect Virgil" at the heading of a review of a book by JEAN HENRI FABRE, Smith minor, who was struggling with the Æneid, remarked that the epithet was not a bit too strong.

Mr. RAYMOND ARTHUR PRICE PIERPOINT has founded a Courtesy League, the members of which will bow to statues. The members may like to know that there is one statue at least in London which will return the compliment. We refer to the gentleman on horseback at Holborn Circus who is raising his hat.

A white Leghorn hen of Harleston, Norfolk, The Express informs its readers, has laid two eggs of remarkable size-one weighing  $4\frac{3}{4}$  ozs., and the second 33 ozs. The enterprise of our newspapers would seem to know no limit. The Express, we believe, has a special correspondent in every fowlrun in the country.

The following cautions appear in the railway carriages on the South Eastern and Chatham line:—

"Do not lean out of the Window." "NE PAS SE PENCHER AU DEHORS."

The GERMAN AMBASSADOR is said to have drawn attention to the fact that nobody seems to care what happens to the heads of his countrymen.

Three mantelpieces are reported to fortune. A picture, in fact, in a gold have been stolen from a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields which is in the hands of builders and decorators, and in future the men will be searched

# AN EDITOR TO HIS LOCUM

(on receiving, during his holidays, a request for a copy of verses).

Your welcome favour (so to speak)
That finds me set by Breton seas—
Where softest airs caress my cheek,
Tanned to the tone of coffee lees—
Proves, by its quaint request for rhyme,
The need of more imagination.
To picture how I pass my time
In far, far better occupation.

O'er sea-blown sward and sandy dune,
Fretted by dimpling sapphire bays,
Through sweltering morns and eves that swoon
I flog the little ball all ways;
And by the cliff's elusive ledge,
Taking a line of desperate valour,
I skirt the perilous beetling edge
Where Bogie turns a deathly pallor.

At noon I bathe with all my might
In University costume;
Down the long lane of sunset light
This manly process I resume;
And, when the day-hours have to die,
Night brings, amid her languorous balm, a
Sea-breath to lull me where I lie
At our "Hôtel des Panoramas."

And you, my colleague (meaning well And flatteringly, I like to think), Urge me to snap the golden spell And plunge myself in seas of ink! Rhymes are the sport of sad-eyed care, Akin to that of picking oakum! How can I rhyme in this boon air? Surely you see I can't, dear Locum?

Adam, from bowers of Eden banned
According to the primal curse,
And doomed to sweat of brow and hand,
May have assuaged his woe with verse;
But, while he lodged in Paradise,
If asked for rhymes, he'd not have writ any,
Not on the Serpent's own advice;
Neither will I, on yours, in Brittany.

O. S.

#### A CENSORIAL SYMPOSIUM.

The action of the libraries in laying a semi-ban on certain novels has drawn down on us a flood of criticism, comment and suggestion. We print the following letters as perhaps the most representative of enlightened public opinion:—

#### ANGEL FACES.

Dear Sir,—The notion of banning books on the score of morality is absurd and a sure sign of reaction. It is impossible to define morality. Besides we have the positive assurance of all the authors who have been banned that their motives are moral and that they are entirely on the side of the angels, and obviously they know best. Their photographs prove it. Anything more cherubic than the countenance of Mr. Max Abel, one of the victims, it would be impossible to imagine. A man with such a name and face is no more capable of leading people astray than Mr. NORMAN ANGELL or

Yours faithfully, SHORNARD BURR.

#### MEAT v. THE MILLENNIUM.

DEAR SIR,—Of all the books which injure the community none are so dangerous as those which inculcate unsound dietetic principles. The greatest offender of all was DICKENS, who habitually glorified indulgence in butcher's meat, plum pudding, turkey and spirits. Under an enlightened Government his works would be all placed on an *Index Expurgatorius* and a ban laid on all writers who failed, in their allusions to food, to insist on advocating a fruitarian or vegetarian regimen. To attack novelists on the score of morals is to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. When men give up meat the Millennium will advance with leaps and bounds.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Eustace Smiles.

## THE RIGHT STUFF.

DEAR SIR,—If we are to boycott books, for Heaven's sake let it be those which profess to help people instead of teaching them to help themselves. What we want is men of backbone and independence, not a race of doormats and molluscs. I have preached this doctrine in my volumes Vim and Grit, Buck up, Britain, and have received testimonials as to their value from Sir Prescott Knight, the famous actor-manager, Archdeacon Tinkler, and Mr. HARRY THAW, copies of which I enclose.

Yours faithfully, ERNEST BLATHERWICK.

P.S.—Can you suggest any means by which I could get my books banned? I understand it has a marvellous effect on their circulation.

#### A GOLFER'S GROWL.

Dear Sir,—May I suggest, as the question of restricting the circulation of undesirable books has now assumed the dimensions of a conflagration, that a limit should be placed upon the number of treatises dealing with style in golf. Personally I should be quite content that not more than six should be allowed in circulation at the same time. As matters now stand the members of my family alone possess eighteen volumes dealing with grip and stance, with the result that in every instance their handicaps have been raised.

Faithfully yours,

The Nuggets, Colorado. Bunker Brown.

# A LABOUR LEADER'S LAMENT.

Dear Sir,—The action of the Library Censorship is as nothing compared with the tyranny of the National Union of Journalists. A volume of essays of mine contributed to various newspapers has been beycotted by them so persistently that my royalties for the last year have dwindled to £100. And yet we speak of England as a free country.

Yours despondently, FLIMSY MACRONALD.

#### THE CURSE OF CESAR.

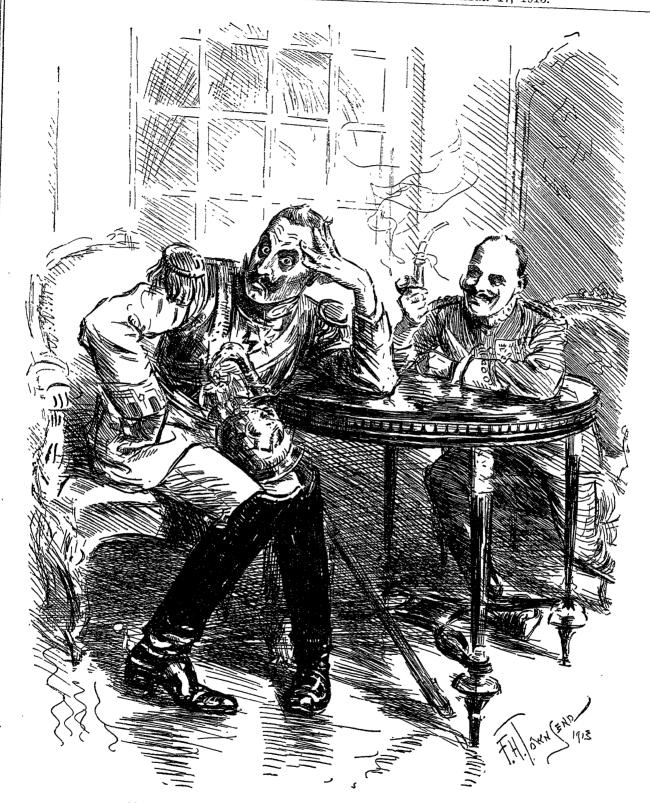
Dear Sir,—Now that people are trying to put a stop to rotten books, perhaps something will be done for us schoolboys. They've abolished that old blighter Euclid at my school, but Cæsar and Xenophon are just as bad, and no one says a word against them in public. Do help us. Yours truly, Fourth Form.

"Five Pups; mother between Bull Dog and Irish Terrier, father between Boarhound and Retriever."—Gloucester Citizen.
We'll have the one that looks most like a dachshund.

From a letter in The Cape Times:—

"As Stevens' manager, I am willing to match him against Sivers any day for the best nurse offered."

The loser would really want the nurse.



# "DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

KING OF THE HELLENES. "OUR SUCCESS WAS, AS YOU KNOW, ENTIRELY DUE TO YOU." GERMAN EMPEROR. "THANKS, THANKS." (Aside) "I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T BE REFERRING TO OUR ORGANISATION OF THE TURKISH ARMY."



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES-THE MOUNTED ORDERLY CORPS.

WE ARE GLAD TO LEARN THAT, IN VIEW OF THE SHORTAGE OF ARMY HORSES, THE AUTHORITIES ARE AT LAST RISING TO THE OCCASION; SEE "FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS," PART 1, PAR. 20:—" ORDERLIES . . . MAY BE MOUNTED ON ANIMALS."

# **GREAT FOOTBALL CONCILIATION** SCHEME.

PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

In athletic circles the sole topic of conversation is the proposal of Lord Burnlaw to call a Conference for the purpose of ending the long and distressing antagonism between the Rugby Union and Association games by con-

Briefly summarised, the proposals which he submits as the basis of the Conference amount to a compromise, according to which running with the ball and collaring will be allowed till within a distance of sixty yards of the goal on either side, while goals can only be scored by kicking into the net; the shape of the ball to be rhomboidal, and the game to be played in goloshes, cricket pads and fencing masks.

Provincial, Scottish and Welsh opinion as expressed in the messages of our local correspondents shows that there is little enthusiasm for the project.

South Wales.—Leading footballers throughout the district regard Lord Burnlaw's suggestion as wholly impracticable. His motives and sincerity

Ovate Bards are solid in their adhesion hybrid combining all the weaknesses of to the oval ball, and Professor Griffiths of the South Wales University declares that the rhomboidal form advocated is incompatible with the genius of Wales.

EVERTON. - Lord Burnlaw's proposals are greeted with modified approval in the centre of the Toffee industry. The concessions to the Association game are admitted to be considerable, but it is strongly held that League finance would be imperilled by a compromise. Alderman Badger is of opinion that the risks of refereeing would be greatly increased. As matters now stand, no referee can insure himself at ordinary rates.

London.—Mr. Adrian Stoop, the famous Harlequin, refrains from criticising the scheme until he has seen a trial game played, but is of opinion that it would be improved from the spectacular point of view if the players thing electrical, to consult T. S—, Electrical wore accordion-pleated shorts and used Engineer and Contractor." a small gas balloon instead of a ball.

Dublin.—The proposals are treated with indifference in Gaelic athletic circles. If the proposed amalgamation stone we should have consulted him. indicated any approximation to the are not called in question, but it is rules of Gaelic football, it would be pointed out that the concessions another matter. Mr. Kickham, a prodemanded of either side go far beyond minent Sinn Fein leader, denounces the limits of practical politics. The the scheme as a cowardly Sassenach Perhaps the East coast is more bracing.

two puerile pastimes long discarded by the virile youth of Erin. Mr. LARKIN has also expressed his disappointment.

Šківо.—Mr. Carnegic has addressed a letter of sympathy to Lord Burnlaw, expressing his entire approval of a scheme calculated to mitigate the brutality of a game which tends to foster militarism and retard the advent of international peace.

# Another Forthcoming Apology.

"Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, who had kindly consented to speak, was prevented from doing so, and what might have been a dismal failure turned out a very successful venture." The Common Cause.

"Marie Hart, a school girl who turns the scale at fifteen stone, has been kidnapped from her home at Galesburg, Illinois.

Burton Duily Mail.

This is hardly electrical enough. Had she turned the scale at twenty-five

"He was a native of Liverpool, but had liver for many years in the Isle of Wight."

Edmonton (Canada) Journal.

## THE DIVISION.

thing about the mere thought of walking up partridges which sets me against myself, puts me beside myself: you have only to place me in a line of guns at the bottom of a field of roots and you have in the clothes and the body of the one Me two separate individuals, by no means friendly enough to be so close to each other. The metaphysicians call this a phenomenon, which gives it an air of importance, and describe it as the divorce of Mind from Matter, which alds the romantic touch.

divorcée and go away altogether it would be so much easier all round. But it stays to carp and criticize, and this year the result has been worse even than usual.

We-that is, I-took up our place in the line and the word was given to advance. Immediately the trouble began. "Now then," whispered Mind, "are we ready, are we all ready? Come, come: it's no use carrying our gun on our shoulder; we shan't be able to find it when we want it, and then, of course, it will be too late. . . . And both hands.... H'st! No,

go ahead . . . and don't let 's point our gun down the line; can't we see the line doesn't like being pointed at? ... For goodness' sake stop those fingers know. We're just standing still and clutching the stock nervously; we must have some of them standing by Mind, if it can be conceived, shrugs

to work the triggers."
"Very good, Sir," says Matter, making a show of special alertness and going through the movements. You may be sure that if a bird had got up at that particular moment all would have been well, except with the bird. But birds are wary, they don't get up

at particular moments. "Now don't let's get thinking about the next fellow's spats," continues Mind, off. Personally, I think we are after an interval. "Anything may about the worst rotter that ever happen at any moment and it's a Another covey ahead, you observe; but thousand to one we shall be too late I suppose it's no use my suggesting for it when it does. We must keep that we loose off at them?" our attention on what we are doing.

"I'd do anything to oblige you if Hasn't that keeper got his eye on only we could stop all this hammering

~z~?" >

"Beg pardon," says Matter, a little upset, "but you'll note we didn't fire."

"Only because we had the thing on 'Safe.' "answers Mind angrily. "That's a clever way of going about things, isn't it? Do, do let us pull ourselves bitter sarcasm. together a bit. Suppose that had been a partridge, how late should we have been if we ever got off at all? They're been if we ever got off at all? They're very firmly, "we-are-not-going-to-belooking at us and beginning to wish late. You just wait and see." they hadn't . . . Well, well, well!"

With a word of sympathy for poor old my goodness, and no one plugging at petent." Matter, I leave it at that. If only them. Someone's not doing his duty. "Next time," repeats Matter, eve Mind would behave as becomes a Can it be ourselves? What we ought more firmly, "next time we-are-not...

PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

AN AVIATOR CULTIVATING SANGFROID UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS it's hopeless carrying it in IN VIEW OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT IN UPSIDE-DOWN FLYING.

it's nothing. All right, go ahead: to be doing now is getting the gun up | face the others some time, so we must what are we waiting for? Do let's to the right shoulder, stretching the left arm well forward, slightly advancing the left foot and getting on to the victim. But we're not doing it, you

its shoulders and sniffs in disgust. "Well, it's too late now," it says, "and I suppose we're done for. If we are paralysed, then we are paralysed and there's no more to be said about it. All I'm thinking is that it was a pity to go and spend three pounds on a game licence for a paralytic. . . . Suppose we might as well finish the walk and enjoy the scenery till we are warned off. Personally, I think we are just

when . . . B-r-r-r! Hi! Look out! incoherently. "Why can't we put up Where's our gun? Where are the bally our gun just like anybody else and For the most part of the year I am triggers? . . . Stop, stop, you have a . . .? What the dickens was on excellent terms with myself, but fool. This isn't a lark shoot. . . Do, that? Someone shooting within a foot in the beginning of September there for heaven's sake, let us put down the of our ear. . . . Bless my soul if it always comes the split. There is some-gun and keep quiet." wasn't ourselves. Well, I never! What about that, Mind? Pretty bright of us, wasn't it?-I mean, we did make a noise, at any rate, didn't we?"

"We weren't much more than halfan-hour late," comments Mind with

Matter takes a deep breath and throws the chest out. "Next time," it says

"What's the use of talking like Matter looks round hurriedly. "Why, that?" says Mind. "You know as well what's doing? Birds? Five of them, as I do that we are hopelessly incom-

"Next time," repeats Matter, even

"What's the use of talk-ing at all?" says Mind, pointing to a disappearing

"Sorry," says Matter, and

shoots.

"Oh, my goodness," groans Mind. "All we've got to do is to watch, and when we see a partridge that's big enough to be a

real partridge . . ."

"Next time," interrupts
Matter, "we are not going to be late. I'm not listening to you; I'm concentrated

elsewhere."

"Well, you 'd better listen," goes on Mind, "when I'm telling you how to do it. We've got to

try, at any rate, mustn't we? It's simple enough, isn't it? Then why not do it, and, if we are going to do it, why not do it at once? Why waste time thinking about it? . . . Here, what on earth are we going to do now?"

"Shoot," says Matter, and shoots. "Now we have gone and done it,"

says Mind.

"Ay," says Matter, "I told you we weren't going to be late this time."

"We're early, you juggins," says Mind. "Early?" asks Matter, feeling a sudden dread. "But only a second at the most. And, after all, it is a dead 'un."

"Too dead," says Mind, "much too dead. And it isn't a matter of seconds but weeks.'

Matter now feels an intense longing to be dead itself. "You don't say we've gone and killed a . . .

"Hen pheasant, you fool," snaps Mind angrily, as others approach to Hasn't that keeper got his eye on only we could stop all this hammering join in the discussion upon the Early us? What do you suppose he'll say and noise inside us," splutters Matter Bird and the Worm that shot it.

#### SWALLOWS.

THE train has left the hills behind And South we're flying fast, "Clack-Clack, alack," the pistons grind, "That Summer cannot last,

That holidays are passed;" And on the humming wires that flow Between the posts that flit, Regardless of the G. P. O. Assembling swallows sit.

They sit, the signal and the sign Of days of done delight, I see them all along the line A-busking them for flight, In decent black-and-white; And, "Oh," I cry, "you dapper dears, The leaf and I are brown, So you are going to Algiers And I am going to Town.

"On Afric's strand you'll meet the

But I, when fogs are mirk, Shall walk along the London one And only meet my work, Which mightily doth irk;" And still the engine's dirge endures— "Alack, alack, alack," Because they're going to the Moors. And I am coming back.

#### HOLES AND "BEASTLY HOLES."

["The golf craze has been greater this autumn than in any previous year. Nobody is quite safe from the fever. It seizes those who mocked at it, and pays no respect to sex or age. As a rule, a holiday resort might as well dispense with food and water as with a golf course."

London Letter, "British Weekly."]

IT should now be possible for resorts of the smallest attraction, even if they have never before been considered in the light of holiday centres, to draw the custom of visitors. All that has to be done is to set up a golf course, and, when the more celebrated links become overcrowded, as they must soon do, the opportunity of the new bidders for custom will come.

SINKCHESTER.—The water supply has been cut off since May, and water can now only be obtained by carrying it in buckets a distance of three miles. This fact, and not the coal dust with which the atmosphere of our town is laden, accounts for the blackened faces of the thousands of golfers whom our famous links continue to attract into our midst.

So great is the demand for rooms and so over-taxed the accommodation that hundreds of well-known players are content to sleep in the pit workings.

ISLAND OF DULL, N.B.—Owing to scanty food the hundreds of visitors now here have to content themselves



(Club steps during heavy shower.)

Brown (who has just returned from his holidays, to Robinson about to leave for his). "AH, THIS IS WHAT WE ALL WANT. THREE OR FOUR WEEKS OF STEADY RAIN WILL BRIGHTEN THINGS UP A LOT!"

is all the Provost can now allow. It is feared that even this quantity may have to be curtailed owing to the continued influx of visitors. Play for the Autumn Vase begins to-morrow, when, if not too faint, two hundred and fifty-three couples hope to go out.

SMELSOME, LINCS.—The season is Thousands of now in full swing. visitors may be seen daily threading their difficult way through the dense chemical fumes to the links. A large

well-dressed throng with a neat form of nostril stopper, which may be carried by the caddie when not in use. 1,631 visitors arrived this morning; one left.

MOULDHAM.—Throngs of distinguished persons continue to pour out of our two railway stations intent upon our famous links. When not playing, visitors spend their time visiting the tram terminus, the "site for four houses" in Pip-pip Street, the windows of Mr. Cooz's new ready-to-wear tailorwith the spoonful of oats daily, which | sale is being done among the smart and | ing establishment in Market Street, etc.

## THE RALEIGH TOUCH.

A hint of what is in store for visitors to Drury Lane, where the great autumn melodrama, Sealed Orders, by CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, is now on view.]

Scene 27.—A West-end gambling hell. Lady Felicia Gaveston is playing cards with somebody whose name I have forgotten.

Lord Jones (or whoever it is). Well, what are the stakes this time, dear

lady?

Lady Felicia (recklessly). Five thou-[They play. sand pounds. Lord Jones (suddenly). Snap!

Lady Felicia. Bother! Let's see, that's five thousand I owe you. Just [They play again.

Lord Jones. \ (together). Snap!

Lord Jones. I said it first. That makes ten thousand. Let me have a cheque in the morning. [Exit.]

Baron Kurdmann (the Something Ambassador). I am afraid you have lost,

dear lady?

Lady Felicia. Oh, Baron, what shall I do? My husband, Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B., will be so annoyed. He's so fussy about little things like this. I suppose you couldn't lend me ten thousand pounds till—er—till—till

I pay you back?

Kurdmann (aside). Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B.! The man to whom the sealed orders will be sent tomorrow! If my country could only get possession of them before war breaks — (To Lady Felicia) Alas, I have only three-and-ninepence on me, dear lady; but my friend, Gaston Fournal, might help you. There he is. Shall I ask him?

Lady Felicia. Do.

Kurdmann (impressively to Fournal). Listen! Is my moustache on straight?

Fournal (surprised). Fairly. Why? Kurdmann. Every now and then it I can pay my "Snap" debts. seems to be slipping to one side. However, that wasn't what I wanted to speak to you about. (Sinking his voice) Our time has come. Lady Felicia wants to borrow ten thousand pounds. What with my moustache and my foreign accent and one thing and another, it's fairly obvious that I am the villain of the play. Now you got cheered by the gallery in the First Act, and you have a little daughter eight years old. Nobody would suspect you.

Fournal. But that was twenty years ago. She's twenty-three now.

Kurdmann. Well, anyhow, you're popular. The man who steals the dia- lord! I've just remembered something. monds in the First Act to keep his little daughter from starving is always popular. Now, can I leave it to you? She Baron Kurdmann's that you showed

right? Good. (To Lady Felicia) Ah, dear lady, this is my friend Fournal. Perhaps he will help you.

Lady Felicia (eagerly). It's only ten thousand. I'll pay you back-

er-some time.

Fournal (impressively). Lady Felicia, I will give you the money on one condition; which is, that you seal your husband's stealed—I mean that you steal your husband's sealed orders.

Lady Felicia (indignantly). Betray my country? Never. (Hear, hear.) Fournal. You don't understand. The fact is (lying) I am writing a melodrama for Drury Lane and I want to see what

sealed orders look like. That's all.

Lady Felicia. Oh, well, if you promise . . . I don't know . . . per-

haps . . . .

Enter her brother, Lieutenant Willoughby, R.N., known in aquatic

circles as Breezy Bill.

Breezy Bill (out of sheer breeziness). Yo-heave-ho. Top-hole. What? (To the rest of the cast) Look here, everybody, we're giving a ball on our ship to-night. Of course you'll all come?

Everybody. Rather!

## CURTAIN.

Scene 45.—The battleship. A ball is in progress.

The Rt. Hon, Ronald Caversham (to Admiral Lord Hugh). Here are the sealed orders. If you lose them, England is destroyed.  $[Exit\ {\it Caversham}.$ 

Lord Hugh. Right. I'll put them in my safe. (Does so.) Nobody would think of looking for them there.

Enter Lady Felicia.

Lady Felica. Hugh, my diamonds are in your safe. May I have the key? Lord Hugh. Certainly, dear. Let me have it back,  $\lfloor Exit.$ 

Lady Felicia (opening the safe). The sealed orders! (She takes them.) Now [Exit.

Enter Lord Hugh. He goes to the safe.

Lord Hugh. Help! The sealed orders have been stolen. Stop the music!

[The band stops, and he rushes on deck and addresses the guests.

Lord Hugh. Ladies and gentlemen, the sealed orders have been stolen. I propose to search the thousand or so odd people on board. I shall begin

with—er—who shall I begin with?

The Prompter. Lieut. Willoughby.

Lord Hugh (slightly nettled). I shall begin with Lieut. Willoughby.

Breezy Bill (to Lady Felicia). Oh

Lady Felicia. What?

Breezy Bill. Why, that letter of wants ten thousand pounds and we me, asking you to meet him at the Zoo

want her husband's sealed orders. All next Thursday. It's in my pocket. If your husband read it you would be seriously compromised.

Lady Felicia (anxiously). Can't you

Breezy Bill. He writes on such stiff paper. (Thoughtfully) I might drown

Lord Hugh. Well, Lieut. Willoughby, I am waiting for you to turn out your pockets.

Breezy Bill. Never, Sir!

Lord Hugh (annoyed). Arrest that

Breezy Bill. Wait a moment.

[He climbs to the top of the mast and dives into the sca.

CURTAIN.

Scene 119. On an Airship. Ruth Fournal. Father, I wish you'd explain what we're doing here.

Fournal. Wait a moment, dear. (Looking over the side) Are there any boy-scouts hanging on behind?

Ruth. I can't see any. Why?

Fournal. They're always popular on the stage, and I thought perhaps one of them was saving England or something. Ah, now we're rising better. What were you saying, dear?

Ruth. I said, why are we here, and why did you give me the sealed orders,

and why-

Fournal. Well, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS insisted on an airship this year, and somebody had to go in it. Of course I'm escaping with the sealed orders, and you—well, you're the heroine, and Lieut. Willoughby is going to rescue you from the waves in the next scene, and-er-this is my new chauffeur who 's driving the thing. That 's all.

[A searchlight plays upon his face.

Chauffeur. Blimy, it 's 'im!

Founal. The navy has seen us, but their guns can't reach us. We-Well, my man, what is it?

Chauffeur (politely). I think we have met before. Do you remember stealing some diamonds in the First Act?

Fournal (alaimed). N-n-n-n-no. Chauffeur. Oh yes, you do. And I got twenty years for it. (Annoyed) Beast!

Fournal (nervously). Here, go away. The chauffeur leaps at him and they plunge over the side together.

C. M. HALLARD (below the stage level). Steady; you got your foot in my eye that time.

CLIFTON ALDERSON. Awfully sorry. It went all right at the dress rehearsal. [A gun is heard, and the airship collapses and falls into the sea. Ruth. Help!

CURTAIN.

Epilogus. CECIL RALEIGH. M'yes. I don't think that quite does it justice. (Lights cigarette.)

ME. Still, it gives the idea.

HENRY HAMILTON (plaintively). You've gone and left out all the funny Sits down.

ME (surprised). Sorry; I thought I'd put it in.

HENRY HAMILTON. I mean the humorous palmist and the beauty specialist and all that.

ME (coldly). Oh, I see.

CECIL RALEIGH (reproachfully). You know you were thrilled and excited by the airship scene and the burglary in the First Act. (Crosses to syphon.) Weren't you?

ME. Rather—awfully.

HENRY HAMILTON (stirring his coffee). And you say nothing about the acting.

ME. Oh, that was splendid.

CECIL RALEIGH. So you really did enjoy your evening?

ME. Most certainly I did. CECIL RALEIGH. (together). ARTHUR COLLINS. Then 'that's

HENRY HAMILTON. all right. A. A. M.

## AT THE PLAY.

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE.

EVERYBODY knows the story of the little girl who complained that "one poor lion hadn't got any Christian;" I can remember how I laughed—("Ha, ha!")—when I heard it. There is another good story of Daniel in the lions' den, not quite so well known; to the effect that when the King came to see Daniel in the morning and asked him how he had got on, Daniel answered that he had been a little troubled by lions; to which the King replied indignantly, "Then you must have brought them with you." There are also current some excellent jokes about cannibals and missionaries, one of the most popular being the retort of the cannibal that, even if he wasn't a Christian, at any rate he had Christian blood in his veins. As I said above, "Ha, ha!" For a joke about anything so serious as death or religion begins to be funny even before one tells it; in the same way that the entrance of the Vicar's fox-terrier into church starts one giggling long before it joins its master in the pulpit.

Mr. Shaw is quite funny in Androcles and the Lion, but if he had any purpose other than this I did not see it. Certain passages in the play seemed to indicate a view that the early Christian martyrs were not necessarily brave or good, occasion I simply could not help it. If but merely proud. At least they died. Mr. Shaw were to sit in front of me in



Binks (viewing his pet production). "You've 'AD QUASSIA CHIPS, FERTILIZER, BONE-DUST, SOOT, AND THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO! AFTER THIS YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHANCE WITH THE REST!"

a horrid feeling that if the Bernardus Shavius of the day had, before entering the arena himself, tried to persuade me Dion CLAYTON CALTHROP and GRAN-that I was really the braver man and VILLE BARKER." This was charming, not have believed him.

Mr. O. P. HEGGIE was remarkably good as Androcles, and Mr. EDWARD SILLWARD was a delightful lion. They had a particularly funny turn with the Emperor (perfectly played by Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE) in the last scene, which might have well been encored. This reminds me that Mr. Shaw has just announced again that he does not like the audience to indulge in rude laughter at his plays. I am sorry, but on this Personally, I am quite sure that I church with his tie under his left ear I should not have died . . . and I have should always giggle.

Androcles and the Lion is preceded by The Harlequinade, "contrived by the better Christian of the two, I should but just not charming enough. With such a good idea to work upon, and with such pleasant people as Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY and Miss CATHLEEN NESBIT to sit in front of the curtain and explain what was happening, the authors should have cast a greater spell over the audience. Perhaps the others were completely enthralled; I can only speak for myself. I wanted to be entirely captivated, and I was not. None the less The Harlequinade is very well worth seeing as an original entertainment, whimsical and pretty, and well acted by (among others) Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR the Clown, and Mr. DONALD CALTHROP, the Harlequin.



DISASTROUS INFLUENCE OF THE SEA-BREEZES ON THE MODERN "NUT" COIFFURE. RECENTLY WITNESSED BY OUR ARTIST AT A POPULAR WATERING-PLACE.

#### THE DEGENERATE.

(A tale of the Duke of Westminster's £100,000 fund.)

It is befitting, is it not, That I should tell you frankly what Temptations of the baser sort Beset the devotees of Sport?

Our hero, Herbert Henry Smith, Was born with muscles, wind and pith Enough to win the foremost place With ease in any cycle race. One object from his boyhood up Fulfilled his soul—to hunt the cup, And all the prizes which he won (No idler he who rode for fun) He'd realise, invest and lend And flourish on the dividend. Such was the man, as you'd expect, Collectors hastened to collect.

Collecting sportsmen is a line
In which the most expert combine
Discernment, wits, persistence, dash,
With readiness to part with cash.
The early bird, who has in view
The worm it means to cotton to,
Must not rely for its success
Entirely on its earliness,
But, bluffing boldly once or twice,
Must ultimately pay the price

The victim asks for. Wily worms Negotiate for stiffish terms. Was Herbert hired, then? Not at all; He was no low professional. "I scorn," said he, "all sordid sums; But posts in Sports Emporiums, Remunerative sinecures Which keep men rich but amateurs, I might consider. Verb. sap. sat." He let the matter stand at that, Nor later asked what money's worth Was spent in getting him a berth... And thus we find him at his prime The leading sportsman of his time, Secure, by his own competence, In independent affluence. Who could foresee for such a blend Of perfect parts so bad an end?

So hard a bargain did he drive
And with such subtlety contrive
The business side of his affair,
That friends remarked, "You have
the flair

For commerce in your soul, my lad, If anybody ever had!"
A little pleased, himself, the fool Began to find his office stool
A pleasant hobby. Bit by bit
He grew, alas, so fond of it
That more than hobby it became,
And stern ambition's nobler aim,

To concentrate upon the pot, No more inspired him, was forgot. Unseen, but strong, temptations lurk; As some for Drink, so he for Work Conceived an overwhelming lust, And left his bicycle to rust!

A word of sympathy is due For all those minor heroes who Subscribed to put him on the Track But never got a penny back.

#### Pride of Body.

From a cinematograph poster:—
"THE BLACK SNAKE
3000 FEET LONG
(Exclusive)."

So should we be.

"Hayati once had a job as a court-jester under Abdul Dammit."

East London Dispatch.

In fact, that was his first official joke.

In fact, that was his first official joke. Unfortunately ABDUL HAMID never really appreciated it.

"The most important was a six round contest between Seaman Garman and Stoker Greenwood... The match ended in a win for Garwood on points."—Ceylon Observer.

The referee seems to have hedged in a very cowardly way.



## A DANGEROUS GAME.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THERE?"

Chorus of Irresponsibles. "WE WANT TO GET AT THE CROWN AND PLAY PARTY POLITICS WITH IT."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU TAKE MY ADVICE AND MOVE ALONG, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE."



The Youth (just returned from his holiday). "Oh, I'M A GREAT BELIEVER IN HOLIDAYS. ONE COMES BACK SO FIT. BRAIN CLEAR, APPEARANCE IMPROVED AND ALTOGETHER MORE WIDE-AWAKE. The Maid. "AND WHEN SHALL YOU TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY?"

## THE DESCRIPTIVE THEATRE PROGRAMME.

Mr. Punch cannot help feeling that the efforts of the serious school towards the Brightening of British Drama would be materially assisted if the depression induced by some of the more popular forms of production were dissipated by means of a descriptive programme, similar to that in use at concerts. He respectfully submits a sample of what he proposes, applied to a drawing-room comedy obsessed by an actor-manager with melodramatic tendencies:-

#### ACT I.

The play opens with a short prelude of minor characters, during which the main theme is stealthily introduced. Some light fluting is interspersed with a few heavy notes, which gradually assume the predominance. The motif is touched upon, and a few incidental explanations furnished.

Act (or movement); but a climax is to a strident climax full of subtle sugprovided by a gradual agitato of all the gestion for the Third Act, the harmonic subordinate parts, whose tonic value minors meanwhile providing a muted we now perceive to be at the point of under-movement suitably subservient to fullest expression, and the whole move- the principal melody.

ment culminates (with a swift series of arpeggios) in the entrance of the actor-manager. The minor embellishments at once fade away as the actor-manager momentarily strikes the dominant. The curtain falls. The main theme is not developed.

#### ACT II.

This Act is full of movement and force. The dominant is resumed at the outset and never relinquished. The actor-manager takes up the burden of the heavy notes suggested at the beginning of Act I., and interpolates them into the main theme, which is now fully developed. He also imputes the motif with some vigour.

The strain is temporarily relaxed in favour of some warblings of a lighter character, there being no departure from traditional technique in this respect. Almost immediately, however, the main theme is again resumed by the actor-manager, who, working This practically comprises the First infinite variations upon it, leads it up

## ACT III.

This opens with a brief (horale for mechanical instruments, an interlude which is quickly succeeded by a stormy scena, the sinister character of which finds the actor-manager quite at his best. There follows a long and tender passage, very sweet and contagious, which the actor-manager sustains on a lofty note to the running accompaniment of the principal lady. Interwoven with this is the main theme, and from it is gradually evolved the grand finale, heralded by the universal entrance of all the parts.

The grand finale, which is very effectively interrupted by a fine aria for the actor-manager, gathers together all the threads of the main theme, explains the motif, and finally resolves itself into an assortment of cumulative duets, on which the play closes.

"I hope that the gentlemen who worked so hard last season to put the League in working order will not be downhearted, but will have another try, and will keep in mind the old story of King Alfred and the spider."

Catholic Herald. We prefer the story of how Bruce let the bannock burn. [Joke.—ED.]

know him but I like him. What is more extraordinary perhaps is that he evidently knows me intimately and His letter ranloves me. Romantic attachments are rare nowadays.

I met William in this way. On opening my letters one morning I saw at the head of a letter an engraving of only one hope for the sufferer. (Here duce mysen. 1706, of course, as a noble, if side-whiskered, face. It William once more wandered to Yuca-I shall whisper in his ear, "Are you wife and family. William Smith?" When he says, impressed me at once as that of a tan) Consider your wife and family. William Smith?" When he says, kindly, thoughtful gentleman, and I Save yourself while there is time. I "Yes, dear me, I ought to know you; began to read his letter with interest. will send my great Lumbago Discovery your face is quite familiar," I shall It ran-

My DEAR SIR,—As a fellowsufferer from that intensely painful complaint, lumbago, I have pleasure in calling your attention to the William Smith Lumbago Discovery.

Then came a page describing William's agonizing attack of lumbago in Yucatan (which brought tears to my eyes), and an account of the miraculous herb with which a Mexican cacique cured him. William. with great and considerate kindness, offered me the complete course of lumbago cure at halfprice-one guinea. He very thoughtfully enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope (with detachable stamp) for my reply.

I should have answered at once but for three reasons-I hate writing letters, the detachable stamp became detached, and I have never had lumbago.

So William's stamp vanished into the maw of the Post Office and I regret to say I forgot William.

But William did not forget me. Side-whiskers and fidelity go together. A month later I

opened a letter and found William about the little matter of the stamp, but I did not know the lofty-minded William. This time he was more intimate. He began-

DEAR MR. JONES,—From the de-I have no doubt that you are sufferone sharp shing from lumbago of an aggravated So I wrote—

type.

Then came a little more about Yucatan (William, like many other men, is a little lengthy in describing his travels), an offer to send me the complete course at half-price-fifteen shillings nowand another stamped envelope.

I used my dear friend's stamp, and then, such is the ingratitude of mankind, I forgot him.

Just a month afterwards who should

CONCERNING WILLIAM SMITH.

I LIKE William Smith. I do not the dear fellow. He will surely say something about that envelope."

Did he? Ah, how I misjudged him.

disease and diabetes. It means pain, I see that thoughtful, side-whiskered collapse, prostration, DEATH. There is face in the Tube I shall certainly intropost paid for 10s. 6d.—half-price.

["Pocket-clipper—can be used for the beard or hair at back of neck."-From a catalogue.]

PORTRAIT OF GENTLEMAN USING POCKET-CLIPPER TO TRIM BEARD AT BACK OF NECK.

He did not enclose a stamped envestaring at me. I feared he had written lope. I feared my friend had begun to doubt me. What was I to do? Either The stoutness of Monmouthshire vicars I must send 10s. 6d., and I have a is of course proverbial. constitutional objection to parting with money, or else I must relieve William's agonizing anxiety about me. It seemed one sharp shock than corroding care.

> My dear Mr. Smith,—You will, I am sure, be grieved to hear that your old friend, Mr. Jones, expired in agonies of lumbago this morning. His last words were, "William Smith-Yucatan -half-price." I know that this will be a bitter blow to you. Still you have this consolation: you warned him faithfully of his danger.

Believe me, his sorrowing widow,

EMMA JONES.

Would you believe that William Smith never replied? I did think he would at least have sent a wreath, or a few stamped envelopes for the widow. Perhaps he was too overcome to write.

And now that I am defunct (officially) MY DEAR MR. JONES,—Lumbago is I have a strange longing to meet frequently the forerunner of Bright's William in the flesh. Suppose some day reply, "William, I am the Mexican

cacique from Yucatan. Do you happen to have any of your excellent stamped envelopes about

you?"

#### Modern Potato Culture.

"I once got a circular from a man who grew potatoes containing his photograph, and, I think, an autobiography."—Musical Standard.

We have a giant gooseberry that reminds us of Mr. CHESTER-TON, but that is not quite the same thing.

A correspondent writing to Amateur Gardening on his forthcoming flower show, says :-

"I like to set up cut flowers in twenty-four kinds, but find it difficult to get that number in anything like good condition. I prefer good perennials for cutting, but animals are

Answer. Trim your canary and send him up.

"The Bishop is unmarried, and has four brothers and two sisters. His brothers are . . . as widely extended as a Colonel of the Royal

Berkshire Regiment, at Merut, India; a Vicar in Monmouthshire; the Gector of Standerton, and a barrister at Johannesburg."—Sydney Church Standard.

"MR. H. D. PARRY-MITCHELL has had DEAR MR. JONES,—From the description you give of your symptoms to me best to end the matter. Better Merevale Church, with dials facing two ways. This is not only an ornamental addition to the exterior of the edifice, but will be found to be very useful to people wishing to know the time."—Atherstone News.

A most ingenious idea of Mr. PARRY-MITCHELL'S.

"Between lunch and dinner take another tumbler of water cold. Take a glass of cold water half an hour after lunch, half an hour after tea, half an hour after dinner, and before going to bed at night. Never drink between meals."—Woman's Life.

One seems to be doing nothing else.



First Boy (returning from Sunday-school). "Going to have my hair cut in here to-morrow." Second Boy. "Why don't your mother cut it for you?" First Boy. "Me Let a woman cut my hair? No fear! Look what happened to Samson!"

## EXIT.

[In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, to be produced at the Playhouse, the room in which the scene is set throughout is provided with only one door.]

Where are the dear traditions of my youth

That raised the worst concected play Above the things of every day? Exterminated, in the name of Truth.

The villain who ejaculated "Ha!"
Gnawed his moustache and snarled
and smiled;

The golden-haired, confiding child Who said his prayers and saved his dear Mamma—

These and a many more were my Doncaster Week:-

And, when an icon-smashing age Ordained that they must quit the stage,

Mysoul sustained an almost fatal blight.

And now the last attraction is no more; firm—a moving spectacle—I be an allowance of 112 lbs. Who tread our "realistic" boards scotch per head, or rather Must come and vanish by a single door! It sounds almost too much.

Gone is the agony that thrills and numbs.

How shall the heroine be drugged If in a trice she can't be lugged Into concealment ere the hero comes?

Gone, too, those comic scenes that split our sides,

In which Lothario meets his doom As library and dining-room

Disgorge together both his would-be brides.

One thing remains ere we prepare the pall

To drape the drama, now effete: Let's make reality complete By adding on the fourth and final wall.

The Yorkshire Evening Post on Concaster Week:—

"One firm alone, as the writer can state on authority, are in the habit of selling 60,000 tons of Butter Scotch during the four days."

Assuming a crowd of 300,000 on each day and all of them eating butter scotch bought from this particular firm—a moving spectacle—there would be an allowance of 112 lbs. of butter scotch per head, or rather per inside. It sounds almost too much

## A PROFESSIONAL COMPLIMENT.

I was very diffident about calling in the doctor in the first place. Simply because fourpence is being deducted, much against my wish, from my salary every week, it somehow seemed scarcely fair to expect him to devote all the resources of his skill and training to the business of making me well.

Still it had to be done, and when he came to visit me in an expensive motor car, and made a prolonged examination of me with the minutest care, I felt still more keenly that my fourpence a week did not justify it. As some salve to conscience, I determined to give him the least trouble possible, and so I carried out all his instructions to the letter, took my medicine punctually, and, indeed, did everything in my power to make his task light.

At last it was over. "I hope, doctor, I haven't been too much of a nuisance to you," I said apologetically to him at his last visit.

"My dear fellow;" he exclaimed brightly, "you've been positively an ideal patient! Wby, you really deserve to be ill!"

## THE CHILDREN'S GYMKHANA.

Ir was the man in the white suit who organised the Children's Gymkhana for us, as he organised nearly everything else that helped to make pleasant our stay in the Swiss valley. The project, once started, leapt and bounded towards success. There were no subscriptions. Nobody went round with a list and offered to make you a Vice-President for twenty francs or a member of the General Committee for ten francs, or a full member of the Association for five francs. Indeed, there was neither General Committee nor Association. The man in the white suit waved his wand, invited a friend or two to luncheon, and, lo, the Children's Gymkhana sprang into vigorous existence. Of course it was understood that there were to be prizes prizes for both sexes and all ages of childhood liberally interpreted to include boys and girls of fifteen. When once this great fact of prizes had been grasped a tremendous excitement began to see the throughout the valley, and all sorts of possible competitors set to work to train and practise. There was a sensible diminution in the receipts of the tea-shop. For several days cakes of all sorts lay under a dreadful ban. Cakes with cream in them were held up to special execration as being "bad for the wind." incautious Swiss roll might easily take an inch or two off your high jump, and "three-eyed Dick" (our pet name for an agreeable sort of jam biscuit) would be sure to ruin anybody's chance for the girls' three-legged race. No sterner exhibition of the true athletic spirit has ever been seen.

At last the great, the wished-for day arrived in a gorgeous panoply of sunshine, and the nations began to gather together on the field of prowess. There were English children, American children, French children, Dutch children, Russian children, German children, Belgian children, a Babel of conflicting tongues and diversified animation, all held together and reduced to order by the man in the white suit and his select band of stewards. A jollier or a more eager crowd could not be met anywhere—this at least was the opinion of the proud and anxious parents who sat round the course in various positions of vantage and shouted polyglot encouragements to their young braves. Dimitri and Etienne, the sturdy sons of a Colonel in the TSAR's body-guard, were there; there, too, were Edgar, Arthur and Lewis, fresh-faced representatives of British boyhood, and John aged six and Billy aged five, who were to compete in the race (eighty yards' handicap) for children over five and under ten, and who now were eyeing one another with a jealous interest, each computing the athletic points of his sturdy rival. There were two Peggies and two Betties. Nancy and Rosie and Joyce and Helen had entered for most events. Nancy and Rosie are poetesses in their off moments, but now they were thinking of their feet rather than their rhymes, and indeed showed a most stubborn and pedestrian determination to excel in bodily effort. And, finally, there was our little French friend, "The Blob."

"The Blob" is a great character, a very round and sturdy little boy of twelve, in shorts and stockings. His face is plump and smiling, his body is thick-set, his legs are those of a conqueror. Good nature and friendliness shine from him as light shines from the sun, and his temper is imperturbable. His real name is Le Poix, but, when first he arrived at the tennis courts seeking a game, somebody, seeing him, said. "Who's that funny little jolly blob of a fellow?" and the name, taken up by the English boys, whose sworn friend he has become, stuck to him. Now it is, "Blob, will you make up a four?" or "Blob, will you lend me your racket?" and the little sportsman has accepted

his name comfortably and without a shadow of protest. He too, as I say, was there to defend the honour of his nation and to show what élan really means. His efforts in the high jump were magnificent. He looked like a football flung gloriously at the bar—which, by the way, was a string weighted with a tennis ball at either end. "The Blob" did his best, but a tall youngster of fourteen from Haileybury proved too much for him and everybody else.

Splendid, too, was the race for girls over ten and under twelve. They got away to a capital start, but soon strung out. They tore round the course, their hair streaming in the wind, so many comets unpredicted by Kepler or Halley, until at last the Peggy comet gleamed to the front in a panting spurt and won the desperate race. Other encounters, too, there were, and, for diversion, we had a three-legged race and an egg-and-spoon race. Never were beheld such complicated falls as the three-legged race provided. It is a marvel that any limbs survived unbroken. The two poetesses, securely bound together and thundering along like two young Clydesdales turned out to grass, came through their shattered rivals and carried off the double prize. As for the egg-and-spoon race, I need only say that the eggs were mercifully made of chalk. Otherwise the course must have been converted into an omelette à l'herbe, a Gargantuan omelette fifty yards long by ten wide!

All this time the organiser of victory, the Carnot in the white suit, was, as it seemed, in every part of the field, planning, ordering and executing with a busy vigour that assured success. And near the middle of the course, at a table, sat a kind lady having at her feet a large box containing the prizes. These she allotted as the sports went on, selecting for each event the particular prize which she thought would be most acceptable to the winners. Thus every winner was delighted when at last the distribution came. Indeed it seemed to be a magic box, inexhaustible in appropriate prizes, so that, when all the firsts and seconds had been satisfied, there still remained consolation prizes for nearly all the rest. We wound up a memorable cosmopolitan day with cheers for everybody, including three of the best for the man in the white suit. R. C. L.

#### SPEYSIDE.

A LAND full of the lilt of running streams,
The Highland scents of peat and whin and fir,
The crested hills like giants in their dreams,
The light airs, heather-sweetened as of myrrh,
The golden sunshine flashing out in gleams
And all the clouds astir.

A place where many things may dwell and hide:—
The little Brownies, timorous of the din
Of mortal men; dead reiver-folk who ride
Abroad o' nights; a kelpie at the lynn;
Witches and warlocks—ay, and more beside,
May find a howff herein.

A land where faery fancies have their wills—
A gallant land besides, where you and I,
Calling a truce with books and briefs and bills,
Tarry a space to cast the luring fly,
Or walk in wariness upon the hills
That small red birds may die.

The Temptation.

"Grocer's Porter: wanted a strict T.T., who will be liberally treated."—Freeman's Journal.



Neighbour. "And how's yer guid man this mornin', Mrs. Tamson?" Mrs. Tamson. "HE DEED LAST NICHT." Neighbour. "I'M REAL SORRY TO HEAR THAT. YE'LL NO REMEMBER IF HE HAPPENED TO SAY ONYTHING ABOUT A POT O' GREEN PAINT BEFORE HE SLIPPET AWA?"

## HIGHER TRAINING FOR BUSINESS.

Under this heading The Daily Telegraph discusses the scheme of a well-known emporium for a course of special education, with scholarships, for shop-assistants. Heartily approving the idea, we give below some suggested points from the examination papers.

#### MATHEMATICAL.

- (1) If one woman takes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to match one piece of silk, how long will six men take to buy twelve ties?
- (2) From two shillings subtract "one eleven three" giving the answer in terms of (a) actual money; (b) customertraction.
- (3) State the rules of reduction. How can an article whose usual price is 5s. be reduced to 6s. 3d.?

## LITERARY AND HISTORICAL.

- (1) Explain, with speaker and context "The remnant of an army."
  - "A sale, a sale, we are saved!"
- (2) With what famous events is the Paris Louvre associated in your mind? At what period was the custom of presenting toy balloons first instituted? | time you're passing.'

(3) Write a short essay on "Counterirritants."

## GENERAL.

A customer enters a shop at 11.15 to buy a packet of pins, and leaves at 12.30 having purchased a sable coat. Trace her progress (with diagram if necessary).

## ONCE UPON A TIME. ADVANCE.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"Thoroughly bad," said his father. Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"I don't know that one would exactly say that," replied his father: "but he certainly had his less felicitous moments.'

"Car No. 1078 after colliding with the Maha Mudaliyar's car went against a lamp post smashing it and also the lamp. The Maha Mudaliyar, who was in his car at the time, escaped with a slight thanking."

The Caulomese

The Ceylonese. "Not at all," said the Maha. "Any

## A PASSIONATE PROTEST.

DEAR SIR,—When I heard that The Daily Mirror had started a Woman's Olympic Games Fund, I naturally concluded it was for the use of competitors of my own sex. As soon as I realised the money was to be spent in training our natural enemies, my indignation was equalled only by my scorn.

From experience in militant encounters, I have found that men are quite muscular enough, and, while I have strength to lift my voice or my pen, women's wages shall never go to bolster men's biceps.

No, Sir, the whole proposition smacks (to use an appropriate expression) of sheer insolence. On the other hand, if you choose to show sufficient foresight as to open a fund, yourself, to train young Englishmen to darn their socks, make their beds and sweep their cigarette ash off their mothers' carpets, I shall be pleased not only to contribute myself, but to arrange for a collecting-box to be placed in the lobby of my club.

Yours faithfully, SPINSTER (and proud of it).

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING A MOTHER.

WHEN Eustace and Adeline came to us, aged three months and very weak on their legs, they cost seventeen-and-sixpence, with a shilling extra for packing, and we thought them very dear at the price. That is a year ago. Now Adeline is an older and a sadder duck.

It happened this way. When the shiny days came of the opening year, Adeline made up her mind to have a family. She took to absenting herself little and see for a moment what Family mysteriously, and one day we found Number One is doing. (You remember six greeny eggs in quite a nice place. The six became eight, and the eight ten, and the ten twelve, and we began to ask anxiously whether Adeline didn't consider it any part of her duty to sit on them. When she had made it thirteen, for luck, she made it clear that she didn't, by becoming quite regular for meals again; so we took away her eggs and gave them to a broody hen. The broody hen had the tomato-house to herself for three weeks and five days, during which she never moved except when we moved her to see how the eggs were getting on, and on the sixth day in the fourth week, towards evening, she was rather suddenly found to be sharing it with nine active ducklings, who didn't surprise her in the least. But what was our heroine doing all this time? Well, if you must know, our heroine had started all over again on another family, in a new place. I suppose she took a dislike to the first lot, or to the first place, or something. At least, those were the theories. But Eustace or somebody must have told her that she had left out the most important part, for seriously. She only came off it once a further. day, at five o'clock precisely, and then we always thought she would choke herself, because all the time she ate she fairly screamed with self-importance her with that Second Family! Eustace and anxiety to be off, or I suppose I should say to be on. I should also tell I suppose he felt he had done as much you that she had stopped at six this the day before as could be reasonably time; I suppose Eustace had suggested moderation.

And now for purposes of clearness I shall have to speak of Family Number Two and Family Number One. Even at breakfast time, at the end of the went ashore and cleaned themselves, packing. third week and the fifth day, Adeline came paddling down the river with a perfect little flotilla, all asking if breakfast was ready. It wasn't quite perfect, though, because there were only five in the squadron, and as there was nothing but cast-off egg-shells in the swimming about, in spite of their three for the evening service.

way down to breakfast. The armada suffered another loss directly after breakfast. It happened like this: obeying her instinct to take her family to the finest possible pastures, she set off down the river ever so far, and when she came back she had only four. I think she must have noticed something this time, because Eustace was sent off in a great hurry downstream, and he didn't come back until the evening, buthe hadn't found anything.

And now, reader, we must go back a -the nine.) It is being sat upon by its foster-mother. But what is this? How unaccountably has it dwindled! Yes, they all lived for a week, and then, whether it was that with years of discretion came questioning doubts as to whether the broody hen really was their mother or whether their house wasn't so good for little ducks as it was for little tomatoes, one by one they took to dying, quite regularly, one a day, almost as though someone had told them the story of the nigger-boys. On the day before the Second Family's arrival, Adeline's First Family was down to two. And she had never seen it! From her subsequent conduct I imagine, if she had seen it, she would have regarded the whole thing as a great mistake. She would have taken the line that she didn't ever mean that first lot to be a family, because she had thought of a better one.

It is time to say that this is going to be a tragedy. It is going to have a Recognition scene, just like EURIPIDES, and then it is going to end in the most complete and utter tragedy. But before Adeline's Second Family arrived on a Saturday, and the next day was a Sunday—the first of the real shiny Sundays. You should have seen took himself off for the whole day; expected of him. She was as happy with the four of them and as pleased with herself as though four was the perfect number and she had taken great and then she sat and just looked at them in the sunshine while they chased the water-spiders who were enjoying their own little day. We prepared the scene of confrontation. There were two grave."—British Weekly. ducklings of her own flesh and blood, And they got back from Rome in time

nest she must have lost one on the weeks in the tomato house. But, bless you, Adeline gave one look at the bank, where a great clucking was coming from, and decided that it was no wonder a mother like that had such hideous little children. She wouldn't have anything to do with them. The recognition scene had been a failure.

All that day we said at intervals to one another that if their life was going to be a short one it had been merry anyhow. The next morning they were still four. They ate their breakfast as usual. In the evening three little bodies were high-and-dry in some thick scum where the fish-net is, and Adeline was looking surprised to have only one. I suppose she had obeyed those instincts of hers again and taken her family to a perfectly splendid pasture which had choked three of them. I don't think she noticed anything seriously wrong until the next morning. Eustace (who had turned up again, looking not quite sober), and she and it were taking breakfast together. Now I must introduce you to Jack Hearne. There is nothing irrelevant in this; he is not the Middlesex bowler; he is a heron, and that is his proper name in this county. Before this fatal Tuesday I should have introduced him to you as a tame heron. Now it is impossible. For Jack Hearne, walking past on the way to his own breakfast, finished off Adeline's Second Family at a mouthful. We think, we like to think, it was a mistake on his part. Herons will act so rashly. But that doesn't bring back Adeline's Second Family. She finished her breakfast and turned round and distinctly noticed it had gone. Her grief is terrible. We don't think she would have noticed anything wrong if Jack that comes there is going to be one Hearne had left her with her one. But this time she took her job much more happy scene, so you may read a little now she sits all day on the river-bank and refuses to be comforted.

You will notice that this is an almost perfect tragedy because there is the element of hope left at the end. Fortinbras and Horatio, of her First Family, still live. Will she ever recognise them, or will she go on mistaking them for chickens, until, taking heart, she begins her own task of motherhood all over again? We do not know; we only know that we do not any longer think seventeen-and-sixpence too dear for a pains to trim it down to four. She pair of healthy ducklings raised successthen it is as complicated as a novel by dived, and the four dived, she went fully to the age of three months, even ARNOLD BENNETT. For one morning, ashore and cleaned herself, and the four with the addition of a shilling extra for

#### The Latest Continental Flight.



### INTENSIVE CULTURE.

Scientific Chicken Farmer. "YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. THE FILTERED AND ICED WATER, THE ELECTRIC FANS AND THE HOT-WATER PIPE PERCHES DIDN'T SEEM TO TOUCH 'EM; THE FRENCH COOKING, THE GRAMOPHONE DURING MEALS, AND THE CINEMA ON WET DAYS LEFT 'EM COLD; BUT BY GEORGE, OLD MAN, THE HENS DO APPRECIATE THAT MOVING STAIRCASE. SINCE ITS INSTALLATION THE EGG OUTPUT HAS INCREASED 90 PER CENT.'

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHAT I chiefly felt about With Drums Unmuffled (MILLS AND Boon) was that it was the work of an author with a considerable gift of expression, much charm of manner, and (here at least) insufficient matter upon which to employ it. L. A. Burgess gives upon the title-page no indication of sex, but I will make a bold shot for it that the writer is feminine. Her title itself-at first somewhat obscure-has reference to the military practice of marching back from a funeral to the accompaniment of some lively tune. There is indeed a pleasantly service atmosphere about the whole of the simple tale, which concerns the life and mild loves of a group of persons stationed at Gibraltar. There are two heroines, the young army nurse who tells the story, and Susan Pickle, the country-bred nursery-maid of Major Tracey's little daughter. Each has her romance, that of the former running so uneventfully smooth a course that the author has been forced to fret it with quite the thinnest and most artificial misunderstanding that Î ever remember. written just a mildly pleasant tale, one that may be gently enjoyed both by those familiar with the life it describes and those to whom it is strange—the former for choice.

Mr. NEVINSON'S Essays in Rebellion (NISBET) are concerned with all manner of vital things that divide serious folk, from war to the hunger of the poor. It is a gallant little book such as might be expected from one who has taken his life in his hands in sundry quixotries of the last twenty odd years. There are two keynotes. One from GOETHE: "For myself, I am happy enough. Joy comes streaming in upon me from every side. Only, for others, I am not happy." The other is contained in the parable of "The Catfish," which serves as the first of the essays. Now the catfish used to be put in the tanks of the East Coast fishing boats in order that his lively and stimulating activities should keep the cod in health, which else were observed to fall torpid and arrive for market flabby and unwholesome. Mr. NEVINSON is an excellent catfish, a genuine rebel radical with opinions cut to no mere party pattern. He pours out a fine scorn on the complacent type that welcomes rebellion -after the successful event. For himself he is content to be champion of all unpopular causes, of all subject peoples. This very consistency of his attitude is a defect of his generous qualities. He sees life too symmetrically, as a Susan's is a different affair; she is indeed far the most matter of sheep and goats in their divided pens. For inclearly individualised character in the book, and her devotion stance: "Do the people call the tune of peace or war? to the unworthy ead whom she loves is told with a sympathy that makes me expect considerable things from L. A. Burgess in the future. For the present, however, she has to hate it and has hope of some modification of present insanities along the lines of Mr. Angell's well-known thesis. "It will become either civil war—the most terrible but the finest kind of war because some principle of the highest value must be at stake before civil war can arise-or it will become a combined war between the classes of various countries between whom there is a feeling of sympathy and common interest." And this sentence involves a good deal of what is most characteristic in the thought of this latterday rebel. There are many good things in this book, grave and gay. It is really a compliment to the author to note that the grave are the more effective. Most of all I would commend "The Heroine," some extremely apposite thoughts concerning FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, to those who have the temperamental hatred of new things.

"The most dreadful and baffling of all the unsolved murder mysteries in English criminal annals," of which The Lodger (METHUEN) is said to suggest a solution, is, I take it, the performance of the once notorious but now almost forgotten Jack the RIPPER. Had the learned author thought of her ingenious explanation at the time, no doubt she would have expressed it in a letter to the Press; and

some would have said it was probably right, others that it was certainly wrong, while all would have abused the Police for not thinking of it, and no one would have known how much truth was in it, except Jack himself. But correspondence on the subject being now closed, there was nothing for it but to revive the mystery in a fictitious parallel and to solve that. I wish the author had set about her business in this order, instead of bursting out with the solution in the first chapters and leaving the mystery to state itself subsequently. Myself, I am always ready to take part in a really good murder, but I have too much re- SOLDIER BY READING HIS COMMENTARIES TO HIM. spect for crime to see it

treated thus off-hand and by the way; and when the dastardly deed is being repeated at regular intervals throughout the book, I am more than reluctant to concentrate upon the private feelings of Mrs. Bunting, or any other lodging-house keeper, or upon the homely romance of the detective who should have been wholly occupied in tracking down the miscreant. Had Daisy been a victim I would gladly have assisted in her matrimonial affairs; but she was never within a mile of it. Instead, she merely gets in the way, and, every time there is a sudden loud knock at the lodging-house door, it is only her tiresome lover come for a purpose no more sinister than to pay his irrelevant respects. I was not allowed to be present at any of the murders; I was not even introduced to one of the murdered; how then can I be expected to say a kind word for a murderer who was not suspected or arrested and did not cause anyone else to be suspected or arrested in his stead? I regret to have to add that the author who has so trifled with my affection for the gruesome is no other than my admired Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

> Whenever I read of a quest for gold— The kind that happened in days of old, When someone, finding a cryptic clue, Chartered a ship with a cut-throat crew,

And sailed straight into a lurid squall Of mutinous oaths and musket-ball—You know the type? Whenever, I say, A story of this kind comes my way All else is abandoned, and down I sit And then and there I am on to it. People, period, place of the quest The author may settle as he thinks best, But, whatsoever the form it take, One proviso I always make-The find, when the questers do unearth it. Must be something that's really worth it.

And that's where Hamilton Drummond's tale. Winds of God (PAUL), seems to fail. It's told with charm; there are thrills enough; The heroine's tender, the hero tough; The brave ship's company lacks no brawn: Most of their number are deftly drawn. But the paltry sum that they fetch away's

A scandalous slur on the good old days.

Fifteen thousand! Good Lord! Why, I'm Paid nearly that for this trifling rhyme!

Humbly I bow the knee to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS; at last I throw up the sponge and confess that, although he seems to find no difficulty in writing fresh tales about Dartmoor, I am on my beam ends to avoid repetition in criticising them. Fifteen short stories are contained in The Old Time Before Them (MURRAY), and with such ease does Mr. PHILLPOTTS tell them, that it would not

surprise me in the least to reserve fifteens ready to appear in the field. The tales are put into the mouth of Johnny Rowland, landlord of "The Plume of Feathers," who was both a publican and a bit of a sinner. For although Johnny's own beverage was "dry ginger," he practised various amusing devices to induce his customers to settle down to bibulous evenings. The Old Time Before Them neither harms nor improves its author's reputation, and doubtless it will provide a fund of amusement for those who are not weary of the shrewd sayings and rather grim humour of the Dartmoor natives.



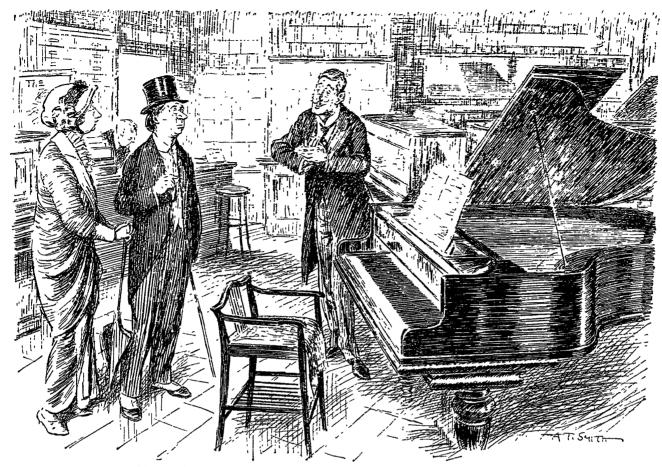
UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS. JULIUS CÆSAR ALLEVIATES THE SUFFERINGS OF A WOUNDED

"The Terriers' team won the toss, and elected to bat first, and the Reserves, captained by Sergeant Fawsitt, won the toss and elected to bat first."—Orpington Times.

Sergeant Fawsitt. Heads it is. We'll go in. Terrier Captain (indignantly). I distinctly heard you say tails. (Left arguing.)

"Altogether he obtained four 6's and ninoteen 4's, and his only mistake was when 52 Humphreys missed him in the deep field." Glasgow Herald.

The luncheon interval sometimes has this effect. Though it may have seemed like fifty-two Humphreys to the reporter, it was actually only one.



Nervous Assistant (to purchaser of grand piano). "Can we send it for you?"

#### CHARIVARIA.

THE visit of British M.P.'s to Australia does not appear to be arousing a great deal of enthusiasm there. According to Reuter's despatch from Sydney, "The British parliamentary visitors were accorded a civil reception at Newcastle." We fancy they expected something more than this.

At the Russian Olympic meeting at Kieff the prize for the high jump was won by Mlle. Popova. With superb reticence we make no comment.

The POET LAUREATE is said to be writing a poem on the approaching royal wedding. The fact that "Fife" rhymes so easily with "wife" renders the task more simple than usual.

"Sir Herbert Tree," says The Daily Sketch, "is not what we would call a superstitious man. He has no mascot, for instance, like Mr. Cyril Maude." Possibly, however, he has one like a Teddy Bear?

Association, expressed the view that ment d'Hélène was taking place. our food supply may only last for three centuries more. May we, in the circumstances, beg all little boys to be as sparing as possible in their diet?

Suffragettes damaged the bowlinggreen of the South Croydon Club last week by burning the words "Votes for Women" into the turf. The rumour that this has produced many converts among the members lacks confirmation.

The Durban correspondent of The Standard tells us that the performance of "ismet" by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE'S company there has been causing trouble. It is obviously not O.K.

"A Householder" writes us a word in favour of the cinematograph. For the second time in his life, he says, he has had to carry a drunken and struggling cook out of his house. On the first occasion, which happened about ten years ago, a huge and excited crowd collected. Last week, however, the long." incident attracted little attention, Our contemporary heads this quite Professor Dickson, in an address passers-by merely imagining that a simply "Five foot beard."

delivered at the meeting of the British cinematograph rehearsal of L'Enlève-

Garters with flap pockets have, we read, been invented by an American hosiery manufacturer to aid women in carrying jewellery or money. We understand that, so long as slit skirts are the vogue, pick-pockets will not lodge a protest against this new contrivance.

The Rev. Boyd Morison, of Darlington, pleads for more comfort in churches. and suggests that the seating accommodation might be made more luxurious. Uncomfortable seats undoubtedly account for much of the insomnia from which many church-goers suffer during the sermon.

The Daily Express is taking the lead in the campaign against sensational head-lines. Consider, for instance, the following paragraph in a recent issue:-

"M. Coulon, who lives at Montlucon, wears a beard which is three yards thirty inches

## THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

"WE must really do something about the bath," said Celia.

"We must," I agreed.

At present what we do is this. whenever it is, Celia goes in to make herself clean and beautiful for the new day, while I amuse myself with a razor. After a quarter-of-an-hour or so she gives a whistle to imply that the bathone to indicate that I have only cut myself once. I then go hopefully in and find that the bath is half-full of water; whereupon I go back to my room and engage in Dr. Hugh de Sélincourt's physical exercises for the middle-aged. After these are over I return to my room and busy myself with | hoosh it out." Dr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S mental drill for busy men. By the time I have committed three Odes of Horace to memory, it may be low tide or it may not; if not, I sit on the edge of the bath with the daily paper and read about the latest strike—my mind occupied equally with wondering when the water is going out and when the 'busmen are. And the thought that Celia is now in the dining-room eating more than her share of the toast does not console me in the least.

"Yes," I said, "it's absurd to go on like this. You had better see about it

to-day, Celia."

"I don't think-I mean, I thinkyou know, it's really your turn to do

something for the bath-room."

"What do you mean, my turn? Didn't I buy the glass shelves for it? You'd never even heard of glass shelves."

"Well, who put them up after they'd been lying about for a month?" said

Celia. "I did."

"And who bumped his head against them the next day? I did."

"Yes, but that wasn't really a useful thing to do. It 's your turn to be useful."

"Čelia, this is mutiny. All household matters are supposed to be looked after by you. I do the brain-work; I earn the money; I cannot be bothered with these little domestic worries. I have said so before."

"I sort of thought you had."

You know, I am afraid that is true. We are, indeed, often having these little arguments as to whose turn it is to be useful. We had one about Jane's insurance card. Celia got it in the end, but only after I had been very firm about it.

"After all," she said, "the drinks are in your department."

"Hock, perhaps," I said; "soapy water, no. There is a difference."

"Not very much," said Celia.

getting seriously alarmed. I began to fear that unless I watched it very care-Punctually at six-thirty or nine or fully I should be improving myself too fully."

"While the water was running out this morning," I said to Celia, as I started my breakfast just about lunchtime, "I got Paradise Lost off by heart room is now vacant, and I give another and made five hundred and ninety-six revolutions with the back paws. then I had to shave myself again. What a life for a busy man!"

"I don't know if you know that it's

"Begin again," I said.

"——that it's no good waiting for take another look at the bath, discover the last inch or two to go out by itself. that it is now three-eighths full, and Because it won't. You have to - to

"I do. And I sit on the taps looking like a full moon and try to draw it out. But it's no good. We had a neap tide to-day and I had to hoosh four inches.

Celia gave a sigh of resignation.

plumber to-day.'

"Not the plumber," I begged. "On the contrary. The plumber is the man who stops the leaks. What we really want is an unplumber."

We fell into silence again.

"But how silly we are!" cried Celia suddenly. "" Of course!"

"What's the matter now?"

"The bath is the landlord's business! Write and tell him."

"But—but what shall I say?" Somehow I knew Celia would put it on to

"Why, just—say. When you're paying the rent, you know."
"I—I see.";

I retired to the library and thought it out. I hate writing business letters. The result is a mixture of formality and chattiness which seems to me all wrong.

My first letter to the landlord went

like this:-

"DEAR SIR,-I enclose cheque in payment of last quarter's rent. Our bath won't run out properly. Yours faithfully."

It is difficult to say just what is wrong with that letter, and yet it is obvious that something has happened to it. It isn't right. I tried

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find cheque in payment of enclosed account. I must ask you either to enlarge the exit to our bath or to supply an emergency door. At present my morning and evening baths are in serious danger of clashing. Yours faithfully.".

My third attempt had more sting in

"DEAR SIR,-Unless you do some-By the end of another week I was thing to our bath I cannot send you a cheque in payment of enclosed account. Otherwise I would have. Yours faith-

At this point I whistled to Celia and

laid the letters before her.

"You see what it is," I said. "I'm

not quite getting the note."

"But you're so abrupt," she said. "You must remember that this is all coming quite as a surprise to him. You want to lead up to it more gradually."

"Ah, perhaps you're right. Let's try

again.'

I tried again, with this result-

"DEARSIR,-In sending you a cheque in payment of last quarter's rent I feel I must tell you how comfortable we The only inconvenience are here. and it is indeed a trifling one, dear Sir-which we have experienced is in connection with the bath-room. Elcgantly appointed and spacious as this room is, commodious as we find the actual bath itself, yet we feel that in the matter of the waste-pipe the high "All right," she said, "I'll go to the standard of efficiency so discernible elsewhere is sadly lacking. Were I alone I should not complain; but unfortunately there are two of us; and, for the second one, the weariness of waiting while the waters of the first bath exude drop by drop is almost more than can be borne. I speak with knowledge, for it is I who \_\_\_\_\_,

I tore the letter up and turned to

Celia.

"I'm a fool," I said. "I've just thought of something which will save me all this rotten business every morning.

"I'm so glad. What is it?"

"Why, of course—in future I will go to the bath first."

And I do. It is a ridiculously simple solution, and I cannot think why it never occurred to me before.

A. A. M.

#### Entertaining made easy.

"AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FIGURE. SPLENDID FACILITIES FOR ENTERTAINING. One of the most entertaining Adam Mansions in the West End for Sale." Advt. in "The Morning Post."

"In view of the surplus of £20,000 shown in the municipal accounts, the 2,000 citizens of Klingenberg, Germany, were not only absolved of all taxation for the year, but were each presented with £20 from the town treasury."—Tit-Bits.

The Town Clerk is now adding up the figures again. He has a sort of feeling that a mistake has been made, and that the treasury has been too hasty.



## SAVING HER FACE.

Turkey. "SORRY, MADAM, I COULDN'T OBLIGE YOU BY RETIRING."

EUROPA (with great dignity). "NOT AT ALL. YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT AT THE VERY

START I STRONGLY INSISTED ON THE STATUS QUO."



## THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

(After a day's sea-fishing.)

Mother. "I don't think we want to keep more than one or two, children?" Tom. "HAVE THAT ONE, MUMMY-HAVE THAT ONE-HE STRUGGLED MOST."

## IN SELF-DEFENCE GREAT VIOLINIST SPEAKS OUT. (Special.)

THE prominence attached to a recent account of Signor Caruso's activities as an agriculturalist has elicited a dignified and striking letter of protest from Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist, who the following facts:has recently incorporated his father-inlaw's name with his own and slightly modified the latter by deed poll." "I see it stated," observes Mr. Boldero-Bamborough, "that CARUSO is the possessor of several large estates in Tuscany, including twenty farms at Bellosguardo; that he is building an art gallery in the eighteenth-century style to house his collection of statuary, and that another of his country houses is surrounded by sixteen farms, each containing a piano.

noble profession to which I am proud that every cow-byre is fitted with a my personal affairs on the public-not gramophone. only from my own ingrained aversion fastidious self-suppression of my wife, née Polyxena Boldero, and my fatherin-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L. —I have no choice but to make known | ninety by fifteen yards.

"My property includes an estate of 5,000 square miles in New Guinea, a Islands, a mine in Alaska, an elephant ranche in Central India, a deer forest Tipperary, and fifty farms in Norfolk. under my own supervision, the produce including thousands of tons of of Mayfair. tomatoes, turkeys, Bombay ducks, milk from the cocoa-nut plantations, broad beans from the Broads and "The obvious inference to be drawn many thousands of gallons of goose-This is nothing less than a slur upon the piano on every labourer's holding, but cannibals."

to belong. Loath as I am to obtrude pianola and every pig-sty with a

"At my residence, Bamborough from advertisement but in view of the Towers, near Thetford, there are three butlers, fourteen footmen, thirty-six best bedrooms, and twenty bathrooms.

"My silver swimming-bath measures

"My press-cutting room, which is decorated with porphyry columns, with a ceiling painted by SIGISMUND GOETZE. rubber plantation in the Solomon is the largest in the world. My presscutter is an M.A. and Litt.D.

"I feel it necessary to repeat, though in Sutherlandshire, a tobacco farm in it is most painful to me to do so, that my father-in-law is Sir Pompey Boldero, The management of the latter I keep F.R.S.L., whose name is a household word in the most fashionable salons

"It remains to be added that I am the only violinist of world-wide distinction who is the father of triplets (Orpheus, Beethoven and Paganini), and has from this statement is that such berry wine. I think it only right to been kidnapped by Nihilists, serenaded prosperity is exceptional in a musician. add that not only is there a cottage by Amazons and partially eaten by

## THE WINGED VICTORY.

course, there are supporters of the the bugle shrilling an inch from my ear. intemperance has been his ruin. theory that mosquitoes are Militants. But I know he is a he, and I know his again the pest vanishes into nothing.... I have no paltry feelings of revenge; name, too: it is, for obvious reasons,

tains, I place the candle inside them on the bed. Then, with the closest scrutiny, I satisfy myself that there is no mosquito inside, as indeed Eleanora, the handmaid, had done some hours earlier, when she made the bed. "Niente, niente," she had assured me, as she always does. None the less, again I go carefully round it, examining the net for any faulty hanging which might let in an insect ascending with malice from the floor.

This being done, I creep through, blow out the candle

and go to sleep.

I have slept perhaps an hour when a shrill bugle call, which I conceive in my dreams to be the Last Trump, awakens me, and as I awake I realise once again the melancholy fact that it is no Last Trump at all but that there is, as there always is, a mosquito inside the curtains.

Alreadyhe has probably bitten me in several places; at any cost he must be prevented from biting me again. I sit up and feel my face all over to discover if my beauty has been assailed; for that is the thing I most dread. (Without beauty what are we?) I lie quite still while I do this, straining to catch his horrid song

again; and suddenly there it is so near worst, and I turn no hair. And then, ations in the curtain-raiser. Thus on that I duck my head swiftly, nearly some years later, the blessed day dawns reaching his stall all that the fashionricking my neck in doing so.

This confirming my worst fears, there is nothing for it now but to lift the curtains, slip out on to the cold stone floor, light the candle, and once again go through the futile but necessary movement of locating and expelling a in the Pacific yesterday, but now are mosquito.

That there will be none to expel. I know.

None the less I crawl about and peer into every corner. I shake the clothes, I do everything that can be done short of stripping the curtains, which I am too sleepy to do. And ment which in his saner moments he then I blow out the candle for the second time and endeavour to fall asleep again.

But this time it is more difficult:

Macbeth.)

This is my procedure. I undress, the rest of the night is passed in a It is done with the greatest ease. He then I put on a dressing-gown and half-sleep, in which real mosquitoes or makes no resistance at all, but merely, slippers, and, lifting the mosquito curimaginary mosquitoes equally do their while dying, salutes me with my own

OUR BARBER TAKES UP GARDENING.

and another Italian night of misery has passed; and, gradually recognising this away at the fresh poison in my poor hands and wrists, which were like enough to a map of a volcanic island poignantly more so.

And suddenly, as I thus scratch, I am conscious of a motionless black speck on the curtain above me. . .

It is—yes—no—yes—it is Macbeth. I agitate the gauze, but he takes no notice; I approach my hand, a movewould fly from with the agility of electricity; he remains still. He is either dead or dazed.

I examine him minutely and observe Macbeth has performed his pet trick him to be alive, and the repugnant The question is, What becomes of too thoroughly. At last, however, I truth is forced upon me that he is not the mosquito when you are hunting drowse away, again to be galvanised sudmerely drunk but drunk with my blood. for him? (I say "he," although, of denly into intense vigilance of dread by That purple tide is alcoholic; and his

And so once again I get up and once There is only one thing to be done. The next time I don't care a soldo if but his death is indicated. The future

> blood. It is odd to have it thus spread before one.

> A good colour, I think, and get up, feeling no triumph.

Then, going to the glass, I discern a red lump on my aristocratic nose, hitherto my best

feature....
P.S.—There is no cure for mosquito bites, all the chemists of the world to the contrary. There is not even a lenitive.

## THE CURTAIN-RAISER.

SIR,—The discussion raised by the recent substitution at a West End theatre of variety turns for the usual first piece is being briskly maintained. One writer in the Press claims that it should surely be possible for the dramatist to invent some means by which the interest of his play can be so divided as to be enjoyed by late arrivals, no matter at what period of the action they take it up. May I, as a writer of many one act plays, respectfully put forward my proposed solution of this problem? On a system of equable exchange it is frankly borrowed from the music halls. The essence of the idea is a time-table of the leading situ-

ably tardy spectator has to do is to consult his watch, refer to the corbliss, I sit up in bed and begin to tear responding time on the programme, and be at once en rapport with the dramatic position. What could be more simple? I call my proposal the "You Can Start Now" system, and am confident that it only needs to be tried to be generally adopted. An example is enclosed.

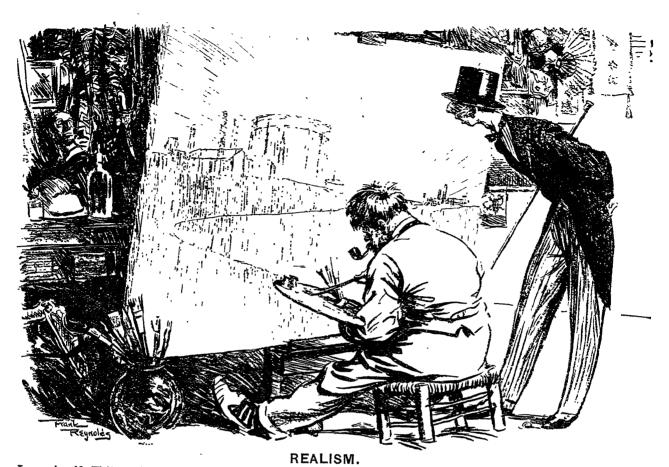
Yours, etc.,

PRACTICAL PLAYWRIGHT.

"HALF AN HOUR."

A Farce in One Act. Every evening at 8.15.

8.15.—Frank, a young dramatist, and Dora at home. They have no



Impressionable Visitor. "By Jove! The gas works! Now that really is top-hole! Do you know, I'll swear I smelt GAS AS I CAME IN!"

money. They therefore live in a dilapidated and inconvenient flat, built he greatly admires. close against the footlights, furnished with any old rubbish from the property-room.

8.18.—Frank explains to Dora that he has an enormously wealthy uncle who imagines him to be still a bachelor, and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.20.—Frank goes out to offer his

play to managers.

8.22.—Dora, alone, explains to the furniture how sorry she is that Frank's enormously wealthy uncle imagines him to be still a bachelor and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.25.—She finds a paper saying that many burglaries have been perpetrated in the neighbourhood, and gives way to comic alarm. [N.B. There is a scream somewhere here which will tell you where you are.]

8.30.—Enter the enormously wealthy

Dora for a house-maid.

8.32.—Dora takes him for a burglar. [N.B. The uncle has white hair and spats, so if you arrive at this point you will not confuse him with Frank.]

8.35.—The uncle kisses Dora, whom

8.38.—Dora shuts uncle in the coalcellar. [The door on your left out of the drawing-room is the coal-cellar. The one on the other side leads to the street.]

8.40.—Dora is frightened again. The uncle bangs on the door (L.).

8.41.—Frank [brown hair, no spats] enters by the right-hand door, and says that his play would be produced if only some rich patron would provide the Go to spend the autumn term in money.

8.42.—Dora is pathetic. There is no more banging, so you will know when she is being pathetic. again laments the obduracy of the uncle.

8.43.—The uncle resumes banging. Frank is startled. Dora explains that it is a burglar.

8.44.—Frank lets out the uncle, who uncle, who asks for Frank, and takes enters with his coat inside out (because of the coal) and his face black.

8.44½.—Explanations prestissimo. 8.45.—The uncle promises to finance Frank's play. Dora joins their hands. Curtain.

8.46.—[Perhaps.] The curtain may go up and down again. Should you arrive at this point, you will see three persons bowing. But you needn't bother about them.

#### PEACE.

When the holidays are over, And to Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover, Mother's darlings by the trainful (After partings rather painful) Schools like "Cliff House" or "St.

Ermin "— When no longer we're appealed to (For our sins) to bowl or field to Little boys who think we play so Very rottenly, and say so-When the shouts which for a while lent Horror to our home are silent, And we realise it's true that There's no need to say, "Don't do

that "-It is then that I confess you Are a blessing, and I bless you,

Folkestone, Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover!

Yes, the holidays are over.

## THE AUTHORS' STRIKE.

THE action of the libraries in placing a modified ban on the circulation of certain novels has led to an unexpected development. Yesterday morning the leaders of the Authors' Union, after a sitting which had lasted all through the night, dec'ded by an overwhelming majority to advise their members to down tools. The advice was instantly followed. At 10 A.M. Mr. John Galsworthy threw his inkstand, his penholders and three boxes of "J" nibs out of the window into the street below, where they were picked up and secreted by an admirer of the novelist. At the same hour Sir GILBERT PARKER publicly burnt his typewriting machines and dismissed his corps of typists, while Mr. Arnold Ben-NETT, after having torn into twenty strips his relief map of the Five Towns, put on his fur coat, entered his motor-car, and set off to Hampstead to join a peaceful picket organised and commanded by Mr. W. B. MAXWELL. Similar scenes were witnessed in most of the novel-factories of the Metro-polis and the adjoining suburbs. The female section of the Union has been very busily employed in arranging processions and embroidering banners. Some of these are of a most tasteful design. One bears the words, "No more Mud from Mudie," surrounded by a laurel wreath. Another is emblazoned with an excellent and terror-striking portrait of Mr. Hall Caine set in the midst of a circle of realistic flashes of lightning. Below this is the appeal (red letters on a black ground), "Who would be Free must smash Class B.

The strike, it should be stated, is not primarily directed against the publishers, but it is difficult to see how these can remain neutral. Mr. John Murray, interviewed by our representative, declared that he sympathised warmly with the Libraries. The strikers, in his opinion, have committed a serious mistake and must fail for lack of funds. None of his own men, he says, has so far shown any intention of ceasing work, and he believes himself to be in a position to guarantee a regular supply of all sorts of books during the autumn. On the other hand Mr. John Lane, when interviewed in Vigo Street, expressed himself in severe terms in regard to the rash action of the Libraries. He ridiculed the idea that strike pay will not be forthcoming. Mr. Lane thought the public did not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate the fact that there were two sexes in the world.

At 4 P.M. a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square. which was packed with a huge crowd of prosperous and well-fed strikers. On the outskirts a brisk business was done by the sellers of Mr. HALL CAINE's autograph, countless specimens of which found purchasers at the starvation price of a guinea apiece. After Mr. A. C. Benson had been voted to the base of Nelson's column much enthusiasm was caused by the appearance of a contingent of sympathetic poets headed by Mr. John Masefield, who brought with him in a covered van a newly-arrived consignment of briny oaths and a sailor's glossary in ten volumes. It was stated that Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Ezra Pound had intended to be present, but a sudden attack of afflatus, a most distressing illness to which they are occasionally liable, had confined them to their homes. All three, however, sent a message expressing warm sympathy with the movement and pledging themselves to abstain from the publication of verse until the demands of the men were conceded. "We may not," they wrote, "be able to control the poetic impulse so far as to prevent ourselves from thinking in metre, but we shall certainly write nothing down." This declaration, when read to the meeting, was received with loud cries of "The battle's won" and "That finishes it."

When calm had been sufficiently restored Mr. A. C. Benson, standing on a platform constructed entirely out of books written by himself, opened the proceedings. It was not for him, he said, to pass any harsh judgment even on the proprietors of circulating libraries. What they had done spoke for itself. A wrong had been committed, and, as the Bishop of Kamschatka once observed to him, wrong must be righted before anything valuable could be undertaken. He (the speaker) had not read the books complained of, but that very fact made it possible for him to take an impartial view. Moderation was all very well, but even those whose lives were a round of limpid tranquillity could join with others who were moved to action by a sense of intolerable oppression. He had much pleasure in proposing a resolution pledging those present to support the strike by a voluntary royalty of fifteen per cent. on the selling price of their books, thirteen to count as twelve, together with ten per cent. on American and Colonial sales.

At this point Mr. Bernard Shaw drove up in a Roman chariot. He was closely guarded on one side by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, mounted on a Suffolk Punch, and on the other by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who rode a horse stated to have been purchased from a French battery of artillery. Mr. Shaw, having removed Mr. Benson from the chair, proceeded to describe himself as a martyr, but was himself immediately flung from the platform by Mr. Belloc, who danced on him, and Mr. Chesterton, who fell on him. Mr. Belloc then attempted to propose a resolution condemning Judaism in politics, while Mr. Chesterton denounced the Insurance Act, and the meeting broke up in indescribable confusion.

Later.—It is reported that some of the publishers, acting in concert with the Libraries, have decided to import three hundred American novelists of both sexes in order to break the strike. Pickets have been sent to all the ports to persuade these blacklegs to return to their own country, and the worst is feared.

### "AND THEN THERE WAS NONE."

["Only one case has come to our notice," says a daily paper, "of a subscriber who was satisfied with his telephone service."]

I was that man, Sir, I was satisfied;
Alone in London, nay, alone in Britain,
I never growled about my 'phone, or sighed
("The office 'phone" I really should have written);
Dear heaven, how could there be the slightest hitch
While Claribel, my queen, was on the switch?

I got her every time in one, and then
What bliss was ours, what billing and what cooing!
In vain might uninitiated men
And maidens overhear our wire-borne wooing;
In sooth, it is not generally known

How kisses sound upon the telephone.

But late, upon a day of direct grief,

The darling rang me up and spake me sweetly;
The call was answered by my gouty chief—
Since when my love has cut me off completely.

Now, Sir, the "satisfied subscriber" groans
And vehemently swears at telephones!

#### Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. Herbert Pullar, in blue, with a small black hat; Mrs. Mitchell, of Glassel, in black, with an ivory and blue hat; Mrs. Martin White, in a white suit and small black and white hat!"

Why this note of exclamation? A correspondent who saw the hat assures us that it was quite all right.

## THE UNIVERSITY PROVIDER.

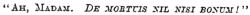
[Lady Boot's declaration that she is prepared to take fifty college girls as assistants in Boot's Stores is likely to lead to the general development of a superior type of shopwoman.]



"MY LITTLE BOY HAS A COLD IN HIS NOSE. I WANT——"
"CERTAINLY, MADAM. MISS SMYTHE, PRODUCE THE NASOPHARYNGEAL PAROLEINE ATOMISER FOR SPRAYING OLEAGINOUS
AND AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS."



"So that fur's what you call mink? Well, I call it just miserable common  ${\it cat.}$ "





"I WANT CORSETS SUITABLE FOR GOLF."

<sup>&</sup>quot;The very thing, Madam. They allow free play of the pectoralis major and the latissimus dorsi and don't interfere with the digitations of the serratus magnus."



"But is it a really good hair-restorer?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Well, Madam, I can assure you that my old college friends, Lady Dumpshire and Lady Di Spiffington, *ALWAYS* USE IT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT BEAUTIFUL HAIR THEY HAVE. A BIG BOTTLE, MADAM? THANK YOU."



The Lady (on a cheap week-end visit). "Where's yer manners, Brown-blowin' on yer tea? Anybody might take yer FOR A DAY-TRIPPER.

### ON SIMON'S STACK.

HILL shepherds, hard north-country men,

Bring down the baa'ing blackface droves

To market or to shearing-pen From the high places and the

High places of the fox and gled, Groves of the stone-pine on the

Lone sanctuaries where we have said, "The gods have been; the gods may

'Mid conifer and fern and whin I sat; the turf was warm and dry; A sailing speck, the peregrine

Wheeled in the waste of azure sky; The blue-grey clouds of pinewoods clung,

Their vanguard climbed the heathery steep

A terrier with lolling tongue Blinked in my shadow, half asleep.

The Legion's Way shone far beneath; A javelin white as Adria's foam, It gleamed across dark leagues of heath To Rome, to everlasting Rome;

Likewise from Rome to Simon's Stack | "A wind from down the corrie's cup-(That's logical, at least), and so It may have brought a Huntress back On trails She followed long ago!

I watched my drifting smoke-wreaths

And pictured Pagans plumed and tense

Who climbed the hill to sacrifice To great Diana's excellence; And—"Just the sort of church for me." I said, and heard a fir-cone fall; The puppy bristled at my knee-And that was absolutely all.

A queer thing is a clump of fir; But, if it's old and on a hill. Free to that ancient trafficker.

The wind, it's ten times queerer still; Sometimes it's filled with bag-pipe skirls.

Anon with heathen whispering; Just then it seemed alive with girls Who laughed, and let a bowstring

Yes, funny things your firwoods do: They fill with elemental sounds; Hence, one has fancied feet that flew And the high whimpering of hounds; Useful during a 'bus strike.

Only the wind," said I to Tramp; He heard—stern down and hackles up, I-with a forehead strangely damp. Wind? or the Woodland Chastity Passing, as once, upon Her way,

That left a little dog and me Confounded in the light of day? A rabbit hopped across the track; The pup pursued with shrill ki-yi; I asked him which, when he came back; He couldn't tell—no more can I.

"Hitherto the record year for the four months from May to August has been 1911, but this summer 75,000 people in excess of that number landed on the island."

Liverpool Evening Express. Making 76,911 altogether.

> "STOLEN POST OFFICE SAFE." Daily News.

We are glad that the missing post-office has been traced at last. We were really getting quite anxious.

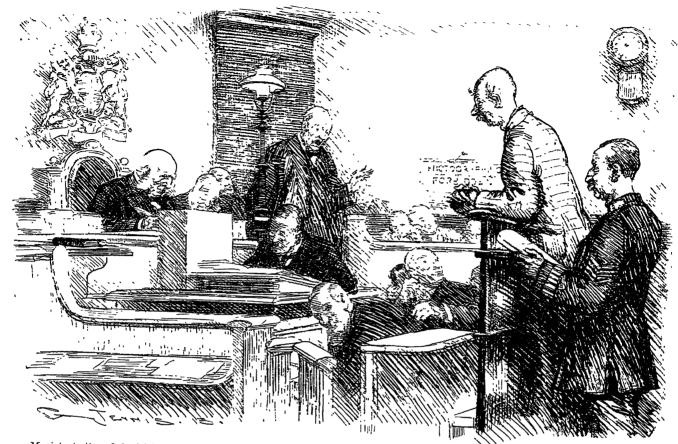
"Wanted. — Good General Servant for Hampstead, London. Good home for willing girl with good charabane." Advt. in "Barmouth County Advertiser."



## THE DAWN OF HARMONY.

Mr. Redmond (to Mr. Asquith). "I'LL DARE YE TO COMPROMISE!" SIR EDWARD CARSON (to Mr. Bonar  $L_{AW}$ ). "D'YE HEAR HWAT THE GINTLEMAN SAYS? I'M WID HIM ENTIRELY."

LORD LOREBURN (cherub). "AH, HA! ALREADY THEY BEGIN TO AGREE."



Magistrate (to yokel visiting London and taken into custody for stealing bicycle). "I have a good mind to send you to prison FOR SIX MONTHS." Yokel. "YER CAN'T." Magistrate. "How is THAT?" Yokel. "AH'VE NOBBUT COOM FOR THREE DAYS."

### A TEST CASE.

AT the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Darling and a Special Jury, George Duncan (thirty), who gave his address as Hanger Hill, Ealing, pled not guilty to the charge that, at Muckle Brigbrae, N.B., he had wickedly and feloniously broken a valuable record, the property of Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach, commission agent in Glasgow. Owing to the exasperation of public sentiment in Muckle Brigbrae and adjacent parts of Scotland, it had been deemed expedient to remove this case to a calmer atmosphere, and Mr. Justice Darling consented to preside, on receiving a hearty and unanimous requisition signed by the Press Association and other eminent news agencies. The Special Jury was composed of six minor golf professionals, and the amateur champions of the South-West of Ireland, Bohemia, East Rut-

Taylor as jurors, on the ground that Duncan had gone back to Muckle Brigthey had been accessories before, during, and after the alleged offence. They court, which was free from casual water. The court was crowded, and Mr. Justice Darling explained at the outset that if anybody laughed before he, the learned Judge, came to the point of a joke it would be necessary to have it—the court, not the joke (loud laughter)—instantly cleared. Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., appeared for the ness. He had been known among his accused. The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae held a watching brief for himself and the Publicity Committee of the Muckle Brigbrae Town Council.

Mr. Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach said in evidence that he was the holder of the record which the accused had broken. He had acquired the record—a 72—six years ago, and with any ordinary luck it would have been a 70, two full brassie shots having stopped on the lip of the hole. Though landshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who prosecuted, had objected to James Prosecuted, had objected to James attempted to break complainer's record, by the did not know the accused personally, he believed that Duncan had a grudge against him, for two years ago he had attempted to break complainer's record, brother and the assistant green-keeper. Braid, Thomas Ball and John Henry but had failed to get under 72. Now I was playing their best ball.

brae, and by going round in 67 had broken complainer's record and made were accommodated in the well of the it of absolutely no value as a family heirloom, and totally useless to complainer as an asset in the commission business. As a consequence of Duncan's conduct witness's orders had already fallen 35 per cent., and he was now seeing managing-clerks instead of principals. He would lose by Duncan's conduct socially as well as in his busifriends as Brigbrae Cattanach, but they used that name now in a jeering way. Men who used to take a third from him now wanted to play him level. This was a serious matter for any business

man in the West of Scotland.

Mr. F. E. SMITH (to witness). You say you made this record six years ago. Had you any witnesses?—Of corrse. It was a three-ball match.

Mr. Justice Darling. Played chiefly by pawnbrokers, Mr. Smith. (Laughter.) been a Family Record.

proving character. (Laughter.)

a Family Record?—It was our Family Record until the accused broke it.

and an assistant green-keeper. Did hoose-lettin for next season. you tip the green-keeper?

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M' lud, I have never heard so foul an insinuation made in a Court of Justice in the whole course of my professional experience.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Then you have

been much more fortunate

than I. (Laughter.) Mr. SMITH. I ask you again, Mr. Cattanach. Did

you tip this assistant greenkeeper?—Yes.

 $\tilde{M}r.$  Smith. How much?— A shilling. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Smith.Was that before or after this alleged record?—After.

Mr. SMITH. To purchase his silence, I suppose?—No.

Mr. SMITH. Did you hole out on every green?-Yes, on every green.

Mr. SMITH. You never lifted your ball?-Oh, yes. Twice.

Mr. SMITH. Oh, you lifted your ball twice, did you? Why was that?—Because I had laid my brother a stymie.

Mr. Justice DARLING. What is a stymie?

Mr. SMITH. A stymie, m'lud, is the fortuitous juxtaposition of two balls on the putting green, so that the one nearer the hole is in line with and obstructs the path of the ball further from the hole, it being essential to the emergence of the condition of stymiefaction that the balls should lie more than six inches from each other, measured from the nearest protrusion or depression on the circumference of each ball.

[At this point James Braid fainted by Thomas Ball and John Henry TAYLOR, who both used the interlocking grip.

Mr. SMITH. I submit, m' lud, that there is no case to go to the jury. The alleged Cattanach record, upon which the charge against my client depends, itself depends upon evidence that is partly fraternal and partly venal and altogether untrustworthy.

Mr. Smith. Never mind about their The Provost of Muchle Brightae had no intention of treating Mr. Catbest ball. It is your ball I want to (speaking under strong emotion). And tanach's record, a highly creditable know about. This appears to have I submit, my loard, that Mr. Smith one, so roughly as to cause a compound disna ken whit he 's talkin' aboot. This fracture. Mr. Justice Darling. That sounds record has stood for sax year. It has like a domestic magazine of an im-been of the greatest public uteelity break it gently. to Muckle Brigbrae. It has brocht Mr. SMITH. Very good, m'lud. (To hunderds of golfers doon every simmer meant to go round in 70 or 71, as his witness) Do you admit that this was to see if they couldna gang round in professional friends did. But in his seeventy-wan. An they 've aye come own words, "The ball would not keep back, wi' their wives an' faimlies, to out of the hole." My client had no Mr. Smith. Don't quibble with me, hae another lick at it. An' noo this animus whatever against Mr. Cattanach Sir. You say that the witnesses of lad Duncan has come breengin' in wi' this athletic triumph were your brother his saxty-seeven—fair ruination to the brae. He is willing to give an under-



"Wot I sez is, a man can drink as much as 'e likes so long AS 'E DON'T HINTERFERE WITH ME; BUT AS SOON AS 'E HINTER-FERES WITH ME 'E'S A NOOSANCE TO SOCIETY.''

accused joined them, the Provost of Muck'e Brigbrae, producing a copy of "Funny Cuts" from his umbrella, was immediately invited to take a seat on the Bench, and at once consented to do so.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M'lud, I am pleased to say that the prisoner has consented, on the advice of his professional friends, to plead guilty to an error of judgment, and in these circumstances, and in view of the undertaking which I have obtained from himself and his friends, the Crown will not press for a conviction. (Loud applause.) and had to be carried out of court I may say that I welcome this conclusion to proceedings which have been conducted, so far as the defence is concerned, with the scrupulous fairness and moderation in statement which are so characteristic of my friend.

Mr. SMITH. I have to thank my friend for sentiments which I heartily reciprocate. My client is willing to admit that in going round the course the least consideration."—Evening News. of Muckle Brigbrae in 67 strokes he It certainly seldom gets it.

Mr. Justice Darling. He meant to

Mr. SMITH. Quite so, m'lud. He or the Town Council of Muckle Brigcose-lettin' for next season. taking, and so are his professional friends, that in playing exhibition games caused by the return to court of they will in future refrain from knock-JOHN HENRY TAYLOR and THOMAS ing more than two strokes off the local BALL, accompanied by ALEXANDER amateur record, except in cases where HERD. During a whispered con-they may obtain the previous consent sultation, in which counsel and the in writing of the record-holder and the

local authority to reduce the record by more than that number. I trust that this settlement will be approved by your lordship, and also by the Provost of Muckle

Brigbrae.

The Provost. Weel, aweel. the mischeef is dune noo. We'll jist need to tryst an extry baund o' peeryotts for next simmer.

Mr. Justice Darling (to the jury). As nothing humorous occurs to me at the moment, I suggest a formal acquittal, gentlemen.

The Foreman. Yes, my lord. And the jury desire to add a rider in the form of a recommendation that Mr. Duncan and his professional brethren

should abstain from playing at all on the championship courses of South-West Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Justice Darling. I shall forward this recommendation to the proper quarter. The accused is discharged.

[The prisoner was warmly congratulated on stepping down from the Outside the court some excitement was aroused by the eccentric behaviour of an Aberdonian gentleman, who grasped his young fellow-townsman by the arm, and invited him to tea at an A.B.C. shop, explaining, in a burst of generosity, "You'll can tak' twa cups, George, an it'll no cost you a single bawbee."

"Now in a dispute of the kind which is threatened there are three parties to be considered, the employers, the men, and the public, and the last is certainly not entitled to

## AN APPRECIATION.

I gor a good idea to-day, A hint that stuck and grew, The very thing for verse, you'd say-Bright, topical, and new.

And, as I wrote, my jest maintained A fine crescendo swell, Until, the grand finale gained, It wound up rather well.

Then to a neighbouring typist-maid, Well pleased I took my lay, And, being in a hurry, stayed To bring the lines away.

And she my precious bantling bore Where other maidens wrought, And, through the half-closed inner door, I watched her; till I thought-

"This must be quite a change for her Whom dull MSS. irk. Not often thus can wit confer Such glamour on her work."

And so I stood, and looked to see How, in this pleasant case, My sparkling points should presently Irradiate her face.

But not so; even when she came Where they most brightly shone, Just near the end, 'twas all the same-Stolid she hammered on.

"Ah, wait," I thought, "that last line

She'll loose her pent delight;" But up she jumped, and all she said Was, "Wish he'd learn to write!"

## SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT?

Sir James Barrie's new plays, should have murdered the man who insisted little daughter, who was suffering support Leonora heartily in her action. on the railway carriage window being from a severe cold, was an unhappy kept open, will be a topic for discussion error. I have it on the authority of for some time to come. The Pall Mall the medical press that for a cold, Gazette is emphatically of opinion that some other and less serious crime should is the only adequate specific. I do not have been committed, the capital charge know whether Sir James Barrie makes being hardly suitable for comic treat- it clear that the child was suffering ment. And it is certainly the case from bronchial catarrh, but, unless he that, had Leonora committed larceny definitely states that it was another or forgery, or even blackmail, instead kind of cold, I think that we may of murder, there might have been a happier laughter inspired by the play.

At the same time, for another person to keep a railway carriage window open when one wants it closed is a serious offence and merits a severe punishment. It is only equalled by that of a person | the line." who closes the window when one particularly wants it open.



It is possible that the question Editor. "DID YOU SAY YOU EVOLVED THIS JOKE YOURSELF?" Artist. "I DID, SIR." whether  $\hat{Leonora}$ , the heroine of one of | Editor. "H'M, and yet you don't look more than thirty years of age."

error. I have it on the authority of especially bronchial catarrh, fresh air assume that the malady took that form. When the little girl got home she would have found that the open window had greatly benefited her. It was a pity, therefore, that *Leonora* pushed in the carriage. She, therefore, acted her child's would-be benefactor on to for his good."

Another correspondent, whose views on Friday."—Wellington Weekly News. This expression of affection for her to suffer tortures from draught. 1 him shy.

My only criticism is that a better victim might have been found.'

A third writes: "But was it murder? The man wanted fresh air, and to that end he kept the window open. Leonora, being an intelligent woman (the author, I think, makes that fairly clear), argued that he would have still more fresh air if the door also were open. and for his good she opened the door. A little further contemplation (it was: but the work of a moment) caused her to conclude that the lover of fresh air would find more outside the door than

"Mr. Frank Haskings, of Bathealton, was

writes: "Leonora did a great wrong. with a man whose obstinacy causes me No doubt the strange company made

## "A ROGUE IN GRAIN."

I stoop for some time outside the dealer's shop, displaying an altogether fictitious interest in its altogether fictitious antiques. At intervals of five tabloid form. Finally I pulled myself innocent until proved guilty." together and went in.

"I have come," I said to the proprietor, "about that chair which I bought."

If I had any romantic notion that he would behave like Macbeth at the sight dale never made a chair like that-er of Banquo's ghost, I was promptly brought back to earth.

"That Chippendale chair," he amended briskly. "Yes, Sir. You sent it back. I have it in the yard if you

want to look at it again.'

I didn't ever want to look at it again. The thing was a fake. An expert had told me so. . . . But I wanted its former owner to be confronted with it, so I followed him into the yard, hating apology, "I thought—I mean I was him immensely. He had what he himself might have described as a bow front and baroque features. Also, I knew that he knew that he knew far more about antiques than I did.

But I had been told quite positively that the chair was a fake. . . .

He looked at it tenderly.

"As nice a article o' furniture as any gentleman could wish to 'ave in his library," he apostrophized it.

I produced his invoice.

"Genuine eighteenth-century Chippendale arm-chair," I read tentatively.

"Certainly, Sir."

"I propose one of two amendments. Either 'genuine twentieth - century Chippendale chair, or 'imaginary eighteenth-century chair with Chippendale and other features."

I had prepared this speech beforehand, together with the cold, acid tone which should have accompanied it. Which should have accompanied

"In other words," said the dealer, with a deliberate straightforwardness, "-let us be plain about it, Sir, if you | blame me for what Chippendale chose please—you mean that I've set my to do. He was a master cabinet-maker; and to that invoice, thereby perpetu- I'm only a dealer." ating a fraud?"

"Oh—er—I didn't mean that," I protested. "A-a mistake, perhaps." Dash it all! If it was I who was making the mistake, my attitude was an awkward one to get out of. I oughtn't | pendale or after?" to have condemned him unheard.

"A mistake!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Me! But I see what it is.

"I know, I know! These 'ere amacher experts! Come now, sir, what did 'e tell you was wrong with this piece? Before I alter the invoice I 'ope you'll substantiate your statements asperative to its authenticity. minutes I swallowed a dose of tonic in Under English law even a antique's

> He was rallying me in a humorous, indulgent sort of way, and I felt an awful worm. But I had to say some-

thing.

"The point is," I began, "Chippen--did he?"

"Perhaps not another like that, Sir," said the dealer gravely. "Of course, that chair's a rarity—and charged for according, I admit.

There was no doubt the man was honest, or he'd never have said a thing

like that.

"I-see," I said. "I see . . . . The fact is," I continued, by way of candid told—it oughtn't to have an Adam vase

in the back splat.'

"No, it oughtn't!" agreed the dealer ecstatically. "By all the accepted ideas, it oughtn't! I tell you, that chair proves something. It proves," he continued enthusiastically, "that Adam got his inspiration not direct from the classic furniture - periods, but via Chippendale. That chair's what I call a missing link. It'll come to be talked about."

"By Jove! will it really?" I cried. "Well, what about the Gothic work on the rest of the back? And the Chinese

legs?"

These had been other counts in the expert's indictment. But I made it clear that I was only asking for information, I was perfectly satisfied.
"Both Chippendale features," said

the dealer gravely.

"But—er—in the same chair?"

queried.

"It looks like it, don't it? I don't care for it myself—seems a mixture of styles to my mind—but you can't

"Of course!" I agreed. "I suppose it's the same with the feet. They're

Louis Quinze, aren't they?'

"Now I ask you, Sir," he demanded, "did Louis Quinze come before Chip-

I was unable to tell him, and anyway there was no need. It was perfectly

"Er—you'll send it back to-morrow then?" was all I said.

"Very good," he replied with dignity. and we returned to the shop.

Then he was so ill-advised-for it was what I dreaded, feeling that I deserved it—as to begin a sermon.

"'Aving, I 'ope, convinced you of my bonâ fide," he began, "I don't deny that I feel 'urt by your suspicions. Of course there are dishonest dealers, just as there's dishonest gentlemen. If I'd been one of them, I don't deny that there's other features about that chair, over and above what you noticed, that might 'ave give rise to doubt. I don't mind pointing them out. The lack of freedom in the curves, for instancethe modern look about the fretworkthe state of preservation.

. Wasn't he carrying his candour rather beyond the bounds of reason?

"As a matter of fack the lack of freedom in the curves is a most useful indext in determining the date of the article. It shows that this chair was manufactured while Chippendale was in mourning for the death of his partner. 'Aig. I'm sorry about the fretwork. I touched it up here and there myself, because it was a bit dilapidated. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known my word was going to be doubted. I bought the chair off an old lady that 'ad just discovered it in an old cupboard in the panelling of 'er 'ouse. That's why it's preserved so well and kept its polish. She found Chippendale's original bill for it, too, and I wish more than ever now that she 'adn't burned it.'

I had been convinced, perfectly convinced. But now . . . in the persistence of his endeavour to climb the very topmost pinnacle of virtue, I felt that he was toppling...toppling....

"I see you 'ave nothing to say," he resumed. "I know I ave no remedy against these aspersions which 'ave been made. I'm only a dealer. But speaking to you as a gentleman, Sir, in a way which I 'ope you will understand, I make bold to say that your way of doing business is Not Cricket, Sir-Not Cricket!"

It was too much. On the instant he tumbled into the abyss of discredit. Again I pulled myself together, telling myself that I was an Englishman, whose sires had fought at Lewes, knowing that it was but for an instant, remembering that the door was close at hand.

"You needn't send the chair," I obvious that in either case one of them said quickly. "For, speaking to you in You've been got at by one of these 'ere 'experts,' 'aven't you, Sir?' had drawn his inspiration from the other. And the more incongruous the stand, I can only say that your way of decoration seemed—by all the accepted doing business is Not Chippendale." decoration seemed—by all the accepted doing business is Not Chippendale." said. "He knows quite a lot about ideas—of course the rarer it made the I grasped the handle of the door. antiques. At least . . . ." chair. "Not Chippendale, Sir!"



Perfect Ass (to coster). "Excuse my asking, but when you meet a lady friend how do you manage to raise your hat? or DO YOU SIMPLY BOW?"

## ENGLAND ON THE UP-GRADE.

It is truly gratifying to learn that something can already be written off the tale of national disaster recently recited by the Duke of WESTMINSTER. A great many championships, it is true, have still to be regained, but newspaper reports during the past week show that a splendid beginning has already been made. Not only has a new world's record for the 100 yards (Admirals') been set up, but a number of other competitions held at various centres afford convincing evidence that the charge of national decadence is to say the least premature.

At Tunbridge Wells last Friday the annual sports of the British Bathchairmen was held with resounding success. The great event of the day was the three-mile bath-chair slow race with octogenarian patients, in which regard is had not only for the time occupied but of Hull, whose organ, fitted with a the comfort of the persons propelled. Parsons auxetophone, was distinctly This perch is one of those rods, poles After an exciting race the prize was audible at Bishop's Stortford, Lowestoft or perches, apparently, of which they

who completed the distance in 3 hours 27 minutes 332 secs. without a single jolt. We understand that the Amalga-saxophone, failed to carry further than mated Society of British Bathchairmen Frinton and Thorpe-le-Soken. The have forwarded an application to the endurance prize for passengers was Olympic Committee for a grant of £10.000.

The inter-county meeting of the National Wasp-Shooting Association passed off with great éclat at Yealmpton last Wednesday. The shield, presented by the Worshipful Company of Beekeepers, was won by the Devonshire team, who used the new cyanide of potassium pop-gun with deadly effect. The Olympic Fund Committee have unanimously decided to award a grant of £15,000 to the N.W.S.A.

The annual meeting of Merry-goround proprietors took place at Clacton-on-Sea on Saturday. The competition for the most sonorous steam-organ was won by Messrs. Bolsover and Gedge, awarded to Jonah Gawmer, of Ryde, and Beccles, while Messrs. Malling and told us in our youth.

Vamper's organ, driven by a French Gnome engine and fitted with a German carried off by Albert Snodland, of Turnham Green, who completed 7,300 revolutions before being removed in an ambulance to the Cottage Hospital. A special grant of £500 has been made to Mr. Snodland to enable him to continue his training.

"A daring robbery was discovered at the Bolton Art Gallery yesterday morning, a picture by H. Verman, entitled 'The Old 'Cellist,' having been cut from its frame and taken away. A second picture, 'The Evening Drink,' by Sidney Cooper, was found in a cellar.''—Daily Mirror.

We should have expected to find the old 'cellist next to it.

"The island had dwindled to a mere perch for sea birds 200 yards long by perhaps 50 broad.'

Mr. Basil Thomson in "The Times."

## AT THE PLAY.

"Interlopers."

have its most sacred feelings lacerated cern whatever about the issue. and comrade, was quite a serious one. for his wife.

the love of some other woman whose "life he could fill"-a much more vital thing, in his eyes, than the mere begetting

of sound children.

And it is with just such a companion that we (and his wife) find him in the Second Act against a background of Italian lake. The discovery rather crudely constructed — is irksome to him, for he has an incurable taint of conjugality. Returning to London, he is made to confront his wife in full family conclave—a scene that recalled Mr. Stanley Houghton's Hindle Wakes, but with a change of milieu that made it hopelessly improbable. Here, in an eloquent tirade addressed to the secretary of a Eugenic society, a lady-friend of his wife's, he declares himself sick of all this enthusiasm for the younger generation and the What had posterity done to

deserve his consideration? A civilised | Trevor were well suited by the rather | who contend that the ideal play would be woman had higher duties to her husband and to society than the bringing of bouncing offspring into the world. If that was the sole end of her existence she might just as well—and even better —be a savage or a cow. He declines to return to his home, and settles in a bachelor's flat, keeping up his liaison with discretion.

But the atmosphere of London differs from that of an Italian lake and does not encourage irregularity in the life of a candidate for political honours. Chisholm lacks, too, the Bohemian spirit and a natural gift for impropriety. His mistress—une vraie amoureuse, who can easily replace him at a pinch recognises that he still hankers after domestic felicity, and so, in the course of the usual interview between the two women, she surrenders him to his wife.

Unfortunately the interest of all this something, I think, from Mrs. PATRICK If a young author wants something personality of his puppets. I, for one, if she could keep away from the stage, on which to flesh his satire-tooth he found so little attraction in the wife— Miss Weeden as Mary, had an

that the fun to be got out of it is going looking at life and not at the drama- a eupeptic crank. to be uproarious. Indeed, the picture of itisation of an idea. This was when I hinted that the state of the control of Jack Chisholm protesting against his Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN introduced a satire on Eugenics was not likely to wife's absorption in the two healthy delightful breath of reality into the very be uproarious. Yet the subject clearly children he had given her, and her neg- minor part of a Scotch election-agent lends itself to a certain salacity; and lect of all further interest in him as lover who mistook the candidate's mistress the suggestiveness of the dialogue in



A JOCUND LOVER.

future prospects of the race. Jack Chisholm (Mr. NORMAN IREVOR) to 1765 Interest of the race. MIRIAM LEWES). "I haven't felt as happy as this for years!" Jack Chisholm (Mr. Norman Trevor) to Iris Mahoney (Miss

> unromantic part of the husband. When one in which the actors were not pera man has to explain to his mistress mitted to speak, this show should be a why he doesn't want to return home, and is made to express himself in these done by Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. ponderous terms: "I shall have the Charles Maude and the rest of the daily irritation of living in an alien cast, excellent right down to the tip of atmosphere," I would just as soon hear its tail. For with no words to say Mr. Trevor say it as anybody else.

To those who recalled Mr. Dennis EADIE'S performances in Mr. Gals-WORTHY'S Justice and other strenuous most commendable economy. O. S. plays, it was something of a shock to find him, as the wife's brother, in the rôle of a casual cynic, saying smart things with here and there a word of worldly wisdom. Indeed at first he seemed a little contemptuous of his part and had an air of insincerity; but this wore off and one grew to believe in him.

Miss Miriam Lewes, in the part of She has learned wanted. gifts of gesture.

was largely academic. The author's CAMPBELL, but also, I fear, from lesser theories might intrigue us, but not the models. She might be a great actress

could hardly choose a safer subject than and, of course I was not meant to uncongenial part, but that did not excuse Eugenics. The public is not likely to find much—that I entertained no con- her staccato manner. Of the rest, Miss GWYNNE HERBERT, as Margaret Chisby ridicule of this latest religion. On Indeed there was only one brief holm's mother, was adorable, and Mr. the other hand, he must not expect interlude in which I felt that I was Malleson gave a clever little sketch of

I hinted that the fun to be got out of the Third Act, where the wife's sister. For he was bound to seek consolation in | The practical methods of Mr. Norman | a brazen flapper on the eve of marriage

(played with great gusto by Miss Risdon), discusses the relations of married people, vastly tickled the pit.

On the whole I should like to compliment Mr. HARWOOD on what I understand to be his first production. If his work improves as his play improved in the course of its progress, his success should be assured; for he has many wise and happy thoughts in his head, if he can only find the right excuse for their utterance.

#### "THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

I have just assisted at a most delightful Cinematograph Exhibition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's popular drama. As a play of action (pugilistic) it is, of course, admirably suited to the new art which the London Film Company have brought almost to perfection. To those—and in moments of bitterness I have been of their company-

they had to rely on gesture and facial expression—the true tests of the actor -and these they employed with the

"There was a large attendance at the Holloway Institute, Stroud, on Tuesday evening, when Mr. H. Page Croft, M P., gave an address under the auspices of the Imperial Mission. . . .

The Chairman referred to the objects and work of the Imperial Mission, and extended a cordial to Mr. Croft."-Gloucestershire Echo. He should have waited till after the Chisholm's lover, showed strong natural speech, when it might have been



Collector. "H'M-FAIRLY GOOD SPECIMEN. I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT." Curio Dealer, "No, SIR. I'VE JUST SOLD THAT FOR A HUNDRED GUINEAS." Collector. "A HUNDRED--! GOOD HEAVENS, YOU'VE BEEN SWINDLED. IT'S WORTH TWICE AS MUCH!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should like Thorley Weir (SMITH, ELDER), if for no other reason, for the unique personality of its villain. As a matter of fact there are several other reasons, but Craddock remains the greatest. I question if Mr. E. F. Benson has ever done better character-drawing than this of the mean-souled, middle-aged egoist. The delightful thing about him is that even at his wickedest he is never wholly free from some quite human lapses into nice feeling. He is in short a real person and not a malevolent machine. as are so many of the naughty in fiction. I can't tell you all of what he does, because that would be to give away the whole interest of a somewhat slender plot. But his occupation in life, and the main source of his comfortable income, was speculating in genius. You take me? If there were new men with plays or pictures going unrecognised, Craddock would encourage them by taking an option on their future output at a figure that his business acumen told him would become exceedingly cheap. Amongst others for whom he did this was the painter, Charles Lathom, who was so grateful and lovable that, even while he swindled and slandered him, Craddock could not help a secret admiration for the boy. Another of Craddock's speculations was Frank Armstrong, the dramatist, whose fortune he made, and who wasn't in the least bit grateful, but detested him for it in a manner that was cordially returned.

a simple tale of well-observed characters in a delightful riverside setting. And, if you also find, as I did, that your sympathies are not wholly on the side of wronged virtue, that will not perhaps lessen your enjoyment.

In the detective story the author's business is to make mystery and yours to unravel it if you can. You are being played with; but you know that it is a game of hide-andseek in which you are invited to join. In The Devil's Garden (Hutchinson) Mr. W. B. Maxwell plays by himself; he has a secret and keeps it for over two hundred pages, and it is only when he shocks you by the sudden exposure of it that you become aware that there ever was a secret at all. You were given to understand that a certain man had died by accident, whereas he had really been murdered; but the murderer had found sufficient trouble in the infidelity of his wife (palliated after the murder which avenged it) to account for most of his subsequent heartburnings and eccentricities of conduct; and so the reader harbours no suspicion. Now I should not complain of Mr. Maxwell's having his fun to himself—the prospect of making the reader jump with surprise; the joy of indefinitely delaying that surprise. But I do complain that in the meantime he should not have provided us with a little more entertainment to go on with, since we could have no share in his own sport, aloof and Olympian. For, to be candid, there are in the centre of the book vast tracts of dull country; trivialities that seem to contribute nothing of Perhaps you don't yet see where the villainy comes in? any purpose; chapter after chapter that begin with an For that you must read the story itself; you will find it ominous air of promise and lead you nowhere. The further happens till the very end. There is, it is true, a mens that I have culled from its pages, and there may be most dramatic account of the process of the murder and others, though I think not, for I have read it with the care the paralysing terror that followed; but this is all merely that it deserves. Apart from these instances of her femining retrospective. The author could not at the same time have defiance of modern convention, her book is singularly free the fun of keeping his murder a secret for years and years from blemishes. In writing the story of Cromwell and and also the satisfaction of thrilling us with suspense over Charles I. it would be very easy to adopt a partisan spirit. the immediate action of it.

Mr. MAXWELL does not trouble himself much about his style, which is simple and inornate; he relies upon an unflinching realism, and seeks to create an atmosphere by insistence on details whose cumulative effect is more recogtrue significance. And if this review is bound to spoil your sound, colour, movement, atmosphere, weather and even surprise, well, you can omit the first reading and go straight smell, that they always seem to be the real thing. I con-

on to the second.

Priscilla, the heroine of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel, Below Stairs (METHUEN), is a delightful person, and it is pleasant to me to think that there are Priscillas to be found in almost every household; it is also aggravating to me to consider the number of Priscillas whom, in the past, I have stupidly omitted to observe. It is to be hoped that every head of every house in this country will read this book and that then it will be passed on to every cook and then to every housemaid. Priscilla's adventures are not, for the most part, at all highly coloured (I am not sure about the German governess and the gentleman

the heart of Africa has less horrible adventures than a small ordinary scullery-maid he will, after his perusal of this book, be once and for ever undeceived. There is one picture, drawn and costing a guinea a copy (I seem to see the gold pouring for me by Mrs. Sidgwick, that I shall never forget—Priscilla sitting, on a Sunday evening, terrified in a grim kitchen minds of the set in which George and Ella Pardew (he a rich that swarms with black-beetles, knowing that there is no one in the wide world who desires her presence, expecting to hear anon the sounds of her drunken mistress's return: that chapter is a fine piece of realistic writing, and it is story. Finally, one is left with the overwhelming conviction that Mrs. Sidgwick's own servants must have the

Miss Marjorie Bowen has apparently been consorting with the Pirate Captain in Peter Pan. In her new historical romance, The Governor of England (METHUEN), she splits her infinitives in the most merciless fashion. "To carefully thread them," "to any longer regard him," "Now then, young man, put that motor-'bus down!"

excellent animation of the opening pages may have made "to so limit the King's authority," "to always put him," me too sanguine of adventure; anyhow, I had to be content "to slowly continue their walk," "to very plainly urge," with a very masterly analysis of character, for nothing and "to now and then make some remarks," are the speci-That danger she has successfully avoided. The failings and virtues of the two characters are plainly and fairly stated, without any tendency to over-much blame or praise. Another striking feature of her story is that, as far as I can see, every single character in it is historical; there is thus missible than the method of their selection. The Devil's none of the contrast between real and imaginary persons Garden is a book to be read twice; once for the surprise which so often jars in books of this kind. Conversations and once for appreciation of the author's irony and his and thoughts she has, of course, invented, but so skilfully clever handling of circumstances now first seen in their and with such fine taste and such enlivening touches of

gratulate Miss Bowen on having made a human and original story out of material so well-worn. At the same time I venture to very plainly urge her to now and then refrain from maltreating innocent little parts of speech.

A bawildering number of characters flutter, as it were, th ough the leaves of The Watered Garden (STANLEY PAUL) and the whole story is conducted by Mrs. STEPNEY Rawson in an abrupt, jerky style which harmonises not at all well with my notions of a "green oblivion." Nor, unless it was the rather perennial theme that one ought to do some serious work in the world, am I at all sure what seed of purpose the authoress was supposed to be



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

ALFRED THE GREAT PRESENTS HIS MASTER OF THE BEDCHAMBER WITH AN ALARUM.

cook), and if anyone has ever considered that an explorer in cultivating in her arboreal plot. Flirtation, political ambitions and the foundation of a quarterly review, entitled "The Amphitheatre," of advanced and "precious" tendencies, out upon the bookstalls), occupied for the most part the retired manufacturer and she a beautiful butterfly) moved. The book purports to be the impressions of Ella's secretary, garden-mistress and confidante, and almost lady's maid, Bettina Gale, who finally, by one of those chances rare as dramatic as it is truthful. Especially admirable is in actual life, inherits the place in whose garden she has the manner in which Mrs. Sidgwick enables her heroine been playing the hired Pomona, and marries a brisk young to experience every variety of service without straining army aeroplanist with a desperately facetious turn of phrase. coincidence or appearing hasty in her development of the Bettina seems to have been a person of admirable tact, capacity and charm, but, somehow, I never got interested in her (I think the authoress took my sympathy too much most delightful time. I hope that Priscilla realises her for granted), and the whole novel left me feeling rather good fortune. the spacious lawns of Kew.

> "MEN THREATEN TO STOP EVERY PASSENGER CARRYING VEHICLE."

## CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that it afforded some little consolation to RAY and VARDON for their failure to win the American Golf Championship to see the victorious Oumer being kissed by excited American ladies.

"An anonymous gift of £5,000," says The Daily Mail, "has been sent to the Bishop of Winchester towards the Portsmouth Six Churches Fund. The total is now £42,000, and only £8,000 is required." It is, of course, no affair of ours, but we cannot help feeling a little bit curious as to what is going to be done with the balance.

"Are Women Ĉlubable?" asks a contemporary. Will the Dublin police kindly reply?

Herr Bebel has left a fortune of about £47,000. Not bad this for a Socialist.

The fact that one of the light cruisers of this year's naval programme is to be called Caroline draws attention to the curious omission of the names Mary Ann and Jane from the Navy List.

In view of the fact that so many of our horses are now purchased for foreign armies it is, we hear, being considered whether it might not be possible to train these animals, before they leave the country, to desert to us in the course of hostilities.

A dear old lady, hearing that the Defender is to have sails made of silk for the race for the America Cup, has, it is said, offered to present Sir Thomas LIPTON'S yacht with a set of satin sails trimmed with plush, so that the British boat shall not look shabby by comparison.

The Standard has been publishing the views of authors and artists on the question of the value of illustrations in novels. The artists are in favour of them.

It is a nice question whether the translator of the play by King Nicholas OF MONTENEGRO, which has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, was well advised to retain the original names of the characters, considering that one of the most prominent of these is called Stanko.

Once more—this time at Tiverton a family has been saved by a cat's giving



A SUCCESSFUL TRIAL.

["Scientists are experimenting to discover whether plants can feel pain."—Daily Paper.]

tendency on the part of cats to usurp their functions, and a meeting is shortly to be held to consider the situation, which so closely resembles the invasion, among humans, of men's rights by women.

A strike on the part of publishers' bookbinders is threatened. Mr. MURRAY announces that he is issuing Miss CHOLMONDELEY'S new novel Notwithstanding.

The Express is offering a prize of £200 for a serial story. One of the conditions runs: "Competitors must enclose sufficient postage to ensure proper return of manuscript." It is an alarm of fire. The dog world is, we said that a Scotch competitor has hear, much exercised at the increasing written to enquire whether the stamps stronger.

would be returned in the event of his winning the prize.

#### Our Frustrated Feuilletons.

I .- THE COSMOPOLITAN.

DEVEREUX knew Boulogne intimately. Three times had he been there on daily trips. In many respects he preferred it to Brighton.

Won't some one - Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN or one of those fluent fellows in the halfpenny papers - go on with this?]

"As M——'s hook and line caught his eye
—'What's the meaning of this?' he asked.
Don't you know that your hook is illegal?'" Daily Telegraph.

We should have said something much

### THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

LIKE to the tar (in COLERIDGE) who Contrived with glittering orbs to freeze on The stranger at the wedding feast, I love all sorts of bird and beast, And cannot think what I should do Without them—in the shooting season.

But first of things that fly or run
I love the hare to mere distraction;
I love him roast, I love him jugged,
But best I love him lying plugged,
When it has been my private gun
That put his trotters out of action.

Great is the partridge as he flies
(A natural gift) across the clover;
But often, brooking no delay,
He is a field or so away
Before you grasp the thought that lies
Beneath the simple phrase "Mark over!"

Good is the pheasant; fully fed,
He makes a most superb objective;
But so magnetic is his tail
That it attracts the deadly hail
Which should have hit him in the head,
Where blows are always more effective.

I like the bunny; but he lacks
A sense of sport: he swerves and dodges;
Seldom runs straight—the honest plan—
Nor keeps the open like a man,
But, even as your weapon cracks,
Enters the low haunts where he lodges.

But, oh the hare! In him I trace
A nature nobler than the rabbit's;
Big as his body (which is large
And gives the eye an ample marge)
He scorns, as something rather base,
The coney's too-secretive habits.

He nests beneath the open sky
Just where the larks compose their carols;
Sits up that you may have no doubts
Of his immediate whereabouts,
Then runs as straight as any die,
An obvious butt for both your barrels.

And that is why I love the hare
Better than all and praise him louder;
To me he represents the pure
And perfect type of amateur,
With whom I'd always gladly share
My last remaining pinch of powder.
O. S.

A Welcome Change.

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Charles Bayley and Miss Violent Brett will take place quietly at Motihari."—Statesman.

Important Ruling by the House of Lords.

"The Chairman of Committees: Before the Motion to read the Bill a third time is taken, I would ask your Lordships to make three small Amendments, which I can assure you are practically nothing more, except in one case, than setting right misprints. In page 52, line 4, the words "to prevent effectually" should read "to effectually prevent."—Hansard.

After this official pronouncement we are wondering if it is legal to under any circumstances, and if so which, use an unsplit infinitive.

### MINISTERIAL MISFITS.

Mr. Winston Churchill, on the occasion of his recent visit to Buckingham, has elicited a stern rebuke in the current issue of Men's Wear. The evidence is unanswerable, being that of the camera, which shows him "wearing a square felt hat, stiff linen collar with large wings, a bow necktie, a lounge coat with flap to the outside breast pocket, kid gloves, and trousers which look like a cross between a pair of riding breeches and of woollen pants, the pants part having large creases at the lower part of the leg. To complete this extraordinary 11g-out, the right hon. gentleman thought it a fit and proper thing to put on a pair of button boots. These boots are the worst iniquity in an iniquitous conglomeration of unsuitable clothing; they positively make one shudder."

We regret to say that Mr. Churchill is not the only sartorial offender in the Cabinet. Paradoxical as it may appear, by far the greatest outrages against the laws of fashion are committed by one who as a rule is scrupulously particular in his attire—Mr. Lulu Harcourt. In him the old saying, Corruptio optimi pessima, receives a new, a painfully vivid, illustration. Clad as a rule with a meticulous correctitude, Mr. Harcourt is subject to occasional fits of slovenly eccentricity, in which he "goes Fanti" in his dress. The last time he was seized in this way was when he was out grouse shooting on the Yorkshire moois. To the horror of the other members of the party he appeared in a pair of gray flannel trousers, a frock ccat and a straw hat. Worse still, he had dispensed with a collar and wore a pair of white tennis boots. The Baron de Forest, who was one of the party, was so much upset that, although a strict teetotaler, he had to be revived with a stiff tumbler of sal volatile and ammoniated quinine, while Lord Londale felt obliged to

party, was so much upset that, although a strict teetotaler, he had to be revived with a stiff tumbler of sal volatile and ammoniated quinine, while Lord Lonsdale felt obliged to send a telegram of protest to the German Emperor. It is generally felt that the doom of the Cabinet cannot be long delayed when prominent Ministers behave in this way. Only last week Lord Haldane was seen at a dinner-party wearing a white tie with a turn-down collar! And more than once Mr. Samuel has been suspected of wearing a dicky secured with a couple of postage stamps.

## PICK OF THE LITTER.

BEAGLE puppy, a fortnight old,
Squirming sluggishly in the straw,
You're only conscious of warmth and cold
And the chastening pat of a parent paw.
Fat as butter, liver and white,
Stern and shoulder as black as jet—
Pick of the litter? Perhaps they're right.
Rather early to say as yet.

Well, you come of a worthy pair,
Punter and Priestess, two of the best—
Punter, who 'll sing to the line of a hare
And hold it longer than all the rest;
Priestess, who collars the leading place
From find to finish, from cast to view—
If you 've got your mother's manners and pace,
Her nose and her bone and her ribs, you 'll do.

Mottled barrel of puppyhood,
Nuzzling muzzle cool and wet,
Next year's pride of the pack (touch wood)—
Rather early to say as yet.
Grim distemper may lurk ahead;
Deadly "yellows" may lay you low;
Perish the thought—we'll hope instead
For a possible pot at the Puppy Show.



# THE LANDLORD'S NEMESIS.

PHEASANT (on the eve of the First). "THEY'RE GOING FOR ME TO-MORROW."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (fully armed for future events). "DIE HAPPY, BIRD! TEN DAYS LATER

I'M GOING FOR THEM."

[The opening of the CHANCELLOR'S Land Campaign is promised for October 11.]



Farmer (in position of absolute safety, at "square leg," to golfer who has just driven). "ERE, Young feller, Yer Didn't OUGHT TO 'IT YER BALL WHEN I'M AS CLOSE AS THIS!"

Golfer. "Do you know anything at all about the game of golf?" Farmer. "YES, I DO. I WAS ONCE 'IT IN THE STOMACH!"

#### MY DAY'S PLEASURE.

I DISCOVERED the other day that one could hire a motor-'bus. I immediately took steps, and on the following morning a bright one drew up before the door of Charlemagne Palace Mansions, time of my life. I was not mistaken.

I had attired myself appropriately, and my sister-in-law had promised to come with me as a passenger. But she is always late; so I drove round to her house.

need for an appropriate costume. When

had insisted on the 'bus's being marked Private; had insisted, in fact, with a firmness I was not prepared for in so urbane a personage. I, you know, had wanted all those nice boards, with names: Hampstead, Bethnal Green, and Hyde Park Corner. But the comand I felt that I was going to have the pany was as firm as a rock on this point. It took me several minutes to realise how firm he was.

However, lots of people didn't notice Private, so no great harm was done. I flatter myself, if you'd heard me call out things like "Tottenham Court I don't mean to imply that I sat at Road; a penny all the way," you'd the wheel; there was a man for that have thought I'd been doing nothing who knew exactly what to do, and else from infancy. My sister-in-law, invariably did it—a most remarkable at any rate, said it was as good as a man, named Wilson. No, I simply circus. She may have been partial or

The people wanted tickets; but I I say appropriate, I am willing to admit explained that I was running that 'bus that the hat was of rather a marked as a private venture and that I was giving them excellent value for their The company, who was most obliging, I money, and they were soon pacified.

Except a commercial traveller, who was in a hurry and wanted-really did want-to go to Tottenham Court Road. He said he had an appointment or something.

"Why didn't you mention you wanted to go to Tottenham Court Road, old top?" I asked him.

I admitted that I had suggested Tottenham Court Road, and I was quite prepared (I told him) to go to Tottenham Court Road, or much farther, provided I could get the right sort of passengers. But I put it to him:

"If the public won't support you, what are you to do?"

I called his attention to the fact that out of a load of eight or ten souls he was the only one who seemed inclined mean I gave directions, and myself she may not, but that was what she for Tottenham Court Road; and I asked occupied the footboard. Hence the said. it even decent that his wishes should prevail over those of an overwhelming majority?

> He asked me whether I went to Hanwell by any chance.

I knew what he meant.

However, I gave him back his fare: told him that no one regretted the inci- hurry and bustle around me I didn't dent more than I did; but with one notice the trams at first, but when my passenger wanting to go to Tottenham attention was called to them I saw that Court Road, another to Richmond, and we were in their way, for they extended several to the Nag's Head, Holloway, what were you to do? "You can't ductors and drivers and people were all please everybody in this world," I added as I helped him off the 'bus.

It was my prices that fetched 'em. My sister-in-law-I'd better call her would happen if this sort of thing went Rosamund at once and have done with it—said I was putting 'em too low: said that no one would expect to travel from Hyde Park Corner to Richmond, happening. I went round to him. via Ealing Broadway, for tuppence.

anyone would expect in this world; and wasn't it about time for lunch?

Richmond - who, in fact, had been the originator of the Richmond idea—got up violently and announced her intention of reporting me to the company.

"Don't do that," I said. "He's such a nice man, and he wouldn't take the least notice of you."

"Don't you want to go to Richmond?" inquired Rosamund.

But she would hold no parley with Rosamund; called her names, in fact, for talking to the conductor. Of course I had to interfere.

I can be firm myself when I choose, and I was firm with that old lady. I DOORS, ALDWYCH THEATRE. handed her off the vehicle.

We were not properly full up till we got to Hammersmith; then there wasn't room to move. You talk of strap-hangers! You should have seen and then he relapsed into an unsociable my bus. And to make matters worse I kept on ringing the bell. I liked doing that, but I didn't always do it at the right time. The motor-man stopped once, right in the middle of the traffic, and got off his seat and came round to me and wanted to know what the soand-so I thought I was playing at.

"It's all right, old thing," I said. "I only want a little practice. We'll have lunch at Ealing Broadway, so hurry up and get a move on you.

He went back and got such a move on him that he nearly ran over a policeman. It was partly the policeman's own fault. He stood in the road pointing out that there was something the matter with the 'bus; it was infringing some regulation or other. Worse than that (so he said), it was stopping all the trams. My man had

brought the 'bus up with a jerk right across the tram-lines. With all the in a long line ever so far; and the congetting off and crowding round my bus, except those that stayed behind on-I should get flurried.

My man was sitting stolidly at the wheel, just as though nothing was Mr. Abel has long been celebrated.

"Look here," I said to him, "I can But, I said, you never knew what see what you're trying to do—you're of a Shyster. In this wonderful work trying to spoil my day's pleasure.'

It was at this point that the old lady Rosamund talked the policeman over boy, bootblack and sewage-farmer in



THE IRONIES OF LIFE.

THE QUEUE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE PIT AND GALLERY

All the chauffeur said was:

"Never again!"

and then he relapsed into an unsociable silence.

"Look here, my man," I said; "I've got a bit of a temper myself, but I'm thankful to say it isn't a sulky one."

He was better after that.

But the policeman, you know, made himself very officious; said I mustn't carry passengers, hadn't got a licence or something. As if you wanted a licence for a sister-in-law!

However, I needn't go into that. Most of the passengers stuck by me like Britons. Of course I couldn't take any more money after what the Law had said, but we all went on to Richmond and had lunch at the "Roebuck." It was a jolly lunch, but rather mixed, of course. The landlady, at any rate, seemed to think so. She said the same as the motor-man had said:

"Never again!"

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW venture of great interest and attractiveness has been planned by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, being nothing less than a series of Banworthy Books, in which the great elemental problems of life will be treated with a noble and fearless candour. The series will start with The Confessions of a Super-Cad, by to sound their gongs. I soon saw what Mr. Max Abel, in which the struggles, privations and ultimate triumph of a guttersnipe of genius will be traced with that ruthless realism for which

The next volume will be The Souvenirs Mr. Condy O'Doll has incorporated The upshot of the matter was that his variegated experiences as a liftwho had said she wanted to go to and put all the blame on the chauffeur. Pittsburgh and other great industrial

centres of the United States. Mr. Chump has himself written a vivid "Foreword," in which he asserts that in the whole course of his career as a publisher he has never been so thoroughly raked up as by Mr. O'Doll's recital. "I read the MS. at one sitting," he says, "disregarding meals and business engagements, and at the close I could not resume the thread of my ordinary existence until I had taken a Turkish bath."

Next we are promised The Peregrinations of a Pipsqueak, a picaresque romance by Mr. Brompton

MacGregor. Mr. Chump again contributes a prefatory note, in which he tells us that his reader fainted twice during the perusal of the work in its original form. To guard against heart failure in the case of the public, Mr. Chump has generously undertaken to supply a small phial of digitalis with each copy sold.

The Land of Tosh is the gay and insouciant title of a volume of essays by the witty humourist who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Sileas." Another volume of outstanding interest is the budget of reminiscences promised by Mr. Mack B. Lalor, under the title of Horsewhippings I have earned. Altogether, the series promises to be a thumping, or, as a witty friend of the publisher's puts it, a Chumping success.

"'YESTERDAY'S FOOL' BEGINS TO-DAY." Daily Mail.

Some people never know when to stop.

#### A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

THERE was one little item of news in connection with the labour troubles in Dublin the gravity of which has, it appears, been entirely overlooked. It was communicated by The Daily Mail's correspondent, who, speaking of the spread of the strike to the farm labourers in the neighbourhood, foreshadowed in a stirring passage the coming of a period of agricultural chaos. All work was at a standstill, and not only that, but unthatched stacks were rotting (he announced) for want of thrashing and turnips were decaying in the fields. Our text, so to speak, will be found in these last striking words, and especially in the unprecedented behaviour of the turnips.

At first we were frankly incredulous. We found it hard to believe that turnips in the month of September (when they may generally be counted upon to make their greatest growth) should thus, in defiance of Nature's laws, have suddenly begun to waste away; and our own stacks, whenever we have had the good fortune to possess any, have usually endured for several weeks without much damage, even if they were unthatched. Still, the idea haunted us; we could not dismiss it from our mind. We felt that it should be looked into, and at last we despatched a Special Correspondent to investigate upon the spot. To-day we are able to give his report—a report, we may say, which has profoundly moved us.

"Î have made my way [he writes] through many acres of decaying turnips, whose odour was almost insupportable, to a small farm-steading seventeen miles from Dublin, where I have found a remarkable state of affairs. I may say at once that the extent of the damage has been, if anything, underestimated. I set to work without delay upon a careful investigation. The first thing that attracted my notice was a heap of fire-wood near the back door. It was entirely covered by purple fungi, attributed by the farmer to the fact that it had not been dusted for several days. I next took a look at the supply of linseed cake in the barn, which I found in an advanced state of disintegration, much of it already having crumbled to dust. But perhaps the most surprising discovery that I made, and one that immediately banished my scepticism, was when I put my head into the hay-shed. After watching carefully for some minutes I came to the amazing me, with tears in his eyes, that he had



The Professor. "Boy, GET ME A FLY." New Page. "YES, SIR. DEAD OR ALIVE, SIR?"

sty the poor fellow laid a hand on my of inferior cotton-wool. But there is no

"'Don't go in there,' he said. 'There's trouble among the pigs.'

"And indeed it was easy to see that something was the matter, for I came at once upon a large litter which appeared to be in a state of intoxication.

"'It was the fomented barley,' the farmer explained. 'We can't keep barley these days. Come this way; I want to show you the blight on the

clover. . . . "
With these grave words from our correspondent before us we can only say that we hope that long before this report appears in print the labour troubles in Ireland will have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Rumours have reached us that the sympathetic strike is not likely to be confined to the vegetable kingdom. Cows are already giving buttermilk in some places, while conclusion that the hay was slowly hens are persistently laying last week's evaporating, and the farmer assured eggs. We have not yet been able to corroborate the news to hand from the lost nearly two tons since the beginning Wicklow Mountains that a flock of of last week. As I approached the pig- sheep has been discovered with fleeces

doubt that Trade Unionism has found a valuable ally and a new and most powerful weapon.

#### CUBS.

THE bees still haunt the garden border Though nights come crisp and cold, And berries ripen in their order In hedgerows manifold;

The beech has stolen the summer's gold; The gold of the summer sun,

And now comes in October With skies soft and sober And mornings full of melody and red cubs that run.

There's some that like an April coppice So tender to behold; There's some that like the pride of

poppies Among the barley bold; But I, I like an autumn wold And a wood where summer's done, And white hounds and limber

To sing through its timber The melody, the melody that makes the red fox run.

#### THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

HENRY was practising niblick shots when I looked in at his flat the other morning, and he had just made a clever recovery from the waste-paper basket as I came into the room.

"That settles it," I said. "I was going to offer to take a stroke a hole next Monday; now I shall want two. Henry, I've got a letter for you; the porter gave it to me as I came up.

Henry took the letter, glanced at the writing and threw it on the table.

"I don't think that's quite polite," I said. "You should read letters which I take the trouble to bring you. — That is Besides, Williams and I-Williams on the sofa, isn't it? How do you do, Williams? We are naturally eager to know who your correspondent

"It's from the solicitor to my landlord, if you want to know," said Henry.

"That sounds very depraved. An ordinary solicitor is bad enough; a a solicitor to one's landlord-

"You can read it if you like," said Henry, and he gave me the letter. "He's never very interesting. you can pay the rent too if you like."

"Excuse me, Williams," I murmured, as I opened the letter. "Tut, tut, this is more than interesting, this is epoch-making."

"What's the matter?"

"Listen. It's from the solicitor to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society."

"My landlord, Wibs."
"Quite so. 'Dear Sir,—This is to inform you that, as from September 29th next, Shakspeare Mansions is the property of the Liverpool Estate | again?" said Henry in alarm. Syndicate. Take notice that from that date all rents should be paid to the Liverpool Estate Syndicate, and not to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society. Yours faithfully, John Bates.' Henry," I added solemnly, "Wibs is no longer your landlord."

"Well, what of it?" said Henry.
"Quite so," said Williams. Williams, I ought to have said before, lives below Henry. There is only one other flat in the building, and that has been empty for some time.

"What of it?" I cried. "Henry, Williams, my dear friends, don't you see what has happened?"

Williams tried to look as if he did,

but obviously didn't.

"My brothers, this is what has eat," said Henry. "Come along." happened. By a corrupt bargain be-Estate Syndicate you have been sold to Liverpool. For years you have been

peace under the rule of Wibs; you have rested his elbow on the revolving bookpaid your rent cheerfully-

Wibs. Are you now to be robbed of your birthright? Are you to be handed flag of Westminster; to continue to porated Building Society; not to be placed under the heel of a Liverpool landlord. All we demand—"
"Why 'we'? said Henry. "You

don't live here."

"True. But there is a precedent for saving 'we.' Speaking as a barrister, I associate myself in this matter with my clients. And, gentlemen," I went on, "there is also a precedent for what we are about to do. We are about to form a Provisional Government."

"Hear, hear," said Williams.

"What we propose to do is this. We propose to keep Shakspeare Mansions in trust for the Westminster Incorporated Building Society until such time as Wibs is ready to take it over again. Meanwhile we will collect the rent for him, pay the rates, repair the crack in Henry's geyser and arm ourselves against any attack on our liberties. Myfriends, are you with mo?"

Williams reflected for a moment.

"Suppose they send policemen against us?" he asked.

"They will never dare, and if they did would a Westminster policeman consent to arrest a fellow Westminster man? He would eat his truncheon rather. All we ask——"

"You're not going to say it all over

"You'll be very lucky if you only get it twice," I said stiffly. "As your leader in this revolution I do all the talking. When the Provisional Government is set up I shall be your president."

"Then I shall be the Finance Com-

mittee," said Henry.

"That only leaves the Army unfilled. Williams shall be our gallant army. I shall be photographed taking the salute from him. He has a bowler hat already; all he wants is a bandolier and an indemnity fund. If you are necessary. Meanwhile, what about lunch?"

"Whoever takes the rent we must

The Provisional Government put on tween John Bates and the Liverpool its hats and went out to lunch. It returned, somewhat torpid, two hours Building Society; you have lived at itself on two arm-chairs. The President | compensation."

"Not cheerfully," said Williams.
"You have paid your rent loyally to followers again." I waited until the Army had said "Hear, hear," and then went on:-

over to the domination of Liverpool? "Gentlemen, the time for talk is All we ask," I went on with great emotion, "is to remain beneath the I say that we are inflexibly resolved never to pay rent to Liverpool. We pay rent to the Westminster Incor- have, as jou know, already signed a covenant to that effect, and none signed it more willingly than myself who do not live here and will never be asked to pay. Shakspeare Mansions is united in its resolution to remain loyal to Westminster, and so long as we are united. our liberties cannot be assailed. We have this day formed our Provisional Government. I see before me our h ard headed Finance Committee—asleep; our gallant Army-with its tie all sideways. We send a message to John Bates that we denounce his corrupt bargain, and refuse to be bound by it. Shakspeare Mansions, I repeat, is united-

There was a sudden surprising noise from the ceiling—a noise like "Hitchy-

"What's that, Williams?" I asked

"Theman above. He 's got a pianola." "I didn't know there was a man above. I thought the flat was empty.'

"He hasn't been in long. He 'scome up from Liverpool, the porter says, to see life."

"Oh!" This altered matters a good deal. The President left the revolving bookcase and walked up and down in anxious thought. At last he came to his decision. "Williams," I said sorrow-fully, "the revolution is off; the Provisional Government is dissolved; the Army is disbanded."

"Öh, I say! Why?"

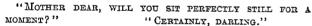
"A revolutionary government must be whole-hearted, united. It can wage civil war against the enemy, but it cannot face a civil war within itself. I thought Shakspeare Mansions was united in its resistance to Liverpool and its loyalty to Wibs; but it seems now that one-third of it knows no Wibs and loves Liverpool. How can you go on in the face of that? You can withhold your rent from your alien arrested, Williams, your family will be landlord, but you cannot compel rent compensated—supposing they think it from this alien tenant. The revolution is over."

"Oh!" said Williams. "I'll tell Henry when he wakes."

I took my hat and prepared to go.

"By the way, Williams," I said, as I opened the door, "let me remind your that you are now an ordinary citizen later. The Finance Committee sank again. In future, when you get into loyal to the Westminster Incorporated into the sofa and the Army stretched trouble with the police there will be no  $\mathbf{A}.\mathbf{A}.\mathbf{M}.$ 







"THANKS AWFULLY, MOTHER."

#### LAPSES OF TIME.

"When (if ever) you have finished it; third, that it is a stop-watch. Are your lunch," said Marjorie, "we have you to be trusted with its manipulaan important meeting to attend on the tion?'

village green."
"If," I said, drawing to a conclusion, "if I am to address your feudal tenants on the Land Question I must have a liqueur with my coffee."

squire, was at the moment elsewhere. Behind my week-end invitation there now appeared to be this ulterior motive, that I should act as his understudy on this Saturday afternoon.

"We are due to take part in the village sports," explained Marjorie. "They don't really want us, but would be hurt if we didn't join in.'

. "But I have left my cycle and my egg and my spoon behind me in London," I protested.

Marjorie took a large silver watch from the mantelpiece and handed it to anxiously.

me graciously.
"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said I, with a rustic curtsey. "To receive the stop the watch?" she asked breath-first prize before the race is run is to lessly. be relieved of all anxiety from the start."

Marjorie took me up quickly. "There

First, that it is a loan; second, that George, its owner, sets great value by

"Anybody can stop a watch," said I haughtily.

was Marjorie's significant reply.

once Marjorie's husband and the local Parson and the Publican, who held the told her. tape between them. They had little to say to me, so I turned to Marjorie and have before us," I said, in an eloquent timekeeper of their own. Marjorie whisper, "the Church, the Licensed blamed me very much and explained, Trade and the Landed Interest united by a common bond. Is not this our

half-dozen natives. "Are you ready to

the next I wouldn't swear; the third took even less. As to the Final there was some dispute as to who had won. When it was settled and I was free to resume my particular business, I discovered that the time for that was. three minutes, forty-five and four-fifth "But the difficulty is to start it," seconds, an ample period which was, as Marjorie's significant reply.

Arrived later at the village green I all pleased about it. "But you mustn't George, be it said, though he is at at once associated myself with the expect too much of mere rustics," I

Before they started the mile she took, my watch off me, and the villagers, discussed the political situation. "We having lost confidence, also got another with illustrations, how simple it was to work. She was still explaining when opportunity to strengthen George's position against the assaults of the Single Taxer?" My flow of words was suddenly interrupted by a pistol shot, exactly a hundred yards away.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her words was follows:—"Ah, yes," I said, "it's all very well starting to time it now, but were well find yourself in difficulties when She pointed to the onrush of some they get to the finish . . . unless you can get them to run an extra lap for you.'

When the finish was achieved she "Quite," said I, starting it. went very straight to the other time-The first heat of the hundred yards keeper. "What do you make it?" said are three things to remember about it. took four and three-fifth seconds; to she, looking confidently at her own



He. "AND-AH-WHEN DID YOU COME OUT?" Debutante. "OH! BUT I WAS NEVER IN. I'M NOT A MILITANT, YOU KNOW."

watch, which, however, the other timekeeper was not allowed to see.

"Five minutes, five seconds and a

fifth, lady," he said.

"Oh, well, you may be right," said she after the briefest pause. "I make it five minutes and five seconds exactly." And she set the watch back at once to zero. The villagers were obviously pleased. "There!" said Marjorie to me, "that's how it ought to be done!"

Feeling that the honour of London was at stake I determined to retrieve the position. But there was only the obstacle race left, and nobcdy seemed interested in the timing of that. Marjorie, being thoroughly pleased with herself, was easily induced to address the assembly in conclusion. Not till she was surrounded by a ring of expectant yokels did she realize that, when one rises to make a speech, one is without a single friend, that even one's nearest and dearest are against one. Having begun and ended in confusion she turned for support to me, who stood just behind her.

I held the stop-watch prominently in view. "Twelve seconds and a bittock," announced in my most official voice, and for once the villagers' sympathies were with the Londoner.

#### HUMANER LETTERS.

THE plays of the moment seem to be curiously provocative of public correspondence. Last week attention was drawn to the misgivings of certain members of Sir J. M. BARRIE's audience (who, by the way, when next they visit The Adored One, will find all their troubles gone), and now we seem to be in for heated discussions on others.

Here, for example, is no less an epistolary warrior than the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE (unless we are misled by our correspondent's style and attitude) on the track of Androcles and the Lion:-

"Sir, [he writes] it is incredible to me that such a notoriously humane person as Mr. BERNARD SHAW should derive fun from the spectacle of a dumb animal in agony, as he does in the opening scene of his otherwise amusing trifle at the St. James's Theatre. To stage mummery at all is offensive; but to exhibit him in the throes of pain is unpardonable. What kind of effect can a cynical display such as this have on a house full (or partly full) of unbelieved that Androcles, in performing the title of "The Ever Open Door."

his operation on the poor creature's foot, never even dreams of an anæsthetic? Not that that would make it any better in reality, as all readers of my letters to the Press are aware; but, at any rate, earnest would be given of some hope of alleviating suffering. But no, and there is nothing for me but to give up also Mr. Shaw, who hitherto has been wholly on my side in my war against callousness. Now, alas, he too goes."

A propos of the new musical comedy at the Shaftesbury, the advent of which was made such a secret by the management and the Press, an anxious householder asks:-

"Is it not more than a little tactless, not to say unfortunate, that the title, The Pearl Girl, should be given to a new frivolous production at the moment when a great legal case involving a number (sixty-one, to be precise) of pearls of extraordinary value is sub drag the King of Beasts into a piece of Judice? Surely any other stone would have done as well for the purposes of the stage—sardonyx, chrysoprase, opal, chalcedony, agate? I enclose my card and sign myself FAIR PLAY."

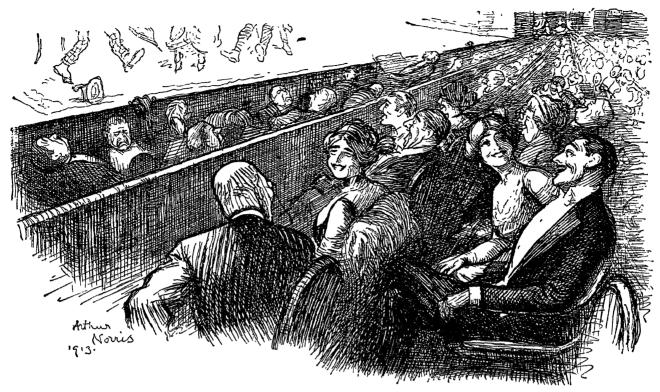
We hold over a number of letters thinking pleasure-seekers? Will it be from Tariff Reformers protesting against



# A POSTAL DISORDER.

John Bull. "I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU, MY LAD—BUT YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH TOO WIDE."

[A strike of Post Office Employees has been threatened in the event of a refusal of their heavy demands for fresh concessions.]



Country Cousin (at popular musical comedy, which has had a very long run). "How Can those orchestra-men sit there through IT ALL WITHOUT A SMILE?'

Town Cousin. "Can't say. But then I've never seen one of these things more than a couple of hundred times."

# EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OSTRICH.

My First Day.—I am successfully hatched.

While my shell was yet unbroken I had decided I would write my life history at the earliest opportunity; for I believe few ostriches follow a literary career. I am the youngest of my eight brothers and sisters; and, as my shell to write of to-day.—I have a tragedy surprising that our dear Prubrothers and sisters; and, as my shell to write of to-day. How pitiful that place was empty at lunch-time. was a thick one, I was naturally rather my young life should be saddened exhausted when I had my first peep of my family and our home. It is a comfortable though unpretentious nest, merely a dent in the ground, and around it is a sort of fence made from the old shells we children came out of, and was teaching us the right weeds to eat, some eggs which haven't hatched. Mother always lays some extra eggs, so that Father may have something to play with when he takes his turn at sitting. Yes, in our family these things are properly divided. You see, an ostrich egg is so precious, it must be sat on for six weeks. Our mothers sit for some time, her head thrown to one in the daytime because their feathers are a greyish brown, the colour of the in her eye, which meant, I fancy, that seen by intruding humans. For the Father's digestive arrangements many same reason, our fathers, being black, sit at night.

exceptionally good father, for he would dence?"

often take his place on the nest at four slip over the hill and have a chat with appeared. who hasn't any eggs to look after.

Our Mother seems rather fond of society. She wears such lovely feathers and carries her neck at a perfect angle.

almost at the outset! Early this morning, as soon as Mother had tidied up our broken shells, she and Father took us out walking in the long grass quite a distance from home. Mother and my eldest sister—the beauty of our family—was with Father a little way off. We heard Father say, with great delight, that he had found just the sort of rusty nail his gizzard had required lately. In fact, he came across to tell us about it. Mother, after listening side and a curiously sleepy expression times before, suddenly raised her head and, interrupting him in the middle of Mother says that we chicks had an a sentence, shrieked, "Where's Pru-

Father, looking rather ashamed, in the afternoon (three hours before his hurried back to where he thought he time) so that Mother should be able to had left her; but Prudence had dis-My parents spent some the ostrich hen who lives there and time hunting for her, but as they are both short-sighted and Father was continually discovering a different blade of grass beside which he would declare positively he had left her, it was hardly surprising that our dear Prudence's

My Third Day.—Yes, I have decided this world is a disappointment. There seems so much discord. I feared this the moment I hatched, and now am certain. Still, one must worry through it somehow, I suppose.

Father and Mother can never agree whether china or old nails make the better digestive foods. They frequently spoil my sleep arguing about it at night.

Two more of my brothers are lost.

They were having a kicking match just outside Father's feathers late last night, and we fear a jackal must have picked them off.

Our Farmer came this morning and said several very impolite things to ground, and thus they can't easily be she had heard quite enough about Mother when he saw some of us were missing, just as though it was not his business to see we were properly protected! What a curious species these humans are! I suppose we can scarcely blame the poor things. They would naturally have been ostriches if they could, but really the shortness of their necks—well, it strikes one as scarcely

Three Weeks Later.—I have a terrible occurrence to chronicle to-day. Father is one of the reasons we hate all humans. They take our beautiful feathers and give us the trouble of growing more, just so that their females-who apparently can't grow feathers themselvesmay wear ours on their heads!

Our parents look so curious without their long wing and tail feathers; and we shall be shockingly short of bedclothes. I have registered a solemn never be expected to sit on them. For vow never to allow anyone to cut my feathers off. By the way, they really are shaping very becomingly. I shall feared. Nancy says I must sit on those be a pretty figure of a cock.

Two Years Later.—To-day I met the fold my legs; but the whole thing is a

dearest hen in the world. Curiously enough, we found on comparing notes that we were hatched in the same month. Her name is Nancy, and I found her extraordinarily companionable and exactly of my own opinion on the vital subject, namely, that brass-headed nails are really the most appetising. Strange that a hen should have discovered this!

One Day Later.—Two of my sworn enemies, the humans, came this morning, drove me into a corner of the fence, and put a pole object at first as much as I

my meeting with Nancy yesterday had literary work. made me feel kindly disposed to all the world. But when I saw one of the creatures preparing to put a stocking over my head (for that is the ignominious way they treat us) I guessed at once they meant to attempt to take my feathers. What would Nancy say when we met? She would never gaze at me again with the admiration I had one mad moment I saw red, and, lifting one powerful limb, while deftly retaining my balance on the other, I struck—but only air; for the stocking descended have learnt to consider exclusively my over my eyes at that moment.

Next Day.—I spent a fearful morning, sitting behind a bush. I felt so extremely undressed and quite unable to face Nancy, even though I wished very much to walk with her. About mid-day I saw her in the distance. Heavens! She had lost her feathers too. I rushed to meet her, and we spent the men about the world, and one, at least, afternoon walking and comparing notes as I hope to show, was a raconteur of for the world andicap I say London is on our awful experiences of yesterday.

We passed a hollow which Nancy pointed out, saying it would be a good saying: site for a nest. Queer how the minds nests! She giggled rather, too.

and Mother have been plucked. This me an egg in the hollow. Said it was hers! Very curious.

A Month Later.—The last few weeks hen of exceptionally good taste.

The hollow is now full of eggs, and there is a ring of them outside, reminding me of my old home and making me vaguely uneasy. But still I could one thing, my legs are too long.

A Few Hours Later.—Yes, it is as I wretched eggs all night. I find I can

Variation on the Stars and Stripes, designed by  ${\bf A}$ across behind me. I did not COLF ENTHUSIAST, GONE MAD OVER MR. OUIMET'S VICTORY.

However, every ostrich to his duty, and, at any rate, you don't catch me going on to the eggs at four o'clock, the way my old Father used to do.

(Not to be continued.)

# THE FINEST CITY.

possession of half the table which, between the hours of six and eight, I New York, every time.' own, still remains a mystery. His lapse from duty was quite inexcusable, I know. And yet I have forgiven him. For through his neglect I am able to give to the world one of the most remarkable narratives heard in modern times.

Both intruders bore the stamp of no mean order.

As I took my seat the latter was

"Mind you—it seemed to be just talk. of even intelligent hens always run on That's all. But the extraordinary part is this. Though it was quite a year ago A Few Weeks Later.—Nancy showed in New York, I can remember practically every word that was said. When the Cockney strolled into the saloon and looked round like a lost sheep on a have been a happy time. Nancy thinks desert island, I got ready for somewith me in all things. Truly, she is a thing to happen. A man at the bar spotted him in two seconds.

"'Jest out, sonny?' asked the American.

"'Yus,' said the Cockney. 'Come over on the Mauritania yesterday.'

"'That so? Well, what are ye goin' to have?'

"'I'll 'ave a pig's ear,' said the Cockney.

"'Come again. I didn't get you.'
"'A pig's ear. That's what we call

beer in London. Rhymin'

slang, yer know.'

"'Say, that's cute. But why not have a Martini Cocktail?'

"'I don't mind. You 'avin' one?

"'Sure."

"After a couple of sips the Cockney expressed his approval thus :-

"'' Well, my ole China, they say there's no bad beer. But I'll lay six to four the man what drinks this for a fortnight 'll say all beer 's rotten.

"'So. Glad you like it.' "'Yus. And I like the 'ole town on the quiet.

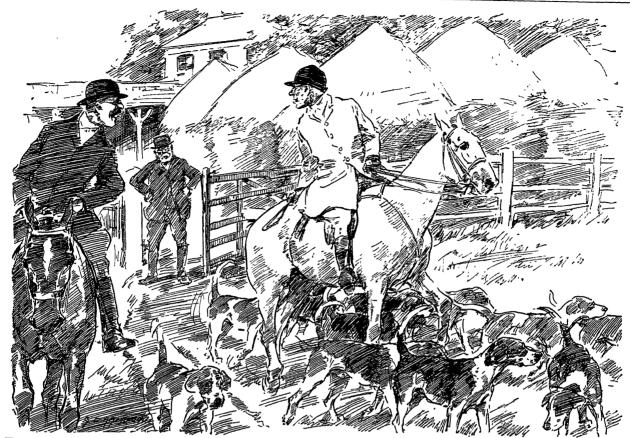
should have done at another time, for fearful bore and will interfere with my New York is the finest city 'artside 'eaven. And I ain't kiddin'.'

"'Oh, Gee! Not so faast,' said the American deprecatingly. 'I'll allow N'York is some village, but—the finest city outside heaven? No, Sir.'

"'But I'm tellin' yer. Why, look at yer sky scrapers! Look at that statue in the 'arbour! Look at yer streets all THE FINEST CITY. laid art so as you carn't make no How it was that Antonio came to mistakes! What do yer want better seen in her brilliant eyes yesterday. For forget himself so far as to allow a than Broadway by night, with all the couple of complete strangers to take beautiful lights and the signs goin' in possession of half the table which, and art, and what not? Thumbs up,

"'Now go easy, son. Remember you're speakin' to a guy who was over in Europe and took in your London laast fall. Wa'al, I've seen some, but your Lei-cester Square and Piccadilly Coircus—Gee!

"'Oh, I ain't sayin' nothink against the smoke, remarked the Cockney tolerantly. 'Only as regards to bein' the first City when it comes to enterin' one of the also's.'



Huntsman (to irate farmer). "NEVER 'EARD SUCH LANGUAGE IN MY BORN DAYS. I'M ASHAMED FOR THE 'OUNDS TO OVER'EAR IT."

"But see here. You're not wise to Yorkers in the saloon gave London the your own City, or you wouldn't talk palm. That's all. like that. We got nothin' over here to compare with your Saint Paul's, your the speaker's abrupt finish. He had houses of Congress, your parks. And, Sir, the way your traffic is regu-lated! And the civility of your trolley-car conductors! Above everything, the laid down their eating utensils and comfort of your rail-road system, and strained their ears to catch every word. your rapid transit in all di-rections! Yes, Sir. You got us skinned to death. London is the finest city on this oirth. And anyone who says contrairy is not the wise guy I guessed you to be when you came through that openin'.'

"'What do yer mean abart bein' a wise guy? Can't I 'ave my opinions as well as you? And ain't they as good?' asked the Cockney, thoroughly roused.

"'Now cut that out, son. I don't want you to git me rattled. But see here. We can settle this right now. If the boys are agreeable, we'll take a ballot as to which is the finest city of the two.

"Well, to cut a long story short, they took the ballot. Whereupon

A hush, almost of reverence, followed been talking in a fairly loud voice, and Panini's is a somewhat select little place. Diners of all descriptions had The hush lasted only a few moments. and was succeeded by a low murmur of satisfaction, to the effect that "these Yankees aren't as bad as they're The brighter memories of a tedious time painted!"

One old gentleman, with unmistakable stars and stripes written over him. made no attempt to conceal his interest and astonishment, but stared openmouthed at the occupants of our table. Antonio himself had been hovering round with a weird smile on his face from the beginning.

I held out my hand for the bill, and then groped in a dazed fashion A song of happy moments—very brief; for my hat.

The raconteur's companion had listened stonily to the whole recital. "'Right-o!' said the Cockney, 'I'll Now he took a sovereign from his stand by that.' siasm across the table.

every one of the twenty odd New was a stranger dream than mine."

# THE "HAPPY MOMENTS" COMPETITION.

(A retrospect.)

A song of "happy moments." pursue

The wraith of pleasure for a fortnight's span

Behind a lens and shutter will not do; I leave the pictures to some other man;

Enough for me to chronicle in rhyme

A wasp and Aunt Eliza; Uncle John Starting the motor; Alice and her swain

A-cooing; Maud with brassie; at mid-on

Her caddie, very nearly cut in twain; Myself, with contributions to the Press Rejected; Eve, in last year's bathingdress.

A single stanza has sufficed to state Their details. Alfred, to his lasting grief,

Took all six portraits on a single plate, And, smashing the result, provided what

"You've won," he said sadly. "That I thought the happiest moment of the

# A GREAT REFORMER.

Miss Toovey has deserved well of the public in writing an authoritative Life of her maternal uncle, the late Mr. ness. He was accounted a good, if deliberate, Emanuel Porpentine, whose demise a year ago at an almost over-ripe old age occasioned such widespread regret; for this is pre-eminently one of those Lives of Great Men which are sent to remind us that with a little luck we may all hope to pilot our own careers to a similarly sublime altitude. In five hundred and seventy-three well-printed pages, enlivened with a unique series of portraits of the great inventor from the age of two upwards, Miss Toovey has given us a fascinating narrative, and has at the same time raised a handsome monument to one whose name has been writ not in water but in indelible ink on the pages of his

country's social annals. The name of Porpentine is famous for all time as that of the original inventor of the moustache-cup. In millions of British homes to-day the solid (or rather liquid) comforts of the breakfastby the employment of this beneficent device. But how many of those who possess what a gifted writer has picturesquely described as "mouth-frills," and who must be grateful every day of her future husband's caresses, she took their lives for the protective ingenuity it experienced before it attained to its present-day popularity? With deft fingers the curtain is lifted on the

protagonist. "A man without moustachios," says Miss Toovey in an arresting Foreword, "is like beef without mustard"; and this infectious enthusiasm for her hero's most distinguishing feature gives the the consequences of her ultimatum are book a peculiarly engrossing interest. Quite early in his adolescence Mr. Emanuel Porpentine boasted an unusually heavy and handsome pair of disposition to brook such an abrogation what his biographer calls "man's erowning glories." A native and a leading citizen of Mugshead, where his father had been one of the founders came suddenly one morning at breakof the Postdiluvian Primitive Chapel, fast. At this important meal he was until his fortieth year he was abso- in the habit of reading the local newslutely unknown to the great mass of paper, and on the morning in question, his countrymen, although his striking being deeply engrossed in an article personality, combined with the possession of a fruity and full-bodied bass that Mugshead should be provided with voice, had already made him a local a drainage system, he lifted his coffee-celebrity. Miss Toovey draws a vivid cup to his lips without removing his word-portrait of Mr. Porpentine as he eyes from the paper. By accident the appeared at this time:-

He was a tall, handsome man, and of a the journal, leaving but a narrow open-

He carried his weight well, and the habit he had of rising on his toes as he walked gave balance that removed all suspicion of heavidancer. H:s eyes and what could be discerned of his initial chin betokened great determination of character, and he had a way of twice repeating everything he said that lent utterances. His complexion, again, was rich; but it was his moustachios that singled him out as a man in a million. With their golden pride challenging the world, as it were, and almost completely veiling the lower part of his face from the public view, he seemed a veritable Viking returned to life. A contemporary statistician estimated that if each single hair were joined end to end they would reach from the Mugshead Infirmary to Temple Bar. But mere figures of this kind, however accurately calculated, can convey no idea of the brilliant and luxuriant growth of the virgin forest that flourished beneath Mr. Porpentine's wellmodelled nose.

other celebrated pioneers of research, Mr. Porpentine made his momentous discovery by accident. It should be name of his elect—was a woman of firm exception to salutations performed had a way of adhering to the welldeveloped feature so effectively described of the great struggle and of its heroic preventing the contamination. "Evidently," observes Miss Toovey in one of those epigrammatic asides that make her volume one long surprise-packet, "the young lady was of opinion that kissing goes by flavour; and, when considered, few will censure her fastidiousness."

Mr. Porpentine, who was not of a of a fiance's privileges, spent anxious days and sleepless nights in vain efforts to tackle the problem. The solution which contained the daring suggestion a drainage system, he lifted his coffeetop of the cup became partly covered by

rotundity that was no more than agreeable. Ing for the passage of the fluid, while at the same time his moustache was had of rising on his toes as he walked gave him an appearance of elisticity and perfect with. In a flash Mr. Porpentine's discerning mind grasped the possibilities of this fortuitous revelation, and the invention of the world-renowned appliance that was destined to bring him a wonderful force to his most commonplace fame and fortune was practically accomplished there and then.

The appearance of the moustachecup on the market was hailed at first with almost universal derision, and in scores of lampoons and vitriolic newspaper articles its inventor was held up to public ridicule. Even sermons were preached against it. But gradually Mr. Porpentine succeeded, by unlimited grit and pluck, in wearing down all opposition, and in a few years' time he had the satisfaction of reaping a rich Like Archimedes, Newton, and material reward from his benevolent

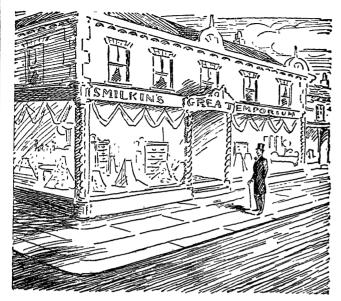
enterprise.

We cannot leave the volume without some reference to the intimate glimpses mentioned that, after four decades of of domestic life with which Miss Toovev consistent celibacy, he had betrothed furnishes her readers. Besides being a himself to the lady who subsequently chivalrous husband, a devoted father, table and the more elegant amenities of became the partner of his triumph. and a striking figure of a man who left afternoon tea are strikingly enhanced | Miss Euphemia Gussett—such was the | a deep impression wherever he moved, Mr. Porpentine was endowed with a remarkable character, and, although fund of sterling wisdom that frequently she brought all the appreciation of her rose to the level of wit. Some of his sex to bear upon the unique quality of obster dicta are well worth recording. "Poverty," he was fond of remarking, "is no disgrace; neither are the mumps. of Mr. Porpentine's invention, are aware just after he had been partaking of But both are ridiculous." He had a of the vicissitudes and public obloquy liquid nourishment, portions of which healthy contempt for all unproductive work. Once he was discussing poetry with a friend, who ventured the obserabove. In fact, she firmly refused to vation that "poets are not made." thrilling events connected with its birth, and we are given a lively presentment until he had devised some method of "they make nothing." On another occasion a young and unknown writer who aspired to the hand of his only daughter was pulverised with the retort: "Sir, we Porpentines need no quills." To the end of his days he preserved the same unaffected bonhomic that had, as a young man, made him the darling of Mugshead Society, and his death caused a wide gap in the circle of his many As his biographer acquaintances. rightly observes, he has left footprints on the sands of time which it will be very difficult to obliterate.

#### A Sultry Autumn.

The summer of St. Luke is nice Compared with rain and storm, But when it makes me long for ice I find it too Luke warm.

The Force of Example. "Pegoud, at height of 2,500 feet gave two exhibitions of upside down flying, considerably startling spec--us-fled ris out ni sew off stocket hour, and is to fly again later." Liverpool Echo.

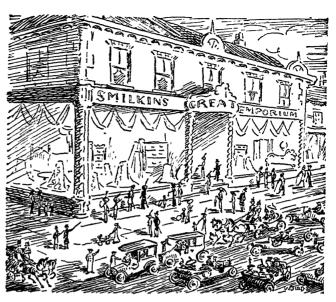


#### SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs.—We are returning your design advertising our emporium, and will be glad if you will kindly instruct your artist to delete the solitary giant in the foreground and put in a number of people of the normal size.

We are, yours faithfully,
SMILKIN AND Co.

Block and Co., Colour Printers and Designers.



#### SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs,—We thank you for your amended design advertising our emporium. It is now quite satisfactory. We return drawing and will be glad if you will kindly push on printing.

We are, yours truly,

SMILKIN AND Co.

Block and Co., Colour Printers and Designers.

#### PANSIES.

TUFTED and bunched and ranged with careless art Here, where the paving-stones are set apart, Alert and gay and innocent of guile, The little pansies nod their heads and smile.

With what a whispering and a lulling sound They watch the children sport about the ground, Longing, it seems, to join the pretty play That laughs and runs the light-winged hours away.

And other children long ago there were Who shone and played and made the garden fair, To whom the pansies in their robes of white And gold and purple gave a welcome bright.

Gone are those voices, but the others came, Joyous and free, whose spirit was the same; And other pansies, robed as those of old, Peeped up and smiled in purple, white and gold.

For pansies are, I think, the little gleams Of children's visions from a world of dreams, Jewels of innocence and joy and mirth, Alight with laughter as they fall to earth.

Below, the ancient guardian, it may hap, The kindly mother, takes them in her lap, Decks them with glowing petals and replaces In the glad air the friendly pansy-faces.

So tread not rashly, children, lest you crush A part of childhood in a thoughtless rush. Would you not treat them gently if you knew Pansies are little bits of children too?

R. C. L.

#### THE REFERENDUM.

Wishing to be, if possible, more than ever on the safe side, one of our more popular dailies has recently called upon its readers to assist the editor in making up his columns. With every copy of the paper on a certain date was issued a stamped circular asking for criticism and help. It ran thus:—

"The Editor of the ———— would be greatly obliged by the speedy return of this slip with an answer to the question upon it; for only by obtaining the information thus desired can he confidently go to work to prepare a budget which shall really fulfil the best ideal of a daily paper—that is, to give the public what the public wants.

"What subjects of public interest do you consider are at the present time insufficiently treated in our columns?"

As an enormous number of replies was received—a number certainly six times as large as that of the circulation of any penny morning paper—the work of tabulation was necessarily arduous, but the figures were recently got out.

To the editor's question, 465,326 readers replied, Football; 235,473, Golf; 229,881, Flying, and 2, Foreign Politics.

#### "Clerk Wanted."

"Here on Christmas Eve, 1806, the Vicar murdered the clerk as he went to strike the bell early in the morning, as was his usual custom."—The Ringing World.

An unpleasant custom, particularly in a vicar.

From an article on "The Rector's Garden Party" in the Northenden Parish Magazine:—

"How that long procession of urn carriers reminded one of the cupbearers at Belshazzar's feast!"

Having been to neither entertainment we are not in a position to comment upon this. But we fancy that the rector will think this comparison an unfortunate one.

#### AT THE PLAY.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

ARTHUR JONES that Miss MARIE TEM- complain that the dramatist lacked in- flattery. PEST's personality is so popular that it vention. For my part, I am conscious is of little consequence what she plays of having done a great injustice to in. She has only to bunch her lips and provincial society. I see now that its blink her half-closed eyes and a rapturous public is content. Still she I supposed. must have something to say, and so Mr. Jones has manufactured for her a four-act comedy on the rather thin theme of envy, spite and malice in the matter of the Honours List. Of course not every house in London was open to him, for the actor-manager who still belongs to the order of the Great Unknighted, and is therefore free to ridicule the methods by which titles are conferred, is a rare figure. But this is Miss Tempest's season at The Playhouse and there he was safe.

For a play that is just meant to amuse, and makes no appeal to the intelligence, Mary Goes First began very heavily. In the two scenes of the First Act there was scarcely a smile. Later on, as it became more frankly farcical, there were moments that invited to laughter. But in the mutual jealousy of a pair of provincial female snobs there was never enough fresh stuff for

a whole evening's work.

Still I learned something about local manners. In the best suburban circles of Warkinstall you introduce a medical guest as Dr. So-and-so of Harley Street. And you go in to dinner like this: your host gives his arm to the leading lady, and then pauses for a brief dialogue. At its conclusion the butler announces dinner, and you all move off. This is relatively simple. But things are complicated when the claims of the leading lady (wife of new knight) threaten to be usurped by those of Another (wife of new baronet). In the play the former is taken ill and has to undergo a rest cure in the cloak-room. Compelled at last by her husband to mount to the drawingroom, she bursts into a flood of tears, and, refusing consolation, rehearses her woes before an embarrassed company. The dinner grows colder every minute (and I, for one, colder still). No solution is at hand, and it looks as if we shouldn't even get away to supper, when the new queen of Warkinstall has an inspiration. She offers her own ann to the ex-queen (who is on the stout side), and, to evade the vexed question of precedence, they stick | worth, Knt.). The behaviour demanded in the door together.

It is unusual for two dinners to be given in one play by the same host to the same guests. A pronounced variation in the procedure was therefore overstatement. almost imperative, and Mr. Jones

seems to have recognised this. tainly no one who witnessed the remarkable preliminaries of the second annals are not nearly so colourless as

Most of the fun—a little antiquated, some of it—turned on Lady Dodsworth's wigs and complexions, which were made the object of libellous comment by Mary Whichello, who went so far as to say that her rival looked like an "impropriety." It was the concrete suggestion underlying this term that



MARY'S FIRST WRIT.

Mary Whichello .. Miss Marie Tempest. Felix Galpin .. .. Mr. Graham Browne.

provoked the infuriated husband to issue a writ. But at the last moment the injured party declined to seek satisfaction in the courts, for fear that she might be required to exhibit to the jury the artificial aids to beauty which had provoked the alleged libel. All this was good matter for a brief farce, but nothing more.

Marie, of course, was first past the judge's box (as I am confident she would have been if her case had come into court), and Mr. Graham Browne was a good second. Of the rest it may be said that they "also ran." This was no fault of Mr. France (as Whichello) or Mr. Musgrave (as Sir Thomas Dodsof the former was too extravagant for comedy, and the latter was a figure which might have come straight out of DICKENS in his worst mood of insistent

It is right to add that Mr. Henry that talks literally.

Cer- ARTHUR JONES'S trifle seems to have taken the wilful fancy of the public, which is probably what he wanted; so IT is just as well for Mr. HENRY of these two meals had any right to that he can easily do without my best O. S.

#### THE LITTLE REVENGE.

Tom, when, your holiday ended, homeward vou wended to town, Flaunting a face that the breezes had bronzed to the orthodox brown:

Proudly you prattled of Plashville. almost as though you'd alone

Called into being its mud-flats, blest them with bilgy ozone.

Choking my yawns with an effort, Tom, I allowed you to prate,

Merely remarking (inside me), "Just let the imbecile wait;

I too shall have a vacation, I'll have a tale to reveal,

I too will show a proboscis brazenly starting to peel.

Well, I've been wallowing lately far from the taxi-cab's roar,

Out where the rag-time was ringing down the salubrious shore;

Fishermen (splendid in oilskins) filched me my food from the sea;

Only last Monday your Herbert ate several winkles for tea.

Tom, did you roam among seaweed luscious and wondrous and rare,

Walk where the resolute shrimper bearded his prey in its lair?

I have done this, yea, and further, stalking the twain as they browsed, Once I took two single-handed—I am a wonder when roused.

Tom, I have bathed in the briny, going right up to the waist, Paddled for hours at a stretch, Tom,

chartered a donkey and raced; And, now that I've told you about it, shall we agree to esteem

Honours are even between us? Friend, shall we alter the theme?

#### The Ever-Encroaching Sex.

"The 3,600 boys with their maters as contingent and company commanders were organised into a brigade of four battalions." Madras Mail.

"The man who would invent a silk hat that would do really well for a suit lining would make a fortune."—Sunday Times.

At the Halls, of course, as a humorist.

"Somewhere in North London there is a pearl worth £2,000 literally asking to be found!"—Daily Mirror.

Scientists who have listened carefully outside oyster beds report that this is probably the only pearl in existence



Countryman (who has come to London by excursion with a party of villagers and got separated and lost his way). "'AVE YOU SEEN ANY OF OUR LADS ABOUT?"

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

having his story told by an elderly father for the benefit of finer than anything that he has yet given us, but there are, an extremely youthful son. I can see young Stratton, here and there, signs of carelessness and hasty writing. read all this heavy pile of manuscript, struggling through first person is a pleasant and easy method for a novelist, and permits him to enlarge upon his experiences of India, China

of the modern woman, but it is the voice of Mr. Wells and not of Lady Mary. I hope that, in his next book, Mr. Wells will not allow himself the easy latitude of a narrative Mr. Wells, in his new novel, The Passionate Friends in the first person, and that he will restrain some persistent (MACMILLAN), has, I feel, complicated his difficulties by mannerisms. There are many pages in this book that are

When we first meet Amory Towers, the heroine of The it, and then wondering how it applies to the exciting and  $Tuo\ Kisses$  (Methuen), by Mr. Oliver Onions, she is, if entirely original passion that is colouring his own life at not actually "wasting Christian kisses on a heathen idol's the moment. Mr. Wells himself undoubtedly forgets, foot," doing something very like it. She is kissing the from time to time, the device that he has adopted, flings hurried "little sons" upon the paper and then hopes that the wards, at an artist's party, a young man "with restrained manners but a hardy eye" ventures to kiss her. From that moment she makes up her mind that she will devote the rest of her life to embracing Art and avoiding being emand Lapland, his theories about art and education, and, if braced by Man. She is never going to marry. She is simply Mr. Wells is the author in question, his ideals of govern- going to paint great pictures and have long conversations on ment and social tolerance. I the more regret the haphazard the Soul, Art, Philistines, Eugenics, Tolstoi and Weininger inconsequence of some chapters in The Passionate Friends, with her platonic friend Mr. Pratt. Unfortunately, Mr. because the love story of Stratton and Mary Christian is Pratt comes into money and an estate in Shropshire, cuts of fine quality. Lady Mary herself comes as a living person that beautiful hair of his that used to cling like tendrils to the reader only at certain moments in the novel, and over the back of his soft grey collar, replaces this article Mr. Wells has been bewildered at times between the with one of the stiff up-and-down kind, and begins to sugthings that he wishes her to say on behalf of her sex and gest marriage like some ordinary conventional person who the things that she naturally, as an individual human being, has never heard of Plato. Finally he induces her to would say spontaneously. Her long letter, towards the marry him; and there Mr. Onions leaves them, while the end of the book, is an admirable statement of the position grim old gentleman who was painting-master to both of

I feel that he does, poor fellow. It has taken Mr. Onions some time to tear himself away from the great Jeffries murder-case; but no one can say that he has done it halfheartedly. The Two Kisses is one long laugh from beginning to end. I have seldom read a book so crammed with quotable passages, so full of admirable thumb-nail sketches of character. I defy anyone with a sense of humour not to revel in Mr. Wellcome, Mr. Edmondson, and the other dwellers in the boarding-house, "Glenerne." Best of all, perhaps, though he comes into the book too late, is Mr. Miller, the American publicity expert of Hallowell's Stores—that "noo edifice" which he was determined to run on "noo methods." I hope Mr. Oxions is going to make a practice of writing his books in threes. I want at least two more volumes about the people of The Two Kisses.

Tommy Johnson's name was not really Tommy Johnson,

loath to divulge himself; to the world as the missing Sir Theodore Champ; on the other hand, he was not ready to allow the title and estate of that Baronet to remain even in temporary abeyance. Determined, then, upon a locum tenens while his retiring mood lasted, he gave the goby to all his Bohemian friends, who, being impecunious actors, would have been glad of and competent for the rôle, and employed a genteellooking wastrel whom he met on Southwark

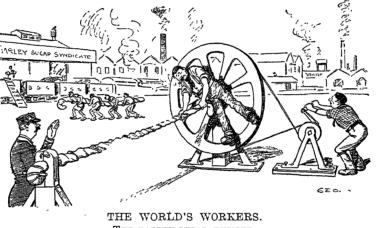
they were astonishingly willing to accept the first claimant to believe that in a given household there can long for the post without insisting on any substantial proof of be any doubt as to which of the inmates is in love with for the post without insisting on any substantial proof of identity, an attitude difficult to understand in the nextof-kin. Much point was indeed made by Mr. EDWIN PUGH of such mystifications. And, by the way, I wonder if of the necessity of the understudy's possessing one brown Mrs. Day would have said, "Environment has told on eye and one blue, but none of the relatives and friends Bessie," so many years before the popularising of the thought to observe the colour of either eye of either Sir Darwinian jargon? And I also wonder whether the author, Theodore until the so-called Tommy, at a later stage, insisted writing (on p. 193) Reggie for Bernard, is really visualising upon it. Even when they did look they do not seem to have her scenes very keenly, or is just turning out so many been very much impressed. They accepted the impostor offhand and refused to part with him when the genuine article, upon a second and wiser thought, asserted himself. In such circumstances it was not to be expected of the impostor that he should voluntarily sacrifice ease and affluence and return to Southwark Bridge. . . . Certainly there is little that is new and less that is true in The Proof of the Pudding (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but I am equally certain that there is no harm and plenty of fun in it.

in which the soil played a more actual and conspicuous Constable under the happy title of Odd Numbers.

them remarks to a friend, "Perhaps Pratt knows at least | part than it does in O Pioncers! (Heinemann). It is a tale. one little bit about Life by this time." If I know Amory, as you may just possibly have guessed from the title, about the settlers in a new country, and a vigorous, earthy and altogether unusual tale it is. The name of the writer, Miss WILLA SIBERT CATHER, is unfamiliar to me, but I daresay she has a transatlantic reputation, and, if so, it is certainly deserved. Her story is of a family of Swedish folk, pioneer settlers in Nebraska, and their early hardships; how, under the leadership of the girl Alexandra—left guardian and controller of her brothers by a far-seeing father—these troubles were overcome; and of the later prosperity that came to the little clan in consequence of her management. There is also thrown in a rather belated sensation in the latter pages—jealousy and a double murder; but somehow I could not be greatly moved by this. Nor could I reconcile the very attractive coloured illustration of a fashionably dressed young lady with my own conception of the practical and hard-working Alexandra. But these are minor matters. What really counts is the vivid sympathy with her scene that Miss Willa S:BERT CATHER (if I may say so with all yet, for reasons not wholly intelligible but mostly connected respect, what remarkable names these American novelists with the pride of the lady he proposed to marry, he was do have!) clearly possesses; it has enabled her to convey

an impression of the land, both wild and tamed, which alone would suffice to confer distinction on her work.

Of Mrs. Day's Daughters (Hodder STOUGHTON), Delcah was much too good, and Bessie much too bad, to be true. Mrs. Mann has made altogether too symmetrical a pattern. From the moment of William Day's disgrace and death, demure, delightful Delcah faces all misfortunes with courage, breaks, of course un-



THE BARLEY-SUGAR TWISTER.

Bridge. The business of impersonation, never too arduous consciously, all adjacent male hearts, and is finally folded in novels, was less exacting in this instance even than in the arms of the benevolent baronet, Forcus; while usual; none of the people concerned had seen the Bessie, bold and brazen, setting her cap at all and sundry, proper Baronet since his earliest infancy or had any but failing in every duty, is left with the dull, disastrous the vaguest idea what he ought to look like. Moreover, draper, Boult, for her portion. I can never bring myself which of the callers, but our author makes a liberal use thousand words of wholesome story, somewhat overweighted with gloom, rather arbitrarily or (one might put it) negatively dated, such as will ruffle no library censor's breast, will please many of Mrs. Mann's admirers and will disappoint a few who know her capable of better and less "phenomenally" facile stuff.

Modesty is at war with loyalty in Mr. Punch's breast when a book by one of his own family comes in for review. But no one, he hopes, will carp at him if he simply calls It is not uncommon to speak of this or the other book as the attention of the many friends of Captain Kendall to being "redolent of the soil," but I think I never met a story a new collection of "Dum-Dum's" verses, published by

#### CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Redmond says that his motto is, brazen minxes. "Full steam ahead towards the mouth of the harbour." He seems to forget! that ships are sometimes wrecked at that English theatrical audiences are the harbour bar. In this instance the unintelligent. Mr. Bourchier is one Bar is represented by Sir EDWARD of our most popular actors. Carson and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

CONSTABLE. It speaks well for the recent plays have lacked durability. self-control of the Force that a Con-! stable should not have hit back before!

Sir Almroth declares that there are able easily to fill this tiny house.

no good women. This is a bit rough on his mother-if the rumour that he had one be true. \* \*

Yet another millionaire has died, making the fifth who has done so during the present financial year. This willingness to help him out with his Budget is looked upon by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as valuable disproof of the statement that he is hated by the rich. \* \*\*

Mr. J. M. Robertson's threat of withdrawing all postal facilities from Ülster has, it is reported, caused trouble between him and the POSTMASTER - GENERAL. Mr. Robertson is said to have peremptory and somewhat pathetic cable from America: "Hands off my letters—Samuel."

The Socialist delegates assembled in conference at Stuttgart have rejected a proposal for the erection of a monument to their late leader, Herr BEBEL. History is certainly against a Tower of Bebel being practical politics.

"Russia turns out the best dancers today," says a contemporary. "And India to-morrow," says Miss Maud Allan.

Sir Edward Henry has decided that there are to be special police vans for ladies. It only remains now to hope that these will be sufficiently patronised to make the experiment worth while.

\* \* "As a train went out of Paddington Station the other day," we are told, "there were in a third-class compartment two women smoking cigarettes and a man knitting." Let us hope for

the dignity of our sex that he was only Chicago awater, has woosd and wen a

Mr. Bounchier has been complaining a ress?

will be produced shortly at the Little youngsters. Theatre. Mr. CHESTERTON should be

おっててけ ATLANTIC SEA OCEAN

received the following of Engineering-IF Scotland Make no objections. THE PROBLEM OF DIVIDED IRELAND SOLVED BY A SIMPLE FEAT

A valuable old English Bible, printed | But he couldn't escape the police like in 1603, which was left in a public- that. house near Victoria Station, is, it is announced, now in the possession of the Pimlico police, who are anxious to discover the owner. It is thought that it must have been left there by an I handfully begin your kind feet Sirs If truth is it must have been left there by an absent-minded divine.

A report just issued shows that only thirty-eight elephants were shot in the Eastern African Protectorate during 1911-12. This is due to the fact that heavy licence-fees are charged for killing elephants, and the sport is thus confined to millionaires who can hit hay-stacks.

The same report tells us that during the year nearly two hundred rhinoceros were bagged. This is too many. should be sorry if these pretty creatures were to become extinct.

Mr. Logan VILAS, a prominent I am a comparatively poor man."

knitting his brows at the sight of the wealthy bride in his air-ship. It is unofficially reported that the words of the proposal were, "Will you be my

Two boys, who are describe I as being scarcely out of their teens, held up the New York to New Orleans express Sir Almoth Wright's trenchant announces The Daily Mail. This is \$20,000. This happened near Bibville, attack upon the militant suffragist what theatrical managers have been Alabama. The taking ways of Alamovement comes from the house of wanting for some time. So many bama coons have long been recognised, and, if names mean anything, Bibville A play by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON these evidently develop into precocious

From an observation made at Green-

wich it has been proved that the "new" comet discovered by an Argentine astronomer is Westphal's comet, which returns every sixty-one years. The faithful little beast! The homing instinct in some comets is wonderful.

\* \* A volume on Girton College is to be added by Messrs. Black to their "Beautiful Britain" series. The girl students, who are so frequently accused of cultivating their brains to the detriment of their personal appearance, must be pleased at this vindication.

"Evidence showed that the accused had left a basket at the cloakroom. Later he called and asked to be allowed to go into the basket."-Scotsman.

#### Another Baboo Letter. "HELL!

something on a world for God sake beleve to me. I am in a great distriss so I dont want any sort of trouble to master except take a few minutes to write a word to any of these undermentioned officer who coming out to India in next cold season weather any officer engage me on trial.

If I will get any job by masters kindness one doz hungry men will pray Sir Excuse for bother

My humble salaam to all."

#### "MR. ILLINGWORTH PAYS.

Mr. Illingworth led through the turnstile and tabled the pier dues for the Chancellor."

Glasgow Evening Times.

We If the reporter had been listening as well as watching, he would have heard the Chancellor say, as they walked up the pier, "ILLINGWORTH, you know

#### THE PAVED COURT.

"Francesca," I said, "you may as well save yourself turther trouble. It is useless. You shall not interest me it is." in the garden."

share with me the planning of these alterations."

"And that," I said vehemently, "is precisely what I refuse to do. I like the garden well enough as it is. It has flowers and shrubs and grass, and trees and beds and borders. There is a pond. There are lilies and gold fish in the pond. There is, I believe, a pergola; and there are vegetables. All these things are usual in a garden, and I have no personal objection to any of them; but when it comes to alterations-

"And that is just what it has come to," she said.

"When it comes to changing things about I take no part in it; I let it flow over me, for I know it would be quite useless for me to say or do anything."

"And when it is all finished you suddenly become aware of it, though it's been going on under your very nose-"It is my best feature," I said.

"And then you ask wildly who has ruined your garden (your garden, indeed) by all these hideous changes. Oh, I know you, and I refuse to let you do it this time."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now uttering wild and whirling words. I cannot influence your determinations, but I can always say 'I told you so.' You could not think of robbing me of that poor privilege."

"I call it mere perversity," she said.

"Do you really, Francesca?" I said. "Surely that

cannot be the right word. My mother and my Aunt Matilda have often told me that in early childhood I was bold, gentle, generous and affectionate. My fault, they said, if I had any, was an excessive softness of heart, but they never said a word about perversity."

"Your nature," she said, "must have altered."
"There you go again," I said. "You can think of nothing but alterations. Natures are not like gardens. They are not altered; they develop. Mine is still what it was, only more so."

"Heredity," she said in the vague tone of one addressing herself, "is a strange thing. It was only yesterday that I had to correct Frederick for being perverse and unmanage-

"Not harshly, I hope, for remember Frederick has your high spirit. He would not brook much correction."

"On the contrary, he brooked it like an angel. I've

always said that little boy——" She paused.
"'Is like his dear father.' You meant to say it, Francesca,

I know you did. Oh, why that cruel pause?

"We will leave Frederick out of the question," she said. "No, we will not," I said. "I did not drag him in, but, now that he is there, I mean to use him for all he's worth. Frederick is like me——

"He is not," she said.

"He is," I said. "He may be led, but he will not be driven. You should appeal to his reason."
"Let us," she said, "resume the subject of the garden."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let us. Where were we? Yes, I remember. You want to move the pond from its present retired position to the centre of the lawn. Do it. I approve. Frederick and the girls will tumble into it more readily, but what of that?"

"I never said anything about the pond," she said. "I

was asking you-

"How foolish of me," I said. "Of course it wasn't you who mentioned the pond. It was Mrs. Baskerville. She was saying the other day what a wonderful gardener you

were, and how beautiful the garden was, except for the position of the pond."
"The pond," said Francesca, "is going to remain where

"Is that wise, do you think? I rather thought it would "But I will interest you in it," she said. "You must do the pond good to be moved; but, of course, if you really object I yield at once."

"No, no," she said, "I couldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice. It is for me to yield. We will move

the pond."

"Francesca," I said, "I insist on yielding. The pond

shall remain rooted to its rockery."

"Very well," she said; "I will let you yield about the pond, and I will yield about the little paved court."

"How so?" I said.

"I half thought of having it on the north side, but you said you didn't care for that. I give way at once. We will have it on the south side, where you thought the pond ought to be."

"But—" I said.

"I insist," she said. "Sometimes on wet days it will look like a pond."

"I am not sure," I said, "that a paved court is exactly

what I wanted there.'

"Now," she said, "you are going to be too generous. You are going to yield again."

"No," I said, "not quite that. I only want you to be

quite sure about it."

"Oh, I'm that all right. It's the one place in the garden

where a paved court ought to be."

"Aha," I said; "then you admit I was right in objecting to the north side?"

"Absolutely right," she said. "I can't think why I ever suggested it there."

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "to take advice now and

"An excellent thing," said Francesca. "I'll order the paving-stones at once and tell Macpherson to mark it out." R. C. L.

# THOUGHTS ON A GLITTERING BAUBLE.

(Inscribed with undying gratitude to "The Daily Mail.")

IT filled me with a positive obsession From merest infancy, this lust of fame; A mewling cub, in moments of depression

I bawled my own, and not my nurse's name;

My conduct, sweet by turns and vitriolic, Was ever aimed at rousing public bruit; It was, indeed, of coroners and colic

I really thought when pouching stolen fruit.

And when I came to Culture's high academy I carved my name on each conspicuous spot; The Head observed it really was too bad o' me-And oh, the handsome swishing that I got! At length I bloomed in verse and gave some

promise I'd One day be famous by my Muse's dint; Alas, I found, unless by wreaking homicide On editors, I'd never bloom in print!

But now my woes are vanished, and the rigours Of foiled ambition. Only yestermorn Two million eyes (cf. official figures)

Perused my name in blazoned honour borne.

My long obscurity was lightning-riven, My ears with fame were fairly thunder-stunned, For I, by all the gcds, had been and given

A penny to the High Olympic Fund!



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

Turkey (to Greece). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."



Wife. "OH, LET'S STAY AN' WATCH THE OLD GEEZER A LITTLE LONGER—IT'S JOHN ALBERT'S BIRFDAY."

#### ARE GOLFERS SNOBBISH?

THE charge of snobbishness brought against golfers by ABE MITCHELL (late Mr. ABE MITCHELL) is one that has aroused quite as much interest as it deserves. Whatever grounds the eminent professional may have for his complaint, there appear to be reasons for both agreement and disagreement with his opinion.

One of our little band of special investigators has been making a few inquiries on a popular holiday course in the South of England. "Golfers snobbish?" exclaimed one breezy player with whom he discussed the question. "Bless my soul, not us! Why, only the other day—but you're not smoking. Have one of mine—half-a-crown for three, they cost, and worth it. Well, as I was saying, only the other day I played with a young chap down here, and what do you think he was? A bank clerk. Well, you know, I never said anything, not even when he beat me. And we had a drink together afterwards, just as if he was one of my own class. Here's another instance: last Tuesday I sent my caddie to ask a gentleman if he would play with me—a very ordinarylooking gentleman too. We got on

five. Now I had been watching him talk of nothing but golf, and when I closely, and knew it was six, and I told tried him with Shaw, the principles of him so. I also told him to be careful how he counted. Well, he took it quite how he counted. Well, he took it quite upon which intellectual persons may calmly; he even apologised for his converse, he was silent. I happened to mistake—and yet, after the game was over, I was informed that he was Lord next day I went up and apologised. never offered to play with me since, Not a bit snobbish, you see. No, and, indeed, appears to wish to avoid MITCHELL's prejudiced. No use me. But one of the biggest snobs attaching any importance to these down here is a person with a woollen working men—I know them. Let me jacket. You may have seen him. I

"Certainly, I consider golfers an even struck him. That is how I first intensely snobbish class," said a noticed him. He is an offensively thoughtful-looking young man who was searching for a ball among the in my opinion." heather beyond the fourteenth. "For instance, those two men who have just gone through would have helped me look for my ball if they had been gentlemen, instead of shouting so rudely. I had an experience here three weeks ago which bears out MITCHELL'S complaint. I arrived late, and only one player was waiting. So we agreed to play together. My handicap will, I hope, soon be 24; his, I believe, was 6. After all, as I said to very friendly until the ninth green. him, a difference of eighteen is not

tried him with SHAW, the principles of vegetarianism, eugenics and other topics mention that my father was a draper, and that, I believe, must have pre-Dormy. Of course, when I saw him judiced him against me, for he has see, what paper did you say you happened to get in a good brassie shot represent? Oh, do you? Well, let me give you a lift in my car."

happened to get in a good brassie shot one day—better than I expected—and it fell rather near him. It may have

From the Rules of Winchester Foot-

"No player may back up a kick made by one of his own side or play the ball in any way, unless he was behind the ball at the time when it was kicked, or has afterwards gone back behind the point from which it was kicked, or has since been kicked by a player of his own side."

The most likely of these three saving conditions is that he will be kicked by a player of his own side for backing up Then I asked him how many he had serious—it might be more. He was a too soon—thus automatically (as it taken, and he said he thought it was most uncommunicative man; he could were) becoming "onside" again.

# THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

of the pedestrian.)

see my neighbour Gibbs busily engaged to answer for.' with something in the nature of a perambulator. perambulator bore a resemblance to a "I once had a great success by drop-

surprise. I hailed him. "Hullo! Have you got relations staying with you?"

" No."

"Friends?"

" No."

"Where did you get the baby then?"

"This isn't a baby. At least it isn't a real baby."

He turned towards me, and I noticed that he was dressed in the shabbiest of garments. Heapproached the wall. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"You don't own a motor, do you?" he asked.

<sup>-</sup> I did not, and said so. - "Do you like motors?" he went on.

"Not unless I'm in one. And then I don't like other motors.

"Well, I'll tell you about it," he said. "I'm tired of being chased about the roads and driven down subways like a scared rabbit. I've declared war on all motor traffic. I smashed one fellow's windscreen not long ago-with my head."

"Didn't it hurt?" I asked.

"At the time, yes; but they managed to get my ear back! into pretty much its old place, and after a while the pieces of my face came a perambulator under a motor." together again. It hardly shows—a nice piece of surgical work."

It was quite true. I could only just make out the scars.

cycle nuisance. But that was easier. A gentle push on the handle bar would be enough. But motor-cars are more difficult. There is no 'give' in a motor. 'Bus poles were bad enough, but motor- looks quite like a very young baby's cars are worse. Horses didn't like head. Sometimes, too, I make a bit treading on people, and the drivers were out of my smashed crockery. Business This is headed:—

through killing you. I have known the driver of a hansom use the most (An honest attempt to reduce the dangers dreadful language when he nearly ran over me. But I was a human life then.

The contents of the you do with the baby?" I asked.

baby. Gibbs is a bachelor. Hence my ping my cricket bag under a cyclists'

Irishman (after ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent a vast bunker on the left riots). "Hooroo! Then they 'VE GOT HOME RULE AT LAST."

touring club that tried to frighten me. | wilderness on the player's ear and a That's where I got my idea of leaving | hurried hock."—Times.

"But it wouldn't upset a motor."

"It upsets the occupants. I make up the contents to look like a baby, and I choose a car with women in "I've done a good deal to abate the it. Women are queer about babies. They don't like running over them. The foundation is really old crockery, which isn't good for rubber tyres. A turnip or a piece of cheese at the top afraid of being put to a lot of expense | combined with pleasure.

"I thought once of using real babies." But they're difficult to come by for the purpose, so I gave up the idea. I asked my sister for the loan of one of hers. HAPPENING to look over the garden Now I am merely a third party risk. but she was nasty about it. If you wall the other day, I was surprised to Insurance companies have a good deal borrow them without asking the owner's leave there's apt to be a fuss, and I "But you haven't explained what hate notoriety. Besides, you can get compensation for crockery but not for babies.

"I never try for more than five

pounds' compensation. The first five pounds is generally 'owner's risk.' You can often scare five pounds out of a motorist while he's still weak from the shock of thinking it was a real baby. Over five pounds you run on to insurance companies, and they're very inquisitive.

"You have to dress the part, of course. I don't work the same pitch twice. The policeman on that beat might recognise you and get suspicious, if he should happen to arrive before the thing was quite

"In any case you get exercise and good sport at a small outlay, and sometimes you make a And at the profit. worst there is always the inspiring thought that you are striking a blow for the downtrodden pedestrian."

# Dutch Courage.

"Finally there is, I think, the finest 18th hole in all the world. The tee shot must first be hit straight and long between which whispers 'slice' in

A quick pull at the whisky flask is more popular at St. Andrews.

The campaign against sensational headings recently illustrated in Punch does not find favour in the provincial Press. The Bournemouth Daily Echo, describing the illness of a member of the House of Commons, says:-

"A doctor was sent for, and the hon. gentleman was removed home. His condition is regarded as more or less serious."

"M.P.'s SUDDEN DEATH."

#### A NASTY JAR.

["There is no surer way to make a girl beautiful than to make her happy."—HALL CAINE.]

I HAVE known fairer maids. Nay, I'll be frank,
And own her void of all external graces.
Lack-lustre hair and freckles joined to rank
Hers with the unattractive brands of faces.
Her friends (in sorrow) said that "dearest Jane"
Was almost preternaturally plain.

But I—I had the sense to look within.

What though her features might be fashioned rumly,
Plainness is seldom deeper than the skin;

Her soul might be comparatively comely, The sort of simple spirit that would see How clever was her husband (meaning me).

And so I made the (very) old request,
Behaved myself in much the usual fashion,
Save that perhaps the words of my behest
Proclaimed a slightly patronising passion.
I spoke—there came a negative reply.
O strange event! O oner in the eye!

Nor is that all. More painful to confess,
Far from repenting this egregious blunder,
Straightway she blossomed into loveliness,
Turning her fair companions green (with wonder).
And now each radiant feature bluntly mentions
Her joy at being rid of my attentions.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Nowadays, variety managers when in doubt go to America. No one objects to that, but unfortunately they do not stay there. They come back with "the goods," or what they consider the goods. Hence the recent race between three of these enterprising gentlemen to see which could reproduce first in London a stage staircase effect which they had all seen simultaneously on the other side. The obvious house for it, the Scala, did not compete.

The new revue at the Opprobrium, which has been called (very properly) Cheese It! is absolutely packed with novel features. Among these is of course the wonderful staircase, on which five hundred carpenters were at work night and day. Another feature is a procession of the smartest dressed men in London, wearing all the latest things in socks, ties and waistcoats, who walk through the house from stalls to gallery and then round the parapet of the dress circle singing "The Glad-rag Rag." All the company is American, but there are a few vacancies still for programme-sellers, for which English actors and actresses are invited to apply.

In addition to the very remarkable staircase effect which is offered at the Delirium, on which no fewer than eight hundred carpenters have been working, the new revue, called Throw that Brick! has a specially constructed slide from the gallery to the stage, by which the performers make their entry. There is also a Fur Chorus, consisting of the most beautiful women which a certain amount of money could tempt from the United States, all wearing different kinds of fur, the price of each being fixed to it in legible figures. Orders for similar articles are received in the box-office during each performance. The management wish it to be understood that the statement that no English performer is engaged in this theatre is a vile falsehood. One of the male chorus is English, as also is the call-boy.



Chief Officer. "A STOWAWAY, EH?"

Bo'sun. "Well, not exactly, Sir; 'e 'ardly got that far. We found 'im wedged 'arf-way through a watertight door."

The clever gentlemen who have adapted from the French the sparkling farce entitled Les 100,000 Chemises, under the title Sign, Please! have not stopped there. They have also arranged that the theatre shall be open every morning at eight for Tango Breakfasts and remain open for Tango Luncheons and Tango Teas, together with a ceaseless exhibition of the best under-clothes that can be obtained. All true lovers of the British drama must rejoice at their efforts.

#### "SOCIETY'S DIARY.

The following list of engagements is published for general information and to assist Committees and others in arranging the dates of social functions so as to prevent inconvenient clashing:—

#### SEPTEMBER.

11—The Shanghai Cotton Manufacturing Co., Ld., annual general

meeting, at 5 p.m.

12—The Sungei Duri Rubber Estate, Ld., annual general meeting at 4.30 p.m.

24—Annual meeting of The See Kee Rubber Estates, Ld. 4.30 p.m.''
North China Daily News.

Really, life in China seems to be one constant whirl of gaiety.

"The horse shied and became unmanageable, struck a grass tree, and horse and rider came with great force to the ground. Mr. Coutts escaped with a broken neck, which he had given £25 for a short time previously and had to walk and carry his saddle and bridle."

Lawloit Times.

Mr. Coutts should get a cheaper neck next time.

"In M. Pegoud's first flight he rose to 3,000 feet, and flew with his wheels in the air a distance of over a mile."—Evening News. Six or seven years ago this would have sounded quite wonderful. Now it leaves us unmoved.

#### A TRUNK CALL.

List Wednesday, being the anniversary of the Wednesday before, Celia gave me a present of a door-knocker. The knocker was in the shape of an elephant's head (not life-size), and by bumping the animal's trunk against his chin you could produce a small brass noise.

"It's for the library," she explained his chin and added, "Come in." eagerly. "You're going to work there this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes, I shall be very busy," I said

in my busy voice.

you for anything important, I can knock with it. Do say you love it."

along, let's put it up."

I got a small screwdriver, and with very little loss of blood managed to screw it into the door. Some people are born screwists, some are not. I am one of the nots.

"It's rather sideways," said Celia doubtfully.

"Osso erry," I said. "What?"

I took my knuckle from my mouth.

"Not so very," I repeated.
"I wish it had been straight."

"So do I; but it's too late now. You have to leave these things very largely to the screwdriver. Besides elephants often do have their heads sideways; I've noticed it at the Zoo.'

"Well, never mind. I think it's very clever of you to do it at all. Now then, you go in, and I'll knock and see if you

hear.

I went in and shut the door, Celia remaining outside. After five seconds, having heard nothing, but not wishing to disappoint her, I said, "Come in, in the voice of one who has been suddenly disturbed by a loud "Rat-tat."

"I haven't knocked yet," said Celia

from the other side of the door.

"Why not?"

"I was admiring him. He is jolly. Do come and look at him again."

I went out and looked at him again. He really gave an air to the library

"His face is rather dirty," said Celia. "I think he wants some brass polish and a-and a bun."

She ran off to the kitchen. I remained behind with Jumbo and had a little practice. The knock was not altogether convincing, owing to the fact that his chin was too receding for his trunk to get at it properly. I could hear it quite easily on my own side of the dcor, but I felt rather doubtful into the room. The natural noise of me.

whatever it is-I have never heard, but I am told it is very terrible to denizens of the jungle. Jumbo's cry would not have alarmed an ant.

things and washed Jumbo's face.

"There!" she said. "Now his mother would love him again." Very confidently she propelled his trunk against

"You can hear it quite plainly," I

said quickly.

"It doesn't re—rever—reverberateis that the word?" said Celia, "but "Well, just put it up before you it's quite a distinctive noise. I'm sure start, and then if I have to interrupt you'd hear it."

"I'm sure I should. Let's try."

"Not now. I'll try later on, when you hard." She pushed me in and shut dipped the putter in the ink. the door.

I began to work.

I work best on the sofa; I think most clearly in what appears to the hasty observer to be an attitude of her. rest. But I am not sure that Celia ingly, when a knock comes at the door I jump to my feet, ruffle my hair, and stride up and down the room with one hand on my brow. "Come in," I call impatiently, and Celia finds me If there absolutely in the throes. should chance to be a second knock later on, I make a sprint for the writing desk, seize pen and paper, upset the ink or not as it happens, and present to anyone coming in at the door the most thoroughly engrossed back in London.

But that was in the good old days of knuckle-knocking. On this particular morning I had hardly written more than a couple of thousand words —I mean I had hardly got the cushions at the back of my head comfortably settled when Celia came in.

"Well?" she said eagerly. I struggled out of the sofa.

"What is it?" I asked sternly. "Did you hear it all right?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Oh!" she said in great disappointment. "But perhaps you were asleep," she went on hopefully.

"Certainly not. I was working."

"Did I interrupt you?"

"You d:d rather; but it doesn't

"Oh, well, I won't do it again—unless I really have to. Good-bye, and good luck."

She went out and I returned to my sofa. After an hour or so my mind began to get to work, and I got up and walked slowly up and down the room. whether the sound would penetrate The gentle exercise seemed to stimulate Surely this will bring Mr. Asquirm to Seeing my new putter in the his senses.

the elephant—roar, bark, whistle or corner of the room, I took it up (my brain full of other things) and, dropping a golf ball on the carpet, began to practise. After five or ten minutes. my ideas being now quite clear, I was Celia came back with flannels and just about to substitute the pen for the putter when Celia came in.

"Oh!" she said. "Are—are you

busy?"

I turned round from a difficult putt with the club in my hand.

"Very," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't want to disturb you if you 're working---'

"I am."

"But I just wondered if you-if you liked artichokes."

I looked at her coldly.

"I will fill in your confession book "It's a dear, and so are you. Come aren't expecting it. Besides, you must another time," I said stiffly, and I sat begin your work. Good-bye. Work down with dignity at my desk and

"It's for dinner to-night," said Celia persuasively. "Do say. Because I don't want to eat them all by myself."

I saw that I should have to humour

"If it's a Jerusalem artichoke you really understands this yet. Accord- mean, yes," I said; "the other sort, no. J. Arthur Choke I love."

"Right-o Sorry for interrupting." And then as she went to the door, "You did hear Jumbo this time, didn't you?"

"I believe that 's the only reason you

came in for."

"Well, one of them."

"Are you coming in again?"

"Don't know," she smiled. "Depends if I can think of an excuse."

"Right," I said. "In that case-There was nothing else for it: I took

up my pen and began to work.

But I have a suggestion to make to Celia. At present, although Jumbo is really mine, she is having all the fun with him. And as long as Jumbo is on the outside of the door there can never rise an occasion when I should want to use him. My idea is that I should unscrew Jumbo and put him on the inside of the door, so that I can knock when I come out.

And when Celia wants to come in she will warn me in the old-fashioned way with her knuckles . . . and I shall have time to do something about it. A. A. M.

"The members of the various committees appointed yesterday to administer the affairs of the North of Ireland in the event of Home Rule coming into operation, found on arrival in the hall that most business-like arrangements had been made for their accommodation. To each of these committees had been allotted a separate table, with writing materials and all facilities for preliminary work."

# THE COMMERCIAL DOUBLE-LIFERS.

["Curious stories come to light occasionally of men who are "something in the City," but who concel from their wives and families the true nature of their humble occupations."—Daily Paper.]



WHO WOULD IMAGINE THAT THIS APPARENTLY DECREPIT SPECIMEN OF THE SUBMERGED TENTH



COULD BE NO OTHER THAN MR. ——, THE MOST FAMOUS AMATEUR ON THE LURBITON LINES, WHOSE WEEK-END PERFORMANCES DRAW CROWDS FROM THE REMOTEST SUBURBS?



 ${\rm Mr.}$  —, of Streatham, had an anxious moment some days ago at his place of business.



A GENTLEMAN OF EAST SHEEN FINDS SOME DIFFICULTY IN PREVENTING HIS FAMILY FROM KNOWING THAT HE ACTS AS A PORTER AT BILLINGSGATE.



A SECRET CHIMNEY-SWEEP, WHO LIVES AT RAYNES PARK, LEAVING HIS HOME AT DAYBREAK.



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF MR. ——, OF GOLDER'S GREEN, KNOW NOTHING OF HIS EMPLOYMENT BUT THAT HE GOES TO THE CITY DAILY TO ATTEND BOARD MEETINGS—



AND, IN A SENSE, THIS IS TRUE.



# INVADERS OF DEBRETT.

Scene—The drawing-room at Mercia Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Mercia have a large family party for the shooting. TIME—After dinner.

The Duchess (to her daughter). "How are we goin' to amuse ourselves to-night, dearest?" Lady Edelfleda. "What D'You say to a performance of The Girl from Nowhere," Mamma? You've never seen it, -(with a glance round at her numerous and beauteous sisters-in-law)-"WE'VE THE LEADING LADY HERE—AND HALF YOU KNOW, AND "-THE CHORUS!"

# IT'S THOROUGH AS DOES IT.

An American cablegram states that be. a wealthy citizen of Auburn, N.Y., has just entered the State penitentiary. "He has taken this method of becoming a convict in order to learn from actual regularly he was committed by a judge have held the lantern in such a way who is an intimate friend of his. He will remain thirty days in the prison, and on his entrance to-day he was shaved and served out with the striped costume of a convict. During his sojourn he will fare precisely as the continue as actor-manager. other prisoners do."

None the less his wish indicates how covered the other day by his publisher

Fired by the example, many of our beginsown public men have been investigating up to the hilt. Sir HERBERT BEER-BOHM TREE, we learn, wishing to know experience just what goes on inside the exactly what were the feelings and penitentiary, and will afterwards use aspirations of a limelight man, himself his experiences in his prosecution of reforms. In order to do the thing quite by some curious chance, he seems to that all the rays felk on his own person; but, after some practice, he succeeded in should not be surprised. occasionally illuminating part at least

her prisoners do."

A convict in the same prison, on one of our most widely-read novelists, hearing of this experiment, expressed whose books do not exactly steal on

keen the American empirical mind can in the habit of a Carthusian monk committing to memory the poem which

Down in a sweet and shady bed A modest violet grew.

The publisher, in his astonishment, could only exclaim, "What is this that thou art giving us?"

The rumour that Mr. ROCKEFELLER was found recently in a workhouse disguised as a very hairy old pauper still requires confirmation; but we

#### Our Stylists.

"Drawing the Miller's plantation, they found a litter of cubs, dusting them well about, but did not kill. They next moved on the Dean, and found a good show, rattling his desire to test for a few weeks the tip-toe and with finger on lip into the cnd, and made for Tunprun, which they killed social and economic conditions of the light of day, has been endeavouring to life of a wealthy Auburn citizen; but discover what it feels like to be both came out, they hunted him, which went into life of a wealthy Auburn citizen; but discover what it feels like to be both a field of standing corn. The hounds being so far he has been unable to begin. modest and unknown. He was disculated off, then went home."—Scotsman.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-OCTOBER 8, 1913.

# SECOND THOUGHTS.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "FULL SHTEAM AHEAD! (Aside) I WONDHER WILL I LAVE THIS CONTRAIRY LITTLE DIVIL LOOSE, THE WAY HE'D COME BACK BY HIMSELF AFTHERWARDS?"

# MR. CARRUTHERS.

PICKING up a paper a fortnight or so ago I read this: "Never find fault with or criticise your husband directly. If you dislike his ways, criticise the same thing in another person, and your husband will be likely to take the hint."

Let me say at once that this is not true. He is unlikely to take the hint, as I can prove. Nor is it wise counsel either. On the contrary, it is fraught with danger, and my advice to all wives is to have nothing to do with it, but, when they have fault to find, to find it in the good old-fashioned style-right

Listen.

For the moment I was taken with the idea, and decided to try it. Henry (my husband) has not a few vexatious ways that get on my nerves, one of which is rising from the table directly he has finished his meal, no matter at what stage I, who am a slower eater, happen to be. Having previously said nothing about this I chose it as my opening experiment.

"I lunched with Mrs. Carruthers

to-day," I said casually at dinner.
"Did you?" Henry replied. "Is it a nice house?"

"Quite," I said.

"And what is Carruthers like?" he asked. (I may say that Mrs. Carruthers is a new acquaintance.)

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Carruthers was not there at all; but obviously this kind of corrective treatment demands inventive power in the corrector or it cannot go on; for how is one actually to find men with all one's husband's bad habits?

"Oh," I said, as non-committally as possible, "the ordinary kind of man. But he has one detestable mannerism."

"Only one?" Henry answered easily. "One very noticeable one to-day," I replied. "He got up and left the table directly he had finished."

"While you were still eating?" Henry asked with interest.

" Yes."

"The low swine!" said Henry; and, even as he said it, he threw down his napkin and sauntered off, although I had but just begun a pear.

What was I to do? In the ordinary way I should have drawn attention to his own inconsistency, but the paper so particularly said that direct means were to be avoided; and I therefore sat on dumb and enraged.

again I employed Mr. Carruthers as

my terrible example.

Henry has a very annoying—more than annoying, exasperating-way of stealing my tunes. After a visit to the



MORE TELEPHONE TROUBLES.

"What! YE CAN'T HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'? WELL THIN, REPEAT WHAT YE DIDN'T HEAR AN' I'LL TELL IT YE AGAIN.'

theatre or a revue I naturally find certain memories of the music in my head, and it amuses me to hum them over. This I can do accurately. Now whatever Henry may be doing when I begin, even perhaps humming something himself, he at once takes up my tune; and what fun is there in continuing with it then?

Very well. I decided to make a second attempt to cure him in the newspaper's way, and to attack this humming tendency.

Mrs. Carruthers had been to tea, and I mentioned this to Henry.

"I suppose you dissected your wretched husbands?" he said.

"She certainly talked a little about A day or so later I tried again, and hers," I replied, with a terrible glibness that nearly frightened me. As a matter of fact she had not mentioned him.

"Complained, I suppose?"

"Oh no, she's too loyal for that," I

replied. "But she said that there is one thing he does-harmless enough. no doubt, but irritating beyond words: no sooner does she begin to hum a tune than he hums it too, although he has no ear.'

Henry whistled. "He does that, does he?" he exclaimed. "Then I quite agree with his wife. That sort of thing would make me just rabid. One's own humming is sacred. By jingo, yes. This Carruthers seems to be no end of a blighter," he added.

Again I was foiled, and I determined to have no more to do with the scheme, but in future to make any effort towards correction openly and honestly and And no doubt I should be forcibly. doing so but for an occurrence only this afterncon.

Henry, very unlike his custom, came said in to tea, and a Mrs. Vyse was there, a new neighbour returning my call.

We talked the usual small talk, and

she was just going when she remarked, "You know my friend Mrs. Carruthers, I think?

I said that I had recently made her

acquaintance.

"You'll love her," said Mrs. Vyse. "Such a dear! And such a sad life! But she never mentions it—never complains."

I began to feel vaguely alarmed.

"Yes," Mrs. Vyse repeated, "you'll love her."

"But not her husband," Henry replied, with a laugh. "We shall never love him-not with that deadly way he has of leaving the table directly he has finished gobbling his food and all his

other little tricks. Oh no, not Car-

ruthers!"

Mrs. Vyse looked suddenly both grave and perplexed. "You needn't worry, she said at last. "You are not likely to meet Mr. Carruthers. Mr. Carruthers has been separated from his wife for two years."

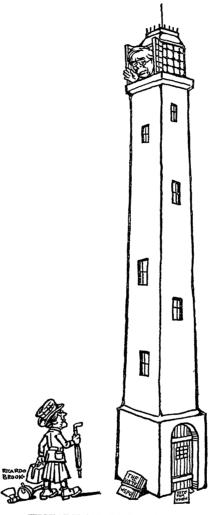
2: And now what chance have I to take any line at all about anything my husband does?

#### WASTED TALENT.

WE dwellers in a provincial town like Brookmouth find much to excite our wonder in the enterprise of the London halfpenny papers. Every morning we are confronted with fresh evidence of it; every morning we are, so to speak, invited to take off our hats to The Megaphone, The Daily Snap, The Watchman, The Morning Spout, The Roarer and The Wireless. Only The Trumpeter lags behind in the competition for our respectful admiration.

It is all very flattering to Brookmouth. Great events are taking place in the busy world without. Day by day the problem of the Home Rule Bill grows more insistent and more serious; airmen fly on their heads; desperate battles are fought out on the football pitch; the investments of the Liberal Party Funds are fiercely discussed; new books are published and banned; new plays are produced and withdrawn; there are earthquakes, fires and fights in foreign parts. Yet yesterday The Megaphone announced on its placard, "Summer returns to Brookmouth"; The Daily Snap said, "Great Heat in Brookmouth"; The Watchman, "Brookmouth Revels in the Sun"; The Morning Spout, "The Brookmouth Thermometer Soars"; The Roarer, "Vicar's Maxim at Brookmouth," The Wireless, "Sol favours Blookmouth." The Trumpeter merely Blookmouth." The Trumpeter merely And I could multiply examples insaid, "Home Rule Conference Development."

of local interest! Some time ago there appeared in one of our Church magazines a jocose remark by the genial vicar of St. Aloysius with regard to the consumption of buns at Sundayschool treats. "The Ban on the Bun," announced The Megaphone next day.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE UNCHIVALROUS SIR ALMROTH DENY-ING HIS IDENTITY TO FAIR CALLER AT FIRE-PROOF RETREAT, WHERE HE IS RESTING AFTER NERVOUS STRAIN OF WRITING THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST FEMALE SUF-

"Buns in Peril at Brookmouth," cried The Daily Snap. "The Bun-bursting Vicar," exclaimed The Watchman. "To Bun or not to Bun?" asked The Morning Spout. "A Hot and Cross Bun Outburst," facetiously said The

definitely. As I have remarked, it is very flattering to Brookmouth and it George III."

And what a flair they have for items reveals extraordinary enterprise on the part of The Megaphone, The Daily Snap, The Watchman, The Morning Spout, The Roarer, and The Wireless. All the same, it is a little curious that these clever young sub-editors, or whoever they are, do not realise that we should never dream of buying a London daily paper in order to read about Brookmouth. We can do that quite well in our local journals.

That is why I, for one, always take

in The Trumpeter.

# THE PLAINT OF PERCY ILLINGWORTH, Esq., M.P.

In a moment of expansion I engaged a ducal mansion

On a most romantic island on the

Where, remote from work and worry, And the aftermath of MURRAY, I intended in seclusion to reside.

But the attitude of Ulster And the leaders who 've convulsed her With incentives to the wickedest of crimes.

Has dispelled the blissful vision Of a holiday Elysian,

And prompted Loreburn's letter to The Times.

No more the strains melodic Of the pipes are heard at Brodick: No more I taste the pleasures of the chase;

But in sequence swift and sinister Comes Minister on Minister To mar the ancient magic of the place.

It's nuts for the snapshotters, And the journalistic jotters Who desecrate the glories of Goatfell, And it's worth a small Bonanza To the natives of Loch Ranza

And the people who the picture postcards sell.

But John Redmond down in Kerry Has been anything but merry,

And his prophecies are very far from smooth;

And the culpable omission From our Island coalition

Of LARKIN stirs the ire of HANDEL Воотн.

In the Session 1 am reely Rather fond of George and Seely And the merits of young Winston

can applaud; But to have them here, all talking When I want to go out stalking,

Turns my holiday into an Arrant fraud.

#### Mixed Farming.

"About 1803, an Officer named Macarthur



Mother (to Mabel, who has fallen over mat). "But how did you manage it, darling?" Mabel. "I—I—c-comed in before I c-comed."

#### THE HISTRION.

OBSERVE, from Jasper Jones' ascent To Fame, how art may circumvent A natural impediment.

Designed in Nature's finest mould, With eyes of blue and hair of gold, With smile at once refined and bold,

A figure of compelling height, A size of waist exactly right, He was a most attractive sight,

And built to act the leading part, The central Earl, the lime-lit Bart., Who wins or breaks the Prima's heart.

But mark the flaw: his twang was such As irked his hearers very much, Having the strongest Cockney touch.

In every line he had to say His h's always went astray And gave his origin away.

It makes me shiver even now When I, who know, remember how He spoke that dreadful diphthong "-ow."

But yet he got there all the same, So that the Stage's scroll of fame To-day is headed with his name.

And once a month, but never less, His portraits fill the picture press, In every pose, in every dress.

And high-born flappers, taught to ban The coarse or vulgar, think him an Ideal English gentleman;

Nay, murmur passionately, "Ah!" When, taken by a kind papa, They see him act . . . in cinema.

#### R.S.V.P.

THERE can be little doubt that instruction in English literature could be made more interesting if presented in some fresh form, and the following examination paper is put forward as an attempt to direct the minds of examinees into new channels:—

#### QUESTION I.

"Old Caspar's work was done."
What was old Caspar's work? Is there any reason other than the statement that it was done, for suggesting

# that it was not that of a Panel Doctor? QUESTION II.

" Tears, idle tears."

Why were they unemployed? Sug-bility. The thing gest schemes for utilising their labour. through in the end.

#### QUESTION III.

"I must learn Spanish one of these days."

What particular Conversation Course had the speaker in mind when making this resolve?

# QUESTION IV.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed."

Did it?

#### QUESTION V.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilder-

By means of what newspaper Apartment List was the writer ultimately suited?

#### QUESTION VI.

"Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

Was this instruction addressed to a properly qualified member of the Institute of Surveyors? If not, why not?

"An article in the Engineering Supplement examines the possibility of using existing telephone lines for telephonic purposes."—Times. It is hoped that telephone subscribers will not be unduly elated by this possibility. The thing will probably fall through in the end

# LAST WORDS ON THE CLOTHING CONTROVERSY.

(An irresponsible protest.) WHEN ADAM'S wife was first advised To study fashion, I should say Her modest wardrobe advertised That vanity had come to stay;

And vainer generations wore, As time went on, a little more.

(To overclothe the human form Makes men of morals rage and storm.)

But now, when modern Eve aspires To alter this, and just to wear The minimum our clime requires,

It seems, to say the least, unfair That virtue's guardians should unite In blaming her for doing right.

Such steps towards a simpler state No moralist should deprecate.

Not such am I. Rut I protest The world is brighter since the Fall, And life would lose an interest

If people wore no clothes at all. But stalked about with nothing on-Their most delightful foible gone.

How very dull to have a reign Of perfect innocence again!

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GOLF. (With full acknowledgments to our illuminating contemporaries.)

· I .- THE ART OF LONG DRIVING.

THERE is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate confrère who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the trying to get a good length with my art of long driving. How is this article, which reminds me that "The desideratum of all followers of the art of long driving" is the subject Royal and Ancient Game to be attained? under discussion. Well, I hope that, That is what I am about to tell you.

Some men when going all out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it; others merely from the tee than you did formerly. drive a straight ball down the middle If you succeed in doing this you will of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short bali, and consequently he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was playing for the Championship of Texas, U.S.A., in 19—. My partner was Mr. "Slick" Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the 14th he pulled his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no Another time he should be asked not secret when I say that, on the three to write.

previous greens, Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three 25 feet putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs, and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within 2 feet of the pin, and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken; not even cracked.

Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the 17th. We both had good drives at the 18th; but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit-hole, his ball lying about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches inside the front entrance. Here was a quandary! It, was the only rabbit-hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up, it meant losing the match. He walked forward, towards the green, with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit-hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Brer Rabbit's back-door, about 5 yards from the green, and came to rest within 2 feet of the pin. (If I recorded the exact distance—6 inches -many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am after a careful perusal of these few practical hints, you will find that you are consistently getting a longer ball experience a feeling of true satisfaction.

Next week I hope to publish [in another journal.—ED.] a few hints on "The art of approaching."

"Promoters of all kinds of public meetings and entertainments should assimilate the lesson contained in the appended extract from an appreciative letter addressed to the Editor of this Journal. The writer, a consistent and persistent advertiser, evidently knows a good thing when found, and, quite unsolicited by us, has written as follows:

'I write because I find that a good make a difference to the s.ze of the notice in your excellent paper DOES audience. "—Enfield Gazette.

#### THE COMMON ROUND.

John looked important and mysterious. "The fact is," he announced, "Eva and I are going to get married."

"Ah!" said I, "so that is why you

got engaged, is it?"
"Yes. Three weeks to-morrow. We shall want a parson, a bridesmaid or two and a best man. There is work for all. Will you help?"

"What will it cost me?" I asked. "You know, you have omitted to mention the other things you want and, I have no doubt, mean to have. Look here-will you take five shillings in cash and the rest by monthly instalments?"

John protested that he would be quite content with my mere blessing, so fine a fellow was I (as I am).

"Good," I said. "But then there is always Eva's point of view. Hadn't we better get straight to business? What about a sugar-sifter?"

"It's awfully kind of you, old boy, and there is nothing we should have liked better. But Eva and I intend to live quite simply, and we feel that the six sugar-sifters we have already re-

ceived will see us through.' "Has anybody suggested giving you the wedding-ring? You'll probably find you want one when you get to the church . . . Or what about half-a-dozen novels, with PRESENTA-TION COPY neatly stamped on the

inside cover?" "Wouldn't the publishers be hurt if they found out?" he asked. "Give us any old thing, if you insist. We don't mind what.'

"I simply don't believe you," I said. "I am quite certain that you have put your two heads together and made out a list. Produce it."

He produced it and began to read aloud. "We shall want a house and some furniture to put inside it. Cheques will be accepted in payment or partpayment. Tantaliarestrictly prohibited, but we are open to salvers, cutlery, entrée dishes . . .'

"Start at the other end," I suggested. "Ash-tray, blotting-pad, Bradshaw cover, ink-pot . . . "

"Times are bad, but not quite so bad as all that. Try the middle."

"Breakfast-service, tea-service, dinner-service."

"Don't you intend taking lunch?" I asked.

"Apparently not, but we make up with an extra dinner-service, called the dessert-service. The nut-crackers, nutpickers, nut-scrapers have already been supplied.'

"Then," I declared, "I will give

you the nuts."

"Or," said John, "what about the Jubiles port?'

The function was a complete success. and I filled my part to the last item. I can never be too grateful to Eva for choosing so charming a Chief Bridesmaid as Gladys, for I take it that, whatever she had been like, it was my duty (as Best Man) to fall in love with her. I opened the subject by complimenting her on her choice of a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Teaservice, which I considered much superior to the other three samples of the same convenience appearing among

the numerous and costly presents.
"Let's go and look for yours," she said, but I felt that what I had to say could best be said in a more private

"Probably they couldn't hold back and drank it last night," I said, as I led her apart. . . . The result of our conversation was such that I foresaw that a schedule of our own would become necessary at a later stage. So I felt I could not do better than make a list of the presents that John and Eva

had received.

When John had recovered from his wedding, I thought that it was high time to be getting on with my own. So I called upon him.

"I have here," I said, "a list . . ."
"Splendid," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm. "If you will forgive an experienced man advising you, I may say that the whole question of conjugal happiness depends entirely upon what you drink and when. Have you, for instance, a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service on your list?"

"We have," said I.

John was inclined to be jubilant, but Eva, who was standing by and has a better memory for detail, checked him. "We have never ceased to be grateful for Gladys's delightful gift," said she. "I don't know what we should do without it."

I think that perhaps John did know, but he had learnt wisdom in this short time and said nothing.

"Have you a sugar-sifter on the list?" asked Eva, tentatively.

"Six," said I. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that it is in some ways a peculiar list and contains only the things we can do without."

"Does it even include," asked Eva in desperation, "the handsome marble timepiece John's Uncle Frank gave

"Underlined in red ink," I stated, "and marked with an asterisk by way of special caution."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE: INSPIRED BY AMERICAN TAILOBING.

John tumbled to it at last. "It looks to me," he said, "as if we shall have to buy you something."

I deprecated this extreme measure. "No, no. Our list doesn't include everything you had given you."

Eva brightened visibly. I think she had the foolish hope of getting rid of the antimacassars of the faithful retainer.

"We haven't included the cheques," I explained. "If you're pressed for From the stocking. room, we could take over a couple or so of those."

From a list of wedding presents in Lotion:-The Oxford Chronicle:-

"Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee, 'Prometheus' (unbound)."

How mean!

"Dorothy Forster's New Song: DEAREST, I BRING THEE DAFFODILS (in the press.)'

Pressed flowers are all very well, but we fancy Dearest would prefer them fresh.

"Always use rain-water for the face if you want to keep your complexion. If you live in a town, strain the rain-water through the leg of an old stocking. This removes the black." Home Chat.

Directions for use of ——'s Tonic

"Unscrew the cap on top, and apply to the roots of the Hair, and then well brush."

We always brush our cap before putting it on the hair.

#### THE SORCERESS.

THERE are two outside doors to our offices, one to the waiting-room for our my hand and she smiled again, rather clients, and the other to our sanctum (marked "PRIVATE") to let my partner or myself out by when the typist rendered."

On Tuesday last my partner and I were earnestly discussing the latest phases of the Insurance Act when there said, "is not so—er—striking, but much double collars." occurred a gentle tapping at the door marked "PRIVATE." My partner went deathly pale, but having paid my tailor the previous week and sent a post-dated cheque to the Gas Company, I rose with an easy grace, opened the door and closed it behind me. I found myself in the passage—I usually do on lightly in her left hand. these occasions, so was not particularly surprised at the scenery-and facing a charming girl of about twenty-two, as near as I could judge. She smiled sweetly; I bowed. In her hand was one of those small yellow leather cases that people of either sex so often carry, big enough to hold night-gear and a tooth-brush, or possibly a couple of small bombs.

As my fair visitor continued to smile and say nothing, I mentally ran over the list of people I ought to know and don't always recognise, but I couldn't the pattern changing with each feat.

place her.

"It's no good," I said. "I'm sorry. I ought to remember you, but frankly I don't!"

Still she smiled.

"I say, you know," I said, "you might let me into the secret."

At last she made an effort to speak but failed; so, fearing that she was very nervous, I said cheerfully-

"Do you mind coming round to the outer office; there's no one there, and we can have a heart to heart talk about that has happened. I'll have two ties, this little matter?

"Now," I said, when she was seated, "are you a niece who has grown out of all recognition? If so, I will fall on your neck. I adore my relations, especially those who are strangers to me. Can I say more?"

At last her voice managed to force its way through the pearly portals, and

she spoke.

"Do you wear—er—neckties?"

As I happened to be wearing my tennis-club tie-and the Ealing Ramblers' tie is universally execrated by iealous outsiders for its obtrusivenessthe question seemed unnecessary.

"Well, yes," I said, "funnily enough I do, when I don't forget to put one on.' Almost unconsciously I put my hand to the tie enclosure.

brilliant smiles.

Her eyes followed the direction of broadly I thought.

Then she began to fumble with the clasp of the leather case. Her hand

a tie to pit against mine I will accept the challenge.

"What I want to show you," she more wonderful."

She opened the case, exposing two or three dozen neatly-folded neckties, and, running her finger lightly over an octave or so, selected a black silk one

with a purple leit motif.
"There," she said, holding it poised

"Well, what about it?" I said. "Very nice design, certainly, but-"Wait," she said, making a swift

movement with her left hand and gently stroking the tie with her right.

I thought I must be suffering from myopia; in place of the purple spots were white triangles, parallelograms and other geometric shapes dotted about on the black silk. Before I had time to express my astonishment the sorceress executed two more feats of legerdemain, the colour and shape of

"Look here," I said, trying to suppress my excitement, "if you can teach me to perform these mysteries and your terms are not too high, I will

have one of your conjuring outfits."
"Eighteenpence," she said briefly,

laying the tie on the table.

I turned it over and over. Each end had a different pattern on each side or face of it-four neckties for eighteenpence!

"This," I said, "is the greatest thing that is to say eight, making one for each day of the week and one over for Saturday matinies. "I can see myself," I said, weighing out my three shillings, "being soon spoken of as the best dressed man in Ealing.'

"Thank you so much," she said. "This is my first attempt at selling things. Wouldn't your partner like to

have some?"

I had no intention of letting William into this good thing. I brook no rivals. "Come, come," I said; "you are a woman. Let me appeal to your sense of human nature. Do you give away the name of your dressmaker to your best friend?"

"No," she said, with a sigh. "I

suppose you are right."

I wished her good luck and good "I haven't forgotten it to-day, you morning and, after studiously seeing

see," I said with one of my most her off the premises, re-entered the sanctum.

"There, my lad," I said, spreading out my purchases. "A complete necktie outfit, except for evening wear and funerals."

William turned them over contemannounces the arrival of a tradesman's shook. Clearly she was a beginner. platively. "You ass," he said, "what emissary on a matter of an "Account" "Allow me," I said. "If you have about the part that goes round your silly neck? There will be a different pattern showing on each side. You can only wear these baubles with

I simply loathe double collars.

#### LITTLE COW HAY.

Stephen Culpepper Of Little Cow Hay Farmed four hundred acres— As Audit-book say; An' he rode on a flea-bitten Fiddle-faced grey;

There 's the house—in the hollow, With gable an' eave, But they've altered it so That you wouldn't believe;-Wouldn't know the old place If he saw it—old Steve:

His dads an' his gran'dads Had lived there before:-Born, married an' died there-At least half a score; Big men the Culpeppers— As high as the door!

His wife was a Makepeace— An' none likelier, For she 'd five hundred pounds When he married o' her; An' a grey eye as kindly As grey lavender;

He'd sweetest o' roses, He'd soundest o' wheat; Six sons—an' a daughter To make 'em complete, An' he always said Grace When they sat down to meat!

He'd the Blessin' o' Heaven On barnyard an' byre, For he made the best prices Of all in the shire; An' he always shook hands With the Parson an' Squire!

An' whether his markets Had downs or had ups, He walked 'em three couple O' blue-mottle pups-As clumsy as ducklings— As crazy as tups!

But that must be nigh Sixty seasons away, When things was all diff'rent D'ye see—an' to-day There ain't no Culpeppers At Little Cow Hay!



PEEPS INTO BIBLICAL THEATRICAL LIFE.

ARRIVAL OF ACTOR-MANAGER, LEADING LADY, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAST.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF I am not mistaken a good many people besides old Anglo-Indians will delight in Miss S. Macnaughtan's Snow upon the Desert (Hodder and Stoughton). At the end of the story the young married woman who is its chief character—

Of medieval schemes and plottings,

Like snow upon the desert's dusky face, Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

But before she goes to meet old Charon, in spite of her occasionally sharp or rather reckless tongue, in spite of her carelessness about public opinion and the damning fact that a brilliant young V.C. had first sent in his papers and then shot himself because his love for her had broken his career and his heart, she had done far more than ninety-and-nine just persons to make life happier and smoother and more amusing for her fellow countrymen and countrywomen. "She came out here," says the author, "when she was very youthful, very full of courage, and with her beauty and her great charm to refresh us, and we loved her and blamed her, found fault with her, and could not do without her. We were not always merciful to her, but perhaps that need not be remembered now. At one time she was perhaps one stands as a type of English womanhood in India, of the courage and sadness and self-sacrifice that so often accom-

her characters are wonderfully alive, as if indeed they were not only types but realities. Some of them are very lovable, some, like their author, are distinctly humorous, and their story makes a clean, wholesome and refreshing book.

I used to revel in a tale
Of mediæval schemes and plottings,
Daggers averted by chain-mail,
Love philtres, poisons and garrottings;
So when The House of Eyes turned up,
A yarn of Milan in its glory
(Hancock and Gay) I rushed to sup
Once more on horrors weird and gory.

But no such luck! I'm bound to state
This book of Mr. ARTHUR GEORGE'S
Recalled but did not recreate
My old-time literary orgies.
Either he lacks the vivid touch,
The skill, and other points that matter,
Or else, grown old, I ask too much;
And I'm afraid it's not the latter.

not be remembered now. At one time she was perhaps one of the most prominent figures in India, and certainly the most admired." And yet her life was a tragedy. To me she stands as a type of English womanhood in India, of the courage and sadness and self-sacrifice that so often accompany the apparently selfish pursuit of pleasure of that glittering exile. I speak of her as if she were a real person, which perhaps is the case. That, at any rate, is the effect that Miss Macnaughtan has produced upon my mind. All

a novel as I have ever read. Oliver "desired a permanent

one wonders why the author, should have concentrated his attention upon Oliver when, with his gift for character and his minute cbservation, he could have dealt equally well with some more stimulating hero.

Suppose we were playing a game in which I told you the characters and setting of a book, and you guessed the author. Well, with regard to Watersprings (SMITH, ELDER), I should say that the scene was paitly laid in a country village and partly in Cambridge, and that the chief character was a don, a man cha: ming, cultured, verging upon middle age, but still full of lively sympathies, surveying the world as from

not a volume of meditations, but a real story, with several admirably studied characters, and a hero and heroine who marry. To be sure the action is less physical than more delicate touch than Mr. A. C. Benson. Throughout I was fascinated by two things—his sense of atmosphere, and the skill with which he has presented the point of view of "forty and a bittock" when confronted with youth. Howard Kennedy, the central figure, is drawn with an extraordinary sympathy and minuteness; in his amiable but lonely college existence, his courtship, and the sorrow and consolations of his married life, the man is wonderfully human. There are other characters, too, which I should like to praise in detail—a most actual undergraduate for one, and his father, whose loquacious enthusiasm on every possible topic is a thing of pure joy. Watersprings, in short, is exactly the story, tender, introspective and lovable, that Mr. A. C. Benson's countless admirers will most thank him for having written. I do so now.

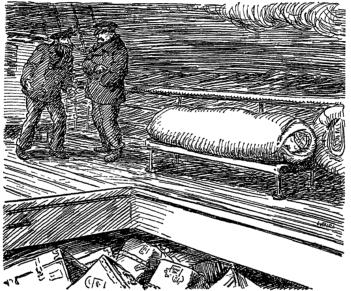
I have just enjoyed a most pleasant and very inexpensive base on which to build his life," and, after several un- holiday in Venice and St. Petersburgh with Mr. ROTHAY successful attempts to find it, gave up the struggle and, REYNOLDS as my guide, and only wish the story of The following the advice of Marcus Aurulius, "walked gravely and handsomely into the other world." Nothing of any moment brightened his life, and nothing of any moment brightens the story of it. He is so constituted that women do not interest him, nor religion, nor art, nor even the of benefits bestowed if I suggest that the only reason I intellectual atmosphere of Hampstead. He tries them all can find for the laying of the opening scenes in Venice is in turn and they fail to grip him. The experiment of that Mr. Reynolds wanted some excuse for his title. He thinking for an instant of anybody except himself he omits would have done better for the construction of his book if to try. It is a pity, for it might have made all the differ- he had laid them in St. Petersburgh. But, even so, The ence. The question whether it was worth while to write a Gondola remains an attractive love-story of the old-fashioned three hundred and sixteen page novel about this extra-ordinarily futile young man is one that need not be dis-cussed. Mr. Horskell has done it, and done it so well acquaintance I am peculiarly grateful. So accustomed that it is only occasionally that he allows the reader to be have I grown to the abnormally wicked Polish countesses irritated. The irritation comes in the retrospect, when of modern fiction that it was difficult at first to believe in

Wanda's goodness; but as soon as I was convinced that she meditated no appalling crimes I fell quietly in love with her. The Gondola is a "first" novel, and its freshness and unpretentiousness ought to assure it a most cordial

welcome. Those who would really like to have their wholesome flesh made to creepa form of occasional exercise which has much to commend it - should plunge forthwith into *Undergrowth* (Secker), wherein F. and E. BRETT-Young have essaved to follow Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD in his none too easy genre, and have by no means failed. Matter-of-fact

a college window, who—
But before I got any further you would pro
But before I got any further You would pro
But bably exclaim, "A. C. Benson," and win. If, however, Welsh valley, finds unaccountable sinister influences at I had not been interrupted I might have gone on to tell work; strange accidents happen to men and machines, you much more about the book: for example, that it is and a despairing depression of spirits settles over him. The mountains, the river, and the trees seem to him to have a threatening life, and the visionary Welsh shepherd, Morgan, "of the blood of Morgan Ap Owaine," quite simply emotional, but that you would expect; and I suppose there accepting the fact that they have, drives home the stark are few writers who can convey thoughts with a surer and reality to the terrified consciousness of this prosaic Glasgow man. He finds the diary of his predecessor, who, more in harmony with the spirit that moves in the undergrowth, has found the peace of death. With Forsyth the thing brings a decline to intemperance and despair, Destiny, like Caliban upon Setebos, choosing to act in this arbitrary way. Perhaps the authors had no strict right, as story-tellers, to leave suspended and unexplained the episode of wild Meredith's sacrifice of a sheep in the circle of stones on Pen But they have woven a convincing tissue of eeriness with the plausible suggestion of an esoteric knowledge which an unlearned reader may not challenge.

> From an account of a wedding in The B. E. Africa Leader:-"The parents were many and varied, there being 98 in all." A motley collection, well repaying inspection.



["Buy one of our sleeping-bags and have a good night's rest when travelling."—ADVT.]

# CHARIVARIA.

IT is said that there are now twentyfour candidates for the throne of Albania, and it is proposed shortly to hold a Review of them.

A recruit named LESPAGNOL, weighing eighteen stone, and over seven feet in height, has been enrolled at Tours, and a further increase in the German army may become necessary.

The 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light

Infantry has been camping on the playing fields of Eton. Someone has evidently just remembered that it was there that the Battle of Waterloo was won.

The interest taken in today's royal marriage is so great that it is thought that it may become necessary to restrict the number of reporters who wish to accompany the royal couple on their honeymoon to one hundred.

It is not surprising that Mr. CHESTERTON should always be ready to scoff at Eugenics. Mr. Chesterton, we understand, was born under the old-fashioned conditions and brought up in the old-fashioned way, and yot he has developed into one of the finest children in the country.

after the Cromer express

Town Council.

ments, will not take place. It would seats by telephone. be well if people recognised at an earlier stage that the great danger of engagemony.

ingly interesting. \* \*\*

came the answer.

play is in actual use off the stage. In of the danger. spite of this the author of the new play at the Strand Theatre pluckily persists in calling his comedy The the Zoo last week. A visit to the

The musical play, Are You There? segregated.

"Is The Laughing Husband likely to nounced at one of our cinematograph pay?" asked an investor before its theatres. Positively The Last Days. production. "There's Pounds in it," Hurry up!

"Saints have a bad record as states-The author of Mary Goes First has men," says Dean Henson. This is been getting into trouble because the evidently realised by some of our poliname Whichello, which occurs in the ticians, who are palpably steering clear

> A new Insect House was opened at Monkey House, however, proves that not all the insects have yet been



MODES FOR MEN.

The road to advancement!

Signalman Kerry, who was dismissed by the Great

Eastern Railway Company

Storm a weekly causerie by "A Bath Club Chap" we gather that ladies are not alone in being catered for in the matter of "Tango" wear. All the smart men's tailors are busy evolving creations suitable for the ball-room. No better could be approached than W. E. Spiffin, of Conduit Street, whose "Tango" suits (ten guineas, with extra waist-coat in white, cream or mole) are a joy to the modern dancing-man.

collision at Colchester, has been adopted which will shortly make its appearance conclude that the Government are marching as a Labour candidate for the Colchester at the Prince of Wales Theatre, will, we are told, consist in part of a satire on the London telephone system. If Attention has been drawn to the the General Post Office possesses an exceptionally large number of marriages ounce of spirit there will, we should which, according to recent announce-say, be some little difficulty in booking

In the first number of The Thespian, ments is that they may lead to matri- Mr. F. R. Benson urges upon actors the importance of athletics. believe it to be a fact that, owing It is rumoured that Miss Marie to their neglect of athletics, many of LLOYD'S language, when pointing out our leading actors are prevented from to the immigration authorities at New performing on the staircases now in York that she was a lady, was exceed-vogue, and are consequently faced by ruin:

A theatrical forecast has come true. The Last Days of Pompeii is an these horrors.

#### THE BADGER.

Last of the night's quaint clan He goes his way-A simple gentleman In sober grey; To match lone paths of his In wood!ands dim, The moons of centuries Have silvered him.

Deep in the damp, fresh earth He roots and rolls, And builds his winter girth Of sylvan tolls: When seek the husbandmen The furrow brown. He hies him to his den And lays him down.

There may he rest for me, Nor ever stir For clamorous obloquy Of terrier; Last of the night's quaint clan He curls in peace— A friendly gentleman In grey pelisse!

#### "Serpent, I say!"

"If we were to take Mr. McKenna's speech as representing the considered resolve of his colleagues we should be obliged to

à plat ventre ' to civil war."-The Globe.

Our sportive contemporary must not say these hard things of the Government, or the worm may turn.

"The two suffragist; who are to be charged at next High Court in Glasgow with having purposed setting fire to a house in the West Endrefused to plead at the preliminary det." Scotsman.

Another hunger-strike.

"Responsions. Mr. Maclure, M.A., Author of Greek Accents, prepares exclusively for above."—Advt. in "Morning Post."

A committee of public school boys is to meet without delay to decide upon the fate of the self-confessed inventor of

# HOW THE LIBERALS GOT THERE.

["Liberalism has been successful because in all its quarrels it tries patiently to understand and make allowances for the sincere point of view of the other side."—Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee.]

> MEN of the City of Marmalade, Stern by nature and sweet by trade, Every morning you hear new tales How Victory sits on the Party's sails; Has it ever occurred to you to guess What is the secret of our success?

Here are the facts: we have always tried To get at the sense of the other side; We have made allowances all along For what is sincere, though plainly wrong; Ever we say, as we fight like hell, "They don't know better, but may mean well!"

A typical case. My old friend George, When he went, all out, for the ducal gorge-What was the burning thought that lay At the back of his head down Limehouse way? He was taking the landlord's point of view; He was making allowance for blood that's blue.

So with his great Insurance Act, Marked by the most amazing tact. Counsel he took with the Tory camp On the vital question of licking the stamp, And constantly racked his fertile brains To appease the Unionist Mary Janes.

Similar care we have freely spent In the matter of Disestablishment. Before we fully arranged to wrest To secular use the Church's chest, We took incredible pains to find Whether the Clergy would really mind.

The Chamber of Peers is another case Where we sought to save the enemy's face. We might have prescribed a deadly cure For the scandal of primogeniture, But we simply suspended its doom in air By a brief Preamble—and left it there.

So it has been with the Home Rule Bill: ... We have patiently sought, and are seeking still, Though Ulster's wrongs are the merest myth, To make allowance for F. E. SMITH, And pleaded for grace (from yonder skies) To see the picture with Carson's eyes.

Enough! To assume a kindly tone With those who honestly err; to own That even a Tory's heart may be Just possibly human—there you see The methods that made us what we are, And how we have climbed so fast and far.

So now I have told you all about A thing you'd never have guessed without; It's my own idea, and I don't suppose That anyone else in the Party knows; Certainly Asquire hasn't yet Mentioned it to the Cabinet. O. S.

"Wanted—A Eurasian or Baboo who thoroughly understands the working of an Auto-knitter. Will pay one anna per pair." Eurasians are cheap to-day.

#### MRS. BAXTER.

"Francesca," I said, "you look weary."

"And so would you or anybody else," she said, "if you had to endure all these worries."

"Worries," I said, "are sent to us for our good. If life were always placid-

"I should like it much better; but it never is."

"No, it is never always placid; but it is occasionally sometimes placid, and-

"You are getting mixed," she said; "men ought never to get mixed."

"Oh, do you think so?" I said. "Don't you feel that a little mixing now and then adds a spice of unexpected variety to conversation—something better than the plain No and the solid Yes? The man who never got mixed never got anything.

"Anyhow," she said, "it won't help us just now."
"Is this," I asked, "one of those moments in which strong practical commonsense could be of any help?"

"It might be," she said; "but where am I to find it?" "Or what do you say to the sympathy of a good man? Not an obtrusive fussy sympathy, you know, but a quiet soothing sympathy not so much expressed in words as-You know the sort I mean; you have often experienced it, haven't you?"

"Do you," she said, "mean the sympathy that smokes a pipe and sits in an armchair reading The Times while I'm

busy about the house?"

"And why not?" I said. "Besides, you know perfectly well that I have offered to do your work over and over again.

"I should like to see you dare," she said.

"Francesca, I feel absolutely reckless. I am off this very moment to order dinner. Fish, meat and groceries shall all yield their mysteries to me. I could interview a thousand cooks and never flinch. I-

"You'll find it difficult enough to interview one," she said. "One!" I cried enthusiastically. "In my hands she will be as clay to the potter. I shall mould her to my special taste in entrées and savouries. Oh, Francesca, what dinners we shall have!" I half rose from my chair and prepared to make a dash for the kitchen. She checked me with an imperious wave of her hand and I fell back again.

"It's no good," she said. "You would not find her in a

humour to receive you.". ""Oh, but I should soon get her into a receiving humour. We should become great friends. There would be no orders. I should make a few tactful suggestions. I should say, 'Mrs. \_\_\_\_'. By the way, what is her eminent name?"

...Baxter." "Thank you. I should say, 'Mrs. Baxter, how does a sweet omelette strike you?' or 'Mrs. Baxter, what are your views on cutlets à la Soubise?' and then I should tell her who Soubise was and why the cutlets were called after him,

and she would be deeply interested, and the whole thing would go off splendidly. Do let me try."

"I tell you," she repeated, "it's no good. She has just told me she wants to go at the end of her month."

"WHAT!!" I said convulsively.

"Shouting," said Francesca, "won't alter it."

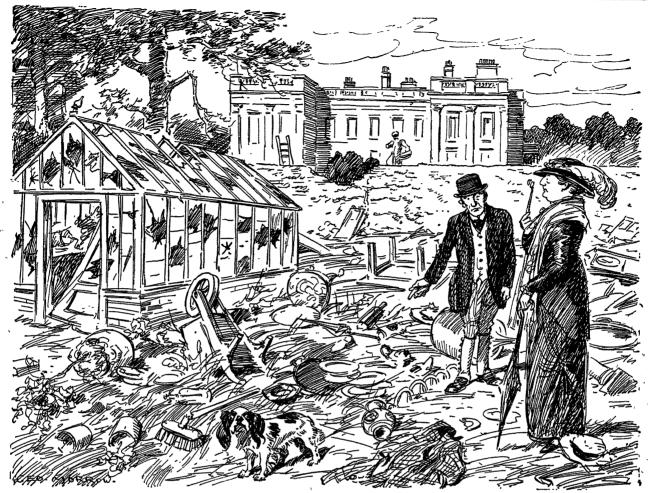
"Another dream shattered," I said. "Who wouldn't shout at the disappearance of so fair a vision? Why, oh why must she go?"

"I said something about butter, and she seemed to resent

"But you are ready to apologise for your buttery imputations—I know you are. Surely genius must not be hampered by hard words about such a thing as butter. Let her have tons of butter."



THE IDEAL HOME (RULE) EXHIBITION.



Bailiff. "OH NO, YOUR LADYSHIP, I DON'T MIND THE BATTLE PICTURES—THEY DON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE, BUT IT'S THESE COMIC ONES THAT MESS THE PLACE UP THE WAY YOU SEE IT."

["Several owners of large estates are allowing the use of their grounds for the production of cinema pictures."]

- "You'd be the first to resent having to pay for it."
- "Not I," I said. "Think of her vegetables."
- "I admit," said Francesca, "that her vegetables are good.''
- "And her soup," I continued. "Have you ever tasted better?"
  - "Her soup is excellent, but-
- "There must be no 'buts,'" I said. "We cannot let such vegetables and such soup leave us for ever without a struggle. ,Did you try to persuade her?'
- "Well, I didn't fall on my knees, you know. You
- wouldn't have liked me to do that."

  "Oh yes, I should," I said. "Surely it was the one thing to do. Your high spirit and your pride are admirable qualities, Francesca, but I have noticed, with regret, that they sometimes lead you astray. They make you do things you are afterwards sorry for.'
- "Well, this time, you see, I did nothing. I just said, 'Oh, very well,' and asked her what she had to complain of."
- "Then I suppose she broke into tears and you mocked at her grief?"
- "Not a bit of it. She went off into a long rigmarole, and,
- amongst other things, she complained very much of you."
  "Of me?" I said. "Impossible."
  "Yes, of you. She said Mr. Carlyon didn't seem to fancy her way of cooking, and sometimes the dishes wasn't

- more than tasted, and sukkastic messages come out of the dining-room, and that led to disagreeable back-talk from the other servants. Altogether, she didn't seem to approve
- of you."
  "You ought not to have listened to her, Francesca," I
- "I couldn't help listening to her. Besides, she's entitled to give her reasons.'
- "I consider it," I said, "a great impertinence in her to talk like that of me before you."
- "Yes, and the kitchenmaid was listening, too."
- "Indeed. And how did it strike the kitchenmaid?"
- "The kitchenmaid," said Francesca, "seemed to think it was a joke. She sniggered."
- "Francesca," I said, "I have been thinking this matter over. I am afraid there is nothing for it. Mrs. Baxter must go."
- "I was sure you would agree with me," she said.
- "And the kitchenmaid?"
- "Oh, she's young," said Francesca.
- "She must be warned not to repeat her behaviour. It was not respectful to you. You ought to have displayed a
- "Oh, no," said Francesca. "I have too much pride for that. Proper spirits make all the mischief in the world."

R. C. L.

#### AUTHORS DISCUSS CHINA.

TURKS DISCUSS AUTHORS' ILLUMIN-ATING UTTERANCES.

of the ethos of the Turk at the Authors' Club, a debate of authors on the Chinaman was held at Caxton Hall last the Chairman observed that although columns of P.A.P. he had never personally visited China, Yellow Jacket and preferred Mandarin to Seville oranges. Men of letters, he DE QUINCEY and COLERIDGE, though into the roadway, to the imminent peril that a wholesale prohibition would be

personally he preferred barleywater.

Mr. John Galsworthy was not present, but he wrote a letter, which the Chairman read, to the effect that, if it could be authoritatively ascertained that most Chinamen married the wrong woman first, he would extend his patronage to the race. Otherwise China was no place for a conscientious English novelist.

Mr. Arnold Bennett also wrote stating that he had not as yet gone very deeply into the matter of China, but when next he had half-an-hour to spare he would devote it to the composition of an article instructing the Chinese in all the duties of life.

Mr. BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., who apologised for the lateness of his arrival, ex-

plaining that he had been detained by of motorists. Such a thing would not from the moral point of view Turkish a dress-rehearsal at the Gas Congress, be tolerated in Pekin. delivered an exhaustive address on the food for thought.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking, who followed, said that it was a commonplace of European criticism to speak of the immobility of China. Yet they had abandoned the pig-tail, and the Deputies at to call attention to an extraordinary their new Parliament all wore top-hats. lack of consideration shown by English The revival of the silk-hat trade in châtelaines for their guests. Quite relightened policy.

aloquent speech, expressed the indebted- the most inferior Indian quality. At ness of the Irish people to China. The breakfast the tea provided was the best

Speaking for himself, it was one of the due to such acts as these. greatest disappointments of his journalistic life when the late Dowager Empresiding. In his introductory remarks an account of her early life to the

The Mayor of Westminster paid a he had attended a performance of The handsome tribute to the efficiency of the municipal administration of Pekin. That city was far ahead of Kensington, with sympathy in view of the stimu- were often so congested with perambu-

Secretary of Village Entertainment. "Now, don't give them anything too high-class; they won't understand it."

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL said that China architecture of the Chinese Wall, a was the ideal country for a novelist knowledge of which, he maintained, because there was no Library censorwas absolutely essential to all journalists ship. You could publish just what you and novelists. Whether one looked at liked there; but the melancholy result its length, its height or its breadth, it was that very little was published. impressed the imagination and furnished Why this should be so he could not imagine.

Mr. Filson Young observed that he was glad that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR had raised the question of the hygienic quality of China tea, as it enabled him England was a direct result of this en- cently, while staying in a well-appointed country house, he was brought his early Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in an morning tea, which turned out to be of were notoriously the "tea-drink- Soochong. But his appetite had been Daily Telegraph and since entirely destroyed. (Cries of "Shame!") A good doctor would soon cure them.

they had taken to China instead of Was this economy necessary? Indian tea the cause of Home Rule it not rather an insult to the 450 had progressed by leaps and bounds. millions of patient Orientals now ruled Again, Ireland was famous for its by Yuan Shin-Kai? He was no scare-As a result of the clarifying effect on ginger-ale, the raw material for which monger, but if ever we were confronted public opinion of the recent discussion was principally imported from Canton. by a Yellow Peril it would be largely

By way of supplement to this interesting debate we may give a brief Friday, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE again PRESS OF CHINA declined to contribute summary of the speeches made at a meeting held in Constantinople last week to discuss the tone and tendencies of British authors, with TALAAT BEY in the chair.

TALAAT said that the time had come to decide whether the importation of continued, would always regard China where the pavements in High Street English novels should be allowed to continue. For his own part, he had lating effect of opium on the genius of lators that foot-passengers were driven no hesitation in declaring his conviction

in the best interests of the

Ottoman Empire.

AHMED RIZA said that what was wrong with the British authors was their lack of idealism. There were exceptions, of course, but the worst of it was that the few idealists were pessimists to the core. Take Galsworthy, for instance, who had given such a fine picture of the English aristocracy in The Patrician, but whose later works gave him (AHMED RIZA) the pure pip.

Enver Bey, while admitting his indebtedness to HERBERT Spencer, deplored the decadent spirit which animated most English novelists, with the exception of the Brothers Hocking and the Baroness ORCZY.

HILNIC PASHA followed on similar lines. The censorship in Turkey was purely political;

romances were above reproach, whereas in England the great majority of novelists were engaged in a carnival of competitive impropriety.

DJAVID PASHA noted the extraordinary inconsistency of British authors, who, while criticising the domestic morals of the Turks, yet encouraged them in their writings. He understood that one of the most popular works recently pub-lished in England was entitled, Some Experiences of an Irish Harem.

Ultimately a resolution was unanimously passed, expressing sympathy with the Libraries Association in London in their noble effort to restrict the

circulation of poisonous novels.

"Already the Premier, Hsung-Hsi-Ling, has begun applying for sick leave, showing that internal difficulties are rampant." Daily Telegraph.

#### DEFINITIONS.

As soon as we had joined the ladies after dinner Gerald took up a position in front of the fire.

"Now that the long winter evenings

are upon us," he began——

"Anyhow, it's always dark at half-

past nine," said Norah.

"Not in the morning," said Dennis, who has to be excused for anything foolish he says since he became obsessed with golf.

"Please don't interrupt," I begged.

"Gerald is making a speech.

"I was only going to say that we might have a little game of some sort. Norah, what's the latest parlour game from London?"

"Tell your uncle," I urged, "how you amuse yourselves at the Lyceum.'

"Do you know 'Hunt the Pencil'?"

"No. What do you do?"
"You collect five pencils; when you've got them, I'll tell you another game.

"Bother these pencil games," said Dennis, taking an imaginary swing with a paper-knife. "I hope it isn't too brainv.

"You'll want to know how to spell," said Norah severely, and she went to the writing desk for some paper.

In a little while—say, half-an-hour we had each a sheet of paper and a pencil, and Norah was ready to explain.

"It's called Definitions. I expect you all know it.'

We assured her we didn't.

"Well, you begin by writing down five or six letters, one underneath the We might each suggest one.

We weighed in with ours, and the result was E P A D U.

"Now you write them backwards." There was a moment's consternation. "Like 'bath-mat'?" said Dennis. "An 'e' backwards looks so silly."

"Stupid—like this," explained Norah. She showed us her paper.

 $\mathbf{F}$ P D D TI E

"This is thrilling," said Mrs. Gerald,

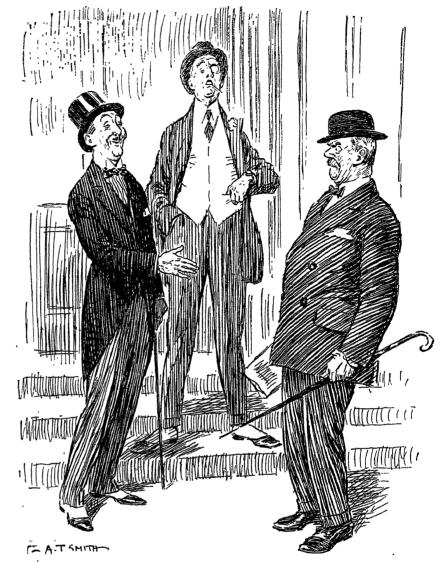
pencilling hard.

"Then everybody has to fill in words all the way down, your first word beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u,' and so on. See?'' Gerald leant over Dennis and ex-

plained carefully to him, and in a little know the game," said Mrs. Gerald.

while we all saw.

"Then, when everybody's finished, we define our words in turn, and the person who guesses the word first gets I was first. a mark. That's all.'



Genial Idiot. "Hullo, White, old man. Not seen you for centuries; scarcely RECOGNISED YOU; MOUSTACHE AND ALL THAT'S ALTERED YOU SO MUCH." Perfect Stranger. "PARDON ME, SIR, MY NAME IS NOT WHITE." Genial Idiot. "THAT'S BAD! ALTERED YOUR NAME, TOO!"

"And a very good game too," I said, and I rubbed my head and began to think.

"Of course," said Norah, after a quarter of an hour's silence, "you want to make the words difficult and define them as subtly as possible."

"Of course," I said, wrestling with 'E-U.' I could only think of one it," said Norah sternly. word, and it was the one everybody else was certain to have.

"Are we all ready? Then somebody

"You'd better begin, Norah, as you

We prepared to begin.

"Mine," said Norah, "is a bird."
"Emu," we all shouted; but I swear

"Yes."

"I don't think that's a very subtle definition," said Dennis. "You promised to be as subtle as possible.

"Go on, dear," said Gerald to his wife.
"Well, this is rather awkward. Mine is-

"Emu," 1 suggested.

"You must wait till she has defined

"Mine is a sort of feathered animal." "Emu," I said again. In fact, we all said it.

Gerald coughed. "Mine," he said, "isn't exactly a-a fish, because it-

"Emu," said everybody. "That was subtler," said Dennis,

"but it didn't deceive us."

"Your turn," said Norah to me. And they all leant forward ready to say "Emu."

"Mine," I said, "is-all right, Dennis, you needn't look so excitedis a word I once heard a man say at the Zoo."

There was a shriek of "Emu!"

"Wrong," I said. Everybody was silent.

"Where did he say it?" asked Nora at last. "What was he doing?"

"He was standing outside the Emu's cage."
"It must have been Emu."

"It wasn't."

"Perhaps there's another animal and I gave myself a mark. beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u'," suggested Dennis. "He might have said, 'Look here, I'm tired of this old Emu, let's go and see the E-doesn't-mu,' or whatever it 's called."

"We shall have to give it up," said Norah at last. "What is it?"

"Ebu," I announced. "My man had a bad cold, and he said, 'Look, Baria, there's ad Ebu.' Er-what do I get for that?"

"Nothing," said Norah coldly. "It isn't fair. Now, Mr. Dennis."

"Mine is not Emu, and it couldn't be mistaken for Emu; not even if you had a scre throat and a sprained ankle. And it has nothing to do with the Zoo, and-

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what you say at golf when you miss a short putt."

"I doubt it," I said.

"Not what Gerald says," said his wife. "Well, it's what you might say. What Horace would have said."

"'Eheu'—good," said Gerald, while his wife was asking "Horace who?"

We moved on to the next word, P-D.

"Mine," said Norah, "is what you might do to a man whom you didn't like, but it's a delightful thing to have and at the same time you would hate to be in it."

"Are you sure you know what you are talking about, dear?" said Mrs. Gerald gently.

"Quite," said Norah with the con-

fidence of extreme youth.

"Could you say it again very slowly?" asked Dennis, "indicating by changes in the voice which character is speaking?"

She said it again.

"'Pound," said Gerald. "Goodone to me."

Mrs. Gerald had "pod," Gerald had "pond;" but they didn't define them very cleverly and they were soon guessed. Mine, unfortunately, was also wants watching. guessed at once.

"It is what Dennis's golf is," I said. "'Putrid,' " said Gerald correctly.

"Mine," said Dennis, "is what everybody has two of."

"Then it's not 'pound,' I said, "because I've only got one-and-ninepence."

"At least, it's best to have two. Sometimes you lose one. They're very useful at golf. In fact, absolutely necessary."

"Have you got two?"

"Yes.

I looked at Dennis's enormous hands | They cast delicious spells at your bedspread out on his knees.

"Is it 'pud'?" I asked. "It is? Are those the two? Good heavens!"

A—A was the next, and we had the old Emu trouble.

"Mine," said Norah—"mine is rather a meaningless word."

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.
"Mine," said Miss Gerald, "is a very strange word, which-

"'Abracadabra,' "shouted everybody. "Mine," said Gerald, "is a word which used to be-

"'Abracadabra,'"shouted everybody. "Mine," I said to save trouble, "is 'Abracadabra.'"

"Mine," said Dennis, "isn't. It's

what you say at golf when—"
"Oh lor!" I groaned. "Not again." "When you hole a long putt for a

"You'd probably say, 'What about that for a good putt, old thing? Thirty yards at least," "suggested Gerald. " No."

"Is it—is it 'Alleluia'?" suggested Mrs. Gerald timidly.

"Yes."

"Dennis," I said, "you're an ass."

"And now," said Norah at the end

of the game, "who's won?" They counted up their marks.

"Ten," said Norah. "Fifteen," said Gerald.

"Three," said his wife.

"Fourteen," said Dennis.

They looked at me.

"I'm afraid I forgot to put all mine down," I said, "but I can easily work it out. There were five words, and five definitions of each word. Twenty-five marks to be gained altogether. four have got—er—let's see—forty-two between you. That leaves me——"

"That leaves you minus seventeen," said Dennis. "I'm afraid you've lost, old man." He took up the shovel and practised a few approach shots. "It's rather a good game."

I think so too. It's a good game, but, like all paper games, its scoring A. A. M.

"He, in brief, was a fine example of the saying, 'Suarter in modo see forther in re.'"

Clonmel Chronicle. Gaelic always leaves us cold.

# NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

THINK, when you sleep And slip alone into a world of dream, That fairies creep

Up to the darkling house by glowworm gleam;

And then kind-eyed

side.

And take you in their keeping When you are sleeping.

In and out and round about, while moonshine is peeping

Through the dimity curtains on the floor and counterpane,

Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing and sweeping.

And all the rest in the dimpsey light are dancing, ring and chain,

Cross hands and down the middle and cross hands again.

Think, when you wake And blink your eyelids at the morning's blue.

That fairies slake Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew, And tell the flowers

To dress and give them breakfast in their bowers,

And set the sunbeams shaking When you are waking.

Here and there and everywhere, when broad day is breaking

They troop into the garden, very eager to be fed.

If the dew is not delivered, what a fuss they will be making!

But at last they wander back into the wood and go to bed, With yawns of gapy gossamer, each

fairy sleepy-head.

Mr. Birrell, in acknowledging the receipt of the freedom of Glasgow, spoke in praise of great cities, and is reported to have referred to the "magic names of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Paris, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh." Dublin seems for the moment to have escaped his memory.

"The great cathedral of Gloucester was filled to overflowing, so that the acoustic properties were excellent. The nave is usually too snorous."—Evening Standard.

Of course it depends to a large extent on the preacher.

"Having confessed to stealing ten motor cycles from different owners by riding off on a pretence of testing the machines, a carpenter was sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday, Judge Rentoul stating that he should use extraordinary leniency in order to give him another chance." Standard.

Making the eleventh.



Beginner. "I Wonder what the clue's like I Ought to have used here? None of these seem Quite Right!"

# SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Some remarks which appeared in a leading provincial newspaper the other day upon the "concentrated essence of hospitality" which is extended at modern week-end shooting parties may perhaps have been received with resentment by certain society hostesses concerned. "Modern hospitality," it was explained, "is quite shameless in fixing the hour of arrival and departure for guests; in some country houses the hint is conveyed by the tiny cake of "visitor's soap" in the bedrooms, symbolical of the brief time guests are expected to stay." One has always had a feeling that that is the sort of in the press, but as our contemporary discussing the subject more fully.

The system of the symbolical soap does not always work quite so smoothly as one might think. There is a story impediments. now going the rounds of an old gentleman, quite incapable of consciously tea is stone cold; that the fire in his committing a faux pas, who neverthe- bedroom is allowed to go out at 9 P.M.; less made himself extremely unpopular that only one of his boots has been at a well-known country house in the blacked. If these fail there are other Even the setters are there."

as the whole truth was known, he was it is a question of speeding the lingercompletely exonerated. It happened that the housemaid, in preparing his room, had carelessly left behind her a large slab of household soap, on which the old gentleman worked away for several weeks, never dreaming that he would be expected to leave before he reached the end of it. One cannot, however, so easily excuse a certain Army officer, who now finds all doors in society closed to him. For it is said that he had committed the unpardonable gaucherie of ringing for more soap.

But symbolical soap as a means of getting rid of one's friends is rapidly going out. Involving as it does the personal habits and tastes of the various guests it has been found altogether too thing that ought not to be given away | rigid in its operations. Some hostesses, too, prefer a more direct hint and simhas made a start in this direction we ply cut off the food supply; but this may perhaps take the opportunity of is not done at the best houses. It is considered more delicate to disturb the even tenor of the guest's tranquillity by a series of slight but cumulative

Thus he will find that his morning Midlands by grossly outstaying his welland more drastic means, for the modern come. It is only fair to add that, as soon hostess is a marvel of ingenuity when And, of course, the landing net.

ing guest. He will find a Bradshaw beneath his pillow, or, if he has brought his motor, his chauffeur will be instructed to hang about in unexpected places waiting for orders. Sometimes the car is even brought round and kept waiting at the front door.

In the case of extreme obtuseness, further steps may sometimes have to be taken. The delinquent will find that he has to unpack his bag several times a day and to be continually retrieving his golf-clubs from the front hall, where they arelying in conspicuous readiness for his departure. And at last, when he goes up to his room to make ready for luncheon, he will be shocked to discover that the blinds are down and the carpet up, while a couple of workmen are busy with the electric light. Then it will come home to him. The game is up and he must go.

But it must not be supposed that he will be made to suffer any embarrassment in his farewells. The modern hostess is the very impersonation of tact.

Sydney Morning Herald.



Rosamund (at the words, "This is for the second time of asking"). "OH, MOTHER, THEN SHE'S A WIDOW!"

# WHY YOU YELL.

(Written, for the benefit of the neighbourhood in general, to a phenomenon who is still too youthful to make coherent explanations for himself.)

I no not think you have a pain inside;
Not hunger nor a sad satiety
Makes you screw up your face like that, and hide
Those optics where celestial stars abide,
And bellow like the D.

Some there may be of Calvinistic view, Nursing the notion of primeval sins. Would say old Adam's still alive in you; Others would hoist you to a posture new And readjust your pins.

These are in error. So is your mamma,
Who seeks to soothe you down with wordy sham
And deems you weary from your long ta ta.
(Editor: "What on earth is that?" Papa:
"Why, driving in his pram.")

That could not cause such poignancy of wce,
But sorrow for a place where sordid pelf
And lies rule everything—this spectre show
Where all is hollowness. Poor child! I know;
I felt the same myself.

I howled, they tell me, also; I could make Sufficient noise for two when I was hurled Into this vale of mourning: "Life's a fake" (That was the line which I proposed to take); "Crikey! Is this your world?" I came, like you, from Paradise; I slid
Down by the rainbow stairs, and, when I saw
The meanness that enshrouds a mortal kid,
I told them what I thought of it—I did.
I nearly burst my jaw.

Well, you'll get used to it. You'll learn to veil
The heartfelt anguish underneath a smile,
Accept life's tinsel, and forget to wail
For that dim land beyond terrestrial hail
Where things are done in style.

Meantime, what wonder that your days are flat?
Contemptuous of the women's idle talk,
What wonder that you spurn the dorsal pat?
Your father's sympathy 's too deep for that;
He's going for a walk.
Evor.

"FAT-BABY MISTAKES.

STRAPPING INFANTS ON WRONG DIET."

Daily Mail.

It is very wrong to strap them whatever you may have been eating.

A Farmyard Imitation?

"It was heard under excellent conditions. Miss Edyth Walker and Mr. John Coates were obviously at home and in complete sympathy with their parts, the mooing duet being sung with the deepest feeling and dramatic fervour."—Yorkshire Evening News.

"Ameng the wedding presents to Prince Arthur of Connaught are a pair of socks, knitted by an octogenarian shepherd and a collie."

Standard

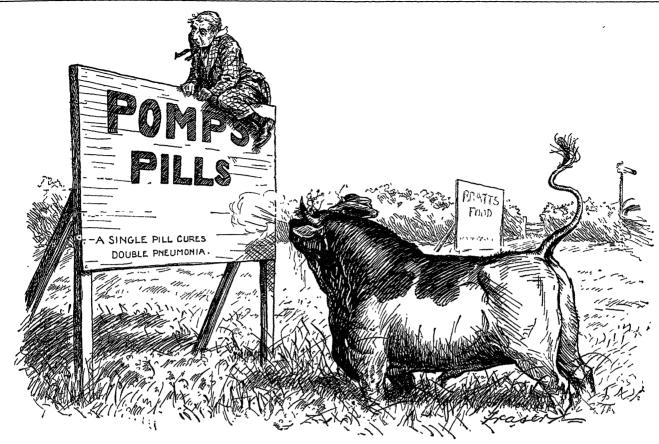
Probably they did a sock each.



# UNION OF HEARTS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING, OCTOBER 15TH.

Mr. Punch. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH, SIR! WE MAY DIFFER ABOUT ULSTER, BUT WE'RE ALL SOLID FOR CONNAUGHT!"



"Well, this is the first time I remember to have derived any real benefit from these pills."

# THE NEW WAY OF ADVER-TISING PLAYS.

THE observer of contemporary journalism can hardly fail to have been struck with the change that is coming over theatrical advertising. Should the present tendency continue, this is what we are coming to:-

Why suffer from Autumnal Depression when for a price within the reach of all you can forget your woes by witnessing the enormously successful farcical comedy

"WELL, REALLY, I MEAN-Every evening at 9. DRYTEARIAN THEATRE. Just the thing for the chilly weather. Try it before you go to bed to-night.

#### THE DESCRIPTIVE TOUCH.

How glorious is the crisp morning air up on this mountain side! How the waters of the burn sing with gladness as they go splashing and flashing towards the tarn in the valley below. The cottagers sing also, for blitheness of heart, as they stand at their doors to watch the passing of the Duke of Shaftesbury-Avenue and his high-born house-party on their way to stalk the stag. See! There goes a golden eagle; eyrie amongst the mountains, but no a visit to the World Theatre. At first plam is sold.

sparkling and fresh for repining. Now the stag runs away, and all the houseparty follow. "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" they cry, tumbling over one another in their light-hearted eagerness to secure the quarry. But, swift as they are, there is one amongst them, a tall and beautiful English maid, who is faster than any. Her name is-

Ah! For that you must witness Act I. of

"THE TWIRL GIRL." ARCADIAN THEATRE. Every evening at 8.30.

More Testimony from the MIDLANDS.

Perhaps you remember what the critics said about The Powder Puff? (Anyhow, we are not going to repeat it.) Now let us hear what the Public, those who really know, think.

Mrs. Harris, Charwoman, of 225, Bath Brick Cottages, Rugby, writes:-

"In the summer of this year my health had become very low. My husband and all my friends noticed it. I was unable to rouse myself, and even the exertion of attending a picturepalace was frequently too much for me. One day a friend, who had seen

one seems to mind. The day is too | I resisted the suggestion, but ultimately allowed myself to be persuaded to take advantage of a cheap excursion to attend your Saturday matinee. The result was well-nigh incredible. After the First Act I was able to sit up and take nourishment. Before the end of the Second my lassitude and general apathy had entirely disappeared; and I left the theatre a different woman. I consider your piece is nothing short of marvellous, and I am directing all similar sufferers to at once visit

> 'THE POWDER PUFF.'" WORLD THEATRE. Evenings, 9. Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

"Braid was only a couple of yards from the tee in two, but his putt went past the hole.'

"Nonsense," said Braid to his caddie, who offered him a brassie, "I always use a putter for my third shot," and proceeded to make the longest putt on record.

"Navy blue pram, white, washable, kid lined; good condition, 30s. or near offer." Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."

We don't know what the kid was lined with ("good capon," perhaps), but we it has carried off a little child to its your advertisement, advised me to try hope he will be taken out before the

# PROPER PRIDE.

George Fallon ran into me as I turned the corner.

"You're just the man I want to see," he said. "I want your advice."

"You won't take it," I replied. "No one ever does. But come in here any way." I drew him into a doorway.
"It's like this," he said. "I want

are looking up."

"Well, it's not exactly quite so good as you think," he said. "But I've got it here. I'll show it to you."

George, I may say, is a baritoneone of the best we have in our town. An amateur strictly. By day he is engaged in land agency pursuits.

He- brought out packet after packet of envelopes and went through them. From their appearance I guessed that they represented the mails of some weeks.

"I know it's here somewhere," he said.

He went through them again and opened one or two without success.

"I'm sure I put it in my pocket," he said. "Well, never mind, I can tell you what it said." He put the bundles back. -

"As far as I can remember," he said, "it went like this: 'Dear Sir'—either 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I'm not sure which. 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I think.

Mr. Fallon.' That made it the more interesting, of course. How I wish you could read it! I'll look for it again. It must be here somewhere."

He was again extracting his bundles when I stopped him.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "You have the sense of it.'

"But I'd like you to read it," he I asked him. said. "Do let me look again."

"No," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "It went his grace." on like this:- 'As chairman of the committee who are arranging the missed it. benefit performance on the 19th for the Cottage Hospital, it gives me much pleasure to ask if you will be so very good as to figure in our programme and favour the audience with one of show you. But I have got it, I'm your charming solos? An early answer certain; I'll look again." will oblige. Yours faithfully '—I'm sure it was 'faithfully,'" George interpolated—"'FROCESTER.'"

"Well," I said, "that's simple enough. Of course you replied that you would?" "No," said George, "I didn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

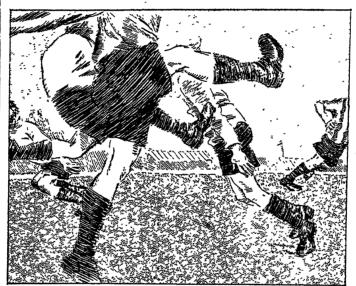
"Well," he said, "there were reasons. You know I'm not exactly a nobody here, am I?"

I assured him he was not—very much somebody, in fact.

"And you would have said that my to know how to reply to a letter I've name would occur as quickly as any had from the Earl of Frocester." one's to the mind of a person "An earl!" I exclaimed. "Things up a concert?" he continued. one's to the mind of a person getting

"I should think so," I said.

"Well," he said, "other people had had letters of invitation like this a full week before mine." His look challenged me to counter that.



THE CAMERA IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD. (Five well-known players snapped at Bromleigh by a rising young artist who should go far in photographic journalism.) Yes, I feel sure it was 'Dear ALF Boots, Jim Bilker and Chris Montgomerie.

Reading from left to right—Bert Scroogins, "Bull-dog" Jenkins, ALF Boots, Jim Bilker and Chris Montgomerie.

"Are you sure?" I asked.
"Quite," he said. "I 've seen them."

"But perhaps London people were asked first," I suggested.

"No, these were local artists-like me," he said.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"That's what I want to know," he said. "Of course I should like to oblige

"His lordship," I corrected, but he

"I should like to oblige his grace," he repeated, "who, after all, does call me' Dear Mr. Fallon'—at least, I believe so. I wish I had the letter here to

Again he went right through his nearly had it, but had it not.

"Oh, well," he said, "never mind; but I'd like you to see it. I could have sworn I put it in my pocket after lunch. Still, I've given you the substance right enough. The point now is, should I be fair to myself—and, after all, that's of some importance in the world, isn't it?"

"Most certainly," I said.

"Should I be just to myself if at my time of life I overlooked the deliberate passing over of me by this committee until they had had a lot of refusals? For that's what it comes to.'

"Do you really feel as strongly as that?" I said.

"I do," he replied.
"But think of the muddle there always is in this kind of

thing," I said. "It may have been his lordship's fault. He may have forgotten to write to you for a week."

"I wish I could think so," he said.

"And the object," I continued, "the charity. Surely you would like to do something for that?"

"Why don't they want more than one song?" George asked evasively.

"It's a very full programme," I suggested, "and you're sure to get an encore. You'll take more than one with you, of course."

"If I go," he said.

"Oh, you'll go," I replied. "His lordship has never asked you for anything before, and to refuse would be a bad start. He did call you 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' too!"

"I wonder if he did." said George. "I wish I had the letter here. I'll look again. I'd so like you to see it.'

"Oh no," I said quickly. "That's all right."

"No," he replied; "I may as well look once more. I must have it somewhere."

Again he went through his bundles, and this time the letter actually ap-

He was overjoyed.

"Now," he said, "you shall see for yourself," and he spread it out.

As he did so his face fell. It began, "Dear Sir.'

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said. "To think I should have got that wrong! But that settles it," he added, as he drew himself up proudly and replaced bundles of correspondence, again he the packets. "Nothing shall induce me to sing there now."



Dear Old Lady (to celebrated Professor who is showing her some chicken-houses he has made in his spare time). "But I had no idea you were such a handy man. You're simply wasted in England; you ought to have gone out to the Colonies."

# THE IMPERIAL LYONS.

THE KAISER becomes more and more like Sir Joseph Lyons every day. We all know that he paints pictures; so does Sir Joseph. The Kaiser can do deadly work with the pen; and Sir Joseph also is a writer. The Kaiser preaches; and even Sir Joseph has been known to hold forth. Now we are informed by The Daily News that the Kaiser owns a café; and still more so does Sir Joseph Lyons. restaurant for a little light refreshment; and here again, if our information is correct, he follows the great English restaurateur's example.

"If KAISER WILHELM is going seriously into the business, however," Sir Joseph is alleged to have said to a

compositions to be played?"

"No," said Sir Joseph, looking her colleagues with some playful rethat Sir Joseph was a composer also.

Whilst on his tour of enquiry, the representative of the Press was authoritatively informed that there was no truth in the rumour that APPENRODT was only an alias of the GERMAN EMPEROR.

An incident which might have been attended by alarming results took place IMPERIAL MAJESTY, we understand, in the Imperial establishment a few occasionally drops into his own days ago (writes our Berlin Correspondent). A gentleman entered and sat at a table. The waitresses were gathered together by the coffee-urn busily putting each other's brooches straight. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the customer rang the bell on his table, whereupon a young waitress, representative of the Press the other day, "I am sorry for him. Forty to approached him slowly. She stood by fifty per cent. profit is not so easy to his table looking at the reflection of herself in a mirror. "A small cup of ake in these days."

herself in a mirror. "A small cup of coffee and some biscuits, please," said

"But supposing he employed good coffee and some biscuits, please," said

would never happen."—Observer. returned to the coffee urn, convulsed into the blood.

thoughtfully out of the window, as if mark, and presently came back to the the pools of memory had been stirred,
—"no, even then he might fail." And
he sighed. We did not know before
"No, my child," he said kindly, "I want coffee and biscuits." "Then why couldn't you say so?" asked the waitress crossly. At this juncture a young cavalry officer sitting at another table, who had with difficulty restrained his feelings during the incident, sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and would have felled the unhappy attendant to the linoleum. But the neglected customer rose and with an imperious gesture stayed him. "Sheath your sword, my gallant one," he said; "you mean well, but we must not have bloodshed here. This is a respectable establishment. Do you hear, Sir? Put up your sword—I, your Emperor, command you!"

For it was he!

musicians and gave orders for his own the customer. Without a word she Funny how this craze for aviation gets

#### PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

THE publicity given by The Daily Express to the life-history of Eugen-ETTE, the super-baby of Hampstead, whose parents prepared for her arrival by undergoing a careful course of mental and spiritual exercise, has brought us a host of letters from correspondents who give the results of their own essays in this branch of Eugenics. We select a few of the most interesting cases that have been brought under our notice :-

Burble Cottage, Bilgewater.

Sir,—Before our darling Egregia was born my wife and I made a complete study of the works of Mr. HALL CAINE. The result is that now, at the age of eleven months, Egregia has begun to express her thoughts with fluency and distinction, while her sense of morality is wonderfully developed. Her favourite plaything is a pen, and, while displaying a healthy contempt for teddy-bears and dolls, she invariably refuses to go to bed unless accompanied by the bust of Shakspeare, which during the daytime reposes on the principal bookcase. I may mention that she has converted the library into her nursery, and it is a significant fact that on entering that apartment yesterday I found her absorbed in The Woman Thou Gavest Me, over parts of which she was busily engaged in pouring the contents of the inkpot.

Yours faithfully, THEOPHRASTUS KNIBBS.

The Acorns, Flowery Way, Crankley Garden Suburb.

DEAR SIR,-Believing as I do that the perfect life is only attainable by a strict adherence to vegetarian principles, I spent the months preceding my son's birth in daily communion with the products of Mr. Eustace Miles, Mr. G. B. Shaw, and other leaders of the same school of thought. Carrots (as we call him, though his baptismal name is Bernard) is now seven months old, and whenever he has been put to the test he has refused meat in the most uncompromising fashion. He is a strong, healthy lad, and takes an unaffected delight in the physical and breathing exercises which he is set to perform every morning. Intellectually he shows the greatest promise, and from certain expressions, as yet in- attention has been drawn to this distinct, which I have heard him let important subject my case will be fall, I believe he will develop into an accomplished linguist. This I attribute my own customary diet of French beans, Brussels sprouts, and Spanish Yours sincerely,

SEMOLINA SIMPKINS.

365, Contango Terrace, West Hampstead.

SIR,-I am willing to wager that my firstborn, Montagu, is the most businesslike baby in the kingdom. His mother and I took care of that. Before he arrived she used to come down to my office every day and go through the books, and when I mention that I am a financial agent in the West-end of London you will appreciate what this means. Montagu already knows what's what. I recently gave him some coins to play with, in order that early in life he should become familiar with the value of money. The other day I handed him a shilling and asked him to change it for me. He sólemnly counted out eleven pennies and pushed them towards me; the other penny, of course, he had kept for himself as commission. He can already do sums in simple interest (from sixty per cent.). I enclose my business card in case you or any of your friends should wish to consult me, and remain,

Yours obediently,

EPHRAIM MONTMORENCY.

Belfast.

DEAR SIR,—The wife and I are both staunch Unionists, and have thrown ourselves heart and soul into the Anti-Home Rule movement. A few weeks after the opening of the present campaign, during which we attended scores of meetings, our baby girl, whom we have named Effie Carsonia, made her appearance. She is of a fierce fighting disposition, and from the moment of her birth has never ceased to declaim day and night. The light that comes into her eyes when she is shown a Union Jack is beautiful to see. I regret to say, however, that she is now suffering from an ulsterated throat.

Yours faithfully,

PATER AND PATRIOT.

Portland.

SIR,—Unfortunately for myself, I happened to be born shortly after the discovery of the great Bank Swindle of '64. took a deep interest in current affairs. were full of it at the time, and this explains certain defects in my character which have always caused me great pain, and which I have never been investigated scientifically, and steps will be taken to have me removed from my present uncongenial surroundings. Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours hopefully,

A. CROOK.

#### MUSICAL OMENS.

MISS LILIAN GRANFELT, interviewed by The Pall Mall Gazette on the subject of her forthcoming appearance in Mr. RAYMOND ROZE'S Joan of Arc, tells an interesting story of an incident which befell her in her student days at Paris:-

"One day I was riding on horseback with some Scandinavian students when my horse shied and bolted. My hat flew off, my hair came undone and fell round me in streams, but still I held fast and would not let go. The people who saw me shouted, 'Bravo, Jeanne d'Arc!' and it was, I think, a sort of sign that I should one day be the creator of the Maid of Orleans in this opera.'

Inquiries made of various luminaries of the musical world show that these premonitions are of comparatively frequent occurrence.

Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (né Bamberger), the famous Scoto-Semitic violinist, writes from Boldero Towers to point out that in his early infancy the nursery rhyme to which he was always lulled to sleep by Madame Bamberger was "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle." It should be mentioned that Mr. Boldero-Bamborough possesses a very fine Persian cat called Beethoven, because of its addiction to Moonlight

M. JEAN DE RESZKE, in a recent interview with a Polish journalist, describes the curious omen which befell him when attending a public elementary school in Podolia. "One day," remarked the great tenor, "I was playing tipcat with some of my schoolmates on the banks of a small lake, when, in the ardour of the game, I lost my balance, fell into the water, and being unable to swim would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of an old swan, which seized my waistband with its bill and brought me to the shore. The schoolmaster, who had been summoned by the cries of the boys, shouted out, 'Buck up, Lohengrin! and for the rest of my schooldays I went by the name of the rôle in which Doubtless my parents, who I was subsequently destined to win some of my most resounding triumphs."

Madame Melba is fond of telling a curious story of her schooldays at the High School at Mazawattee, which foreshadowed her success on the lyric able to eradicate. Perhaps now that stage. On her arrival at the school with several other new-comers the headmistress asked, "Which of you is Nellie Mitchell?" and the future prima donna replied with ungrammatical emphasis, "Me, me." As a result she was at once nicknamed "Mimi;" in accurate anticipation of her ultimate identification with the heroine of Puccini's opera.

#### LAMENT FOR THE BUTLER.

[It has recently been stated that, owing principally to the increasing charges on land, the butler is vanishing from the social system.]

ATTEND, ye peers, to this my painful coil;
Ye squires and high manorial lords, attend,
Whom the harsh taxes on your native soil
Compel to stint, and rudely recommend
A stern frugality that sees no end,
While I, with dirges due and measures low,
Deplore your butler, who has got to go.

For he was wonderful. His matchless mien, So calm, ineffable and full of rest,
Would have done honour to the purest dean.
Unsmiling, at the board the noblest jest
Awoke no echo in that stoic breast;
Nay, frequently 'twas not without a qualm
Of daring that one tipped his ample palm.

And in that rite how well he would compare
With the awed donor. Not for him the spell
Of fluttering coyness, but a wavy air
Of one who, from his loftier height, would quell
All doubts with "Peace upon you, it is well."
Gold only was his metal; that full port
Forbad all coinage of the baser sort.

He was a thing of ornament, a sun
With satellites in his reflected ray;
These worked that he might see that it was done;
Only with pious hands he would convey
The wine from the deep cellar where it lay,
And tend, and serve it with full care, and beam
Forth on the board, immobile and supreme.

A sun. And whence he rose none ever knew.
We think he was not made of common earth;
Surely that classic presence never grew
(Save to its full convexity of girth);
Fully equipped, he must have sprung at birth
Like Pallas; for in truth 'twould half destroy
His wonders had he been a human boy.

Haply—we may not know—he did but come
From some dim far isle in mysterious seas
Where dwell the favoured race of butlerdom,
And little baby butlers bloom at ease,
Austere, grey-whiskered, with small cellar-keys;
Till in a faery bark they seek the shore
Of gilded Mammon and return no more.

But times wax hard. And he, the stay and prop
Of many a proud demesne, must disappear.
His lord will mourn him; guests who come to stop
Will to his memory drop a kindly tear.
Pert maids, of undeniably trim cheer,
Will ply his gentle task and save expense,
Yet never reach his storied eminence.

Then, butler, pass; the 'not without regret,
Thy nest, no doubt, is feathered, and I see
Those chambers in the West, which thou wilt let,
And prosper, and from every care be free
Save one, which may be safely left to me:
Thou shalt not be forgotten, for all time
Being made famous by this deathless rhyme.
Dum.-Dum.

"They started side by side at the fall of a flag, and flew neck and neck to York, where the Lancashire pilot (Mr. F. R. Raynham) arrived something like forty minutes in front of his opponent."—Daily News. Either he had a very long neck, or they flew very slowly.



The Mother. "Now, young Llewellyn, I've only got a penny left, so you'll 'ave to bun along of the 'bus an' I'll meet yer at the other end."

#### SPARING OUR FEELINGS.

The recent softening action of Sir James Barrie has led to still more developments of the new "Drama without Fears." A new Act is to be added to the enormously successful drama Sealed Orders, in which it will be explained that all the horrid happenings of battle and bloodshed, airships and assassination, are in reality but the disordered imaginings of the (supposed) burglar who drinks the drugged wine (not poisoned) in Act I. What actually took place was that a party of high-spirited young people had arranged a mock burglary, with no felonious intent whatever, through the roof. One of them, overcome by huskiness, drinks the wine that has been treated with a soporific but quite innocuous powder, and dreams the rest of the play. It is to be hoped that the new Act, which shows him wakening none the worse, and the restoration of the dismissed clerk, will go far to dissipate any doubts that might have been formed concerning the perfect niceness of everybody concerned.

Actuated by a kindly anxiety lest the feelings of the audience should be unduly harrowed by the spectacle of a too-realistic lion, the management of the St. James's Theatre have now made arrangements by which the beast shall appear before the curtain and address the spectators, saying that he is no such thing, but a man as other men are, and indeed telling them plainly that he is Mr. Sillward, the actor. It is reported that Mr. Bernard Shaw has been induced to take this suggestion from a fellow dramatist (the author of A Midsummer Night's Dream and other plays).

#### AT THE PLAY.

"THE GRAND SEIGNEUR."

tion and self-sacrifice. But about the speech of studied rhetoric. Marquis de la Vallière's indifference to death there was something original.

order to compass a personal revenge against a member of his own class. During the process he finds himself in a position to effect several gallant rescues, and altogether his villainy has a rather attractive flavour. His very name, Desiré, though for some reason it had discarded its first accent and anyhow was singularly inappropriate to his character, tended to dispose one in his favour, and his graceful cynicism always found a foil in the brutality of the sansculottes who might at any moment have his blood. His candour, too, was very disarming; he was not satisfied that his villainous designs should be known to the audience; his victim must share them. "I have decoyed you to my bedroom on a false report," he tells the innocent Adèle, in his gentle voice, "in order that then you will have to marry Marquis de la Vallière me." You can't expect the Duchesse de Rennes...

gallery to hiss a villain like that. It was just a simple melodrama of action with no play of character and frankly free of all intellectual subtlety. From the moment in the First Act when menial, Captain Taberteau, "You may have forgotten a certain detail in your past career which it is convenient that the audience should know; I will therethe stage as if he weren't on it-deceive

admiring on many a stage the lofty it was only when the mob got wind of and contemptuous detachment of the his identity, and he saw his game was Phryne. French aristocrat in face of the Revo- up, that he assumed repentance and

Due credit must be given to the authors of the play for its unpretentiousness.



The Grand Seigneur (greatly bored and making conversation). you may be compromised, and "Been to many Minuet Teas this season, Duchesse?"

is on her way to Paris-brings her to strength of a remark made by the few intoxicated Sons of Liberty. miniature trunk that accompanies her the Marquis says, in effect, to his of dancing apparel; and she is invited of sterner stuff. to perform before these ruffians in the has won much esteem in the metropolis. I have my own ideas as to the costume fore recall it to you"—we saw that we appropriate to this historical character, were not to be worried by any defiance and the one assumed by Odette, though of dramatic tradition. Nor could the sketchy, bore no resemblance to it in by which an actor is made to refer to voluminous cloak, she chose, by an gladly share the strain. incredible kink of modesty, to risk us into supposing that we had to do her husband's life rather than escape with anything else but histrionics all with him in a costume in which he through. But there was a momentary must have seen her a hundred times on lapse at the end. A pathetic scene the stage. So she insists that the between the villain's victim and her young Duchesse de Rennes (object of the Of course, if they ask us to, we will little sister, which very nearly touched wicked Marquis's loathsome addresses) say it, but we don't believe it.

my own hard heart, should by all the should change garments with her. After rules have easily broken down the a very improbable scene, in which he villain himself who overheard it. On affects to mistake her for Odette, the ONE has had the opportunity of the contrary, he took it unmoved, and Duchesse is compelled to dance a minuet

I have so seldom had the experience lution; the heroism, too, of his devo- made admission of his evil life in a of seeing Miss Marie Löhr in a play where she has not been asked to appear in pyjamas or other undress that I suffered no appreciable shock. And any-With the guillotine waiting for him But there was one very pretentious how the performance was of the most round the corner he could still find scene where promise far outran perperfunctory and respectable. The Martime to be a private villain. Indeed, formance. A certain dancer, Odette, quis, who was justified in expecting though faithful to his caste and pre- of the Parisian stage, had renounced something a little more troublant, didn't pared to die gamely with the best of frivolity in exchange for the love of a attempt to conceal his boredom, but them, he has the effrontery to adopt the insignia of the common enemy in Croix. An accident to her coach—she up a continuous flow of conversation.

Mr. HARRY IRVING Was content to play his villainy in a low key, and made no very strong bid for unpopularity. He acted with an easy skill worthy of a much better setting. Miss Marie Löhr, in the distressful part of the Duchesse, which allowed little scope for her lightness of touch, was most moving in the scene with the tiny Annette, prettily played by Miss Sybil Jose. The rest of the cast, including a revolutionary with a strong Cockney accent, do not call for much remark, though Miss May Whitty played well as a Comtesse who could talk scandal or step to the guillotine with equal aplomb. Mr. BEN FIELD afforded a little relief as a Maire in liquor; and Miss GLADYS FFOLLIOTT, impersonally described as "A Virago," showed great spirit. It was not her fault that she Mr. H. B. IRVING. suddenly decided to have no Miss Marie Löhr. more taste for blood on the

the Château of Rennes, occupied by a | Duchesse de Rennes about a lady who A | had just lost her head on the guillotine: "I pray God she had no children!" is understood to contain her répertoire I thought these tricoteuses were made

Mr. HARRY IRVING is very welcome costume of Phryne, a part in which she | back amongst us, and I wish his new enterprise a great success. must not mind if I also wish that he would be a shade more ambitious, and allow his fine gifts a better chance than they can find in a play which offers so ingenuous remark, "Let's have no more point of impropriety. Nevertheless, little exercise for the intelligence of of your histrionics"—an old ruse, this, and though it was concealed by a actors and audience. I would very O.S.

> "The last edition was obviously a great improvement. It contains 352 pages, besides 58 pages of Introduction; say 600 pages in round numbers."—Freethinker.



Disgusted Sportsman. "Missed again! I can't hit a thing. I'll have to give it up!" Stalker. "OH, I WADNA DAE THAT. YE CANNA HIT THEM, BUT YE HAE A FINE STYLE, WHATEVER."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have long suspected that there are two Miss Mary Cholmondeleys, and the publication of her new novel, Notwithstanding (MURRAY), confirms my suspicion. One Miss Cholmondeley is an entirely delightful person. She rejoices in country scenes—some village with its parson, its manor house with the squire, and its inn with the gossips. Such scenes she describes supremely well, and I enjoy immensely her own enjoyment in the doing of it. There is description of a village choir-practice that I have ever read, and indeed all the homely humorous scenes in Notwithstanding are pictures of quiet English life that neither Miss MITFORD nor Mrs. GASKELL have excelled. But, alas, there is also the other Miss Cholmondeley. This is the lady who gave us the melodrama of Red Pottage and of Prisoners. In those books she had herself to some extent under control, but in Notwithstanding she revels gloriously. Her story depends upon at least a dozen most elaborate coincidences;

Why is Miss Cholmondeley so determined upon a manufactured and incredible plot? No one wishes for melodrama when so many real and convincing delights are offered. I beg of her to dismiss once and for ever her Surrey-side collaborator.

It was happily inevitable that Mr. G. F. Bradby (whose Dick contained one of the most delightful studies of boyhood old maids, its rectory and its rooks, its school and green, its in modern fiction) should sooner or later write an exclusively school story. The Lanchester Tradition (SMITH, ELDER) is however unexpected in that its protagonists are not schoolboys but schoolmasters. I must say that the relative in her new novel a chapter that contains the very best novelty of this is welcome; and it may at once be added that it proves Mr. Bradby well qualified to deal shrewdly with his own kind. One feels on every page that the book is the work of one who knows thoroughly what he is writing about—not to say one who has taken an unholy and impish joy in a good deal of it. Certainly the peculiar atmosphere of a public school community, that strange blend of idealism and pettiness, courage and futility, could not have been conveyed with more truth than in this story of the new headmaster of Chiltern and his difficulties. Many of the upon conversations either just overheard or just missed; | characters are clearly portraits, though, I suspect, composite upon four characters who are either paralytic or insane; ones; they are certainly all very much alive, from upon a wicked nurse who marries the idiot son in order to Mr. Flaggon, the head, down to Tipham, whom he imports obtain the property; upon a will which is lost and found as the latest product of Cambridge culture—with results with a quite bewildering iteration; and finally upon the somewhat devastating to the senior staff. Mr. Bradby, most convenient fire in all fiction—a fire that burns, with has a gift of phrase that I have admired before (there is, for great precision, the exact corner of the will that the hero example, a definition of English oratory that is alone worth and heroine desire it to burn. How hopelessly are the quiet the sum charged for the book) and an ironic humour none realistic scenes of country life upset by these extravagances! the less biting for its placidity. He has in short written a it with emotion—of various kinds.

I believe that the worth of a novel could be at once disdiminutive and scholarly hand, giving a pleasing effect from a distance but proving undecipherable on closer inspection. Further, his written page must, I think, be noticeably darkened with frequent erasures, many a word having been altered many a time. There is that in The Fool's Tragedy (Secker) which makes me wish that he had dictated it to an impatient and bullying stenographer, insistent on speed, regardless of diction and intolerant of any later revision; in allowed to interfere with the flow of a ready inspiration. his own head. Here, however, he has gone to actual

He has a fine type of fool, the brilliant thinker, the restless, sparkling theorist detached from and incapable of all worldly considerations, and the tragedy is developed in the most cogent circumstances, those politely known as "reduced." The situation is acutely felt and acutely impressed, and the relations of the magnificent pauper with the world in general and his wife in particular are vivid and real. All that is wanting to make the book great is the spontaneity which I feel has been suppressed. Over-elaborate descriptions I could forgive as an amia-

ble diversion, but it is a more serious flaw that the whom very much sympathy can be claimed. I am not sure dialogue should be stilted. One conversation, as a result still remains (to me, at any rate) meaningless.

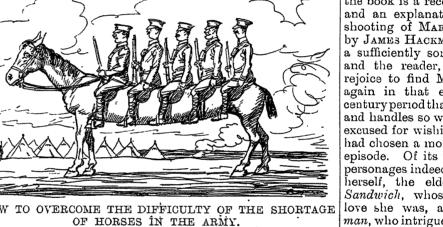
Mr. Blake of The Bab Ballads was, as no doubt you remember, a regular out-and-out hardened sinner, and

"quite indifferent as to the particular kinds of dresses That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray." His latitudinarianism, however, obtained a measure of toleration from his biographer which is not extended to Horace Blake (HUTCHINSON) by Mrs. WILFRID WARD. That gentleman, a dramatist of unsurpassed genius, but a militant atheist and by all standards a thorough bad lot, is introduced to us when under sentence of death from an incurable disease, and at the zenith of his career as an iconoclastic but popular playwright. Leaving at home his wife, who worships his intellect though she understands his character, he goes to St. Jean des Pluies in Brittany with his daughter in order to take what must be his last holiday, and falls under the spell of the reugion which had been his in childhood, so that he dies shriven and in the arms of the Church of Rome. He had previously given orders that the four children.]"—Daily News. last act of his cleverest and most provocative play should "Good!" said the Editor. "I'm glad you've been able to

book that, though its chief appeal will be to the specialist, book, which goes on to narrate the happy ending of the love provides the general public with a sufficiently entertaining affair between his daughter and the rather ingenuous young story, and some valuable instruction. The expert will read man who has been chosen to chronicle his life, my enthusiasm, I fear, gradually dwindled, since none of these people evoked in me sufficient interest to drive away the overshadowing memory of the dead man. This is perhaps what covered from a glance at the handwriting in which it was the authoress intended, and yet I cannot help feeling that originally composed. I do not, however, anticipate that the a dead sinner, even though he is expiating his evilness in publishers, even for the purpose of testing my theory, will another world, does not make a wholly satisfactory character take to reproducing authors' works in facsimile, for what is for romance. As with all books that I have read written most readable in print would probably prove least legible in by Roman Catholics the trail of the tract is everywhere manuscript. Mr. A. Scott Craven writes, I suspect, in a clear in this one; but in fairness it must be added that, hke nearly all novels that are the work of Roman Catholics, it is written exceedingly well.

It is an odd paradox that stories about real persons and events should always be harder to believe than those that are entirely imaginary. But the fact remains, and I was conscious of it just now when reading The Rescue of Martha (Hutchinson). Everybody knows what good rousing which case a meticulous sense of style would not have been romances Mr. F. Frankfort Moore can make up out of

happenings; the theme of the book is a reconstitution and an explanation of the shooting of Martha Reay by James Hackman. It is a sufficiently sordid story: and the reader, who will rejoice to find Mr. Moore again in that eighteenthcentury period that he knows and handles so well, may be excused for wishing that he had chosen a more fragrant episode. Of its three chief personages indeed—Martha herself, the elderly Lord Sandwich, whose light o' love she was, and Hackman, who intrigued with her under the roof of her noble protector—there is none for



A NEW BREED ON THE LINES OF THE DACHSHUND.

dialogue should be stilted. One conversation, as a result that I didn't find my lord the best of the trio—he was at of which the chief speaker incurred suspicion of practical least free from cant. Still, such as it is, the story is told immorality, was so much edited that it was rendered and with an engaging bustle; and the eighteenth-century atmosphere is excellently preserved. The scenes move before one like a series of contemporary prints—more delicate in treatment than in subject. But, after all, this is only another way of praising Mr. Moore's mastery of his medium, a task happily superfluous. So I will let it go at that.

> "'Mr. Claude Grahame-White is now making a flight with a passenger,' shouted the megaphone man as 'Claudie' banked gaily overhead with a rather stout young man wearing a monocle behind him. We always wear ours in front.

> "VIENNA, Thursday. The King of Greece had intended to visit the Emperor on his way back to Greece, as his father used to do nearly every year. His Majesty was compelled, however, to accelerate his return to Athens, but he sent a telegram to the Emperor expressing his great regret at the fact that his intended visit could not take place.—Reuter.

> [King Gustave V. was born in 1858, and ascended the throne of Sweden in 1907, in succession to his father, Oscar II. He married in 1881 Princess Victoria of Baden, and has by her three sons. The eldest, the heir to the throne, Gustaf Adolf, was born in 1882, and

be destroyed. From the beginning of the second part of the get rid of that stuff about King Gustave at last."

#### CHARIVARIA.

ALL attempts to secure Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for the forthcoming Welsh comedy at the Strand Theatre have failed.

With reference to the CHANCELLOR'S promise of a Bill to settle the Land Question, a correspondent writes from Gotham pointing out that we already have a Settled Land Act, and protesting against more legislation.

"Father," asked the boy, "did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE make the Panama Canal? Because I read somewhere that he had gone in for land-bursting."

The desire for local self-government is spreading in Ireland. Not only does a man up. Try them.

Ulster wish to be ruled by Sir E. CARSON, but in Dublin there is now a large party in favour of that city being controlled by Mr. LARKIN, and Mr. REDMOND is asking what will there be left for him.

\* \* It really is astonishing the number of people who take LARKIN seriously. \* \* \*

Mr. URE has been made Lord President of the Court of Session. What a change—from where the truth, the

whole truth, and nothing but the truth must be told!

The conversion of the building behind the Victoria Memorial, St. James's Park, into a palace is now rapidly approaching completion.

Mme. Lydia Yavorska, who, in I love you, played the part of a duck, has changed her bill at The Ambassadors.

Satisfaction is being freely expressed in juvenile circles at the settlement of the trouble in the spinning trade which threatened to interfere seriously with labelled:the peg-top season.

There is no pleasing some people. The Suffragettes disliked the Cat and Mouse Act, yet no sooner does the Home Secretary agree to suspend it in favour of two of their number convicted last week, and one of them was of arson than these ladies are more annoyed than ever.

It may afford some poor solace to dispute.

Suffragettes to know that it is not only women who are treated as chattels. The management of the New York Hippodrome have agreed to lend their little clown, Marceline, to Mr. Charles COCHRAN for his Christmas season.

The Mayor of Guildford, it is announced, is departing from the usual custom of inviting only male guests to the Mayoral banquet. The ladies protest that they have never had any desire to shirk such functions.

"DRESS AND THE MAN COLLARS AND SHIRTS FOR THE EVENING." Evening Standard. There is no doubt that they smarten



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

PRIMA DONNA CURBING VOICE SO AS TO RELY ENTIRELY ON DRAMATIC GESTURE political life to a sphere IN VIEW OF PENDING DEBUT IN CINEMATOGRAPH PLAY.

> of its old attractive power. Messrs. Allsopp and Sons offered two vacancies on their staff to University men. | 1,817 actions awaiting trial. They received seventy applications.

It is announced that it has been decided that the new battleship provisionally ordered of Messrs. Vickers Ltd. is to be named Revenge, and not Renown. The MAD MULLAH declares, however, that he is not to be intimidated.

The huge building Olympia is now

"OLYMPIA IDEAL HOME."

A countryman gazed up at it. size too big for me," he remarked.

Two women fought a duel at Naples wounded. We trust that this may prove a salutary lesson to them as to the danger of this method of settling a

#### THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

[The bargees of the Swale assert that they have now finally renounced the use of strong

I POLED my punt on Thames' silver

And there, by dint of faulty navigation,

I struck a barge, and gave her shabby

A barely palpable excoriation;

The bargee's words were positively rank: "Dash blanky dash," he yelled, "blank dashy blank!"

On Kentish Swale I met a like mishap, And, motor-launched and furiously driving,

I made the bargeman execute, poor chap,

An unrehearsed and sudden feat of diving.

When, grampus - like, he rose from that assault,

He smiled and said, "So sorry, Sir; my fault!"

# Legal Intelligence.

On Monday, October 11, the Michaelmas Law Sittings were opened. Having attended the service at the Abbey and sung, without hesitation, the anthem ("Behold, how

Drink, it is evident, still retains some it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"), the Bench and Bar proceeded to the Law Courts to start on the

> "Her whole aspect was altered, she was staring round in utter surprise, like a shop-walker suddenly awakened."—The Pictures. "Shopwalker" would appear to be a misprint for "Post Office Clerk."

> Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as reported in The Liverpool Courier:—

"If that if fair for a property which is the creation of a man's brain, why should it be unfair for another hlonopoly, not created by the landlords—a coducdity which is more vital to the whole conditions of life?"

This is a question which every thoughtful citizen should answer for himself.

A new book has been announced in America-as follows:-

"ROCSEVELT. Theodore Roosevelt. An autobiography. By Theodore Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt's own story of his life." Those who are in the know tell us that there will be a lot about ex-President ROOSEVELT in it.

# TO THE CURSE OF MY COUNTRY.

(After reading Mr. Lloyd George's views on the predatory habits of the pheasant.)

GAY fowl that in my more ethereal moods I count too fair, too innocent, to perish! When men have talked about the plague that

Over the rustic lives we ought to cherish, Little I dreamt that you were at its root, Voracious brute!

Under those radiant plumes I hear you hide A constitution which would shame a vulture; The ruin of our ravaged countryside,

Our blighted homesteads, and our agriculture Reduced to pulp—all this, I'm told, is due Largely to you.

Like to a monstrous army on the sack You plunge our teeming tilths in desolation; Like to a swarm of locusts, in your track. You spread the germs of rural emigration; The scene reminds one of the Halls of Tara, Or, say, Sahara.

Your natural food is worms and fallen grain: You have no fancy for the mangold-wurzel; And yet your wanton beak, for joy of bane, When in a leisure hour the chance occurs, 'll Puncture the last-named, causing more distress Than one would guess.

For now the truth comes out: a searching light Thrown on our blasted land reveals my error Who thought of you as something quite all right,
Not as a bird of prey, a ravening terror, That makes the bowers where once the turnip smiled Perfectly wild.

Well have you kept your secret till to-day; But LLOYD has probed it with his Land Enquiry: Relentlessly he plucks the veil away, Promising vengeance and a Dies Iræ When you and other things that he has cursed Are to be burst.

For Hodge and England! Yes, your day is dead; And I, for one, shall do my best endeavour To take, when next you rocket o'er my head, A deadlier aim (if possible) than ever, As though behind me George's voice I heard Say, "KILL THAT BIRD!"

O. S.

# HOW CAN THEY AT THE PRICE?

HAVE you tried the shilling table d'hôte luncheons? been wondering whether it's some kind of philanthropic institution or a business move.

This morning I treated my friend Grumpson to a shillingsworth, and I believe he has come very near to solving the

problem for me.

I will briefly describe the lunch and its effect on Grumpson. Picture him sitting there contentedly after demolishing the first course. I watch him furtively, and marvel at the cheapness of it all. I know Grumpson of old. He is all possess. Princess may be truly happy.

epicure of the first water. Nothing but the best satisfies Princess may be truly happy.

Yours, etc., gastronomy amongst the fine arts, but I can at least

appreciate good cooking and edible food. The management is most considerate, and refrains from blazoning the absurd price of this feast upon its menu cards. I do nothing to defeat this tactful reticence, for I think that a knowledge of the facts might tend to mar Grumpson's enjoyment. Besides, he is rather fond of twitting me about what he

politely terms my excessive economy.

I sit, as I said, furtively watching him, wondering the while how on earth they can do it at the price. Mind you, this is an anxious time for me. The whole adventure is an experiment on my part, for I owe Grumpson a luncheon. and a restaurant of this kind may be rather a handy thing to have up one's sleeve for these occasions. Yet apparently I need have no fear. The fish proves just as excellent as the hors d'œuvre, and the entrée is simply delicious. Grumpson usually talks through an indifferent meal, treating the act of mastication as a mere bodily necessity. Now he says nothing, but his facial mirror reflects the satisfaction within.

The service, again, is nothing short of perfection. Our waiter is the essence of competence, and though the place is full we suffer no inconvenient delay between the courses. We arrive at the cheese and biscuits after a sweet that I know happens to be one of Grumpson's particular weaknesses. He attacks his Stilton with undiminished gusto. Finally coffee is served—of so fine a quality that the aroma of it might well cause the mouth of a Sultan to water.

It really is a wonderful meal.

Carelessly, yet with a note of triumph in my voice. I remark: "Well, what do you think of it, Grumpson?" He drains his cup and beams upon me. "Excellent, old chap! By Jove! They must pay their chef a pretty penny. It's one of the best lunches I've ever tasted." He glances at his watch. "Yes. We've just time. Have another with me!"

#### THE SINGLE BLOT.

Lilac Cottage, Bilberry Green.

Sir,-In an age when the setting aside of convention and time-honoured British custom is all too popular (due, in my opinion, in great measure to the present so-called Government), it has been delightful to read of the incidents attending the wedding of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught last week. I was so glad to see in the pictures that (all unknown to the happy pair, I am given to understand) a slipper was fastened to the back of the motor in which they started for their honeymoon. This is as it should be. It has given equal pleasure to read that both rice and confetti were thrown over the royal bride and bridegroom. Even the King himself, they tell me, threw some rice; and we may be sure that one who bears the reputation of being among the best shots in Europe did good service in that direction.

But, Sir, it was with something akin to pain that I discovered the absence from this occasion of a detail which, I only discovered them last week. And ever since I have to my mind, custom has made a hallowed necessity to a truly British marriage. Let me say at once that in no way can blame be attached to the newly-married pair for the omission to which I refer; their domestic happiness must suffer, alas, through no fault of their own. Upon their friends must lie the responsibility for the fact that, among the multitude of wedding gifts, not one single silver cruet for the centre of the table was included. My own dear parents had no fewer than seven, several of which I cheapness of it all. I know Grumpson of old. He is an still possess. Still, I do hope that the dear Prince and

LAVINIA LAVENDER.



Punce (to Mr. Marconi). "MANY HEARTS BLESS YOU TO-DAY, SIR. THE WORLD'S DEBT TO YOU GROWS FAST."

#### CHAMBER MUSIC.

[At the Ideal Home Exhibition is a room whose colour scheme "interprets" BEET-HOVEN'S Moonlight Sonata.]

My dear, when your chamber I duly admired

As a marvel of up-to-date art,

You told me its colouring scheme was inspired

By a choice little bit of MOZART:

And, humbly supposing that you would know best.

No word of derision I said,

Although such a notion, it must be confessed.

Is totally over my head.

But now that you carp at this study of mine,

Its newspapers hoarded for weeks, Its knick-knacks devoid of coherent design,

The way that its wall-paper shricks, The bats and the clubs in disordered

The litter on table and chair.

I think of your words, and, rebuking you, say

"This room is a ragtime affair."

# THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

The Holophote, Sidcup.

DEAR MR. Punch,—Convinced by long experience that prevention is always better than cure, I venture to lay before you the following simple but absolutely efficacious scheme for checking the manufacture of criminals.

It is based on the evidence invariably given by the police as to the articles found on offenders when being searched after their arrest.

These articles are always as under-

- (1) A silver English half-hunter with Albert.
- (2) Two pawntickets,
- (3)  $4\frac{1}{2}d$ . in bronze.

The fact that these articles are always discovered in the pockets of law-breakers points irresistibly to the conclusion that they exercise a malign influence on the possessor. Eliminate them and you will eliminate crime.

I accordingly suggest that a short Bill be introduced into Parliament rendering it a penal offence for any jeweller to sell a silver English halfhunter together with an Albert. A gunmetal watch with a gold chain, if you like, or a half-hunter with a leather strap, or any other combination of metals and design than the one proscribed.

Secondly, the Bill should forbid pawnbrokers ever to issue two tickets to the same client—one or three or suggestion outlined above, and am such conduct.

Yours faithfully, EVANDER KNIBBS.



Malel (reciting hymn at bed-time). "LET MY FRIENDS BE ALL FORGIVEN; BLESS THE SINS I LOVE SO WELL.'

Thirdly, it should either suppress the bronze penny and halfpenny, or substitute some other amalgam or metal.

If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had only arranged to give ninepence for fourpence-halfpenny, instead of fourpence, this clause might have been unnecessary, but as matters stand it is indispensable to the efficacy of the Bill.

I have other schemes for the amelioration of humanity which I hope to lay before you on a future occasion. For the moment I confine myself to the

"Banking hard, the flying detective whirled the aeroplane round. Answering to its rudder like a well-trained steed, it seemed to revolve upon an invisible axis in mid-air."—Chips.

Well-trained steeds are generally steered from the other end.

"At the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, yesterday, J—S— was charged with having wrongfully and without proper cause set on and urged a dog to attack and kill a cat and put it in a state of fear."

Daily Sketch.

Of fear, that is, for its other eight lives. Still, there was no "proper cause" for

# HOW TO APPEASE ULSTER.

SIR,-May I, through you, bring before your Radical contemporaries of the daily and weekly press a perfectly infallible method of making Ulster and Ulstermen happy and reconciling them to Home Rule?

I have noticed that no true Ulsterman has the least objection to being called a traitor, a bigot, a seditionmonger, a potential rebel, or anything of that kind. Indeed, he seems to revel in it. But if you laugh at him or ridicule his plans, his armies or his leaders

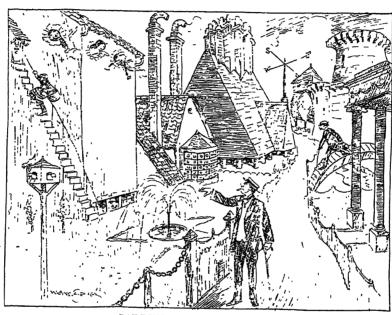
That being so—you must have noticed it yourself—I suggest that Radicals should change their tactics. In future, when Sir EDWARD CARSON, with F. E. SMITH in attendance, reviews his forces, instead of belittling the attitude of the leader and depreciating the character and number of the army, they should write of them after this fashion:-

"These men are traitors of the very worst and most traitorous description. They are massing their fighting men (and, whatever else we may think of them, we know that Ulstermen can and will fight to the very last gasp); they have an inexhaustible store of

the basest and most seditious passions men. of mankind. Their fighting commander, General Richardson, a scarred veteran as we can. The danger is overwhelmof a hundred campaigns, is noted not ing. Why does the Government give merely for his genius as a strategist no sign? Let them look to it before and a tactician, but also for the iron it is too late. Their plain duty is to discipline which he ruthlessly enforces arrest and imprison the rebellious upon his men. He is, perhaps, the leaders of this dreadful movement. greatest soldier who has ever worn the Otherwise we see no alternative except British uniform. We shudder to think a prompt submission to traitors who what the issue of the war will be when are prepared to drench the land with such a captain commands the hosts of blood." the zealots and bigots who have rallied to the standard of the revolution in idea? On reading such an article The Ulster. Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. F. E. Smith is on the that at last a ray of light has begun to side of Ulster. We have never agreed pierce the miasma of Radical blindwith those who are inclined to make ness. light of this man. On the contrary,

we believe him to be a good rider and the possessor of a venomous tongue. He is an iron embodiment of unalterable devotion to principle, and, when fighting begins, he is sure to be found wherever the bullets are thickest. The presence of such a leader in the field is worth 10,000 men.

"Yesterday there was another review of militant traitors before King Carson. It is said that there were 12,000 men (including Mr. F. E. SMITH) on parade. This is obviously an understatement put forth with the view of lulling the Government of the country into a false he becomes purple and all but inarticulate with passion, and any attempt at as many as 50,000 men in the flower argument is thenceforth wasted on him. of strength and manhood marched past



GARDEN SUBURB IDYLLS. THE BREADWINNER'S GOODBYE TO HIS CHILDREN.

arms and ammunition; they have ap- the saluting point. We have reason And, looking a little untidy, pointed their leaders. Their chieftain to believe that throughout Ulster Sir On Sunday he gave up th is Sir Edward Carson, and none has Edward can reckon on the support of greater skill than he in appealing to no fewer than half a million warlike

"We have stated the facts as calmly

There, Sir, what do you think of the Yours, etc.,

ANTI-DEMOCRITUS.

#### THE VILE CORPUS.

[A provincial schoolmistress recently applied for the loan of a baby from the local workhouse for several hours weekly to enable her to give practical lessons in the washing and dressing of infants. It is to be hoped, however, that there will not be a repetition of the grim tragedy described in the following lines.] HE was only a workhouse baby.

A poor little creature, left In a railway cloak-room, or, may be. From natural causes bereft: But his fame shall for ever be written In letters of purest gold, For he lived and died like a Briton. And thus is his story told:-

On Monday to school he was taken And shamelessly stripped of his

clothes-An insult designed to awaken

A fury of infantile oaths.

On Tuesday, with heartless exertion, They plied him with

water and soap, And at the eleventh immersion

He ceded his remnant of hope.

On Wednesday and Thursday the victim

By amateur fingers was clad;

With wandering "safeties" they pricked him

And drove him incurably mad.

They put him to bed on the Friday,

With physic next day he was dosed,

On Sunday he gave up the ghost.

There are tears for his fate, which was rotten.

But he suffered in order to save, And babies as yet unbegotten

With garlands shall honour his grave; For, if there's exemption for others From exquisite torment of limb,

Twill be due to the fact that their mothers

Once experimented on him.

An esteemed contemporary publishes a photograph of a gentleman smoking pipe "outside the High Court buildings, where his wife was sentenced to eight months imprisonment for attempted fire raising." The headline

"THE PIPE OF PEACE"

seems to lack the finer sense of chivalry.



Father (angry). "That appointment you forgot to keep to-day was the chance of a lifetime, and would probably have made your career. But you prefer to waste your time playing golf——"

Son (hurt). "Not waste, Father—I won this cruet."

#### FICTION ON THE FILM.

(A reflection on the enormous educational value of the cinematograph, suggested by a happy hour at one of our suburban palaces.)

I mave seen the pick and flower of the world's romances, Not mirrored in mental images faint and slow;

Too long I had moved in the midst of boyhood's fancies, But now I know;

I have seen how the bioscope stages the story of Ivanhoz.

I have seen the Templer\* himself, the great Bois Guilbert, With a waxed moustache on his lip like the Kaiser's own, And Front de Bœuf, who was also a bit of a filbert

And crowned with a cone, Half-drunk in a Norman castle with arches of Gothic stone.

I have seen the scutcheonless knight oppose Sir Brian To the sound of an old tin tea-tray beaten "off";

I have seen the charger that carried Richard the Lion;
I have marked the trough

That stared between every rib—I could almost hear him cough.

I have seen the rout of the mail-clad Norman troopers By Robin Hood's men with never a bow to hand,

A'l running about like musical comedy supers In time with the band;

I have seen the mysterious *Palmer* returned from the Wholy\* Land.

A podgy young man, the *Palmer*, and soft the quilting Of tavern beds, 1 wis, on his homeward way.

\* Sic (in the explanatory notes projected on the screen).

Ah, well! he was never obliged to do any tilting; The champion's fray

Was a duel, it seems, on foot, and no doubt it was cheaper in hay.

These things have I seen. I have seen old *Isaac* chivied, *Rebecca* a-top of a ruinous castle stair,

Her hands to her fluttering breast, her face all livid:
"Young man, you dare!

Hands off! or I fling myself down on the courtyard stones, so there!"

What need to tell you the rest? How, lifting his visor, The Disinherited Knight confronts his foe With a huge sardonic wink; I say I am wiser Than long ago.

I have learnt more things than I dreamed of the drama of Ivanhoe.

But why stop there? Shall only adventurous novels
And stories of doughty deeds with an old-time plot
Be filmed for the sake of a mind that halts and grovels,
And The Egoist not?

I want George Meredith "cined †" as well as Sir Walter Scott.

I want to see Richard Feverel made immortal With pearls from the Pilgrim's scrip in a print of flames;

I want Jane Austen starred on the cinema's portal, And, name of all names,

I want to see Albert and 'Lize enjoying their 'ENERY JAMES. EVOE.

+ American.

# "UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT."

I know a fool of a dog who pretends that he is a Cocker Spaniel, and is fessed to one woman of whom I had round him wonderingly. The sun rises so it may shine on his glossy morning coat: it sets so his master may know that it is time for the evening biscuit; if the rain falls it is that a fool of a dog always excite him. I don't know if may wipe on his mistress's skirt his any of your family—no, I suppose not. things; his night a repetition of his for him. And he can't bear tradesday, more gloriously developed. If there be a sacred moment before the dawn when he lies awake and ponders on life, he tells himself confidently that it will go on for ever like this—a life he appeared shortly afterwards on the so that I shall often be able to see planned nobly for himself, but one in lawn with a pair of—well, I mean Chum afterwards." which the master and mistress whom he had no business with them at all. he protects must always find a place. And I think perhaps he would want a place for me too in that life, who am not his real master but yet one of the house. I hope he would.

What Chum doesn't know is this: world where a fool of a dog with no "I doubt if I shall be able to take manners is a nuisance. If Chum could him after all," she said. "I've just see all the good little London dogs, who at home sit languidly on their mistress's lap, and abroad take their but it meant that I was still without view of life through a muff much bigger than themselves; if he could see the big obedient dogs, who walk solemnly through the Park carrying their master's stick, never pausing in their impressive march unless it be to who cannot answer to his own name and pays but little more attention to "Down, idiot," and "Come here, fool," could have called his attention to half the good dogs I had marked out he would have sat down beaming in front of a motor-car . . . and then he would never have known what now he will know so soon—that his master and mistress are leaving him.

It has been my business to find a new home for him. It is harder than you think. I can make him sound lovable, but I cannot make him sound good. Of course I might leave out his doubtful qualities, and describe him merely as beautiful and affectionate; I might . . . . but I couldn't. I think Chum's habitual smile would get larger, he would wriggle the end of himself more ecstatically than ever if he heard his kennel. He never came out till between himself summed up as beautiful and affectionate. Anyway, I couldn't do "Really?" said my man. "Well, I they can't.

it, for I get carried away when I shall have to think about it. I'll let speak of him and I reveal all his bad you know. qualities.

"I am afraid he is a snob," I conwhat he calls the lower classes."

"Oh?" she said.

"Yes, he hates badly dressed people. Corduroy trousers tied up at the knee for him. And he can't bear tradespeople; at least not the men. Washerwomen he loves. He rather likes the washing-basket too. Once, when he any odd man whom I don't know to We got them away after a bit of a chase, and then they had to go to the wash again. It seemed rather a pity know, and so on. I couldn't l when they'd only just come back. Of lose the silly old ass altogether. course, I smacked his head for him; but he looks so surprised and reproach-

remembered-

I forget what it was she remembered, a new house for Chum.

"What does he eat?" somebody else asked me. It seemed hopeful; I could

see Chum already installed.

"Officially," I said, "he lives on puppy biscuits; he also has the toastplunge into the Serpentine and rescue crusts after breakfast and an occasional a drowning child, he would know what bone. Privately, he is fond of bees. I mean. He would admit that a dog I have seen him eat as many as six bees in an afternoon. Sometimes he wanders down to the kitchen-garden and picks the gooseberries; he likes is not every place's dog. He would all fruit, but gooseberries are the admit it, if he had time. But before I things he can reach best. When there aren't any gooseberries about, he has to be content with the hips really you needn't bother, he can eat anything. The only thing he doesn't like is whitening. We were just going to mark the lawn one day, and while we were busy pegging it out he wandered up and drank the whitening only disappointment he has ever had. He looked at us, and you could see that his opinion of us had gone down. 'What did you put it there for, if you didn't mean me to drink it?' he said reproachfully. Then he turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully back to

Of course I knew what that meant. With a third dog-lover to whom I spoke the negotiations came to grief, convinced that the world revolves hopes. "He doesn't much care for not apparently because of any faults of Chum's, but because, if you will believe it, of my own shortcomings. At least I can suppose nothing else. For this man had been enthusiastic about him. He had revelled in the tale of Chum's wickedness; he had adored muddy boots. His day is always But if he ever sees a man with his him for being so conceited. He had exciting, always full of the same good trousers tied up at the knee he goes practically said that he would take him.

was left alone with it for a moment, take him. It must be a friend of mine.

"So that—what?" he asked anxiously. "So that I shall often be able to see Chum afterwards. Week-ends, you know, and so on. I couldn't bear to

He looked thoughtful; and, when I went on to speak about Chum's fondhis master and mistress are leaving him. They are going to a part of the world where a fool of a dog with no world where world where where we world where where world where where we world where we would where we world where we world where we would where where we would we would where we would where we would we would where we would we would we would where we would we would we would we would we would with the world where we would we would we would we would we would we would we wo gether. He wrote afterwards that he was sorry he couldn't manage with a third dog. And I like to think he was not afraid of Chum—but only of me.

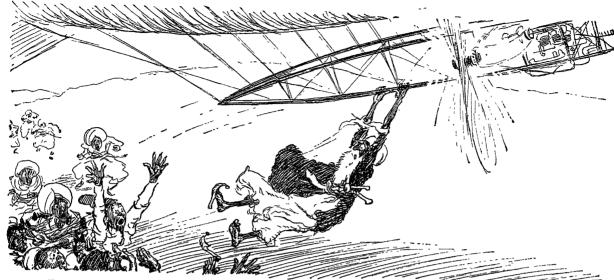
But I have found the right man at last. A day will come soon when I shall take Chum from his present home to his new one. That will be a great day for him. I can see him in the train, wiping his boots effusively on every new passenger, wriggling under the seat and out again from sheer joy of life; I can see him in the taxi, taking his one brief impression of a world that means nothing to him; I can see him in another train, joyous, eager, putting his paws on my collar from time to time and saying excitedly, "What a day this is!" And if he survives the journey; if I can keep him on the way from all the delightful deaths he longs and haws from the rose-trees. But to try; if I can get him safely to his new house, then I can see him-

Well, I wonder. What will they do to him? When I see him again, will he be a sober little dog, answering to his name, careful to keep his muddy feet off the visitor's trousers, grown up, out of the marker. It is practically the obedient, following to heel round the garden, the faithful servant of his master? Or will he be the same old silly ass, no use to anybody, always dirty, always smiling, always in the way, a clumsy, blundering fool of a dog who knows you can't help loving him? I wonder . . .

Between ourselves, I don't think they can alter him now . . . Oh, I hope

# THE RACE FOR ARMAMENTS.

THE FACT THAT THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO IS ABOUT TO ADD FOUR GUNS TO ITS ARTILLERY, BRINGING THE TOTAL UP TO FIVE, IS CAUSING A STIR AMONG THE MINOR POWERS. WE LEARN WITH APPREHENSION—



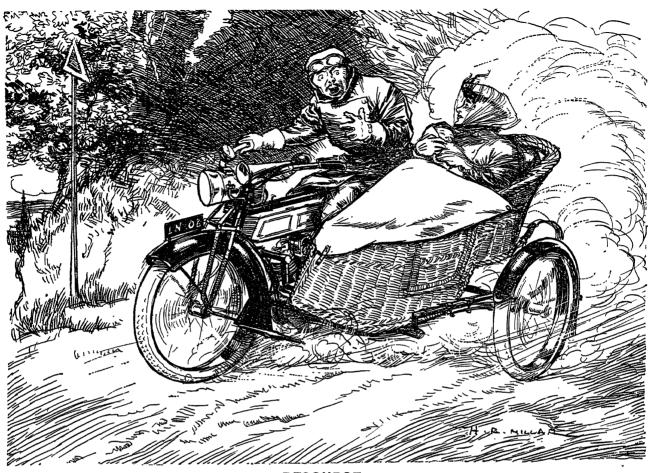
THAT THE MAHARAJAH OF CHOKUM BHOTAL HAS BEEN TESTING A DIRIGIBLE WITH A VIEW TO PURCHASE.



THAT THE NAVY OF BORIOBOOLA IS SHORTLY TO BE STRENGTHENED BY THE ADDITION OF A SUBMARINE.



THAT THE DEFENCES OF BAFFIN LAND ARE BEING BROUGHT UP TO DATE.



RESOURCE.

Motor Cyclist. "Quick! Evangeline—PINCH BABY; THE HORN WON'T WORK!"

#### THE PROFESSOR.

In one of the Greek manuscripts cellar of the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro, and are now being patiently deciphered and translated by the learned Father Mechidas, there is a story of Diogenes which has not yet seen the light. The venerable scholar interesting legend.

On one of the Cynic's infrequent visits to Athens curiosity induced him to make the round of the theatres to see how public taste was tending and to what lengths the leniency of audiences (which had long been on the stretch) could go. He passed silently and grimly from one play to another, in each finding more triviality and folly passion for beguilement, their ancient than the last. How many theatres right of criticism. there were the chronicler does not The next day Dr say, but certainly no fewer than fivefarce, comedy and the tertium quid the steep rock to the Parthenon itself,

classical author being played.

Diogenes passed on to the very medleys of dialogue, music and dancing which purported to be satirical commentaries on the times but were some renothing of the kind. He was prepared hissing. (who recently related it to a visitor to for a certain amount of second-rate Venice) permits Mr. Punch to print this foolishness here and there; but what struck him as the most curious change that had come over the city was the fact that not only was every place of entertainment crowded, but everyone seemed delighted with the fare that was offered. No murmur of surprise was heard; no dissentient voice. The Athenians, in short, had relinquished, under the influence of some strange

The next day Diogenes was observed say, but certainly no fewer than five-and-twenty, in not one of which, Athens leading a goose. Hither and at that unfortunate period, was any thither he wandered, through all the sign of pure tragedy. Nothing but principal thoroughfares, and even up

melodrama. In not one theatre was a | attended always by his grotesque companion. For a while no one dared venture to question the illustrious curwhich recently came to light in the numerous singing and acrobatic houses, mudgeon. At last one bolder than the and there he found chiefly performers rest put the question. "What is the from other countries in trumpery goose for?" he asked. "He is an excellent and most useful fellow," replied the Cynic, "and I want to find him some pupils. He gives lessons in

#### IN OCTOBER.

In Richmond Park The leaf was thinned. The dusk grew dark, Loud piped the wind; The blown West yellowed A cloud's torn cloak, An old stag bellowed Beneath an oak.

Now here's delight To think I 've stood And mot the night In a lone wood, Where great stags thunder And antlers toss, Eight miles—or under— From Charing Cross.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

HODGE IN THE LIMELIGHT.

#### "LABBY."

BY TOBY, M.P.

In writing the Life of his uncle, HENRY LABOUCHERE, Mr. ALGAR THOROLD enjoyed the advantage of having for his subject one of the most interesting men of the nineteenth century. He has lived up to rare opportunity. The portly volume presents a vivid portrait of the man and an enlightening record of his work. In discriminating study of the character and genius of his old chief, Mr. BENNETT, who in succession keeps the sacred lamp of Truth burning in Cartaret Street, arrives at the conclusion that "the best work of LABOUCHERE'S life was done as a journalist." That life was so varied in its course, so starred by conspicuous success in divers walks, that it is difficult to decide wherein it reached its highest excellence. A scholar at Eton, a student at Cambridge, a gambler, a roué; contemplating avoidance of starvation by accepting a proffered place as croupier at a Monte bank in Mexico; doorkeeper in a circus; promoted to a line in the bill in the character of "The Bounding Buck of Babylon," wearing pink tights with a filet round his head, extorting admiration by the springiness of his standing jumps; companion of Chippeway Indians hunting buffalo; attaché at several Embassies in both hemispheres; editor, newspaper proprietor, lessee of a theatre, friend of BISMARCK, Member of the House of Commons, on conversational terms with PADDY GREEN in the palmy days of Evans's, later admitted to the intimacy of Mr. GLADSTONEhere is a career more nearly recalling chapters of Monte Cristo than the annals of a rate-paying resident in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

The universality of LABOUCHERE'S character was testified to by the range of his correspondents. The bursting over political parties of the thunder-bolt of Home Rule, directed by the hand of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1886, created profound, in many places irreparable, rents in ancient friendships. Absolutely devoid of feeling of resentment (save in one case) "LABBY" preserved all his old intimacies. Not the least interesting chapters of a book of high historical value are those devoted to reproduction of his correspondence in 1885-6. He was a sort of friendly, convenient, pillar-box into which men taking a hand in a critical game of politics politics. dropped their missives. A strange Up to conglomeration it was. Amongst the contributors were Lord ROSEBERY, RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, GLADSTONE (on behalf of his father), between them, sometimes twice a day. to the Bill of 1886 was the proposed



# ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE SEX.

Indignant Wife (whose repeated assurances as to her husband's sobriety and general respectability have been totally ignored by the police, comforting herself with a parting shot). "MIND YER PURSE, BILL!"

CHARLES DILKE, JOHN MORLEY, PAR- | LABOUCHERE set himself the task of NELL, TIM HEALY, DAVITT, and, above avoiding disaster to the Liberal Party, all. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

confidences bestowed upon LABOUCHERE throughout the manœuvring that ended in the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, the rout of Mr. GLADSTONE and the rending in pieces of the party he had long been accustomed to lead to triumph, was Lord Harrington. He did not seem to take to "LABBY's" playful way of dealing with Imperial

Up to the Spring of 1886 the relations between LABOUCHERE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were of the closest in-HERBERT | timacy. Confidential letters daily passed

to his clear political insight a result The only notable exception to the inevitable if Mr. Chamberlain were permitted to withdraw from its councils. He was within an ace of succeeding. Through the medium of letters chiefly passing between Labouchere and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. THOROLD sets forth the story up to the fateful day appointed for the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. Possibly because the narrative was earlier continued elsewhere he stops there. It was LABOUCHERE himself who completed it in a letter addressed to me dated from Old Palace Yard, 5th April, 1898.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S main objection

exclusion of Irish Members from Westminster. Had this been dropped he would have refrained from joining the Conservative party and the history of England for the next thirty years would have been written in altered characters.

on the Second Reading, "LABBY," a little fatigued by his patriotic efforts, withdrew for a brief period of wellearned rest, comforted by assurance

spoken. LABOUCHERE, dismayed and despairing, turned round to CAINE seated on a bench behind and said, "What a thimble rigger the Old Man

Having at this epoch been dragged into the vortex of Parliamentary conflict, "LABBY" thereafter for some years devoted himself to the game with enthusiasm equal to that with which in early manhood he gave himself up to gambling at Homburg and else-where. At the outset, content to amuse the House of Commons

with persiflage casually introduced into on the Conservative side in the familiar they are, with very few exceptions, all debate, he became constant in attendance, frequent in speech-making. . An incentive to this new departure was the bitterness of his resentment against his old friend and companion dear, now a pillar of strength in a Cabinet presided over by Lord Salisbury. As a rule, he his way. hostility to the statesman he in 1886 with still sparkling speech. was accustomed to address as "My dear Chamberlain," whom he now invariably alluded to as "Joe," importing into the monosyllable an indescribcall to wreck it.

No one more effectively than "the of friends." Christian Member for Northampton"

pated, by none more surely than by He died peacefully at midnight on LABOUCHERE, that he would receive at January 15th, 1912." Mr. GLADSTONE'S hands Cabinet office. On the Saturday night preceding For personal reasons in high quarters, GLADSTONE'S speech winding up debate about which "LABBY'S" own testimony, cited by Mr. Thorold, leaves no doubt. his claims were overlooked. Another disappointment not less bitter befell him, others in the secret, sat expectant whilst final blow to his Parliamentary ambi-, GLADSTONE spoke, waiting for the words tion. Some men thus treated would that would re-establish unity. For have taken their revenge by turning



HOW TO UTILISE A POOR RELATION. MAKE HIM WORK THE TABLE FOUNTAIN.

had in fullest possession the qualities that would have made him a dangerous enemy on the flanks of the Leaders of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. That however was not Towards the end of a had no personal resentments. Sublimely long life's labour he was growing imperturbable, he lived in a serene tired. His indomitable spirit was a atmosphere undisturbed by what any-body said, did, or thought about his ments. But he was faithful to the end, actions or his motives. He made up voting steadily with his Party and, for this indifference by concentrated when necessary, coming to their help

Unexpectedly abandoning his throne in the Smoking-Room of the Reform Club, round which would gather a rapt Government the more urgent was the "that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops

contributed to the end brought about grapher, "as simply as a child tired by the General Election of 1892. The spoils to the victor. It was antici-

"LABBY" never fussed about anything, not even about dying.

# THE PEPPER POTS.

ONE of the most ingenious of the a few years later, when, a vacancy occur- | many labour-saving appliances which that Monday night would see his labours | ring in Ministerial post at Washington, | are now on the market is the little set of crowned with success. When Monday he turned his eyes wistfully towards the pepper-boxes for sub-editors which an came Mr. Chamberlain, Caine and appointment. Its withholding was the astute watcher of the literary skies has invented.

Like all the great inventions—as the cliche has it-it is very simple. But reasons never understood, certainly and biting the hand that repulsed them. he shall describe it in his own words

a day or so ago.

"My invention," said Mr. Travis, who is a bright - looking young man with a hald head and a faint American accent, "you want to know about that? Well, I'll tell you. I have always been a great newspaper reader, and I noticed, as every one else must have done, that there is a deadly monotony about the reviews of new novels, or, to put it another way, there is a deadly monotony about the output of old novelists. It is the same with playwrights and public speakers: after a while

character of the Candid Friend. He true to type. It follows then that any description of their latest efforts must bear similarity to the description of their previous efforts. Yet these descriptions -or criticisms if you like-must always be written afresh and the writers paid. My idea was at one blow to do away with much of the expense of the newspaper and at the same time provide the reader with authentic impressions. How do I do it? With my pepper-pots.

"I'll give you an example. A new play by Mr. Galsworthy comes out. The statement that it was produced last night can be prepared by any one in the office, or I am ready to supply a flexible framework of this kind to fit circle of listeners, quitting his cherished any play or any book or any speech by able note of half-amused scorn and reprobation. Since Mr. Chamberlain Commons, he retired to Florence, where for adjectives are left blank. It is then was a member of the Conservative for a few years he lived surrounded by that the pepper-box comes in. If it is a Galsworthy play the sub-editor takes the pepper-pot bearing his name and sprinkles the paper with it, and In the touching language of his bio-straightway the gaps are filled up with

such words as 'sincere,' 'restrained.' 'characteristic,' 'dignified,' 'thoughtful,' 'restrained,' 'thoughtful,' 'dignified,'

'sincere'; and the criticism is complete.
"Or Mr. Shaw. Then the G. B. S. pepper-pot is employed, and out tumble 'Shavian,' 'audacious,' 'Shavian,' 'startling,' 'characteristic,' 'witty,' 'incisive,' 'Shavian' and all the rest of it.

"A book by Mr. CHESTERTON puts the G. K. C. pepper-pot into action, and we have 'paradoxical,' 'good-humoured,' 'Falstaffian,' 'characteristic,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical,' 'topsy - turvy,' 'wrong-headed but genial,' 'paradoxical, 'topsy-turvy,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical.' You see the idea?''

Our representative said he saw it perfectly, but he could not admire any scheme which substituted a mechanical device for good Fleet Street brains.

"But what 's the use of setting brains to such tasks as this," Mr. Travis asked, "when all that they have to do is to provide paraphrases of what was written before? Why waste a man's time on re-re-writing about a re-rere-written book or play?

"We won't argue about it," said our representative. "Give me some more

examples."

"Well," said Mr. Travis, "here's the Mrs. Humphry Ward pepper-pot,' and he shook over the table "calm," "measured," "studious," "understanding," "characteristic," "sympathetic," "calm," "studious," "measured," "serene," "calm."

"Here's another—you must guess the author;" and "melodramatic," "strident," "passionate," "melodramatic," "characteristic," "noisy," "theatrical," chromo - lithographic," "strident were scattered out.

"You can't deny it's a clever notion?" he asked.

"No," our representative replied, "it's certainly clever, confound you. But have you a pepper-pot for every one?"

"No," he said, "there are one or two I can't fix up for certain. There's one literary man and several politicians. It wouldn't be safe to have a pepperpot for them. At least not yet."

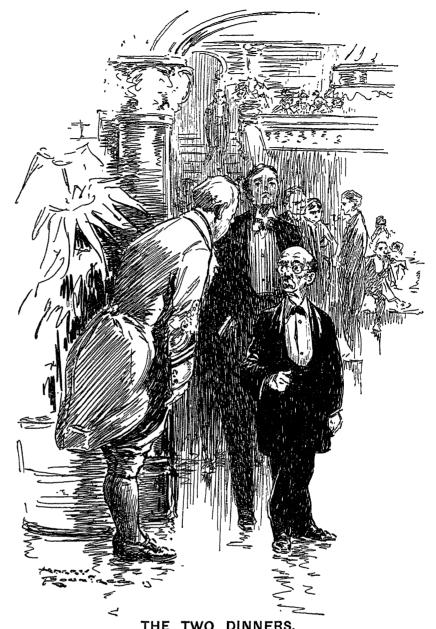
"Mayn't I know their names?" our

representative asked. "Not from me," said Mr. Travis, closing the interview. "You must guess.

"Mr. George Yates, who has been secretary of the Bury Central Conservative Club for 20 years, has resigned owing to advancing years, Mr. Yates has been a member of the club since his formation 34 years ago."

Daily Dispatch.

Mr. YATES's appointment to the secretaryship at the age of 14 must have caused surprise.



# THE TWO DINNERS.

Scene—The Majestic Hotel.

"Dragoon Guards or Peace Society, Sir?"

# FINIS.

Goodbye

For ever and a day, nor dreamed that I, October come, should hold you in my

Still doting on our sweet companionship;

Devon lane;

That riverside in June with just us twain;

That Scenic Railway where one July

I was obliged to squeeze you rather tight; .

Those lazy August mornings when you lay

Last month I thought that we had said | Upon the sands beside me; that sad day When, bathed in mid-September's mellow sheen,

I fell a-wondering whether you would clean.

Goodbye again; for such the fears whereat

That May-day walk—our first; that Love flutters off-like you, my dear Straw Hat.

#### "SHILLINGS WANTED.

REMARKABLE APPEAL TO BURY FOOTBALL FOLLOWERS.'

Daily Mail.

We would sooner bury football writers.

### ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—As to the clerks of the Inland Revenue, or whatever it may be, with whom all of us have been in correspondence at one time or another, they are not what they are up to the very end so addressed me. supposed to be. You know the sort of correspondence I mean: the righteously | ing to a close and the time had come indignant on the one side and the to pay I enclosed my cheque, and in a coldly pedantic on the other—the sort of letter-writing in which you score all the points at first but the clerk gets his postal order in the end. It is not generally known that these clerks are by nature men and not machines, and the money and never to address a word it will be scarcely believed that they, ruthlessly oppressive as they are in their demands, have their off-moments when they are positively human. Such in was addressed, "Horatius Johnhas been my recent discovery.

The controversy, a lengthy one, concerned itself with the matter of a dog that had everything a dog could want except a licence. I will not trouble you with the details, since you had a dog-licence case in your pages a little while ago and may be tired of the subject, but will admit to you at once, what I admitted to the clerk bit by bit, that the law was undoubtedly on his side, and I was prepared to obey it eventually, when I had had my fill of heated dialectics. You will readily believe that I got the best of all the repartee from start to finish, and that I thought of some unanswerable arguments for the abolition of clerks in general and Revenue clerks in particular; in short, that I succeeded, as all of us do succeed, in making the fellow sit up before I climbed down. So long as the battle was waged in his territory I won-all the way (except as to the booty), but when he came out of his defences and took me on in my own country he showed an entirely unsuspected humanity which, I must confess, defeated me utterly.

My country is Edgbaston, where I, together with many others whose work lies in Birmingham, live. If we spend the most of our day in that city we prefer in our late evenings and early mornings to forget its existence; whatever we may be when at work, in our on my mind. leisure we are of Edgbaston and by no means of Brummagem. Yet that clerk would persist in addressing me at "Edgbaston, Birmingham." Having suffered several envelopes so addressed there came a time when I could bear it no longer, and I demanded that the ment. It passed. offence should be withdrawn, failing which I should instruct my solicitors to | idea. Once at the Penbys I should take proceedings. To describe Edgbaston as Birmingham, as I pointed out, of having to go that was worrying me. was a cruel and calculated lie. He so I reasoned with myself. responded with a "Yours to hand of At dinner I confided it to Edith.

the 10th inst. and your observations re Edghaston noted," and addressed that envelope to "Edghaston, near Birmingham." Though I resented the "near" almost as much as the original sin he refused to budge from his attitude, and

When the correspondence was drawcovering letter spoke more frankly to his had ever, I am sure, been spoken to before. Which done, I commanded him to send me merely a formal receipt for to me again. In due course the receipt arrived, accompanied by no letter in reply to mine, and the envelope it came son, Esq., 'The Pines,' Edgbaston, very near Birmingham."

Following a lengthy period of frigid politeness, that one touch of red-hot temper, Sir, wrought such a change in my feelings to the man that I wrote forthwith, begging permission to call on him when next I came to London, and asking him meanwhile to accept as a small present from an admiring friend the dog in dispute, which I was forwarding under separate cover.

Yours faithfully,

. 2. H. JOHNSON.

### A BRILLIANT PHANTASY.

IT often happens that I am asked out for the evening-music or what notand accept "with pleasure," because it is so much easier than refusing. Very well then. When the day comes, I on the night and feel I don't want to evening. turn out at all. By the time dinner is over I am really angry. I leave the house in a bad temper; reach the house of my hosts in that condition, and pass a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

This has occurred not once, not twice, but several times.

Last Monday I made a casual arrangement to drop in at the Penbys on Wednesday after dinner.

On the morning I arose with a weight

"What is it?" I thought.

With the cold bath, my brain cleared, and I remembered; we had to go to the Penbys.

"Dash!" I said.

The rest of the day calls for no com-

On my way home I suddenly had an probably enjoy myself. It was the fact

"What we must do," I said, "is to imagine we're not going out. After dinner we sit quietly by the fire. Then I suddenly decide to take a stroll. You join me, and we happen to pass the Penbys. 'Let us turn in here,' I say; and there we are."

Edith looked at me compassionately. "If it amuses you, I don't mind, 'she said; "but in the first place the drawing-room fire isn't being kept in, and that clerk than he or any colleague of in the second place I'm not doing any strolling; I've ordered a taxi."

> That, as I explained, was mere quibbling. As long as we maintained the right spirit all would be well.

> As a matter of fact, Edith made things very difficult for me. She gave the maids audible instructions not to wait up for us, and enquired twice about the latchkey.

> I set my teeth and acted magnificently.

> When the taxi drove up I was reading.

> "Hello! what's this?" I exclaimed. "A taxi ride?"

"Don't be silly," said Edith; "have you got the key?"

Half-way down the drive I sat up quickly.

"By George," I said, "why not call on the Penbys? They're often asking us to drop in."

I seized the speaking-tube and whispered the address to the driver. He nodded rather brusquely.

As we drove up to the house I surpassed myself. "I wonder if they'll be in," I said.

Curiously enough they were not. Somehow I had misunderstood Penby; wish I hadn't. I arrive home to dinner the invitation was for quite a different

#### The Crimes of the Pheasant.

To the Editor of "Punch."

Sir,—Is Mr. Lloyd George sure that the outrages perpetrated by this voracious bird are confined to attacks upon mangold-wurzels and the wholesale destruction of all kinds of crops?

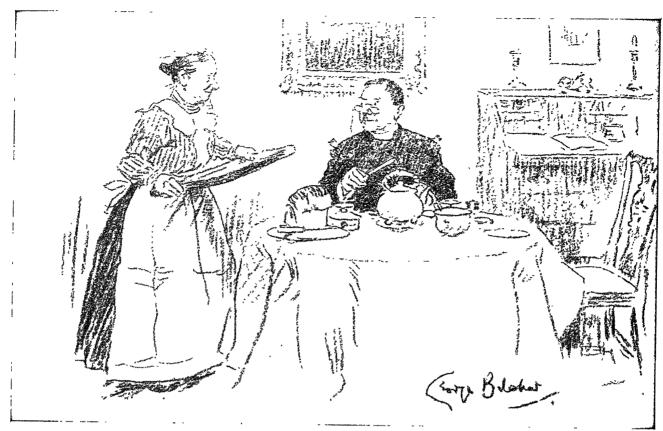
There may be possibly some ground for the recent report that this rascally creature is now emulating the infamous exploits of the eagle in carrying off lambs and even young children.

In the latter case, might not this account to some extent for the growing depopulation of the countryside?

Yours, &c., BEDFORDIAN.

HOND. Zun,-I catched a feasant t'other noight in rabbert gin, and he was smellin' that strong of turmits thet I was only jest in toime to stop our cow from aitin' of 'en.

> Yours respectful, DARTMOOR SHEPHERD.



"Another broken plate, Mrs. Biggs?"

"YES, SIR. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SO MUCH WASHING MAKES THE CHINA BRITTLE-LIKE."

#### A SPASM OF GRATITUDE.

HE was reading the paper while crossing Fleet Street. He had got to a paragraph about the Lion Sermon, which had been preached on the previous day in a City church in memory of a 17th century Lord Mayor who was saved from a lion in the Arabian desert. There was a hoarse shout, a hand grabbed him and dragged him bac's, a motor-bus thundered by, and a polizeman said, "Another inch, Sir, and you'd have been under it." "Near go," said a postman. After similar remarks from the crowd, he began to realise that he had narrowly escaped a nasty death.

He walked very solemnly along the pavement near to the wall. "I will," he said—"I will institute a Motor-bus Sermon." It seemed to be the least he could do.

It did occur to him a little later that sermons are not so popular nowadays as they used to be; and it was while waiting for his train that the idea of an organ recital instead occurred to him. It would be the more suitable because he, the founder, was fond of music. Yes, it should be a musical this endowment business was not with-

class; that point required consideration. feel that a combination of a kind of and decide in a few days. Mo ality play with good music would be just the thing.

Such a play might be more expensive, would not like to begin any memorial that would be too costly to continue. He must remember that he was not really wealthy. Another idea that came to him, after leaving Earl's Court, was that a refined literary-musical recital, by a really capable performer, would present less difficulties.

Anything he decided upon must necessarily cost money. He did not mind that so very much; but there would be legal formalities to be observed, so that the thing should be on | The real authority. a proper footing, and every year there would be the difficulty of choosing the right person to do whatever thing he decided upon (if he should decide) to mark his gratitude.

Then again, if one faced the thing squarely and without sentimentality, event that he would endow. One had out objections. Would it not be better, being required . . ."

to remember, of course, that organ | he wondered, to give a donation to some recitals appeal to rather a restricted charitable object instead of saddling posterity with an annual event whose By the time the train reached St. interest, if pious, would be remote? James's Park he was beginning to In any case, he would think it over

Humming a little tune. he was leaving the station when he hesitated. He had been thinking of music; an perhaps, than an organ recital; he idea struck him. He had nothing particular to do that night, and he knew his wife had no engagement. He stepped lightly into a telephone call-box. "Hullo! That the Gaiety? Have you two good stalls for to-night?" he asked.

> "After somewhat unguarded language used by Mr. Churchill in an otherwise admirable speech in Scotland, we are glad to have the assurance of our Parliamentary Correspondent that the Cabinet are firmly resolved to treat Ireland as one and indivisible."

Daily Chronicle.

"A Soul building other worlds seeks correspondents."—Advt. in "T.P.'s Weekly."

Extract from the first letter: "DEAR Sir,—In answer to your advertisement I beg to say that I am now in a position to lend sums from £10 to £10,000 on note of hand alone, no further security

### AT THE PLAY.

"PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES."

damsel was never in less distress. His whole menagerie. You have a self-principles. "I don't care," she said, straint, steadily refusing to slip into made knight with his lady, climbers "on which side of the House he sits so farce. There was something very hu-

both; you have their son, in a "crack cavalry regiment," with a record of dirty work to his name; you have a guardsman (Old Etonian) with the manners of a hog; you have a South American adventurer with no morals; a noisy politician with an eye for the party funds; and, for the rest, an unspeakable crew of snobs who condescend to take the hospitality of the parvenus for the sake of the chorus girl's society or anything else they can get. You will guess that she doesn't need to be very noble to stand out in pretty sharp relief against such a background.

Indeed, she is almost superfluously admirable. For love of the shady soldier she forces her way into the heart of his mother (a dear, vulgar, old soul) by introducing a few titled undesirables into her very domestic ménage; she gets her man into Parliament against his will; she secures for his father (sadly prejudiced against Vivienne Vavasour the stage) a contract for armaments Mervyn Juttle ...

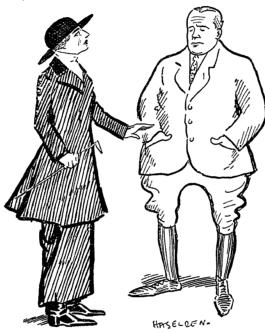
smelling-salts which he takes for loathed the idea of being shot into ments which might have landed her and did his best to lose the election by lover in gaol; and finally she gets permission to marry this hopeless object. thought of them. Unfortunately this she does with the utmost candour, candour, which followed him into the "I'm the only live person you've ever House. Waking up, dazed with the met."

when it looked as if a red herring was his reputation as a free-lance who to be drawn across the trail of the would have to be reckoned with. This chorus girl's career. Sir Joseph and was very pleasant fooling, and alto-Lady Juttle had arranged to give a gether Mr. VANSITTART'S humour was dance for their Queen's Gate circle, and rather refreshing, though now and when Miss Vivienne Vavasour proposed then we may have felt that we had to convert this entertainment into a been there before. dinner for her Society friends, some excuse had to be found for Kensington. Kenneth Douglas was just the man

of a young relative in Australia.

This gave promise of a rich vein of IT is perhaps a little late in the day farce, for nothing could be more certain to represent the Chorus Girl as a than that the Colonial would give them

But there were other distractions methods are of the most guileless. He notably some rather pleasant mots dis-



A CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK. . . .. Mr. Kenneth Douglas.

from the South American adventurer; long as he isn't in a draught!" The and from the same villain she abstracts son's own attitude towards parliavitriol) certain compromising docu- what he regarded as a monkey-house, telling his supporters just what he namely, on the stage itself. Well might she say to his parents, as only gave him a name for original sleep of boredom, he would often wander There was a moment in the play into the wrong Lobby, and thus confirm

You would have said that Mr. So it was agreed that they should send for this part of a politician malgre lui. the gloves to the cleaner.

out a cancelling note, alleging the death | But he did not quite do himself justice. He had many difficulties to face and they seemed to force him back into his old habit of jerkiness. Mr. FREDERICK KERR, older than his wont, was very pattern of all the virtues. But her away by turning up. He did; but the perfect as Sir Joseph Juttle, but the latest champion, Mr. Vansittart, is not diversion was very brief and we were part lacked variety and the good things to be put off by the fact that his soon back on the old trail. however of one bright thought that occurred to the Radical Knight. He places her among a second-rate set of people, and then invites you to observe how star-like she shines among these lower creatures. He is careful not to admit a single excellence among the

> man in her vulgarity, and at times she was almost pathetic in the loneliness of her widening sphere.

> My acquaintance with the emissaries of South American Republics is so limited that I cannot say whether Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE'S oiled and curled Laguera was true to type. But the voluptuous pink-puce dressing-suit, with the generous chest-protector, leads me to infer that fantasy had been

at work in this exotic picture.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK as Vivienne Vavasour found, at last, a part to suit her. As the "one live person" in the play she had so much managing to do that she found less time than usual for letting her voice go wrong. Yet I had often to agree with Lady. Juttle where she says of her, "How oddly she talks!" not, of course, meaning what I mean. She was still too hard and sudden; but one seemed now and then to catch a note of sincerity, and, anyhow, she held her own with great coolness.

Her part, and indeed the whole play, should be popular, not necessarily for (by threatening him with a bottle of mentary life was also very fresh. He its good qualities, but because the public dearly loves to see the virtues of the stage vindicated in a milieu where opinion is most likely to be judicious-

#### Commercial Candour.

"Motor and Aviation Exchange. Insure with us before the accident. Afterwards we can do nothing for you." Advt. in "The Cyclecar."

"Lost, between Victoria and Norbury on tram, Sunday, between 4 and 5 p.m., Minx Fur."—Advt. in "Times."

Bad-tempered little minx; she's lost her fur again.

"To clean white kid gloves, rub gently with a piece of rubber, and shoes will look like new."-Star.

Then you can go out in them and take



Farmer. "WHAT BE DOIN'? PICKIN' UP STOAMS?" Amateur. "YES." Farmer (sympathising with a harmless case). "That's right; thou fill the pockets with 'em and take 'em wome to mother."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

us with the intelligent marionettes which she manipulates so adroitly from the wings of her decorous little stage. Lady Coryston, having tyrannised her husband into an earlier grave than was strictly necessary, chiefly because he had once dared to vote against her convictions, is left to perfect the disintegrating process upon her family and from her eccentric first-born, who develops ideas of his own distinctly out of harmony with the smoother traditions of his class. The truculent dowager promptly disinherits him, a proceeding which is condemned as distinctly bad form in the distinguished circles in which the Coryston family moves. And when Arthur, her second and favourite, elects heavy guns are trained on the impossible position. Enid, however, an attractive, clever, but, as you would guess, not -this concession to the forces that are ruining the country

and a highly developed ecclesiasticism is cleverly portrayed, and more convincingly than would at first sight seem possible. One cannot readily absolve Mrs. WARD of the Mrs. Humphry Ward shows in The Coryston Family charge of writing with some excellent purpose. Could it (SMITH, ELDER) that she has not lost the art of diverting in this instance possibly have been to show by the horrid example of Lady Coryston the terrible condition to which voteless political women are reduced?

Everyone knows the strange way in which the characters and pictures of childish books, read when one was very young, remain for ever in a kind of dim borderland between She meets with a fine sporting opposition fact and fancy, affecting imagination and our inmost ideas of life. I sometimes wonder whether the modern child, for whose delight such exquisite work is turned out in yearly increasing quantity, takes any greater pleasure in it than did his predecessors in their small and comparatively crude library. These profound reflections have been evoked by certain beautiful volumes now issued by Messrs. Heinemann, to fall obstinately in love with Enid Glenwilliam, daughter and more immediately by one of them, The Adventures of of the deplorable Chancellor of the Exchequer who had Akbar, written by Flora Annie Steel and illustrated by begun life as a colliery check-weigher, all Lady Coryston's BYAM SHAW. I fancy I am right in supposing that King Akbar has before now served as hero to one of Mrs. Steel's Indian stories; here, of course, she tells only of his childquite satisfactory person, routs the ridiculous great woman hood, and tells it in a style modulated to a youthful audience. So far as a grown-up reviewer can judge, its appeal should being no doubt made in the interests of an enlightened be certain in the quarter to which it is addressed, for impartiality. The fourth member of the family, Marcia, falls it provides plenty of adventures and escapes; two jolly in and out of love with an unusual variety of high church- animals who again and again preserve their young master; man, in whom the struggle between common humanity and Akbar himself invariably comes off victorious over his future.

News from the Duchy (Arrowsmith) is very good news, and appropriately enough I received it in the same week future we shall hear his version of the proceedings which masterly sureness of touch. have been taking place in "Troy Town." Novelists imported from "up along" may invade the Duchy and persecute it with floods of ink, but however fatigued some (since it became popular as a drawing-room ballad). but

of us may be by Cornish, novels there will always be a welcome for Q and his delicately attractive work. "I hate," he says, "to hear the Duchy miscalled 'the Riviera of England," and at this I laid down his book, and thought of writing to tell him how cordially I shared his hatred. But I was in the middle of a most good-humoured account of an election, and decided that what he had got to tell me was far more interesting than anything I could tell him. Here he gives us one long short-story, several short shortsketches, and without

exception they are to be recommended for their humour, | master. His history is right enough, but his way of telling tone and style. "Pipes in Arcady" would screw a smile out of the morosest of misanthropes, and will remain in the memory of normal people as a perpetual provocation to laughter. Taking the volume as a whole I cannot remember to have found Q in better form.

There are two ways of writing a short story. The first, the recognised method of the popular magazines, is to start with an arresting incident, give the reader a fillip with another arresting incident at about the half-way mark, and to dismiss him, content, with yet another incident which brings the story to a full stop. The second, and more artistic-though the other method has produced some good work—is to treat the short story as a novel in little, and go about your business soberly and without "curtains." Mr. W. L. COURTNEY favours the second method in his new book, The Soul of a Suffragette (Chapman and Hall). It is possible that you may find the alliterative title jar upon you, as I did, but I do not think that you can fail to enjoy the contents of the book. Mr. Courtney's restraint is admirable. He never takes a hundred pages to say what he can say in ten; and that seems to be almost a lost art and enjoyed some excellent grouse shooting."—Cowichan Leader. Priest in Israel," of which the theme is the gradual decay, re-painted.

enemies. For an added excellence there is a slave boy mental and physical, of the vicar of a small village in the named Roy, who is obviously and delightfully destined to wilds, dead and deadening as such villages are. The Rev-"turn out to be somebody" before the final chapter. All erend Herbert Binstone had been forced into holy orders by this has been illustrated by Mr. Byan Shaw with pictures a masterful mother with the view of succeeding to a family of the right Oriental magnificence in crimsons and gold, living. It takes Mr. Courtney just two pages to present just such pictures as the youthful eye (which appreciates the reader with a complete picture of the victim's attitude liberality in such matters) will most enjoy. Altogether towards life during the years of his early manhood. In this experiment in "Steel without tears," if I may call it one sentence, "He accepted his fate with a certain non-so, is a distinct success, and should make a host of new chalance, varied at times with signs of repugnance and friends for its author among the Empire-builders of the revolt," he gives us the equivalent of a dozen chapters of the ordinary novelist. I seem to see some of our leading Marathon performers at work on those "signs of repugnance and revolt." To my mind "A Priest in Israel" the gem of the collection; but each of the others, from the in which the old charter was restored to Fowey. If I story which gives the book its title to the little sketch, know my Q, it is not too much to hope that in the near "Herodias' Daughter," is distinguished by the same

Anyone can quote you tags from "Montrose's Love-Song"

how many people know that the "dear and only love" of the soldier-poet was not a woman but a country? And, if they do, are they sure what the country was, or could they give the name of any of the battles that he fought? I suspect that there are one or two other things about this great soldier and most gallant and loyal gentleman that the general reader has either never learnt or has forgotten. For that reason, amongst others, I commend to his notice Mr. John Buchan's story of The Marquis of Montrose (Nelson). But Mr. BUCHAN is no school-



The Man on the Street. "You need not trouble to send for the ambustories, and some demonstrations of how not to get off a 'bus companies to give public demonstrations of how not to get off a 'bus when it is going.''

it gives his book the fascination of a romance. It is a stirring tale of tremendously plucky fighting, generally against heavy odds, and always, save once, triumphant. Also it makes you feel that you understand the man and his contemporaries-ARGYLL, HUNTLY, and the rest—even without the aid of the excellent portraits reproduced in the volume. I congratulate Mr. Buchan on the way in which he has made these men live, even though one of the vilest of them all happens to be my own ancestor. But most of all I am grateful to him for his picture of Montrose, in his way, I suppose, as fine a Scotsman as ever lived.

#### The Landburster's Lament.

Without rebuke I freely claimed as mine Virtues the wide world owns to be divine. Who then shall make me adequate amends For wounds inflicted in the house of friends When Masterman—unkindest cut of all— Degrades me to the level of St. PAUL?

"Mr. Rogers' fine steam yacht spent the week end in the harbour nowadays. A good instance is to be found in his story, "A | Meanwhile we dare say that Mr. Rogers was being

#### CHARIVARIA.

Persons of artistic perception who have seen the huge memorial erected to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig describe it as a powerful reminder of the horrors of war.

bonds have been taken over by Austrian It does credit to the Prince's kind prison for three years.

State banks on condition that China orders a large cruiser in Austria." \* \*

Fortunately the United States gave way and admitted Mrs. PANKHURST on her undertaking to be of good behaviour while in that country. It is said, however, that the militant leader almost broke her word upon meeting Mr. HERBERT Samuel over there. The sight of a Cabinet Minister nearly proved too much for her, but, mastering herself with superb self-control, she simply said, "Quite like home, isn't it?"

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE says that the motto of the Liberal Party ought to be, "Go on!" So long as its schemes do not come off the other Party has no objection to raise. \*\*\*

"One portion of Ireland," says an unconscious humourist in The Daily Chronicle, "already enjoys complete Home Rule. The murry, an island off the

coast of Sligo, have for many years defied | heart to have carried an umbrella, but | It sounds like a walk-over. collectors of both rates and taxes." Those who know the Irish peasant will used to getting wet. tell you that this is just about what he imagines Home Rule to mean.

Referring in his Manchester speech to the Land question Mr. Churchill said, "The policy of the Government will be laid before the people step by step." The staircase craze is apparently spreading from the Music Halls to Politics.

It is said that the enterprising proprietors of the Ideal Home Exhibition Buck up, Eton!

offered Prince and Princess ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT the use of the Ideal Cottage at Olympia for their honeymoon, but the royal couple found it impossible to change plans already made.

"The Prince," \* says The Dublin Evening Mail, in an account of a shop-The Peace Movement day by day. ping expedition by our heir apparent, "Over £2,000,000 Chinese Treasury" wore sprats and carried an umbrella."

"Small wonder," writes a gentleman from Notting Dale, "if our modern young men are slack, seeing the reward that is meted out to the strenuous ones," and he encloses with his letter a newspaper-cutting showing that Mr. PERCY FRANCIS Howe, aged twenty, who was stated to have broken into no fewer than fifteen houses in the Balham district in one night, has been sent to

> It is satisfactory to know that the convict who recently escaped from Dartmoor does not blame the warders for his recapture, but attributes it to our wretched climate. \*\*\* Funeral plumes for

horses have been con-demned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it has been notified that their use after January 1st will be punishable by fine. As a matter of fact we understand that female horses, at any rate, do not at all mind the discom-fort of the feathers, holding that they improve a lady's appearance.

"The town crier of Devizes," we read, "has grown a parsnip 441 inches long and of excellent shape." We hope now that he will stop crying.

"It is as a fearless sportsman that the Prince has won his most cherished laurels. He has . . . led his own horse past the win-ning-post."—Daily Mail.

Countryman (seeing cyclist carrying motor tyre). "We'd better get home inhabitants of Innish-In Lunnon. That 's the third chap I 've seen to-day wi' a life-belt on."

sprats, as a matter of fact, are quite

With reference to the Exhibition, at pool Daily Post: the Grosvenor Gallery, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a correspondent, whose ignorance makes us blush for him, asks, "What is a Graver? Is he the same as a Monumental Mason?"

"HARROW FINDS A LOST DIAMOND

-Daily Express.

From an advertisement in The Liver-

"REPERTORY THEATRE. THE MOTHER.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Press Opinions.

'Daily Post.'—'One regrets the misfortune of having to criticise it at all.'"

We have not seen Mr. EDEN PHILL-POTTS' play and therefore cannot say whether we should share The Daily Post's regrets; but we know the feelling well.

### GAME AND GOLF.

To the Editor of " Punch."

DEAR SIR,-"Supposing," says the CHANCELLOR, "you turned the whole of a Highland deer forest into a golf course." (He got mixed in the next sentence and talked of people shooting over it; but that is quite excusable when you think how an audience gets into his head.) Now, I should like him to know that not only did we convert an uncultivated deer park at Richmond into a golf course, but we added features which cannot fail to be of the greatest moral benefit to our members. Many of them are so devoted to duty that they can seldom find time to go abroad and see an Alp; year after year they used to miss the unique spiritual advantages which accrue from contemplation of nature in its more sublime and uplifting aspects. So we provided for this defect by the creation of mountainous scenery, range upon range; in the neighbourhood of every hole. The effect of this has been appreciably to raise the moral tone and culture of our members.

Yours faithfully, MID-SURREY.

DEAR SIR,—What is all this talk of LLOYD GEORGE'S about golf as a natural attraction for brain-workers from the Stock Exchange? Is it implied that no intelligence is required of those who shoot game? Let me tell this political bagman that it takes more brains to pick off a couple of brace out of a covey of driven partridges, or to get within shooting distance of a stag (let alone hitting him), than to push a little rubber ball into a hole with nobody to stop Yours indignantly, SPORTSMAN.

Honour'd Sir,-I was makin a bit extry the other day doin a turn of beatin for Squire, when down the road comes one of these luksyoorious motorcars. As a rule I ain't got much use for your rich Lunnon folk as comes messin up the place with their dust and smell, but this time I sees who it is, knowing him from his carrykaturs. I touches my cap to him, bein Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who as my interests at eart. I'd hev given a lot to be lowed to stop him and arst him a question or two. Frinstance, what's owned (or rented) by the Municipality this here forestation he talks about? of Glasgow? I don't ask if he has Would it be the same as wot Squire ever seen it, for he admits that he has does,—takin a bit of useless land and never seen one of these deer forests puttin in a plantation for his birds? Our | that he knows so much about; but Radical Member he says that it can't has he ever heard of it? I have. be the same, coz anything to do with I have often stalked in the neighbour-pheasants must be wrong. Anyways, hood, and many a time I have it's difficult for country folk to unner-shuddered to picture the scenes of stand these things same as the Lunnon desolation that must have occurred at

thing or two if I could hev ad an eart to eart talk with Mr. George in his motor. Yours respekful, Hodge.

DEAR SIR, -The CHANCELLOR has spoken in praise of golf, but has he realised the drain that it makes upon the resources of the brain-worker? I refer to the iniquitous charge for golfballs, which still stands at the same figure—two shillings and sixpence—at which it stood when rubber was four or five times its present cost. Ninetysix millions of golf-balls are purchased every year, at an expenditure of twelve million pounds, yielding a profit of eight to ten million pounds to the bloated capitalists who manufacture them. This sum would go far to replace the damage done to crops by pheasants.

Yours, on the verge of ruin, A Poor Man.

P.S.—I have no means of checking the above figures, which came out of my head, but I give them for what they are worth.

Sir, i once had a job as a market gardener near a big town. I liked the pay all right, but the work was on the heavy side. Well, a syndicate come along and buys up all the market gardens and acres and acres of cultivated land and turns them into a golf course. I lost my job, but I sees my chance of chippin in as a caddie. I gets a decent wage what with tips and that, and me and my mates has the best part of every day for lyin about and doin a bit of gamblin in a sort of a cow-shed. There ain't many softer jobs goin, and the life suits me nicely. I wouldn't change with a brother of mine who's got a stiff billet as a game-keeper. His pay's good, and he's got a kind master and a nice cottage, but he has to do more work than I should fancy, and no picture palaces of an evening. And now that Mr. George tells me what a dirty business this game-keepin is, compared with the noble sport of golf, I pities my brother from my heart. Give me my blind-alley, I says, and a good conscience.

Yours obedient, CASUAL CADDIE.

DEAR SIR,—Has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I-wonder, ever heard of the deer forest folk; and I might hev picked up a its making - hundreds of gallant pea- announces The Daily Telegraph.

sants driven from their happy homes where they had previously earned an honest competence by the sale of white heather; their desolate hearths laid waste by flame; their sporrans flung to the winds; the music of their bag-pipes rendered dumb. But let that pass. It is for the future prospects of the sturdy race that I tremble when I think of the possible realisation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S dream; of "six hundred thousand" subscribers let loose on the hill with lethal weapons - not counting his "eighteen thousand workmen who would shoot regularly over the deer forest on payment of half-a-crown a year." The carnage would be awful. Ulster would be nothing to it. I speak of human lives, not of stags. Indeed, my only solace is the thought that these serried battalions of sportsmen would be certain to push the astonished deer across the march into the forest of my host.

Yours, with mixed feelings, Ŏ.S.

### OUT OF SEASON.

(One of the remarkable effects of the recent exceptional weather.)

In Autumn, when the woods are wet And mournfully the breezes moan, Love fades away without regret

From bosoms like my own. Nature is tired, the grey skies weep, The dormouse lulls himself to sleep, The lamb, that used to frisk and leap,

Becomes a staid and stolid sheep, And I leave girls alone.

Such is the normal course of things. To-day the frenzy still remains, The magic of a hundred Springs Riots in all my veins.

Love masters me; his ardent flame Quivers through my exhausted frame; Friends, you have doubtless felt the same

When some rare April glamour came To turn your sober brains.

September wrought this mood in me;

Her gleaming sun, her joyous air Had all Spring's potent wizardry

(Which really wasn't fair); October, faithless, joins the pact And leaves my amorous fire intact. Well, anyhow, I won't extract A mean advantage from the fact— Girls, you are warned. Beware.

One Party, anyhow, in Keighley, doesn't seem in very close touch with the Feminists.

"KEIGHLEY DIVISION HE UNIONIST CANDIDATE"



## THE WUNDERKIND.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ. "I HAVE THROWN COLD WATER, MAJESTY, ON MR. CHURCHILL'S HOLIDAY SCHEME. I TRUST THAT I HAVE RIGHTLY INTERPRETED THE VIEW OF THE CROWN PRINCE."



Passenger (suddenly to conductor). "I wish—you'd—tell—your driver not to—jerk—the 'bus—when people are—going upstairs. He 'll cause—an accident—one of these days!"

### THE IDEAL HOME.

(With apologies to the progressive organisers of the recent Exhibition at Olympia.)

"Before the thing ends," I observed to my Lilian,
"Let's hasten and see if it's true

That the Fortunate Isles and the Vale of Avilion

Are dumped at Olympia. Do."

And Lilian said, "Thos,
Happy thought!" and it was;

But that very same day it occurred to a million Intelligent Londoners too.

There were hangings and curtains and carpets and ranges For kitchens, and cauldrons and pots,

And vacuum-cleaners and servant-exchanges,

And toys for the infantile tots.

There were homes of the Russ Which would not do for us;

There was furniture taken from futurist granges At Hanwell and similar spots.

There were baths with gold taps and a malachite stopper,
And one with a card that explained

It was open to all who expended a copper

To fill it and try it. But, trained

As we were in the rules Of Victorian schools,

Neither Lilian nor I thought that that would be proper, And so we severely refrained.

There were rooms which suggested the time when the slattern

Should trouble no longer, and all

Should be comfort and peace in the empire of Saturn, But oh, it was hot in that hall! And "Lilian," said I,
"I could drop. Let us buy
That brace of armchairs of a willowy pattern,
And rest by the side of this stall."

But Lilian said "No." The implacable faces
Of constables frowned. With a sob
We turned us away from that palmy oasis
And went and had tea for a bob.
That was helpful, no doubt.

That was helpful, no doubt, But before we got out

Through the ranks of the ravenous, squealing for places. We all but expired in the mob.

"This is closer," said Lil, "than the bell of a diver."
"It's awful," I answered, "my sweet;

Any room in this show would be dear at a fiver, Compared with our worst. Let us fleet."

So I hastened to nab A well-oiled taxicab,

And "The Ideal Home," I remarked to the driver,
And mentioned our number and street.

EVOE.

Our learned contemporary, Nature, writing of the recent work of Lord Rayleigh, O.M., says that it is "no slight record for a man during the seventieth decade of his life." One would think that "O.M." stood for Old Methuselah.

"In the interval Watson had his best run of the afternoon, but, after rounding two or three opponents, he was brought low by Wilson."—Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

We ourselves once scored a try in the interval—everybody else being busy sucking lemons. After all, one must distinguish oneself somehow.

### BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

LATEST FASHIONS IN WEDDINGS, DANCES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Park Lanc.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little feeling just now for being married in the City, especially if one's forebears have had anything to do with trade, or delicious teetotum twirls. Part of the the old City Companies and so on. The Bollvooma is done on all-fours, and power and prestige of the City, Norty for this one has the dearest little handtells me, are being threatened in a most odious way by certain persons, and the least we can do, to stem the tide and all that sort of thing, is to take some notice lyott were married last week at St. of the City, and be married there some- Hilary's, the Ramsgates sent out cards times.

mery. The founder of the Exshire step for the dessert; and now the poor been in ever so many of the weeklies,

family was a City pickle merchant and Worshipful Master of the old Picklemakers' Company, and he founded the family by inventing a pickle of which QUEEN said: ELIZABETH "Marry come up, Master Merewether, thou hast given us a new joy with our victuals!

The wedding was at St. Anne's-Picklebury, where the old picklemakers always went on Sunday, a wonderful old church, built by WREN or somebody. It had been brightened up and jerkins, and doub-

loons, and those other wonderful old vegetables they used to pickle. "Olga" had very cleverly hinted at City interests, royal approval, and successful picklemaking in the cut, hang and trimmings of Evangeline's bridal gown. Instead of posies, the bridesmaids carried little gilt baskets of small red picklingcabbages. The wedding-breakfast was at a City hotel and we drank the dear old City toast, "All friends round St. Paul's," and when we got back into civilised regions again we all felt we'd done great things for the City at whatever cost to ourselves!

Nowadays, you know, at every possible function one must dance oneself or be the cause of dancing in others, as

them both, one's time is pretty full. Special shoes have to be worn, of course. For the Inca shuffle one wears them with collapsible heels, as some of the steps are done without heels and others with, while for the Bollyooma the heels are placed right in the middle of the soles, so that one can do those shoes, which, of course, must match the other ones.

When Peggy Sandys and Lolly ffolfor a Bollyooma wedding, and Popsy The best done City wedding, so far, Lady Ramsgate has been giving a Exshires' second girl) to Billy Flum- step for each course, and the all-fours my cheeks, has had a succes fou. It's

Wife of his Bosom. "George, come orf of them seats, d'y' 'Ear? Thet's done with capsicums, and done with capsicums, and jurking and done. The worst o' bringin' you art, y' no sooner get a look at the swells and jurking and done.

old dear has such a frightful attack of meet Kloppa, the little forest-man who's indy that she's forbidden to go anywhere or do anything!

A quite funny little thing happened yesterday I was in my rest-room, having a cigarette and watching Yvonne dress my new doll (made to my order correct things for a Bollyooma lunch, when Josiah came in. "Let me present you to Blanchette, my new pet," I said. "Isn't she a darling? She's being got ready to go to a Bollyooma lunch with a scene, sent Yvonne out of the room. mean? Has the world gone mad?"

bother, and, best of all, they don't grow up and make one seem old!" And he said some immensely fearful things of all the people I know, and banged out of the room; and, though the poor dear doll's Bollyooma lunch frock was a ruin, I don't know when I've liked Josiah so well. Perhaps if he'd stormed at me oftener we should have been what old-fashioned people call a more united couple.

There's a small rage just now for having one's photo done crying. Your Blanche set the fashion. I'm one of those lucky people, as you know, who can shed tears without looking absolutely ricky, and my new photo, my eyes cast down on a letter in my hand. has been Evangeline Merewether's (the series of Bollyooma dinners, a different and the tears just falling gently down

> and people have been simply awfully sweet about it. Babs and Beryl and quite several more have had weeping photos done since mine. Beryl's are pretty good, but Babscan't cry without making a face.

> The letter I'm holding in the photo (this is for your own own ear only) was really the cause of my shedding sometears, and on that occasion, seeing myself in the mirror tout éplorée, I thought I'd have a weeping photo done. The letter was from Beryl, asking me down to Clarges Park, where she'd a large party to

been said to be the Missing Link between us and creatures, and I was so entirely wretched to think that I hadn't secured him first for my party at Broadacres that I cried!

When I felt better I asked Professor and just arrived from Paris) in all the Dimsdale if Kloppa is really the Missing Link between us and creatures. "Certainly not," said the dear Professor; and then he asked me if I took an interest in anthro-something. I said, No, it wasn't that, but if he wasn't the me." My dear, he actually made quite Missing Link I shouldn't so much mind Beryl's having had him down at threw Blanchette on the floor, and Clarges Park; and the Professor said almost shouted, "What does it all Kloppa was certainly not the Missing Link, because there wasn't any Missing SHAKSPEARE says. The sweet Peruvian dance, the Inca Shuffle, and the equally lovely Bolivian Bollyooma are the ago. As for my poor dear doll, everyoff my mind, and now I tell everyone lovely Bolivian Bollyooma are the ago. As for my poor dear doll, every-off my mind, and now I tell everyone dances of the moment, and, as the body has a doll now, and who am I who's been staying at Clarges that Inca Shuffle has 500 steps and the that I should be different from the they haven't met the Missing Link, Bollyooma 700, and people who mean others? Dolls make the most ideal because there isn't one, and we go to be there or thereabouts must know companions; they don't howl, they don't straight on. Ever thine, Blanche.

#### A FALLEN STAR.

I MET him in Hyde Park. He was alone, sitting on one of the penny seats. I subsided into the next, wondering how soon his people would join him. Meanwhile I glanced at the paper.

Sitting there idly reading, and now and then stealing a glance at him, I was conscious of two things: one that he was asthmatic, and the other that he was profoundly unhappy. That he should be asthmatic was, of course, to be expected, but I did not like his melancholy.

Time passed, and no one arrived to look after him, and my paper was finished, and then, as I folded it up, he spoke. "Good afternoon," he said.

Why I was not astonished to be thus addressed by a pug dog I cannot say, but it seemed perfectly natural. "Good afternoon," I replied.

"It's a long time," he said, "since you saw any of my kind, I expect?"

"Now I come to think of it," I replied, "it is. How is that?".

"There's a reason," he said. "Put in a nutshell it's this: Peeks and Poms, or, if you like, Poms and Peeks." He wheezed horribly.

I asked him to be more explicit, and he amplified his epigram into Pekinese and Pomeranians.

"They're all the rage now," he explained; "and we're out in the cold. If you throw your memory back a dozen years or so," he went on, "you will recall our popularity.'

As he spoke I did so. In the mind's eye I saw a sumptuous carriage and pair. The former was on C-springs, and a coachman and footman were on the box. They wore claret livery and cockades. The footman's arms were folded. His gloves were of a dazzling whiteness. The horses flung out their forelegs as though they lived on golden oats and champagne. In the carriage was an elderly commanding lady with an aristocratic nose; and in her lap was a pug dog of plethoric habit and a face as black as your hat.

My poor friend was watching me with streaming eyes. "What do you see?" he asked.

I told him.

"There you are," he said; "and what do you see to-day? There, look!"

I glanced up at his bidding, and a costly motor was gliding smoothly by. It weighed several tons, and its tyres were like circular pillows. On its shining door was a crest. The chauffeur was kept warm by Russian sables. Inside was another elderly lady, and in her arms was a russet Pekinese.

"And the next'll have a Pom," said the pug dismally, and wheezed again.



Country Doctor's Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MRS. JONES HAS SENT TO SAY MR. JONES IS DEAD, AND SHE 'S BEARIN' UP WONDERFUL.

"So you see what I took away with me," he continued after a noisy pause. "It wasn't only pugs that went, you see. It was carriages and pairs, and the noise of eight hoofs all at once, passed together. Peeks, Poms and Petrol took our place."

"You I sympathised with him. must transfer your affection to another class, that 's all," I said. "If the nobs have gone back on you, there are still a great many pug-lovers left."

"No," he said, "that's no good; we want chicken. No, we had better become extinct." He wept like a number of syphons all leaking together.

"But that's not what worries me most," he resumed. "The thing that's on my mind is the loss to literature. The novelists of our time—and we had a long innings—knew our worth. When they drew a duchess with her ebony crutch-stick and all the rest of it, they saw that her constant ally, her Grand Vizier, so to speak, was properly drawn cows.

too. They made us too fat very often, but they did not forget us. We shall never find our way into novels any more. We are back numbers.

At this moment the man who has and footmen with folded arms. We charge of the chairs came up for my penny, and when I looked round the dog had gone. I gave the penny.

I'm afraid I must charge you twopence," the man said.

I asked him why.

"For the dog," he said.

"But it wasn't mine," I assured him. "It was a total stranger."

"Come now," he said; and to save trouble I paid him.

But how like a pug!

From "Thoughts for To-day" in The Dublin Evening Mail:—

"The cow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature subsist without recreation.—Cervantes."

Advice to Farmers: Do not bend your

#### UNCLE EDWARD.

CELIA has more relations than would seem possible. I am gradually getting to know some of them by sight and a few more by name, but I still make mistakes. The other day, for instance, she happened to mention Uncle Godfrey.

"Godfrey," I said, "Godfrey. No, don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Godfrey . . . Yes, that 's it; he is the architect. He lives at Liverpool, has five children and sent us the asparagus-cooler as a wedding present."

"No marks," said Celia.

"Then he's the unmarried one in Scotland who breeds terriers. I knew I should get it."

"As a matter of fact he lives in London and composes oratorios."

"It's the same idea. That was the one I meant. The great point is that I placed him. Now give me another one." I leant forward eagerly.

"Well, I was just going to ask you -have you arranged anything about

Monday?"

"Monday," I said, "Monday. No don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Monday . . . He's the one who-

the teapot.

another relation. What am I doing? I'm playing golf if I can find somebody to play with.

"Well, ask Edward."

I could place Edward at once. Edward, I need hardly say, is Celia's uncle; one of the ones I have not yet met. He married a very young aunt of hers, not much older than Celia.

"But I don't know him," I said. "It doesn't matter. Write and ask him to meet you at the golf club. I'm sure he'd love to."

"Wouldn't he think it rather cool, this sudden attack from a perfectly unknown nephew? I fancy the first step ought to come from uncle.'

"But you're older than he is."

"True. It's rather a tricky point in etiquette. Well, I'll risk it." This was the letter I sent to him:-

"MY DEAR UNCLE EDWARD,-Why haven't you written to me this term? I have spent the five shillings you gave me when I came back; it was awfully ripping of you to give it me, but I have moustache one associates with a Major. spent it now. Are you coming down to see me this term? If you aren't you might write to me, there is a postoffice here where you can change postal orders.

you play golf with me on Monday at favourite nephew, and it is quite time game of golf.

we met. Be at the club-house at 2.30, if you can. I don't quite know how are you by any chance my Uncle we shall recognise each other, but the Edward?" well-dressed man in the nut-brown suit will probably be me. My features are plain but good, except where I fell against the bath-taps yesterday. If | but I thought I'd just ask. I'm sorry.' you have fallen against anything which might let me know. Also you might lost him long?" let me know if you are a professor at golf; if you are, I will read some more books on the subject between now and Monday. Just at the moment my game | My man hasn't turned up." is putrid.

"Your niece and my wife sends her love. Good-bye. I was top of my class in Latin last week. I must now

stop, as it is my bath-night. "I am, Your loving NEPHEW."

The next day I had a letter from my

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I was so glad to get your nice little letter and to hear that you were working hard. Let me know when it is your bath-night again; these things always interest me. I shall be delighted to play golf with you on Monday. You will have no difficulty Oh, you mean the day of the week?" in recognizing me. I should describe "Who's a funny?" asked Celia of myself roughly as something like Apollo and something like Edmund "Sorry, I really thought you meant Payne, if you know what I mean. It depends how you come up to me. I am an excellent golfer and never take

more than two putts in a bunker.
"Till 2.30 then. I enclose a postalorder for sixpence, to see you through

the rest of the term.

"Your favourite Uncle, EDWARD."

I showed it to Celia.

"Perhaps you could describe him more minutely," I said. "I hate wandering about vaguely and asking everybody I see if he's my uncle. It seems so odd."

"You're sure to meet all right," said Celia confidently. "He's—well, he's nice-looking and—and clean-shaven—and, oh, you'll recognize him."

At 2.30 on Monday I arrived at the clubhouse and waited for my uncle. Various people appeared, but none seemed in want of a nephew. When 2.45 came there was still no available uncle. True, there was one unattached man reading in a corner of the smoke-room, but he had a moustache—the sort of heavy

At three o'clock I became desperate. After all, Celia had not seen Edward for a moustache lately; perhaps he had shock of losing was too much for you; grown one specially for to-day. At any the strain of——" "What I really meant to say was, can | rate there would be no harm in asking this Major man if he was my uncle. Mudbury Hill? I am your new and Even if he wasn't he might give me a

"Excuse me," I said politely, "but

"I don't think so," he said with an

air of apology.

"I was almost certain you weren't,

"Not at all. Naturally one wants would give me a clue to your face you to find one's uncle. Have you-er-

"Years," I said sadly. "Er—I wonder if you would care to adopt me-I mean, give me a game this afternoon.

"By all means. I'm not very good." "Neither am I. Shall we start

now? Good."

I was sorry to miss Edward, but I wasn't going to miss a game of golf on such a lovely day. My spirits rose. Not even the fact that there were no caddies left, and I had to carry my own clubs, could depress me.

The Major drove. I am not going to describe the whole game; though my cleek shot at the fifth hole, from a hanging lie to within two feet of — However, I mustn't go into that now. But it surprised the Major a good deal. And when at the next hole I laid my brassie absolutely dead, he But I can tell you about that some other time. It is sufficient to say now that, when we reached the seventeenth tee, I was one up.

We both played the seventeenth well. He was a foot from the hole in four. I played my third from the edge of the green, and was ridiculously short, giving myself a twenty-foot putt for the hole. Leaving my clubs I went forward with the putter, and by the absurdest luck

pushed the ball in.

"Good," said the Major. "Your game."

I went back for my clubs. When I turned round the Major was walking carelessly off to the next tee, leaving the flag lying on the green and my ball still in the tin.

"Slacker," I said to myself, and

walked up to the hole.

And then I had a terrible shock. I saw in the tin, not my ball, but aa moustache!

"Am I going mad?" I said. "I could have sworn that I drove off with a 'Colonel,' and yet I seem to have holed out with a Major's moustache! I picked it up and hurried after him.

"'Major," I said, "excuse me, you've dropped your moustache. It fell off at some time. Perhaps he had grown the critical stage of the match; the

> He turned his clean-shaven face round and grinned at me.

"I am your long-lost uncle."

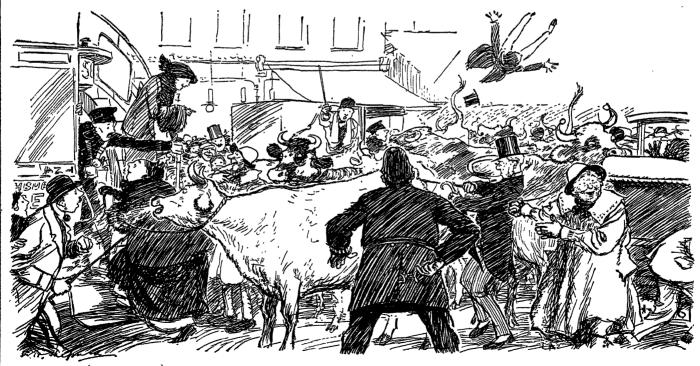
A. A. M.

## THE FREAK ADVERTISEMENT-WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



Good news for users of Simpkin's Scalp Invigorator. On November 5th Free Barbering in Ludgate Circus.

Don't miss "Simpkin's-Day" in the City.



4.7 Concentrated Syrup of Beef-Eaters' Day. Saturday next. Real cows given away to bona fide consumers. Wear the syrup smile and win a cow.



THE CHOICE.

Sportsman. "Well, I Believe I've got a bird down about half-a-mile back, and I know there's an excellent lunch ready in the barn there."

### THE INFINITUDE OF COMMONPLACE.

By a WILCOX-WORSHIPPER.

["The charm of her verse is in itself a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous assumption that the appeal of poetry has passed. There may have been poets who have essayed to sing in a more sublime strain. But the very fact that Mrs. Wilcox points us to the infinitude of the commonplace proves how completely she has identified herself with what must be the mission of all art, and especially poetry, in the future."—R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.]

(The gifted authoress speaks.)

I will be kind. Though idiots often madly Rush in where expert angels never tread, I will endure their wild incursions gladly And cheerfully bind up each broken head. There is no vital use in being bitter; There is no joy in acrimonious jeers; There is more virtue in a simple titter Than in a wilderness of clever sneers.

I will be strong. There is no room for weakness.
The feeble folk go to the wall at length;
And I should never have achieved uniqueness
But for a brain of quite colossal strength.
Yet must I never use it as a tyrant,
Or trample on the unobtrusive toad,
But rather stimulate the young aspirant
To tread with fearless feet the upward road.

I will be sane. Although a bard has written Great wits to madness closely are allied, Madmen at large, or men by mad dogs bitten, Are deleterious to the countryside.

But short of madness there are many mortals Who frequently betray a mental twist, And, if they entered an asylum's portals, Indubitably never would be missed.

I will be sweet. Though salt is sometimes tonic
There is no balsam in the boundless brine,
And in a soil where saline streaks are chronic
The kindly fruits of nature peak and pine.
Mine be the noble task to chant and chirrup
In numbers honey-sweet for man's relief,
To ease the cosmic ill with soothing syrup
And sugar-coat the acrid pill of grief.

I will be good. The high-born and the haughty By sin are whelmed in dark, untimely doom; Napoleon, though magnificent, was naughty, And closed his life in exile and in gloom. Great prelates, too, unworthy of the mitre, Have smirched their fame by deeds of ill report; And Sappho, though a meritorious writer, Would not, I think, have been received at Court.

I will be great. Some lives are all sedateness,
And some like sabres in their scabbards rust,
And some tremendous souls are born to greatness,
And some again have greatness on them thrust.
My place is with the third; sent as a healer,
To mitigate mankind's momentous lot,
I shall endure, the only ELLA WHEELER,
When even MARTIN TUPPER is forgot.

A testimonial from the catalogue of a Live Fish Company:—

"Dear Sir,—We are so delighted with the delicious fish of this morning and we are very much obliged to you for same. Kindly send in bill as often as you like."

This is just the line we have often taken ourselves with regard to our own commodities, but it has never been popular.



# THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Mr. Asquite (waiting for the "patter" to finish). "THIS IS THE PART THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS!"



#### A WANT OF TACT.

"OH-ER-I WANT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FRAMED. I WANT IT DONE VERY NICELY, WITH A CREAM MOUNT AND A GOLD-"YES, MISS: I UNDERSTAND, MISS: EXACTLY SIMILAR TO THE LAST, MISS."

### ONCE UPON A TIME. WASTE.

toadstools. brown ones like buns with custard underneath, or the rich crimson ones with white spots, or the delicate purple ones. They were merely small white ones, a good deal more like mushrooms than it was quite fair to make them.

They sprang up within a few inches of each other, and with every moment added to their stature, and, as they grew, they discussed life in all its branches and planned for themselves distinguished careers . . .

The eldest was not more than eighteen hours old, which is a good age for a toadstool, when an angry boy on his way home from the village school kicked him into smithereens for not being a mushroom — which is the toadstool's unpardonable sin.

The younger brothers, watching the tragedy, vowed to fulfil their destiny with better success than that and forth-

with they prepared a placard that ran as follows (in a form of words which was not perhaps strictly original, but, ONCE upon a time there were three like most of the jokes at which audiences They were not the fat laugh, was none the worse for that):-

> TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF TOADLAND.

YOU WANT THE BEST SEATS. WE HAVE THEM.

Having placed this notice in a prominent position they waited.

For some time nothing happened. and then an extremely portly and aristocratic toad, with eyes of burning amber and one of the most decorative waistcoats out of Bond Street, waddled towards the expectant brothers, read the advertisement, and sat heavily down on the nearer of them. I need hardly say that the stool was crushed to pieces beneath his weight, while the toad himself sustained, as the papers say, more than a few contusions, and was in a disgusting temper.

It was not long afterwards that a that it is a frivolous age.

small girl, who had been sent out by her mother to pick mushrooms, added the surviving brother to her basket with a little cry of triumph. "What a beauty!" she said, and hurried home with the prize.

But her mother was very sharp about it. "Do you want us all in our graves?" she said as she picked the toadstool up and flung it into the ashbin.

"And not even the satisfaction of poisoning any one!" he murmured as life left him.

From the report of a lecture in The Birkenhead News:-

"The modern tongue is capable, in competent hands, of rendering the subtlest dis-tinctions of thought, feeling, and imagin-

Hence the expression to "hold the tongue."

> "Ex-shaephoenominology. Second Edition enlarged." "Times" Literary Supplement.

Yet pessimists continue to complain

#### MR. PUNCH'S FOOTBALL EXPERTS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Punch has watched with sympathy the spirited policy of one of his contemporaries in employing such authorities on the winter game as Lady Helen Forbes and Mr. Pett development. There are others able and willing to let the public have penpictures of the game they love so well. Graphic accounts of last Saturday's special reporters are appended:-

> BERMONDSEY HORNETS HANLEY WOLVES. By D-V-D LL-YD G--RGE. Hornets 2. Wolves 0.

I am a comparatively poor man, but, if I were half as poor as the work in front of goal of the Hanley Wolves, I should be tempted to give up the Stock Exchange altogether as too risky. It was this, combined with the spectacle of that great track of unculti-vated land (land which might have been congested with happy and prosperous agriculturists), that spoiled my Saturday afternoon. And this is going on all over

which appalled me. Every footballer for one year between Plymouth and prosperity. You must choose between outside rights and inside wrongs. I looked into the housing of the spectators. In many cases whole families were packed into a space which a sardine would have considered inadequate. I saw ten reporters huddled together in a single room. I have no remedy to suggest. I merely mention the facts.

PLYMOUTH TIGERS NEWCASTLE CORPORALS. BvW-NST-N CH-RCH-LL. Tigers 2. Newcastle 2.

The pointless struggle between these two great teams, the third in three successive matches, encourages me to think that the time is now ripe for some sane arrangement for the reduction of excessive armaments. For

between these two football - centres serve, so long will this inane state of with ever-increasing activity. In 1909, things continue. Women are not perthe Tigers spent £3,501 19s. 3d. on mitted to become members of First their front line. Newcastle replied by purchasing Scotsmen to the value of £1,002 18s. 5d. In 1910, Newcastle Saturday's at Leytonstone. These paid over six thousand pounds for footballers do not know the rudiments RIDGE to report football matches, he backs of the Dreadnought class. The of warfare. Not a single member of feels that the scheme is capable of Tigers responded by laying down a new either eleven carried with him on to goal-keeper at a cost of well into the the field a bomb, a horse-whip or even seventh thousand. And so it has gone a hat-pin. There was an autocratic on ever since. Now, the proposal official who, I believe, is known as the which I put forward in the name of referee. I saw this man blow his matches by some of his own corps of His Majesty's Government is simply whistle and refuse to allow one burly this. Let Plymouth say to Newcastle:
"If you will put off buying centreforwards for twelve months from the
opened negotiations with the slavedealers, we will put off buying halfbacks in absolutely good faith for exactly, incertion; and the Treeday Afternages." backs in absolutely good faith for exactly insertion; and the Tuesday Afternoons' the same period." That would mean goal-keeper has a nice face.



HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

the country, while British labourers emigrate to America. I spoke to a Bermondsey farmer after

HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

HAVE A TAXIMETER FITTED TO YOUR PRIVATE CAR FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOME CHARITABLE OBJECT AND SEND THE TOTAL REGISTERED EACH DAY TO THE CHARITY.

unchanged.

SHEFFIELD TUESDAY AFTERNOON LEYTONSTONE HOTSTUFFS. By S-LV-A P-NKH-RST.

Tuesday Afternoons 0. Hotstuffs 0.

The crude exhibition of masculine fatuity which attracted 30,000 prejudiced males to Laytonstone on Saturday ended, as one might have foreseen, sense of humour! in a result which was no result - a one man. Another, a moment later, stated that each side had secured a point. Can anything better illustrate the futilities and contradictions of this

### "THINGS I CANNOT FORGET."

(Published to-day.)

This charming and brilliant volume of reminiscences, issued by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, is the work of that universal favourite, Mr. "Hobby" Binns, the brother of that distinguished American publicist, Senator Binns, and forms an agreeable pendant to the volume which recently emanated from the cultured pen of Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN. Wealthy, cultivated, and

the match, and he gave me some figures | that there would be a complete holiday | accomplished, Mr. Binns has travelled everywhere and met everybody—at destroys twenty turnips a day. You Newcastle. The relative strength of least everybody who is also somebody. cannot have half-backs and agricultural the two teams would be absolutely His recollections range from Mr. Glad-STONE to LOLA MONTEZ, and they have the merit of being expressed in an admirably vivid style, as the following extracts will abundantly prove. For example, when Mr. Binns asked Mr. GLADSTONE whether he was an Anti-Semite, the G.O.M. replied, "How could I be when my name is a translation of Gluckstein and my favourite fish is salmon?" And yet there are those who say that Mr. GLADSTONE had no

Mr. Binns, staunch republican though result as negative and fruitless as the he is, is never happier than when he is Government's opposition to the Cause. A pointless draw, I heard it called by There is nothing more charming in the There is nothing more charming in the book than the following touching anecdote of the venerable Emperor of Austria:-

"The Emperor of Austria-Hungary man-made sport? As long as football was at Biarritz in the 'nineties, and I is confined to one sex, as long as Man can just remember once receiving a desyears team - building has gone on guards it jealously as his special pre- pairing note from Mrs. Hunter Tufton,



CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE.

Gossip (at top of her voice as tube train rushes along). "'WHY DO I STOP TALKING AT THE STATIONS'? MY GOOD GIRL, DO YOU SUPPOSE I WANT EVERYBODY TO HEAR ALL ABOUT AUNT SOPHIE AND THE CHAUFFEUR?"

bidding me come to her villa at once. 'Dear old Hobby,' she wrote, 'I am in the deuce of a fix. The Emp. proposes to dine with me to-morrow night, and spot!'"

Emperor being so considerate. Why, them imperils the health. I wrote at once a strong letter to her school-mistress, objecting to the unloading of I've only fourteen footmen. For the love of goodness send me a few of your mon.' I sent back word at once that I should be delighted to send six of my men, who were all much pleased at the idea of serving the EMPEROR. On the evening all went well until the sorbet was served, when my head valet lost his nerve and upset the sorbet down the back of the lesson," he very truly says, "has long EMPEROR'S neck. My man began to sob and cry, saying, 'For Heaven's sake forgive me, Sire; I have a wife and five small children.' Franz Josef volving a mental struggle with exports and in my opinion to be then, as always, behaved like a perfect gentleman. He turned to the man, who was ashen-grey with fright, and said, 'Nunquam mens, old cocky; it wasn't your fault. I leaned back just at the wrong moment. Say no more about it; and in ten minutes he had changed into another uniform and was back again at the dinner-table as if nothing had happened. My man's comment to me afterwards was thoroughly instructed at school that microbes lurk of our time."

### OUR TAINTED EDUCATION.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Paterfamilias," but whom we believe to be nothing of the sort, writes to protest against the introduction of been a medium for disseminating the particular political opinions of the gravely suspected. I need hardly add that a vast amount of criticism of the War Office can be introduced into halfan-hour's lesson in geography. And the evil continues to spread.

bath-sponge, because she had been come the very life-blood of the politics

characteristic: 'Oh! Sir, fancy an in the gum of stamps and that to lick this pernicious political nonsense on to the immature intelligence of a child of tender years, and a somewhat curt reply came back to the effect that it was not politics at all, but hygiene!

"Yesterday my son came home from school full of new facts about what his politics into the school teaching of the schoolmaster is pleased to call natural present day. "The English History history. But, Sir, only a brief questionlesson," he very truly says, "has long ing sufficed to reveal that under the guise of nature-study my child is learning some of the most dangerous political doctrines of the day, especially those volving a mental struggle with exports relating to the foodstuffs in favour and imports are, in my opinion, to be among the feathered dwellers in our woods and copses.

"Hygiene and natural history, forsooth! Ten minutes in almost any railway compartment in the country are surely enough to convince anybody "Not very long ago I discovered with a pair of ears that such matters, my youngest child in the bathroom far from being merely associated with moistening a postage stamp with a hygiene and natural history, have be-

#### THE PATIENT.

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not."

"What, you won't take your medicine?"

"No, nothing shall induce me even to look at it."

"But is that wise?"

"No, it is probably the height of folly, but I am beyond caring for that. I have a gnawing pain in my-Ow-ow, there it is again—in my right big toe, and you choose that moment to talk to me about medicine. Is that tactful? Francesca, I had expected better things of you."

"But Dr. Willett said it would relieve you."

"How can he know?" I said. "I have had one dose of his hateful fluid, and I'm sure it has thrown me back a whole week."

"Oh, my dear," said Francesca, "how can you possibly

tell?"

"And, if I can't tell, who can? Dr. Willett can't. I, at any rate, can feel what it does to me. It gives me cold shudders up and down my back and makes me want to cry. Can that be a good result?"

"Did you really want to cry?" she said with some

interest.

"I did," I said. "I often do want to, but I restrain myself. I have one of those stern and unbending natures-Ow-ow, it's got me again. Francesca, can't you do something? Must you stand there and smile?"

"I will banish my smile," she said, "since it seems to distress you; but I was thinking of your stern and

unbending nature."

"And now," I said bitterly, "you are—how shall I express it?—you are quoting me against myself. You are chopping straws with a miserable invalid who is nailed to his bed and cannot lift a foot to defend himself. Is that generous? Is it even just? Great Heavens, Francesca, how do you suppose a big toe like mine can endure to have straws chopped at it? Oh, oh."
"Just one good gul
"There," she said, "I knew you'd do yourself harm if bad after all, was it?"

you got excited."

"I was never calmer in my life," I said.

"Then this is the moment for smoothing your pillow and helping you to put on your flannel jacket.

"You shall smooth my pillow, if you like; but you shall not speak of my old rowing coat as a flannel jacket." "Certainly not," she said, "if you object. We women

have no sense of the dignity of things, have we?"
"Now you are getting peevish," I said. "I cannot bear people to be peevish. And, as to my old rowing coat, I simply couldn't face it in this condition. It would be a mockery."

"But it will keep you warm," she said; and with a few

deft movements she robed me in it.

"There," she said, "you'll be more comfortable now."
"If you think so, Francesca, you deceive yourself. I have not been at all comfortable, and therefore I cannot be more comfortable. That stands to reason."

"I know," she said. "It is a shame."

"Yes, it is. I wonder why I of all men should have

the gout."
"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that's easily answered. Dinners, you know, and champagne and port. I'm told they're all deadly."

"And that," I said, "shows how you misjudge me."

- "But you have had some dinners, you know." "Only one a day, and that a meagre one."
- "And you have drunk some port and champagne." "A thimbleful here and there." I said. "How can that matter?"
  - "But Dr. Willett\_\_\_\_"

"I will not have Dr. Willett thrown in my teeth." "Well, he has to examine your tongue, you know."

"Francesca, your jests are ill-timed. I want you to realize that my gout is not rich man's gout, due to excess in eating and drinking. It is poor man's gout, due to under-feeding and over-working and worry.

"They all say that," said Francesca. "Sir William Bowles is most emphatic about his gout, and Charlie Carter always tells me he can't make out why he should have it, living

such a simple life as he does.

"There you are, you see. The men who ought to know

best all agree with me."

"Not a bit of it," she said. "They both said they quite understood why you had the gout, with your City dinners and all that."

"I despise them and their opinions."

"That's right. It'll do you good. And now I must go out. I've got to see Mrs. Hollister."

"Francesca," I said, "you are going to desert me for a Hollister?"

"Well," she said, "I'm sure you ought to rest. You've

been talking a great deal." "I have scarcely," I said, "opened my mouth. However.

if you must go, go at once.' Shall I send Frederick in to entertain you?"

"No," I said, "I am not up to Frederick, though he is only six years old."

"He is a very intelligent boy."

"That 's just it," I said. "He's too intelligent. He has suddenly developed a passion for the multiplication table. He would ask me eleven times eleven, or eleven times twelve, and I should not be able to answer. I am afraid he would cease to respect me.'

"Very well," she said, "I will withdraw Frederick, but

only on condition that you take your medicine."

"Bah!" I said.

"Just one good gulp will do it . . . There, it wasn't so

"Francesca," I said, "it was simply execrable."

R. C. L.

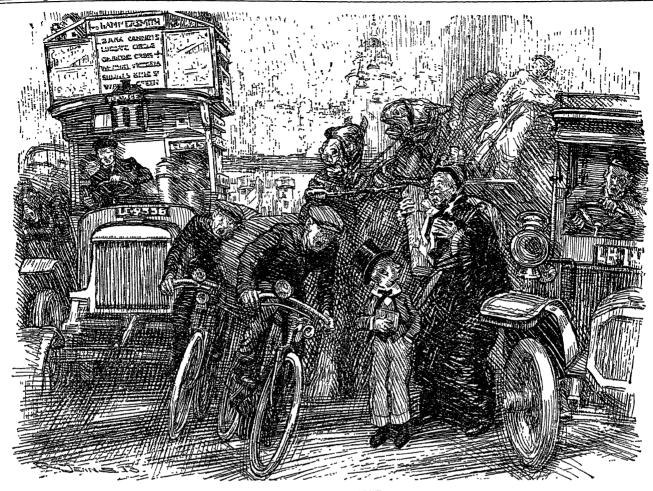
### THE PERFECT SMOKE.

(A Hint to Young Men.)

I NEVER loved the baleful briar-wood. Nor longed for any herb but asphodel, But then they said it did the system good, Nerves and all that. I bought a pipe—and fell. Pals and alone I sucked the sacred reed; I drew deep breaths, and chunks of fragrant weed Swept through the orifice, a good old feed, And golden juice from some perennial well.

A cold, cold sweat stood wanly on my brow, Yet still I plied its vile unnatural cause. While hardened smokers came and showed me how, And took great pains to tell me all their laws-How such a herb was fit for men more skilled, And such was mild, or hot or opium-filled, I hated it—and them—and yet, weak-willed, Held ever some foul tube between my jaws.

For, while I hated, habit held me tight, Till soon I saw the essence of the show Was, after all, to keep the thing alight— And why need that impair the vitals so? One can have all—the something hard to chew. The something (not too difficult) to do—Yet never draw the fatal juices through, Nor die of smoker's heart. You simply blow.



DETACHMENT.

Albert (always eager to improve himself). "Auntie, was Katharine of Aragon the fifth or sixth wife of Henry the Eighth?"

#### OUR COUNTRY DIARY.

(By the "Rural On-looker.)

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.—The reference made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the opening speech of the Land Campaign, to the serious depredations made by pheasants has brought me a huge mass of correspondence. I understand that among economists this statement is generally regarded as the most arresting and important item in all that terrible indictment. But I am myself more closely in touch with sportsmen and naturalists, who also have much to say upon the subject. I have, for instance, a letter from a Highland Laird who writes (from his castle on the Wee Wheen Saft Estate, near the Yetts of Drumtoolie):— "The Chancellor, in his opinion, is entirely habits of black-game in this district upon the wrong tack. What he wants is have often been a source of considerable adequate protection—or compensation, surprise to visiting naturalists. During the month of September they would tions of badgers. It is perfectly heartseem to subsist almost entirely upon a rending, he says, to observe them at diet of mushrooms, and they frequently approach quite close to the house in their voracious search for this succulent ventilated," demands a certain Market of Lascar seamen from the Anchor Life theorem.

\*\*Commercial Commercial Com

bedroom windows on wet afternoons. Nurseries, Chorley-cum-Bootle). But reformers are beginning to feel can tell you I am running up a pretty that some compensation is due to the bill for scarecrows this season. school-children who, if they cannot bring home to their mothers the customary supplies, will naturally be grouse in the strawberry beds.' deprived of their winter ketchup.'

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S statement does not surprise me in the least," writes "An Old Naturalist" from Ballyfolly, Co. Down. "Anyone who has ever seen the wild duck in this district gathering up the butter-cups on the lawn after a shower of rain will have no difficulty at all in accepting it."

"Small Holder" writes from Kent to the effect that he has never suffered any inconvenience from pheasants; and the CHANCELLOR, in his opinion, is entirely or both—in the matter of the depreda-

We often pot them from the Gardener (who writes from The Day Business is becoming almost impossible owing to the prevalence of coveys of

That the CHANCELLOR'S powerful words have not been spoken in vain is already made sufficiently clear by the sudden and startling advance in the price of wire-netting.

"Advertiser secks birth in wine cellars." Advt. in "Wine and Spirit Trade Record." To be born in the purple vats, with a silver corkscrew in his mouth-how it must appeal to Advertiser.

"Assistant master wanted for private school in Germany; salary £84; Germany unnecessary."—Advt. in "Manchester Guardian." Perhaps; but still, there she is.

"A very picturesque note was lent by a corps of Lascar seamen from the Anchor Line in their llue native costumes and red turbines." Journal of Commerce.

### AT THE PLAY.

"BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN." "THE GREEN COCKATOO."

Seven hours by the directions in the programme - actually less than two hours by stage reckoning—seem, perhaps, a short allowance of time for a man to make his first acquaintance with a woman, become intimate with her to the length of Christian names, propose elopement, change his mind, and then stab her fatally in the back. But things move fast in a doss-house, where the hesitancies and circumlocutions of ordinary life are apt to be ignored; and matters may be still further accelerated when one of the

parties happens to be mad.

The real trouble was that nobody, except, perhaps, the madman himself, was in the secret of his mental estrangement. Looking back, one recognises certain indications of it; but at the time, unfamiliar as we were with the accepted manners of a doss-house management, we assumed that the opprobrious terms in which Jim Harris addressed his mother, constantly offering to "wring her — neck," represented the ordinary filial attitude towards a gin-sodden parent in these circles. I admit that a drunken acquaintance of his did hint that Jim was an eccentric. but as, at the same time, he referred contemptuously to his habit of reading books, we merely took this to be the author's satire upon a society in which a taste for culture was regarded as a sign that its owner was not all there.

Some, again, might have suspected his sanity when he was prepared with an easy conscience to run away with another man's wife, but was put off by the fact that she had told her husband a lie about his feelings for her. Personally, I trace no indication of madness in this nice distinction on a point of honour. Indeed, I found so much method in the madness of his final act that it seemed to me the most reasonable solution of the difficulty. It was impossible to let her return to the savagery of her legal husband; and, since it was unthinkable that she should be allowed to go on the streets, the only alternative was that he should go off with her, a scheme from which her instincts had always revolted, and which had been abandoned by him on the ground of her proved capacity for lying. So he killed her, in the certain knowledge that he was saving her from a life of horror or shame, and in the vague hope that he was sending her straight to by way of the gallows.

Browning's poem, Porphyria's Lover, killing of her body:-

"I found A thing to do, and all her hair In one long yellow string I wound Three times her little throat around And strangled her."

Mr. Norman McKinnel has become so habituated to the brutal method, of which he is a past master, that he finds difficulty in relaxing his facial muscles to the semblance of amorous infatuation. But this only lent an air of



Between 9.45 and 11 P.M.

(1) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as Jim Harris, does his great knife-in-the-back feat.

(2) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as Henry, does

naturalness to what, in the play, purported to be a first essay in lovemaking. It seemed to me a very intelligent performance, but then and I say it without boastfulness—experience has given me no standard of doss-house manners to go by. Mr. EDMOND BREON, as Bill Higgins, the drunken husband, looked the part to admiration. Miss ADA KING was an astoundingly lifelike figure as Mrs. Harris, and, whether or not the name was chosen by design, heaven, and might possibly follow her there is no doubt that the imaginary bosom-friend of Sairy Gamp has now One was reminded of the spiritual become incarnate. But my deepest sanity that inspired the madman in gratitude I reserve for Miss May

BLAYNEY, in the part of Liz Higgins. where the girl's soul is saved by the Here we did not simply say, "This looks like a clever piece of play-acting, a tour de force in something outside the common experience"; rather we felt, by an intuition which responded to her own, that she had merged her personality in that of the woman, body and

> The Green Cockatoo, a "grotesque" in one Act, which followed this grim little tragedy in the "Grand Guignol" vein, was the name of a subterranean tavern in Paris which the aristocracy used to frequent for the joy of meeting various desperadoes, who recounted the story of their crimes. Actually they were just innocent mummers who flattered themselves that they were imposing upon the credulity of their audience, though the habitues of the place had, of course, got beyond the

stage of deception.

Among the actors is a certain Henry. who has just married a notorious courtesan of the stage, and proposes to lead the simple life with her in the provinces. He comes in to tell how he has found his wife intriguing with the Duc de Cadignan and has killed that nobleman. The old hands in the stageaudience regard his performance as a very fine sample of histrionics; but so circumstantial and probable is his story that we in the other audience are left in doubt whether he has not been giving us a slice of actual life. Meanwhile Henry learns from the evidence of an actual criminal (who happens to find himself in this atmosphere of imagined crime and can't get anyone to listen to his true tale of murder) that at least a part of his story is true: that his wife has indeed been unfaithful to him. At this moment the alleged corpse enters, less concerned about his loveaffair than about the Revolutionary mob that holds the streets outside. Henry at once plants a knife in his betrayer's back (Mr. McKinnel's second mortal blow with the same weapon in the same quarter of the anatomy during the course of one evening), and in the popular enthusiasm provoked by the announcement of the fall of the Bastille his act is regarded as a sound and citizenlike piece of work.

An excellent little drama, full of colour and movement, and with a nice ironic blend of comedy and tragedy, but perhaps rather complicated and overcrowded (there are two-and-twenty characters) for a one-Act play. O.S.

#### Commercial Candour.

"What Ho! She Bumps (a slang expression) aptly describes the running of the -Advt. in "Ccylon Morning Leader."



Motorist (who has run over a patriarchal fowl). "But the price is very high. The bird's in his second childhood!" Irish Peasant. "It's the thrue word yer honour's spakin"; thim young chickens is terrible dear at this saison."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Though some of his novels are better than others there is no such thing as a bad novel by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. He seems incapable of those side-slips which mar the smooth career of most authors. Just where on the list I should place The Children of the Sea (Hutchinson) I hardly know. In some ways it is the finest piece of work he has ever done. Very few novelists could have treated so horrible a central idea with the same delicacy. It is extraordinary how, without weakening his story in any way, he contrives to avoid grossness. For this reason, I think I should place the book at the head of his list, considered purely as an example of the art of writing. On the other hand, I have enjoyed reading some of his other works a good deal more. Perhaps "bracketed first" is the best decision. Of the three books into which the story is divided, I liked the first best, which is set in the Sea of Japan, and culminates with the adventure which ultimately wrecked the life of Erikr Ericsson, of the cable-laying ship, the conveying scenery and atmosphere in a few sentences; and mate Magnus, comes into Ericsson's life. Their love-story | much for Mrs. Stacey's heroine, who is as unconvincing

has something of the quality of a saga. It is great with a greatness in keeping with its background of sea and rocks and ice; and over it broods the ever-deepening shadow of the final tragedy. If ever there was a story devised to inspire pity and terror, this is it. I do not recommend the book to those who demand a happy ending from their novels; and I doubt whether it will have the popularity of its predecessor from the same pen, The Order of Release; but there can be no two opinions as to its artistic merits.

Tide Marks (METHUEN), by MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. Sydney Stacey), is more ambitious than a delightful work by the same author entitled Elizabeth's Children. That earlier book had, I think, a quite unusual vein of humour and sentiment, and the characters concerned were nice human people who moved and spoke in a very real amusing world. But now I am afraid that Mrs. Stacey wishes to advance in her art, and I suspect that the simple humours of Elizabeth's Children seem to her very tame and commonplace beside the vagaries of her new heroine. The lady in question is, to quote the publishers, "the child of a gipsy President Girling. There is nobody like Mr. Stacpoole for mother and an ascetic father," and she has inherited, of course, a quantity of temperament which she splashes about he is at his best in his descriptions of the strange colony of upon the rocks and moors of Cornwall. It is regrettable sea-women among the sand-hills by the Japanese telegraph | that Cornwall lends itself rather too readily to loose colour station. Iceland is the scene of Books Two and Three; and haphazard passion, and I am beginning to feel that and here the author, though just as successful in handling his material, has less attractive material to handle. It is in the second book that Schwalla, the cousin of his shipportrait of a girl who is both unpleasant and unreal.

Of all the female, not to say feminist, stories that ever I read, Gold Lace (CHAPMAN AND HALL) seems the most entirely characteristic. So much so that I question whether the mere male reviewer is qualified to appreciate the nuances of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's conception. There is really nothing whatever in the story but atmosphere; that, however, seems to me to be fairly well done. It is by no means a pleasant or exhilarating atmosphere, but that is not the point. The scene of it is a small garrison and flashes of literary lightning. naval town in Ireland (you can fairly easily supply the original of it for yourself); and the story, such as it is, and the resident youth and beauty of the place. Miss ETHEL that he is bound to turn biographer after your decease.

COLBURN MAYNE writes, I take it, with some sense of Mission. It is hers, as it was the part of her heroine, Rhoda Henry, the London-bred girl who came to stay in Rainville, to implant in the minds of the local ladies a divine discontent with the conditions of their existence, especially as it is affected by the visiting officers. Flirted with, even embraced, they might be, all without knowing anything really of the lives and homes of their temporary swains. Gold Lace is, in short, the story of men with a sweetheart in every port, told from the point of view of the

the damsels of Rainville independence and the art of insecurity in his saddle, ate voraciously, swore copiously, lost keeping itinerant gold-lace at a respectful distance. This process the author poetically calls, "The Flowering of London Pride." If you object that it is all somewhat thin, by so intimate an exposure of his minor habits, and the I shall have nothing to say. In spite of some reality in the | biographer, no mere detractor, but a loyal, if scrupulous characters, my own impression was of a good light comedy theme mishandled as serious drama, which is a pity.

In Pillars of Society (NISBET) Mr. A. G. GARDINER gives us a second selection from his portrait-gallery of the celebrated. His method is now well known. The brutal spite that leads to bludgeon-work has no attraction for him. If, for instance, fate had imposed on him the duty of doing Mr. Blank's work as editor of The Roaring Review, it is safe to assume that he would have carried his task through with perfect efficiency and despatch, but he would not have left on his readers the impression that they had been taking part in a low public-house brawl. It is fortunate his master, hero and despoiler. for Liberals that their champion in the personal style of journalism should have so strong a sense of literary courtesy that, when occasion requires, he can polish off his foe with a series of rapier-thrusts that leave the victim smiling in spite of his pain. When Mr. Gardiner wishes to slay or We take off our hat to the Hercules of Acton Trussell.

and unsatisfactory a creature as ever ate pilchards. The scarify (the occasions are rare) he does not dip his pen-I author is happier in less exotic company, and I hope that crave pardon for varying my metaphors; but what are in her next book she will give us one of her own delightful metaphors meant for if not to be varied?—he does not dip studies in ordinary human beings rather than an imitative his pen in vitriol, but in the no less deadly mixture of his subject's own egotism, vanity, ambition and unwarranted self-respect. If he compares Mr. St. Loe Strachey with Pecksniff it is only because Mr. Strachev himself has, in a moment of what may be called unctuous recklessness, made that very comparison. "To Mr. and Mrs. Webb," says Mr. GARDINER in another essay, "we are statistics. We are marshalled in columns, and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far-off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals." The book is full of these agreeable

If you intend later to die famous you cannot be too treats of the relations between the migrant Service visitors careful now in your choice of a private secretary, seeing

CECIL RHODES, careless of many things, was particularly incautious in this respect; he employed, among others, Mr. Gordon LE SUEUR, obviously a most competent sccretary, but a too candid, minute and fearless critic to be entrusted with one's posthumous fame. I had always imagined Mr. RHODES to be exclusively employed in building empires; if ever he condescended to the smaller pastimes, I took it for granted that he performed them with an easy grace and a magnificent perfection. I now learn from Cecil Rhodes. the Man and his Work (MURRAY), that in his



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

THE POST OFFICE EXPERT WHO DECIPHERS DIFFICULT ADDRESSES.

sweetheart. Rhoda sets herself to correct all this, to teach off-moments he shot recklessly and indifferently, sat with admirer, is alive to this. It may have been his deliberate intention to emphasise the god-like attributes of his subject by setting them against a background of human weaknesses; if this be so, Mr. LE SUEUR has succeeded in his purpose and committed a peculiarly noble act of friendship, seeing that it was the habit of Mr. Rhodes, ever generous with his own possessions, to make lavish distributions also from the not too complete wardrobes of his secretaries. This one in particular has reason to believe that what was once his best dress-coat is at the moment adorning the back of a Matabele mendicant! Mr. LE SUEUR has not taken his revenge, but has paid a proper tribute to the memory of

#### More Olympic Talent.

### CHARIVARIA.

THOSE American papers which hinted at the possibility of war between their country and ours on the subject of Mexico did not know what they were talking about. The preparations for the celebration of the One Hundred Years' Peace between the two nations are far too advanced to allow of hostilities.

A destroyer of destrovers launched at Chatham last week. The Germans are now said to be at work on a destroyer of destroyers of destroyers. And so the game goes on.

On the occasion of his visit to Austria, Reuter tells us, the GERMAN EMPEROR shot no fewer than 1,180 pheasants. statement, originating in Liberal circles in this country, that His Majesty afterwards received a deputation of grateful Mangoldwurzelheimers, is declared to be untrue.

During a golf match at Acton a crow picked up the ball of a Mr. A. S. Smith and, after flying with it for some distance, dropped it in a deep ditch. It looks as if the bird had mistaken itself for a pheasant, and Mr. Smith for Mr. Lloyd GEORGE.

Mr. REDMOND is said to be much gratified at the news that an influential meeting to protest against "Carsonism" has been held at the Ulster town of Ballymoney. "It's your Ballymoney we want" has long been the Home Rulers' message to Ulster.

We are in a position to deny the rumour that the cruiser Terpsichore was blown up the other day by the Italian F Rays. are informed that the explosion took

place amid British Hoo Rays.

The Secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society is alleged to have disappeared. Also £5,000. this should prove to be something more than a coincidence it will perhaps be a consolation to the Secretary to know that in any event the Society will not press for his vivisection.

conjures up an irresistible vision of frag- conferred upon him by the GERMAN was expressed too bluntly.

rant happiness." Provided, we take it, EMPEROR on the ground of its being removed.

Is there no honour among winds? last week was a Mr. Breeze.

"The Gray's Inn rooks, which were of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. driven from their nests last spring by was carrion crows, and left London, have,

G. L STARPA

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER. "COMING TO OUR BONFIRE?"

"RA-THER. WHOSE HOUSE ARE YOU BURNING?"

We | The Express announces, "now returned | Telegraph on the Mexican crisis: to the gardens." It is really rather too bad to publish the fact. The rooks, we understand, did not want the crows to know it.

A correspondent asks: What was the nature of the charge brought against the ladies who attempted to deport the children of the Dublin strikers? We believe it was Petty Larkiny.

The President of the League of In reviewing a song entitled "A Patriots, which collected the money for Throne of Roses," a contemporary the "Battle of the Nations" monument we cannot share our contemporary's says: — "Love enthroned upon roses at Leipzig, has refused the decoration gratitude; and think that anyhow it

that the thorns have been previously inadequate, and it is possible that the monument may be taken down.

The Camera Club seems to have Among those who were injured by the very spacious quarters in John Street, tornado which visited the Taff Valley Adelphi, for The Pall Mall Gazette tells us that amongst its exhibits at the present moment are three enlargements

#### THE TWELVE CARDENERS.

I know twelve gardeners good To make my garden grow In all the multitude Of all the blooms that blow;

Sunflower and rose and pink, The big flowers and the small, Yes, any sort you think, My gardeners serve them all.

They work in shifts of three, And when one shift has gone (All gardeners want their tea) Another shift comes on.

Three gardeners to a shift, Four shifts of gardeners three, To make my beds uplift And burgeon joyously.

One shift to ripe the seed; And one to tend the flowers And give them steadfast heed Throughout the golden hours;

One shift to drop them down, Tender and reverent, Upon Earth's kindly brown, When all the gold is spent;

And one to watch and wait And blow upon its thumbs, Till through the garden gate Again the first shift comes.

I know twelve gardeners good That watch and serve and sow Of their solicitude For all the flowers that blow.

From a leader in The Daily

"The day has gone by when the two great English-speaking peoples can afford to fall out over the affairs of a South American State." The office-boy will have to be replaced if he continues to show such ignorance of geography.

Another Impending Apology. "Thanks to the bookbinders' strike, which is holding back various books, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's new story, 'The Golden Barrier,' will not appear until January.'' Daily Chronicle.

With regard to the book here named,

### SHOCKING EXAMPLES.

The presentment of a case by means of 'shocking examples'—Mr. Lloyd George's most trusty weapons—is clearly in the highest degree fallacious."—The Times.

Note.—In the shocking examples that follow, the author does not claim to present a case against any particular class; nor are they examples of the iniquity of any particulir system: but that doesn't make them any less shocking ]

### THE REFORMED LANDLORD.

THERE was once a landlord (I suppress his name and locality) who owned a suburban property and had grown rich on improvements made by his tenants. But, being shown the error of his ways, he determined to be a better man. And on the expiration of certain three leases which the tenants did not wish to renew he let the properties for a period of fourteen years to A, B, and C, with the undertaking that at the end of that term he would demand no compensation for improvements, but, on the other hand, would himself recoup the tenants for their outlay. Further, he nobly refused to put into the leases any harassing conditions that might limit his tenants in the development of their respective properties. And A turned his house into a fever hospital, and B started a brick-kilngand C set up a fishmanure business. And after the lapse of twelve months all the surrounding yearly tenants left the neighbourhood, and no one would take their houses, and the landlord was reduced to great straits. And at the end of fourteen years A, B, and C demanded compensation for improvenients and also for the goodwill of their respective establishments. And the landlord is now in the workhouse.

### THE MAN WHO BIT THE HAND THAT FED HIM.

There was once a poacher (you are not to ask me his name) who died. And the duke whose game he had poached (he also shall be anonymous) took pity on the orphan child of the deceased, and had him educated at a distance, so that his father's record should be no reproach to him. And the boy imbibed knowledge so well that he grew up to be a Socialist. And returning to the scene of his birth he preached the doctrine of the wickedness of landlords at the very gates of his benefactor. And having thus convinced the neighbouring tenants that all landlords, and notably dukes, were the seed of the devil, he induced them to migrate. And by an active boycott and the employment of other forms of peaceful persuasion, he made the vacant tenancies very undesirable. And the land passed out of cultivation; and the duke, being in great difficulties,

gentleman from the Stock Exchange, in recognition of his good work the poacher's son has received an appointevils of the feudal system.

THE RAILWAY THAT WENT CHEAP.

There was once a Chairman of a Railway (which I will not specify), and he contrived by very careful management just to make ends mest and give a modest return to the shareholders. And there were strikes, and the wages of the company's employees had to be raised to prevent further inconvenience to the great travelling public. And the rates on the company's land went up, and the public demanded. better and better accommodation and faster and faster trains and more and more of them, and he said: "I'm afraid we must charge our passengers a slightly higher price or we shall be insolvent." And the Government said: "The lady I marry (and keep) must reduce your charge for farmers' merchandise." And the Government also said: "We insist on better arrangements for the safety of your employees." And all this cost a great deal, and the price of the shares went down and down. And then the Government said: "We will nationalize your railway." at this threat the shares went further down and further down; and when they had got as low as they could the Government bought the railway. And it was considered a very clever deal. And the Government had many new posts to offer, and they awarded several situations as porters and brakesmen to the old shareholders.

#### THE DOCTOR'S GOODWILL.

There was once a doctor (who shall be nameless), and he sold his-practice to a young man from the country, to whom he represented its value as £400 that the chief source of his income was the case of a patient, an old lady alleged to be incurable, whom for years he had been in the habit of attending daily at a fee of one guinea. And the new doctor was very honest, and by the end of three months he had completely cured the patient, and in consequence was himself a ruined man.

#### THE CONVERTED EMBEZZLER.

There was once a Nonconformist Minister (he shall remain incognito) whose stipend was derived in large piyers' money." measure from the pew-rents. And he had to dispose of his property by a his knives and boots and looked after the path.

forced sale. And it was bought by a his bulbs. And one day this man embezzled two spoons and a fork, the who turned it into a golf course. property of his master. And this And the duke is now engaged in the came to the knowledge of the Nonlogging trade in Saskatchewan. But conformist Minister, who spoke to him as man to man upon the vice of petty larceny, and then, having a very kind ment as an itinerant lecturer on the heart, forgave him. And this treatment had so softening an effect upon the character of the man-of-all-work that he adopted a religious life and began to preach in the open air. And his favourite spot for preaching was on a common adjacent to his master's tabernacle. And so popular and persuasive was his manner of preaching that he quickly drew away the regular congregation whose pew-rents supported the pastor. And when I last heard of the reverend gentleman he was in sore plight, and talked of entering Parliament for the sake of the salary.

O. S.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"No, you mustn't; on the other hand you | Must not be distinguished by beauty alone.

> For beauty is only skin deep. I know I should tire of a doll in a day; For something more lasting I'll look. And then in my usual provident way I married Amelia Cook.

> Deceived by her name, I imagined the girl

My passion would duly requite By making my days one continuous

Of epicurean delight. By way of a dowry I begged her to bring A copy of Beeton, her book.

Oh! I thought I was doing a sensible thing

In wedding Amelia Cook.

Alas for those glorious visions of mine I find that the lady can show No shadow of skill in the cookery line, No deftness in dealing with dough.

per annum. But he did not mention My high expectations are knocked on the head:

Dyspepsia's come to supplant The hopes that I cherished the day that I wed Amelia Cook; for she can't.

From an interview in The Daily Dispatch :-

"This subtle proposal of orchestral concerts for the poor is but the thin edge of the wedge to gradually freeze out the new organisation with the assistance of the rate-

We should have described it as the had a man-of-all-work who cleaned thin end of a red herring drawn across



"IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS—"

John Bull. "AH! NOW I OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE I AM."



"I SAY, MADDICK, YOU AND JENKINS HAVE GOT A FAIR WALK-OVER IN THE FOURSOMES THIS AFTERNOON." "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST US. WHEN I PUT HIM ON THE GREEN HE PUTTS ME OFF AGAIN."

### THE NEW WAY WITH LANDLORDS.

(By a Labouring Man.)

My landlord had sent me a neat little document, "To quarter's rent due September 29th—£12 10s. 0d." He is a trifle too punctual in these little attentions. Now were I landlord I should occasionally show sympathy with my tenants by forgetting a quarter-day. I know that I could easily forget quarterdays. I give you my solemn word of honour that were it not for these little reminders I should not know a quarterday from an ordinary day.

Generally I send the man a cheque, and at the same time put up a petition that the bank-manager may be in a kindly frame of mind when it is paid in. This time (after Bedford and Swindon) I merely sent him a note asking him to call.

He came in with the genial smile of one who is (or imagines he is) about to draw money and shook hands quite portant question of the living wage." affably. Then he produced a fountain-pen and began to scribble a receipt.

"Wait one moment," I said. "I think you will admit that England's chief glory is her literature."

"Yes, yes," he replied, prematurely

producing a stamp.

is in a depressed condition. Foreign That means, between the two of them, tution Hill.

competition is telling. Inferior products from the Isle of Man have glutted the market. Besides, the weather this summer has been unfavourable to literary production. It is impossible to work on fine golfing days. Now you will admit that the foundation of literature is the dwelling-house?"

"Yes," he answered, and courageously licked his stamp.

"It stands to reason. The house is a prime necessity. One must have a house as a place for the return of manuscripts. You couldn't expect the golf-links, could you?"

"No." he said dubiously.

"I am glad you follow me. You will perhaps further agree with me that any financial shortage caused by literary depression must be transferred to you. I propose to deduct for that at the language about putting the bailiffs in. rate of £25 per annum, or £6 5s. 0d. "Evict me?" I cried. Evict me berate of £25 per annum, or £6 5s. 0d. for the quarter. Now comes the im-

He stared blankly at me.

"At all events the dependants on literature are entitled to a living wage. Without the services of my cook I should starve. The production of literature would cease. She demands an advance of 10s. a month, and the house-"At present," I continued, "literature | maid requires a sympathetic advance.

£3 for the quarter. This, of course, must also be passed on to you." "Why?" he asked feebly.

"Because you are the landlord. But I am forgetting the great question of the housing of the literary classes. Am I to work in a chilled, cold, miserable condition? Is my intelligence to be numbed by unfavourable conditions?" The landlord looked at me as if it was his intelligence that was being numbed. "Therefore," I concluded emphatically, "I deduct £3 10s. 0d., the cost of the new gas-stove for my writing-room. postman to deliver them to a field or a Now if you will kindly hand me that receipt you have so thoughtfully prepared and the small sum of five shillings we shall be square."

And then, I deplore to relate, the landlord, who is a Vice-President of a Liberal Association, used disgusting

cause I am a follower of LLOYD GEORGE? The Commissioners will never tolerate an eviction for political reasons. This, Sir, is free England." And I showed him out.

"Is Pike's Peak sinking? The latest Government survey, just announced, says the altitude of that famous peak is only 14,109,079 feet above sea level."—Toronto Mail.

However, it is still higher than Consti-

worth spreading. Nothing but that the receiver. belief led to the composition of this article, for I am under no illusion as to the interest of my personality. My "Mr. Stokes," he said, "has dealt personality is dulness in essence, but I with us for fifteen years at least. He did make a discovery.

My name is Arthur Murcott Stokes, I am thirty-seven, I am an architect in a modest way, and I live with my family office is in London. I pay my way.

with that detestable affliction, the first passing over my face. It almost hurt, cold of the season—a slight cold only it was so unusual.

in itself but the cause of dark forebodings for the dreary months to come. My family were out and I sat and shivered in my study and saw nothing but calamity ahead. In addition to the cold, I had just failed to get a commission, a speculation had gone wrong, the library had sent me a novel with fortyeight of the most important pages omitted by a fool of a binder, and I had lost my temper at lunch without sufficient reason. I was now sorry for it. 1 need hardly say that my mood was black and hopeless.

After indulging it a while I suddenly

realised that at any cost I must pull myself together or it would get the upper hand; but the question was, how to do it? I was so far gone in pessimism that only from without could any succour come; and how to get that?

In a flash an idea entered my mind and I acted without a moment's hesitation. If only I could collect some disinterested and favourable opinions of myself from the world at large they would flatter me back to serenity and hope; that was the notion, and I reached for the telephone book and looked up a tailor with whom I have dealt for some years. I asked to be put on to him. In course of time I got his number.

"Hullo," his clerk said.
"Hullo," I replied. "I am Murray and Co., solicitors. We want to know anything you can tell us about a customer of yours who has given you as a reference, Mr. Arthur Murcott Stokes."

"Hold the line," said the clerk.

The usual buzzing, and now and then a voice or two, detached as the cries of THE same of any discovery that can migrating birds at night, and then I in rectitude. remove depression of spirits is surely heard the tailor approach and pick up

"Who are you?"
I told him I was Murray and Co.

is absolutely safe. You need have no misgivings.

"Thank you," I said, and returned to my chair vastly improved in health. in a house built by another on the I was a gentleman to my tailor, which Parling Estate at Raynes Park. My is the next best thing to being a hero to one's valet. I was conscious of The other afternoon I was at home something gently relaxing like a smile

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

Maid (in hoarse whisper). "Excuse ME, MUM: COOK SES SHE'S VERY SORRY BUT SHE 'S TROD ON THE PUDDING."

> character I could collect, I thought suddenly, and hastened to test this dread by ringing up another firm. This time I chose the solicitors who had done little things for me.

> "Messrs. Spalding speaking," I said. "Can you put me on to one of the partners?

I was put on.

"I am Messrs. Spalding," I said, "and I understand from Mr. Arthur Murcott Stokes that you know him well in business. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Who are you?" asked the cautious

"We have a number of flats in the West End," I said, with extraordinary quickness, "and Mr. Stokes wants to rent one.'

"Oh," said the lawyer. "That will be all right. You need have no fears. A most exemplary person.'

"Thank you," I said, and meant it. I returned to my chair and simmered

This is fine, I thought, and not only fine but tonic too. I must have some more of this. Pinero was right when he prescribed "Praise, praise, praise!"

I then ventured upon a real risk. I rang up a rather testy client of my own. for whom I had recently completed a house, not without tears.

"Is that Mr. Forrester?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," was the rather grumpy answer.

"Excuse my troubling you," I said, "but I am Mr. Cole, and I have been advised to go to an architect named Stokes for a house. I understand that he has just built one for you. Can you recommend him?'

> There was a terrible silence for a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Forrester, "I can. Of course no architect does exactly what you want, but I should call him good and thoroughly reasonable, and also a very pleasant man to deal with."

I returned to my chair a sunny optimist, and, when my wife and children came home, I at once proposed a game of "Demon Patience," which never fails to amuse and excite us.

#### Theatrical Candour.

From an Indian poster:-

But suppose that was the only good the best dramas 'King John' will be per-paracter I could collect, I thought formed by this company to-night for the last time, at the repeated request of the public."

> "Two tenders were received, the Clerk now reported, and that of Mr. ——, of Axminster, who offered to supply and fix the required number of hammocks at £19 2s. 6d. each, was accepted.—Dr. Wood was rather curious as to whether the hammocks were cheaper than new beds."—Pulman's Weekly News.

> In our opinion Dr. Wood's curiosity was justified.

> "The programme, which will last an hour, "The programme, which will last all flour, includes studies of fish life, the Manchester Ship Canal, the making of silk hats, the fly pest, Turkestan and its inhabitants, the cocoa industry, the ant and the grosshopper (humorous), a day in the Paris Zoo, and scenes in Trichinopoly."

> It is annoying, when one is just preparing to be humorous about the misprint of "grosshopper" for "grasshopper," to learn that the printer is being funny on purpose.



Caretaker (showing tourist round old castle). "S-s-s-m-go quietly, Sir; this is the 'aunted chamber of 'Bloody Rufus'—I got an old 'en inside a-settin' on sixteen eggs, an' I don't want 'er disturbed."

### SALVE ATQUE VALE.

(To an unknown plantigrade; a threnody inspired by the nécessity of parting at last with a long-cherished shaving-brush, and also by the panegyric upon the noblest of our British fauna published a few weeks ago in the pages of "Mr. Punch.")

Shall I pour water on it from the geyser,
Badger, on this that was a part of thee?
Or strew soft shaving-papers silently,
Or scatter old blades from my safety razor
Such as some Western pirate loves to fix
Up in green envelopes at two-and-six?
Or wouldst thou rather, as in life before,
Beechmast and eggs or what of other meat
(Ere commerce cleft thy hide and made it sweet)
Fed thee in that dark cavern thou didst bore,
Scooped by those inturned feet?

For sometimes thee the vegetable courses
Allured, that blossom in our underwoods,
And sometimes thou wouldst pluck from shelly hoods
The snail (this fact my gardener endorses),
And sometimes eat young birds. Ah, who can tell
Thy loves, thy dim carousals, guarded well?
Not I, for one. But this much I have built on,
That always in those huntings thou wouldst wear
A most prodigious mat of piebald hair,
Also an odour like a too-ripe Stilton,
Racy and rich and rare.

Ah yes, in thine old rooting season, badger,
Dinners thou hadst no human eye could scan,
Part murderous and part fruitarian,
And times when hunger made of thee a cadger

For alien cast-off food. Thou wast not nice,
But Death absolved these things and, strewing spice,
Made toilet apparatus of thy mop.

And now less high, and now with no demur,
Far other now than when the yelping cur
Bayed thee, I purchased at a chemist's shop
This tuft of yotive fur.

And stout has been its service. Oft and often
For toil half over (ere the steel cut in),
For fangless bristles that embraced my chin
With amorous claspings and with suds that soften
And make the beard more kindly, I have poured
Libation to thy soul, thou beast adored,
Who moist'nest hard lips with the hair that tames!
There sprout no hairs like those the badger keeps
To curb men's stubble when the daylight peeps,

Lest their saluted consorts whimper, "James!"
Whilst the wet tea-urn weeps.

And now the thing moults. I must buy another.
Yet for the sake of many a happy morn
I praise the dumb friend out of whom 'twas torn;
And none of what wild kisses went to smother
The unprofitable harvest of the night
Shall fade from my remembrance. Gentle sprite,
More fair than skunk or chipmunk or opossum,
See where upon the bonfire's heart I hurl,
Not garlandless, thy gift, but paste of pearl
Mingle, and souse with odorous lather-blossom
For the last time thy curl.
EVOE.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Here is admirable humour for we Southerners to read, but what will they say in the Highlands?"—C. K. S. in "The Sphere."
"Us," we hope.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN UPJOHN.

THE LATEST LITERARY SENSATION.

John Upjohn is not a Frenchman. To the despair of MARIE CLAIRE, ANTONIN DUSSERRE and others as yet undiscovered he is a mere Englishman. I will admit that it took me a dickens of a time to find him. The blue eyes were the difficulty—that and the shyness. I found plenty of them in humble positions who could write; in fact the shows a taste for alliteration but has no difficulty would have been to find anyone who could write occupying anything but a humble position. But they would have looked all wrong in the photographs and would almost certainly have come to London, smoked cigarettes and them famous, instead of remaining expenditure. Thus:meekly at the forge or the plough or the wood-chopper.

I found John in Blankshire. It is necessary thus to disguise the name of the county that John may not be bothered by reporters. I am determined that he shall not be lionized, for when spoken to he always runs. When I brought him up to see his publisher (also mine) to discuss terms, we had to lock the door of the room to keep him with us. Even then he spent the whole time butting at the panels. That night, so pleased was he to be back in Blankshire, he slept with the St. John's, Leatherhead, and to get only

plough in his arms.

Yes, John Upjohn works on a farm. A farm - hayricks, rabbits, poultry, midges, wasps, nightingales, sheep, cows, cider and all that. It is an amazing thing. No wonder they sneer at me at my club when I tell them. I often tell them. Those whom I have taken the most pains with are the most obstinate. One friend of mine not only refuses to believe in John Upjohn but refuses to believe there is such a thing as a farm. This is absurd. There are farms. Just as there are suns and moons and stars. But I am afraid I am falling into John Upjohn's style.

Let me tell you something of his life. He rises at three, washes the sheep at four, bathes the hens at five, hard-boils the eggs at six, breakfasts on hay and oil-cake at seven, brews cider at eight, grows hops at nine, sings ragtime to the bees at ten, shoots starlings off the fruit-trees at eleven, digs potatoes at twelve. His afternoons are much the same, save that the horses, pigs and cows are washed instead of the sheep. But you know the routine. When nothing else occurs to him, he ploughs -and then does some more ploughing.

What first prompted him to write would be difficult to explain. Perhaps it was because his master, the farmer,

about must have fired his ambition.

mere mural monographs. The earliest | Diplomacy. of these is in the hop cast and has reads "Pie Powder and Proper Pride, Scissorwitch and Cambridgeshire." It other literary value. Genius had hardly | Messrs. Bilge and Bluff. rumbled then.

At the age of twenty-five we find him writing in a memorandum-book. On the one side he would enter his wages, which were two shillings per week. visited picture palaces, if I had made On the other he would record the

> Erned ...  $\overset{\cancel{\pounds}}{0} \overset{s.}{0} \overset{d.}{0}$ £ s. d. Lorst .. 0 13 6 Carry forward 0 12 6

Total .. 0 13 6

There is a mistake here, as you will discover by adding the items in the first columns. Six and nothing are six. He has the pence right. But twelve and two are fourteen. He has thirteen. Thirteen from fourteen is one. So that Borne softly to our jangled ears he is one out. We who are educated may sneer, but you must remember that this simple fellow was never at Eton or one out when your education has been confined to five or six years at a parish school is no mean achievement.

Later in life we find something more than a mere record of financial operations in this well-thumbed book. Some of the entries are almost diaristic. For example:-

"Went for boss with hedge hook and got lamd.'

At first sight it would seem that John, annoyed with his employer, had attacked him with a hedgehog. But it does not do to entirely mistrust (John would say mistrust entirely) the young genius's spelling. Enquiries extending over several weeks revealed the fact that in John's neighbourhood there is such a thing as a hedge hook. It is a long weapon used for trimming hedges, and John, in his naif way, had no doubt planned to behead his employer with it.

It was not till he reached the age of thirty that he attempted a connected narrative. This took the shape of a letter to a village tailor:-

DEAR SIR,—When will my cloathes be reddy? I reckon our side ought to win Saturday.

Yours truly, John Upjohn.

You note the reticence, the domesowned books. The one under the short | ticity, the simple touch of the thing.

leg of the kitchen table was called Well, the book is all like that. Just Select Female Biographies, and the one simple. When you have read it you they tore papers out of for spills was will feel like eating grass and moo ng 1 Guide to Conchology. Seeing these like "a grave, kind cow." You will feel uplitted, stop the cat's fish, cut At first he contented himself with down the housekeeping and go and see

Anyway you can't help being better. been glazed over and photographed. It The price will be only three shillings and sixpence (including my preface and a full-length photograph of me and John), and the publishers are, of course,

### THE FAME OF CHARLOTTE.

Who Charlotte was we may not know. We meet her in the pleasant ways Of an old book of long ago,

A memoir of the Georgian days. Of courts and coaches, routs and plays;

And, postscript to a lady's letter, We find the simple, touching phrase, "Poor Charlotte's chilblains are no better.'

It sweetly comes across the years Like some old simple song and quaint

Fragrant and fresh, and ah, how

Yet all who lack the modern taint Of hard and callous thought, will

In sympathy with that complaint By which poor Charlotte's feet were stricken.

A shadow of a gentle name, She passes, never to return; Her maiden age, her slender fame, We find not, howsoe'er we yearn. Only she had—'tis all we learn— Two loyal friends (of good position) Who showed a mutual concern About their Charlotte's sad condition.

No doubt she mildly lived and died, A grey-toned lady, fair and sweet, Much honoured by the countryside, Precise in all her ways and neat; She shunned the cold, and loved the heat;

And, by the customs of Society, Held all light comments on her feet An act of grossest impropriety.

O irony of vain repute!

O bitter fame that makes a slave Of him who starts the long pursuit, Nor wins the goal for which men

Full many a gallant heart and brave Has missed the crown for which he lusted;

While Charlotte in her gentle grave Learns her renown, and turns dis-Dum-Dum. gusted.

## SPORT FOR THE PEOPLE.

[As a set-off to Mr. Lloyd George's Land Campaign it is proposed to propitiate the masses by encouraging them to participate in the sports of the classes.]



Happy Saturday afternoons with fox-hounds in an urban neighbourhood.





Old Sportsman (escaping out of danger zone). "When I subscribed to the Olympic Games Talent Fund I expected other people to do this sort of thing for me."

#### HOW GENIUS WORKS.

THE great vespertinal publicist, Mr. Filson Young, has been combating the notion that the excellence of literary work varies in a direct ratio with the clearness of the atmosphere. With him fine weather engenders idleness, while in foul weather he can settle down contentedly to the assiduous composition of his most illuminating italicisations. This momentous revelation of the mentality of a great writer has suggested a comparison of the methods of other eminent luminaries of the literary firmament.

Mr. Galsworthy finds the creative impulse most active in sleet or heavy rain. As a preparation for composition he finds nothing so stimulating as to be towed slowly in a bath-chair round Wormwood Scrubbs prison on a moist November afternoon.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, while claiming to be impervious to the weather, admits that the quality of his work varies considerably with the conditions and the place in which it is composed. The ideal spot for creative work he finds to mortality is the best antiseptic to pes- a little subtly, we think — "High be in the crow's-nest of his yacht, from simism. The germs of some of his Pheasants."

typist located in the saloon. This position, he finds, gives him a sense of detachment and exaltation which is indispensable to the artist. however, the scene is laid in the Five Towns, he prefers to potter about his garden, with his amanuensis within earshot but concealed behind the shrub-

Mr. Robert Hichens, unlike Mr. Filson Young, is never so fertile in ideas as under the blazing sun of North Africa. Much, however, depends on costume, his favourite attire being an Arab jibbah, with a green turban, and sandals of cream-laid crocodile skin. One of the great advantages of writing in the desert, he points out, is that you never require any blotting-paper. For emotional passages he finds the gait of the camel, or, better still, the dromedary, peculiarly stimulating.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, recalling SWIFT's genial remark that the happiest faces were to be seen in mourning coaches, observes that the constant | MATELCT.' contemplation of the emblems of our This letter in The Spectator is headed-

which he dictates through a tube to a | best letters and his most hilarious musical compositions have come to him in churchyards. As he puts it:-

"When my mood is propitious to joking, When my temper is blithe and screne,
I hie me instanter to Woking,
Or Kensal's funereal Green."

Contrariwise, the spectacle of a harlequinade always acts upon him as a "depressant." Indeed, it was while witnessing a pantomime at Drury Lane that he began the composition of his famous crematorio, "The World in Ashes."

"The tubgoat Volunteer tried to render assistance, but ran against the Hero's propeller."—Yorkshire Evening Post.

Our own pet tubgoat Algernon would not have butted in so impulsively.

"SIR,-Re Mr. Fortune's letter in your last week's issue, surely it is well known that the apparent increase in the size of both the sun and moon is due to the greater density of the atmosphere through which they are seen when nearer to the horizon. Not on account of their apparent proximity to 'trees, hay-stacks, houses, &c.'—I am, Sir, &c.,



## AS THEY TAKE IT.

Scene—A forest with decr. Duke: Duke of Sutherland.

First Lord (referring to the moralising of Jaques).

"THUS MOST INVECTIVELY HE PIERCETH THROUGH THE BODY OF THE COUNTRY, CITY, COURT, YEA, AND OF THIS OUR LIFE, SWEARING THAT WE ARE MERE USURPERS, TYRANTS. . . . ."

First Lord: Lord Lansdowne. Jaques: Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Duke. "SHOW ME THE PLACE; I LOVE TO COPE HIM IN THESE SULLEN FITS, FOR THEN HE'S FULL OF MATTER."

As You LIKE IT, Act II., Scene 1.



Lady (who has come to grief over an Irish bank). "I THINK I'VE CUT ONE OF MY KNEES." Young Farmer. "Sure, What of ut! It'll niver take a hapenny off yer price."

#### BY THE LEFT.

As a rule, I am not in any way nervous, particularly with people I have known for some time. And yet, as I sat with Daphne in her drawing-room, my heart undoubtedly fluttered. And I wasn't smoking.

Daphne was contemplating the palm of her hand.

"Cut yourself?" I asked. smiled in rather a lofty manner.

"I've had my hand told," she said. "Really. I've had my hair cut." There was a short silence. I started hair." a third piece of something.

 $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{v}\mathbf{r}\boldsymbol{\varepsilon}\mathbf{d}.$ 

This time my smile was lofty. "I know," I said. "Strong will. Generous. Artistic. Not without ambition. Perhaps a little too soft-hearted . . . I could have said all that.'

"Yes," said Daphne, "but then you

know me." "Did she go into the future?" I enquired.

Daphne nodded. "Yes. She made me think."

"A very remarkable achievement. I suppose you're going to marry?"

without good reason. When a man is just about to propose to a girl, it is hardly encouraging to learn that she hand for that." I passed it across. will marry somebody good-lookingthat is to say, if the man is myself.

Daphne looked at me doubtfully.

"Would you like to hear it all?" she asked. I nodded resignedly. "You are a dear. Well, I'm going to marry very soon. He's tall, good-looking, and has plenty of money. We shall be improvementvery happy at first."

"And at second?"

"She didn't say. He's got dark

I sighed. "I could manage dark "She was wonderful," Daphne mur- hair," I said. "Dye's cheap enough. It's the tall, good-looking part that's worrying me. Besides, he's sure to have no brains."

Daphne laughed quietly. "Don't be silly. Of course it isn't you. taught me a lot," she added. believe I could tell your hand."

"Oh, do!" I exclaimed. I removed it from the cake-stand and held it out to her.

Daphne patted it thoughtfully. "You're honest."

"Ha! and sober and willing?" "Don't interrupt. Obstinate."

"Rather. He's very good-looking." I coughed. "Quite so; but what good-looking men?" "Da—sh!" I exclaimed; and not about the future?" "Not a bit."

Daphne looked thoughtful. "Oh, of course," she said. "I want your left

"Your right hand is what you are, your left hand is what you make yourself," she explained.
"But suppose you're ambidextrous?

And besides I've no desire to compete with Providence."

"Oh, well, if you think you're boyond "Not at all," I objected with quick

Daphne stroked my left hand. "You're going to marry," she said.

"No, thank you."

"You are."

"Never," I insisted. "If you're going to marry a tall, good-looking man with plenty of money, I'm

"Of course not. How could you?"

"I mean, if I don't marry you, I don't marry at all." I spoke in quite a serious tone.

Daphne released my hand. "You are," she said, and resumed a study of her right palm. "Tall and good-looking," she murmured sadly.
I leant forward. "Daphne, dear," I

asked, "are you really keen on tall

"Would you like me with my hair dved?"

"N-no."

"Then, dash it, why worry about what this woman said?"

"But she's marvellous, Billy. She's

never wrong."
I sighed. Daphne looked at her hand and sighed also. Suddenly I sat up.

"You're looking at your right hand, | than politeness. Daphne."

"Yes: that's where he is."

"Hooray!" I exclaimed. "Then he doesn't count. Your left hand is what you make yourself. Let me see your left."

I looked at it carefully.

"Yes," I said, "there's certainly something there. I don't think he's tall or good-looking. But such brains, and, oh! such loyalty."

I dived into my pocket.
"Yes," I said, "your left hand is what you make yourself," and I slipped the ring on to the proper finger.

#### WHAT MUSIC MEANS.

Speaking of "the musical side" of the production of his new opera, Joan of Arc, to a representative of The Daily Chronicle Mr. RAYMOND Rôze declared himself very satisfied with the cast. "My prima donna, by the way, is an expert horsewoman, in fact she has often broken in horses, so that she will be quite at home in the saddle when she rides on to the stage. Horses, I may say, are used in several scenes of the

Mr. RAYMOND Rôze's very proper insistence on the possession of athletic and sporting qualities as essential to the success of the purely "musical side" of his opera has been very well received in all quarters. It is understood that a famous jockey has approached Mr. RAYMOND Rôze with a view to his writing an it is confidently expected that in a very opera on the subject of MAZEPPA, in which he should be entrusted with the title rôle. The jockey—who does not | in a thoroughly competent manner. wish his name to appear for the present—has no musical ear and practically no voice (thus differing widely from Mr. Rôze's prima donna), but, as he points out, in such a part a mastery of the art of equitation is far more important than mere vocal fluency. Besides, the part could easily be sung "off" by a substitute, just as Sir HERBERT TREE is able vicariously to perform prodigies of musical valour on the violin, or indeed any instrument.

Hardly less interesting is the proposition which has been made to fifth floor supported? Mr. HARRY HIGGINS of the Opera Syndicate by a retired engine-driver who for many years drove the express from Paddington to Exeter. The veteran, The modern "Seven Against Thebes"?

a man of fine physique, with a flowing beard, on learning that Mr. HIGGINS intended to revive The Flying Dutchman, intimated his readiness to undertake the principal rôle for a suitable remuneration. On being informed, however, that the hero was not an engine-driver but a sailor, the old man expressed his opinion of Wagner with more vigour

On the other hand, Mr. Higgins has favourably considered the application of eight young ladies, who have re-cently obtained their pilot's certificate at Brooklands, to take part in the last Act of Die Walküre on hippo-aeroplanes. Though their musical education has hitherto been entirely neglected,



HISTORIC GOLF.

JOAN OF ARC PLAYS A LONG SHOT OUT OF THE ROUGH — With apologies to the pictorial advertisement of Mr. Raymond Rôze's Opera.

few weeks they will be able to sing the rôles of Brinnhilde and her attendants

"He walked along the sloping wooden pro-jection that is used as a landing stage for pleasure skiffs, walked until the water splashed over him. Then he dived into the boiling serf."-Novel Magazine.

Serf (boiling with indignation). "Now then, Sir, look out where you're coming."

"Wanted, at a factory, sixteen Girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor." Aberdeen Evening Express.

What we want to know is, how is the

"SEVEN KINGS REVOLT AGAINST ILFORD." Daily Chronicle.

#### THE EDITORIAL ADVERTISE-MENT SCANDAL.

WE are glad to observe that the bare suggestion that any British journal could be persuaded to publish advertisements in the form of news or Editorial comment has been received by our Press with a universal cry of horror and indignation. In this connection a Society paper would like us to state that the following passages, about to appear in its pages as news or comments. are the honest expression of Editorial conviction, uttered for the good of the reading public; and that, if it should happen that the same issue contains paid advertisements of the firms there referred to, this is just one of those strange coincidences which cannot be accounted for.

"A CHARMING RESTAURANT.

All the world lunches and dines at the Réclame in Old Sinister Street; yet so excellent a restaurant should surely be more widely known. I have patronised every restaurant in the Eastern Hemisphere (writes our junior reporter), but I can truly say that the Réclame stands alone. Its generous proprietor, the ever-courteous Monsieur Pousse, provides a marvellous eighteenpenny table d'hôte. No wonder the success of his enterprise is colossal, and such famous men as Lord Rosebery, Mr. EUSTAGE MILES, Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., have been seen not a thousand miles away from Old Sinister Street when the hour for dining approaches. Lucky indeed would be the individual whom the gods permitted to have a share in the well-deserved profits that Monsieur Pousse is making.

"Answers to Correspondents. Mabel.—Yes, you should certainly be careful as to the kind of food you give him. But, for my part (and I speak for myself alone), I should try Subtractipose, which I believe can be obtained from 1778a, Cosmetic Chambers, Old Regent Street, W. worked wonders for me; and after three doses concealed in his soup I think you need have no further fears of possessing the fattest husband in Surrey.'

"NEW YORK, Oct. 27. "Miss Katherine Elkins, whose engagement to the Duke of the Abruzzi has been so frequently announced, was married at her home in West Virginia to Mr. Billy F. Hitt.'

One time the semi-royal name of ELKINS

Resounded through a lot of different welkins;

Glory came first; joy follows after it; Miss missed her Princeling, but has hit her HITT.



"NUT" DISCOVERS SPECK ON SHIRT-FRONT-FEARS MUD. EXPERT OPINION, IN SHAPE OF CROSSING-SWEEPER, DECLARES IT UNDOUBTEDLY TO BE MUD. COLLAPSE OF "NUT."

#### HINTS ON SELECTING A BOWLER.

THE straw hat has run its course for 1913, and if not too sunburnt and battered for future use has retired to winter quarters. But there is really no be guided by the Vendor, you will close season, no "on and off" licence, probably leave the place wearing a sort for the bowler in this country. One of pent-house that will be the butt of should always be included in a gentle- | your friends and acquaintances, or one man's répertoire, and the choosing of it of last season's designs that did not gated the interior of the premises turn is a serious matter not to be lightly "get off." got off." undertaken.

bearing such legends as:-

THE LATEST.

NEWEST SHAPE.

As Worn.

STYLISH.

On entering the establishment you prefer, you will probably be approached by the Vendor or his agent, who, on your requirements as to price and accommodation being made known, will the structure on which the dome is are pretty sure to find something suit-

Curly-brim (or balcony), the Flat-roofed (very nutty this one for country weekends), the No-brim (to speak of), the carefully the inscription on the ceiling. Skyscraper, and the One-storeyed or Bungalow type.

If you are foolish or weak enough to

But, if you are a knowing buyer, The offices of some of the firms on seeing a likely, serviceable-looking devoting themselves to the planning edifice, you will say, "Please allow me and erection of bowlers are plain of a few moments alone with this one." exterior; others are ornate and the Once by your two selves, act with windows decorated with full-size models firmness and decision. After pressing down or drawing in as well as you can your cranial excrescences, place the hat carefully on your head, on whatever part you prefer to wear it, but don't be satisfied merely because you think you look well in it. After observing the Should dents or cracks appear in the effect of it from every point of view, roof or walls, rejoin the Vendor at once, remove the hat and inspect it carefully mix the hat up amongst the others you at once bring forward cases containing supported. Make sure that the two able among the first hundred shown bowlers of all sizes and designs, the are properly welded together. Pass you.

your hand over the fan vaulting of satin in search of flaws, and read Test the acoustic properties and see that the proper means of ventilation have been provided. Your hair will strongly resent a stuffy, ill-ventilated hat, and may show a desire to leave before the lease is up.

When you have thoroughly investi-

Examine the ribbon decoration running round the building just above the balcony. This should be of the best ribbed silk, and the bow should be well and truly laid against the left wall, not at the back. Note any careless workmanship with a view to a possible reduction in the price.

Last of all, administer a few blows to the crown. If dust flies out you know that the structure is old and insanitary.

### "THE WITCH."

[An evening at the St. James' Theatre with some of the gloom rubbed off ]

#### ACT I.

TIME—The sixteenth century.

Scene—The courtyard of Absolon Bever's house. Absolon's second wife, Anne Pedersdotter, is discovered alone. Enter Martin. He looks at Anne doubtfully.

Martin. Good morning. I—er—is Master Absolon in?

Anne. He is out.

Martin. Oh! Er-are you-wesurely I've seen you before somewhere? Anne. I don't think so. I am Anne Pedersdotter.

Martin (puzzled). I beg your pardon

-whose daughter?

Anne. Anne Pedersdotter, wife to Master Absolon.

Martin. Oh, I see! Why, then you're my stepmother? I'm Martin.

Anne. Martin! I've heard such a lot about you. You're just back from the University,

aren't you?

Martin (proudly). Yes, I'm a B.A. now; it has been a long business—five years. And I haven't seen my father all that time. He mentioned in one of his letters that he was marrying again, but—(sadly)—I was having a little trouble with my Latin declensions just then, and it slipped my memory. (He goes closer to her.) But surely we've met somewhere?

Anne. I don't think so.

Martin. Yes, now I've got it. Do you remember, fifteen years ago, some waits singing carols outside your house? And a window was opened and a little girl poured a jug of cold water on them? You were that little girl-I remember you now. Ugh!

Anne (excitedly). And you were one Anne, your mother was a witch! of the waits. I remember your voice.

You sang very badly.

Martin. I was only eleven.

Anne. And I was eight. Just fancy —it 's quite a romance!

Enter Absolon.

Absolon. My boy! My dear boy! Martin. Father!

Absolon. So you're back from the University—and with a degree? What a day this is! Mensa, mensa, mensam, mensae, mensae, mensa.

Martin. Er—Amo, amas, amat— Absolon. How it brings back my hujus, huic—— You must excuse us, it over. Good night. Anne, but when we University men get together — Dico, dicere, dixi, mother.

Go on, my boy, it's your dictum. turn.

(Martin lcoks appealingly at Anne.) Anne. Oh, father, I've got a message up on the common—they're burning a to bcd. Good night. witch or something. They want you to be there in case she confesses. I try . . . One, two, three—Martin I think that was it.

leave you, Martin, my boy, but it's not to him. He falls into them.) for long. When I come back from this little conflagration I shall have much to talk to you about. Balbus aedificat murum Übi est Balbus? Dear, dear, how it all comes back. Ignis, ignem . . A witch—I wonder who it is? [Exit.]

CURTAIN.

Absolon. She used to summon people before her, just by calling upon their names. She had that wicked power. Anne (cagerly). Is it hereditary? for you, but Martin's coming put it Absolon. I lore not. (He kisses the quite out of my head. You're wanted top of her head.) And now I must go Absolon. I lore not. (He kisses the [Exit.]

Anne. I wonder. I think I'll just

Enter Martin. Absolon (getting up). Well, well, Anne (excitedly). I am a witch! (She I suppose I must go. I don't like to turns to Martin and holds out her arms Anne (excitedly). I am a witch! (She

CURTAIN.

#### ACT III.

Another evening. As Absolon comes in, Anne and Martin break away from each other.

Absolon. I have been seeing the doctor. He says my heart is very weak, and any sudden shock may kill me. Somehow I have a sort of feeling that I am going to die to-night.

Martin (quickly). Oh, don't say that, father.

Anne (not quite so quickly). N-no, don't say that.

Martin. Well, anyhow, I'm going to bed. Good night. Exit.

Anns. Tell me more about my mother. What other powers had she?

Absolon. She could kill a person by looking at him and saying, "I wish you were dead!"

Anne. Fancy! (To herself) I wonder. I think I'll just try . . Absolon, look at me. Now listen-I love your son; he loves me. If you were dead I could live with him. I wish you were dead. (Absolon dies.) Good heavens,

I've done it again! Martin! Enter Martin. She falls into his arms.

CURTAIN.

#### ACT II.

Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY.

Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.

Inside the house. Evening.

Absolon (gloomily). Anne, Martin, gather round me. I have a confession to make. It's about Anne's mother....

Anne. A what?

Martin

Anne Pedersdotter ...

Absolon Beyer

Absolon. I said a witch. Five years ago I discovered it. She had a daughter living with her; I loved that daughter. It was my duty to deliver up the mother and the child to be burnt. Instead I spared the mother and married the daughter. Anne, Martin, can you forgive me my sin?

Anne. Was I the daughter?

Absolon. Yes.

Anne. Then I forgive you.

Martin. I think you look at it rather selfishly, Anne. It was very wrong of own University days! Hic, haec, hoc, father. Father, I will retire and think fExit.

Anne. Tell me more about my What did she do?



Time—The Twentieth Century. Scene—The inside of a taxi-cab.

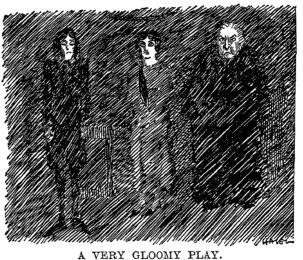
Wife. Ugh, what a play! I shall dream horrible things to-night.

Husband. Powerful's hardly the word. You know, there are some people in that play with very nasty minds. I shouldn't like to annoy Anne on a dark night . . . Jove, Lillah McCarthy was good.

Wife. Wonderful. Too good. Oh, that last Act! Why didn't you take me out at the end of the third one?

Husband. Well, I wanted to see what happened after Absolon died . . . I say, look here, we can't go home like this. Let's go and have a cheery supper somewhere, just to buck us up.

A. A. M. CURTAIN.





BALHAM FOLLOWS THE DUCAL LEAD.

Visitor (from town). "What on earth is happening?" Hostess. "OH, PUTTING THE LAND INTO CULTIVATION. ALL THE BEST PEOPLE ARE DOING IT."

#### TO AN OLD FRIEND.

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,—I simply can't help writing to you. I want to tell you again how enormously I enjoyed meeting you again this morning after all these years. Do you know, I had almost forgotten your very name (your fault, old man, for keeping yourself away from me), and then, almost before I could think about it, there you were, just the same clever, refined, abbreviated, sly fellow that

you used to be. That was, indeed, a meeting. You wouldn't tell me where you had been or what had been happening to you. Were you wise in that? I should have sympathised, you know. I should have said to myself, "Dear old Verb. Sap. Sat. has had bad luck. His gold mine in South Africa has gone wrong, or they haven't been kind to him in South America, or they wouldn't give him a job in Uganda, and he's had to retire from the glare of the world and live a very quiet life. But now that he's recovered a bit and got out again we must all be good to him and try to make it up to him a bit." Something of that kind I should have said, and then I should have taken you to The Cock and given you a brace of sausages on mashed potatoes, and we should have wandered about Fleet Street and tried to recall some of the old scenes and the old faces from that past in which everybody knew you and far too many used you for their own purposes. One old man with a fishy eye and a very shiny frock-coat did seem to recognise you after we had parted. "There's something about that fellow," I heard him muttering, "that reminds me of old Verb. Sap. Sat. But no, it can't be. He's dead long An apparent misprint for "pints."

ago." I could have enlightened him, but I judged it better to hold my tongue.

It wasn't only Fleet Street that knew you in the happy past. Peers quoted you; solicitors mentioned you in their I have heard the Colonel of a cavalry regiment boast of his acquaintance with you after mess, and all the young subalterns were much impressed, declaring that the old man knew a thing or two and it was no use trying to get the better of him. But, of course, all that's over long ago, and perhaps it 's foolish of me to remind you of it.

By the way, I wonder if you could tell me anything about Quis Custodict, another old friend of ours. I saw him last a very long time ago sitting closè to a magistrate who was sentencing a policeman for an aggravated assault on a costermonger, but since then I've heard nothing of him. If you ever knock up against him remember me to him.

And now farewell. We may never meet again, but I shall often think of you.

Yours to a quote, A. TAGG.

"Belfast, Thursday. "Aviator Dancourt, who started on Tuesday from Paris to fly to Cairo, arrived here to-day with passenger Roux.—Reuter."

Brighton Argus. Aviator Dancourt (to Passenger Roux): Yes, it is a bit out of the way, but I thought you'd like to have Captain CRAIG pointed out to you.

From an account of the sports of the Wiltshire Regiment:— "Brewer's Cup-won by A Coy. with 401 points."

### THE ELUCIDATION.

(After the manner of the Parliamentary Correspondent of "The Daily News.")

ALREADY the rural districts are agog. The CHANCELLOR'S great message has come home to the highways and hedges and roused at last from their patient apathy the toilers of the soil. Further, we have no doubt at all that they will be considerably more roused when we have had an opportunity of explaining what it means. Let us examine the proposals.

It is recognised that the Minimum Wage is the pivot. The Provision of Cottages, in the same way, may be said to be the lever; it would perhaps not be inapt to describe Security of Tenure as the driving-wheel of the new

machinery of the land.

Dealing first with the question of a Minimum Wage (for until the labourer bacon and a commercial contribution to his Christmas Goose Club no advance in any direction is possible) it may be said at once that payment in kind must go the way of other feudal impositions. We must have daily cash for daily toil. Let there be no mistake about that.

the shortage of cottages (which have appalled the nation) next call for comment. It is now freely admitted that the State must step in with no uncertain hand—that is, no uncertain foot. The provision of 120,000 cottages, which is contemplated as a first instalment, would provide, as far as one can judge, something like the same number of homes. That indeed is manifest, but it involves the purchase of land. Cottages, it is recognised, must have something to rest on; they cannot be suspended, might prefer that arrangement as causing less disturbance to the ground game. Now, it is intended to build four cottages to the acre, so that for this purpose the amount of land required would be, roughly speaking, 30,000 acres. At a cost of £50 an acre this would come to £1,500,000. Let us suppose that the Board of Agriculture can build at the rate of £150 for each cottage. Very well. This means £18,000,000, or, including the ground to build thereon, £19,500,000. In any case there must be no turning back.

The figures given of the increase in thing like social revolution in our midst. the number of game-keepers (which have staggered the community) must the new custom might create, it has next come under review. It is recognised that when the pheasant and the fox are no longer free to gorge them- like tariff reform or the nationalisation selves to repletion upon the food of the of landlords or the keeping of people

which to-day casts a shadow on many a homestead) he will be encouraged to only one instance, it will be-for the first time, mark you-well worth his while to order large quantities of notepaper stamped with his address. Calling some places. Then he will be able to measure his rooms for carpets. All this means work. And in the great revival of rural industry that is thus game-keepers will soon be absorbed.

his cottage, a financial price for his proper quarter, but surely without invitation. cause. It is the peculiar virtue of the new proposals that every one is bound to profit by them. We may confidently look for a sharp revival in the gun trade, when farmers come to arm themselves against the hordes of weasels and sparrow-hawks which will appear to Mr. Lloyd George's figures regarding | prey upon their beans and clover as | soon as the game-keepers are withdrawn. At least that is the opinion in

the rural communities.

the landlord come in? He will, of course, power over his property, less game. But with an opulent and contented peasantry at his very gates he will be relieved from the present odious necessity of providing Christmas rabbits and always be responded to with pepper. winter blankets; from all that vast however much the shooting tenant degrading traffic in tips and doles upon which his position so largely depends.

new spirit is sweeping through the villages. The Motherland is rocking

with excitement.

#### SHOULD RIVAL POLITICIANS **DINE TOGETHER?**

THE report of Lord WILLOUGHBY DE Broke's announcement that he will not dine with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and of his protest against dining at all with one's political enemies, is causing some-

In order to meet any difficulty which been suggested that the hour of dining should become a fixed political principle, people many of these men will be thrown in their places. An impartial critic

out of employment. The problem is proposes that Conservatives should best understood in conjunction with adopt 8 P.M. as their hour for dining, security of tenure. A little imagination | that Liberals should dine habitually at will show that as soon as the farmer is 7 P.M., and adherents of the Labour safe against summary eviction (a fear Party at 1 P.M. or thereabouts, and Irish Nationalists never.

Yet there are family and other ties spend his money more freely upon the between people of opposite opinions small amenities of his house. To give which cannot thus be severed and even if connections of this sort are not definitely asked to dine, it will still be felt, by such as do not see altogether eye to eye with Lord WILLOUGHBY DE cards may even come into vogue in Broke in his decision, that some courtesy should be shown to them. launch out into more expensive wall- To this end a new fashion in invitapapers. He will no longer grudge to tion cards is likely to arise. Lady Primrose-Dame will send a card to Mr. Singletax, requesting the pleasure of his absence from dinner on December to come the labour of the superfluous 5th; to which Mr. Singletax will reply that, owing to another engagement on Gun-makers are also alarmed, as I | December 5th, he is glad to be able is enabled to pay an economic rent for learn by personal investigation in the to accept Lady Primrose-Dame's kind

> But we hope it is not too late for Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE to be persuaded to swallow the hatchet and think better of letting political principles interfere with the pleasures of the table. We beg him to reflect on the bitter disappointment that might be caused to many if his example should rob them of dining occasionally with a lord. There is, of course, the type of man who Fleet Street, whatever may be felt in declares that food would only choke him if taken in the company of a political Finally it may be asked, Where does enemy; but he must not overlook the fact that there is always a possibility of have to be content with less rent, less his enemy, from like reasons, being choked. Again there is the fear that at the dinner-table your hated opponent might perform the significant ceremony of helping you to salt; but this act could

### ON THE PORTRAIT OF A There must be no turning back. A BEAUTY, NOW IN RETIREMENT.

This is Isabel, and she Once was young, like you and me;

Making youthful hearts to stir, Youthful feet to follow her.

Now she deems it right to wear Sober garb and serious air;

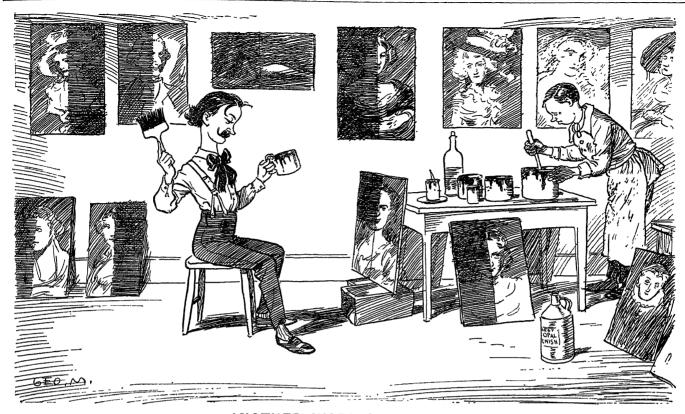
Seems to think the beauty gone Foolish lovers doted on.

But, alas! a simpler dress Cannot hide her loveliness;

Other men as well as I Murmur, as she passes by,

"If perhaps in fifty years Time confirms your present lears,

Placing you upon the shelf, May I have you to myself?"



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

THE ARTIST WHO PAINTS THE BLACK HALVES ON "RESTORED" PICTURES.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Forrest Reid is a writer from whom one may always expect work that will have a quality of refinement and distinction. I am not sure that I think The Gentle Lover (Arnold) altogether equal to the books that have preceded it, but this is only because the plot is rather more obvious and ordinary than has been the case with Mr. Reid's other stories. His touch is as tender (this is the only possible word for it) as ever. Perhaps it was hardly possible for him to present the middle-aged lover in any new light; the character is one that has been too hard worked in fiction to retain any of the charm of novelty. Still Bennet Alingham has charm, and enough reality to make me hope against hope, even up to the final chapter, that precedent was going to be falsified in the matter of the bestowal of the heroinc. Perhaps it is because of a natural, and increasing, fellow-feeling with the adorer who is no when he is dismissed to a future of picturesque but unsatisfactory regrets. Of the other characters in the tale I cared far the most for Brian, the red-haired and altogether pleasing young brother of the heroine. Alingham certainly was well called the gentle lover; so little was his adoration insisted upon that I doubt if to the end of the story Sylvie, its object, was aware of it. Its gently sentimental course runs in pleasant places—Bruges, Florence, Pisa—all drawn in a way that makes me think that Mr. REID must have recalled happy memories in writing about them. Indeed, than the slender story that strings them together.

Penetrate by all means, with Mr. E. Temple Thurston, second edition.

into the little shops on the southern side of the river, or the mean dwellings of Soho, or pace the streets with him all day long, and sleep at last on the Embankment or the steps of a squalid doorway as he shall direct you; for you will be touched, amused, and, more than that, you will be greatly cheered; you will encounter no gruff words or harshness of heart in these sordid places, but only a kindly sentimentalism that almost out-does DICKENS and incidentally destroys the author's rather elaborate pretensions to realistic treatment of life. Richard Furlong (Chapman and HALL) was an artist (and a very good name for an artist too, for it was long and curled down right over his collar), an artist unrecognised for more than three hundred pages, except by the good-hearted dwellers in lowly purlieus, like Mr. Nibbs, the little picture dealer, Mrs. Baldwin, the young man's landlady, and her daughter Custance, a musichall artiste, with whom he conducted a liaison, and whom afterwards, when disowned by his father and jilted by his fiancée, he persuaded (against the girl's own advice) to longer in his romantic youth that I always feel a little sore marry him. Richard was a bit of a genius, it seems, and the first man to make coloured wood-blocks; but everybody (everybody who was poor, that is to say) was so kind to him, that I failed to sympathise very deeply with the struggles of his unrecognised inspiration. That Custance suddenly died, for no particular reason, at the end of the book, I simply refuse, in spite of Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S explicit assertion, to believe. For Fate, in the presence of the author's indefatigable optimism, could never have had the face to do a thing like that. By the way, there is one little error in the book that ought to be put right. Two these pictures of uneventful travel are really more attractive very pleasant wood-cuts are reproduced, which are stated to be the work of Richard Furlong, but are signed W. R. D. I hope this rather careless oversight will be corrected in the

names and gives an accountof the strange characters who have always abounded in Cambridge and whom no Royal Commissions and no legislative reforms can utterly abolish or destroy. But a string of anecdotes, however well told (and Mr. GRIBBLE tells them excellently and with gusto), is not precisely equivalent to what most of us understand by "Romance." However, they make pleasant reading and thus satisfy to a large extent what must have been the author's desire, and is certainly that of his readers. I commend very highly Mr. GRIBBLE's gift of literary tact. It is well known, for instance, that members of St. John's College have a nickname—at any rate, they used to have one; perhaps the more delicate susceptibilities of our own day have swept it away. Still, there it was, and Mr. GRIBBLE was bound to mention it. He performs his task with an allusive discretion which cannot offend even the most patriotic and sensitive Johnian. Finally, I must congratulate Mr. GRIBBLE on having been able to escape for a time from the narration of the more or less scandalous love affairs of celebrated ladies. To these his fluent pen has been largely devoted, and I can- REPEATING FORMULA EMPLOYED WITH CLIENTS. not help thinking he is better occupied when telling anecdotes of the Cambridge colleges.

'A Leelle wider please Ishan't hurt you!

DENTIST WITH TOOTHACHE TRIES TO REASSURE HIMSELF BY

I have just met a very dear and charming girl, Angelina Peachey, in the pleasant pages of Set to Partners (Heine-MANN), and I want to know why nobody ever seriously introduced me before to her creatrix, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY. Angelina had a grandmother who was no better than she ought to be, but a good deal prettier than she might have been according to the table of chances in these matters, and Angelina, it was prophesied, would take after her. Well, she did and she didn't. She had learned from a delightful, plain Irish Catholic maid how serious and big a matter being in love was, and how it was a dreadful thing to marry except for love. This was about the only religious teaching she ever had. So when Angelina met a man who fell in love with her she wouldn't marry him until she was quite sure, but took him on trial, so to speak, though all the world understood her to be his wife. And I don't It would seem to be the exact moment when he wanted it.

I may say at once that Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE'S The suppose this was quite what Catholic Kitty meant. Then Romance of the Cambridge Colleges (Mills and Boon) is came along the real man, not a better man, not a nicer an agreeable book, and that Cambridge men will do well man, but just the man. So there was nothing to be done to add it to their libraries. To be sure, Mr. Gribble but to follow the gleam in Julius Pole's eyes. Unhappiness is himself an Oxford man, but he avows the dreadful fact comes of it, and Angelina, always sincere and pure in heart, with a candour that disarms criticism. And, after all, makes amends. And I don't like that part of it so well as the book speaks—I might almost say chats—for itself. I her childhood, her early love passages, and her first letter am not sure that it would be easy to justify the word to St. Mary of Egypt—her later correspondence was more "Romance" in the title. It seems to me not to express self-conscious. And it was very nice to be reminded by the quite accurately the manner in which Mr. Gribble deals "little naked baby doll of pink soap," which papa Peachey with the story of the various colleges. He mentions great gave Angelina to comfort her in some childish sorrow, of a

little pink soap sister of Angelina's consoler once very, very dear to my own young heart.

As a warm admirer of Mr. MARRIOTT'S WORK I would gladly have opened the flood-gates and praised Subsoil (HURST AND BLACKETT) without reserve, but my trouble is that his book pretends to be a romance, and is really a very clever essay upon painting. It deals too much with minds and too little with morals to be a popular Nevertheless by success. thoughtful people who are interested in the connection between life and art it has simply got to be read, for however violently they may dissent from the views expressed by Saffery, the novelist, and Hugh Sutherland, the painter, they must admit that Mr. MARRIOTT is an eloquent champion. The tale itself suffers from the defect that at the outset it is impossible not to guess the ending. No sooner have you discovered the author's point of view than you know that Sutherland and his fiancée Sylvia Bradley must drift apart. Mr. MARRIOTT'S characters, though their conversation is almost bewilderingly instructive, are not puppets; they are without exception admirably drawn; all the same, they are a little overwhelmed

by the idea which they are used to exploit. And I am left wondering whether the author has not sacrificed one form of art in propounding his views upon another.

From an Insurance Company's advertisement:—

"Total Disablement by 35 diseases (26 weeks) £3 per week."

Not worth it. [Additional note by Commentator: This is another example of the danger of dictating important announcements. "Certified diseases," said the Secretary, and as the result of his hereditary lisp it came out "Thirtyfive diseases."  $E_{DITOR}$ : Nonsense. Tt really means "any one of thirty-five specified diseases." COMMENTATOR: How dull.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Headstone, 7 feet high, cost £12, for £9; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—Glasgow Evening Times.



THE TRAFFIC TROUBLE.

WHY NOT ORGANISE THE PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC IN BUSY THOROUGHFARES?—Mr. Punch.

#### CHARIVARIA.

A FINE statue of RAMESES II., which has long been hidden away near Bedrashin, is being erected by Lord KITCHENER in a prominent position at associated with strong passions." This Cairo. There is no petty jealousy view is one which has long been held about K. or K. \* \*

It is possible that Battersea may choose a coloured gentleman for its Mayor. Personally, we should be pleased to see this. Anything would be better than the present monotonous are of the same hue.

Skipping is again being recommended as an aid to health. It is said that many book-reviewers would not be alive to-day had they not practised this art.

The prevailing craze! Smith Minor, asked in his Latin examination to translate tetigi, replied, "I have Tango-ed." \* \*

Bishop QUAYLE, of Washington, has been discussing the respective merits of thin men and fat men, and has come idea was just to save its own life. to the conclusion that the former are often wicked and the latter nearly always good. As a thin man ourselves we would like to ask whether the reason of this wonderful goodness of the fat men may not be due to realisation of the difficulty they would have in running away from the police?

And Dr. LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG, of Johns Hopkins University, has been studying the question of the colour of immense families, to emigrate. our eyes. "Black eyes," he has come to the conclusion, "are often found

need for a scientific and impartial study | complain. of the effects of drinking alcohol, he arrangement by which all our Mayors has, we hear, been inundated with offers from public-spirited gentlemen who are willing to be experimented upon.

> A Philadelphia banker has distinguished himself by giving a supperparty at which monkeys mixed with the guests. To avoid confusion the guests wore evening dress.

> The parrot which last week saved the lives of a Harringay family by giving an alarm of fire is, we hear from a reliable source, much amused at the fuss which is being made over it, for its

Replying to enquiries from fly-paper manufacturers, the American Consul at Prague states, "It is not possible to work up an extensive trade in Bohemia, for there are not sufficient flies to exterminate." But the fly-paper trade is not easily beaten, and inducements, we so very sensitive.

understand, are being held out to a number of New York flies, with their

Lord WEARDALE, speaking at the Gas Conference, said that with the increasing use of gas there was a marked improvement in the quality of our London fogs. We trust that the Since Sir Thomas Clouston, in a philanthropists concerned will now turn lecture at the Royal College of their attention to improving the quality Physicians, Edinburgh, emphasised the of our rain, of which many persons

> It is announced that Where the Rainbow Ends is to be revived on Boxing Day. One might almost call it "Where the Rainbow Begins Again."

The reason of the failure of such a large proportion of theatrical ventures is still being debated. We will only remark that one at least of our newspapers classifies its advertisements of theatres under the heading "Theatres," and those of music-halls under the heading "Entertainments."

We are requested to state that the charming Drinking Song sung by Mr. COURTICE POUNDS in The Laughing Husband is not published by Messrs. Boosex but by another well-known firm.

"Cook (Plain), dining rooms, used to same," runs an advertisement in a contemporary. Some dining-rooms are

# THE WOMAN TURNS.

(Being the protest of a novelist's wife against the modern method of regarding love as a subject for surgical or pathological treatment.)

THERE was a time ere middle age had chided The ardours proper to the Spring of life (This period, roughly speaking, coincided With our initial stage as man and wife), When you would write of Love-its tears and laughter,

Of lovers' quarrels cancelled by a kiss, Of wedding chimes and then, for ever after, Unmitigated bliss.

I liked it: others may have deemed it twaddle; Not such it seemed to my adoring eyes; I liked to see you as the hero's model, Myself the gushing heroine in disguise; . It pleased me, when perusing those romances, To feel that our experience, yours and mine, Though duly broidered with creative fancies, Furnished the main design.

But now you follow fiction's later fashion; " You take your operator's knife and dig Into the palpitating heart of Passion, And vivisect it like a guinea-pig; As one who probes the more obscure diseases You ask yourself (his symptoms closely scanned) Whether the patient ought to try sea-breezes Or have his brain trepanned.

Calmly you diagnose this heavenly miracle, Treating it like a measle or a mump By methods scientific or empirical-A patent plaster or a stomach-pump; The wine that glows in Love's empurpled chalices, Which once you sketched in complimentary terms, Is now subjected to a sharp analysis And shown to reek with germs.

No doubt your attitude's disinterested; You gaze aloof, with speculative poise; But women's hearts, you know, are not invested With that detachment which the male enjoys. Anyhow, here is matter made for furious Thinking, and I who once, like Love, was blind Am taking notice now, and getting curious About my state of mind.

At first I held the whole affair outrageous, But now I too grow sniffy in the nose; I find your air of Harley Street contagious, I emulate your pathologic pose; And, after careful inward consultation, I apprehend that what you hint is true— It must have been some mental aberration That made me marry you!

"On eating the sixth oyster Rogovoy's teeth came in contact with another hard substance which he took from his mouth and examined critically. Believing that he had found a gem he took the object to a jeweller, who pronounced it a pear-shaped pear of perfect contour, and placed the value at \$5,000.''—Corncil Sun.

It seems a lot for a pear, even at this time of the year, but perhaps the unusual shape made it valuable.

# A MODERNISED "PUNCH AND JUDY."

I AM told that "Punch and Judy" is losing its hold on the Public. If so, I cannot help thinking that the fault must lie in the drama itself. It does not treat the problem of marriage with the insight, the psychological subtlety which a cultured and intellectual audience expects in these days. And its characters are all too low in the social scale to be interesting or sympathetic to any intelligent spectator. However, it only needs a little effort to bring it into touch with modern requirements—and here is my little effort:-

Scene—The usual sort of thing.

Judy, Lady Punch [cnters. She wears a white "peigncir" and a boudoir cap with lace frill. Her face is of a remarkable pallor; the great eyes have the intense gaze of one who has borne much, without perhaps being able to say precisely what]. Not a taxi anywhere! But I should have betrayed myself if I had used the landaulette!

Lord Joey [enters. He has the battered look of a man about town. Time has turned his top-knot sky-blue, but the locks on either side of his brow retain their original auburn]. Hullo! hullo! Lady P.! Where are you off to?

Judy (looking straight before her). I don't know! I

don't care! So long as it isn't Home!

Lord J. (wagging his head with reproof). Don't like to hear you talkin' like that, Lidy P. Sounds as if you and poor old Punchie had had a row or somethin'-what?

Judy. He never will have a row! That's what makes him so absolutely unbearable! That—and his perfectly awful hump!

Lord J. But I say, you know—he had that hump when you married him. I remember noticin', when I was his best man, how doodid round-shouldered he was gettin'!

Judy. I was so young then. I never in the least realised what it would mean to be wedded to a hump for the whole of my life! Oh, why, why aren't girls told more about these things?

Lord J. Dunno, I'm sure, Lady P. Still, hump or no hump, he's a toppin' good feller, don't you know? What I mean to say is, there's no sort of harm in him!

Judy (bitterly). There's nothing worse you could say!

Lord J. Well, he seems to be comin' this way, so I'll say [Exit tactfully. good mornin', Lady P. ...

Sir Percy Punch, K.C.B., F.R.B.S., F.R.Z.S., de., de. [enters. His large black eyes are melancholy and introspective, and the flush on his rather prominent nose is manifestly due to chronic indigestion]. Why, Judy, my love, I'd no idea I should meet you here! I've been taking the dog out for [Enter Toby.] Toby, sit up and give your paw to a run. the little Missis! Toby obeys.

Judy (refusing the paw). I thought you knew I simply loathe dogs.

Sir P. (forgetting himself for the moment). Oh! Rootititoot! Rootiti-toot!

Judy (with quiet scorn). Is it absolutely necessary to express yourself in quite such language?

Sir P. Sorry, my love, sorry! Force of habit! [Enter Nurse with the Baby.] Aha! Here's the ickle cockalorum!

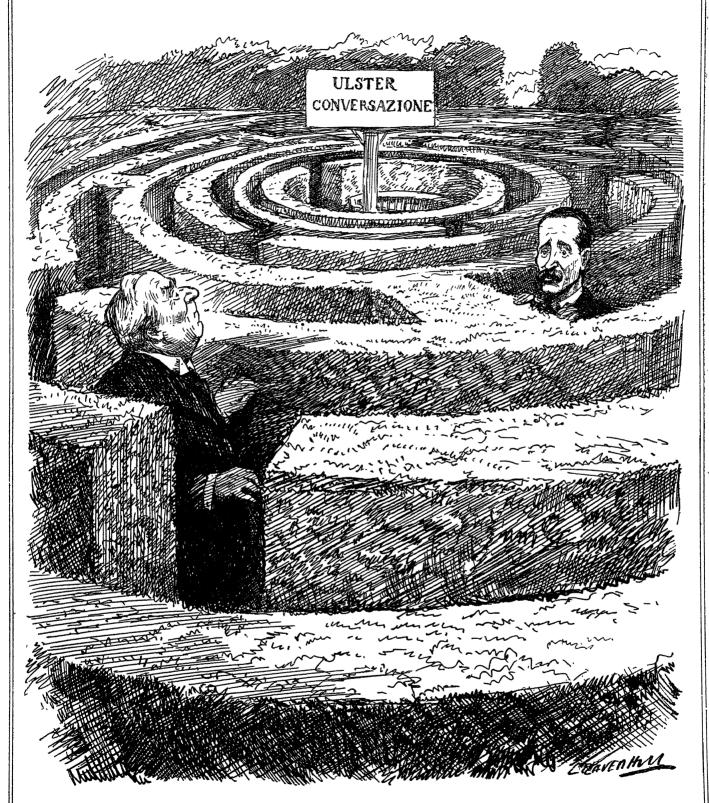
(Sir P. takes the Baby and offers it to Judy, who cowers back.)

Judy (hysterically). I—I can't. I can't! It's too like you! And it isn't eugenic! I do wish you'd throw it away.

Won't you—to please me?

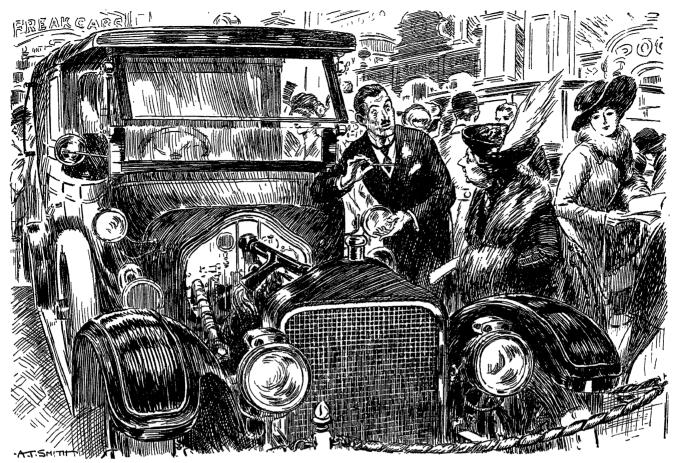
Sir P. Really, my dear, our son and heir, you know—no, must draw the line at that! (handing Baby to Nurse). There, take Master Punch home and keep him well wrapped up. (As Nurse goes off with Baby) Judy, my darling, I'm afraid you're a little upset about something or other?

Judy (breaking out). If you must know, I'm sick of you



# THE HOME RULE MAZE.

Mr. Asquith. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET IN OR OUT?"
Mr. Bonar Law. "JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, SIR."



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Dear Old Lady (after an exhaustive explanation of the engine). "AND NOW TELL ME, WHERE DO YOU LIGHT THE FIRE?"

longer.

Sir P. Why, rootiti-I mean, tut-tut. What on earth

have I done? Judy. You're so appallingly affectionate, so convention-

ally domesticated and all that. It's too sickening.

Sir P. (sadly). Tell me, Judy, is there no way—none—by

which I might regain your affection?

Judy (dreamily). If I could see you reckless, lawless, riotous, triumphing rough-shod over all opposition, I might but no, you will never be like that—never, never.

Beadle (enters with thick stick). Beg pawdon, Sir Percy,

but might this 'ere belong to you'?

Judy (excited). Say it does! And hit him on the head with it! Or hit me! Anything that will make me respect you once more.

Sir P. (to the Beadle, after inspection). No, it's not my stick, my man. I never carry a cudgel. You'd better take it to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard.

[Exit Beadle, as Jack Ketch enters carrying patent gibbet.

Jack K. Scuse me, Sir Percy, but is this anythink in your line? Little apparatus of me own. Wonnerful simple. I jest puts me 'ed through this 'ere noose (he does so), and all you 'ave to do is to give a tug to this 'ere pulley, and I'm 'ung proper, I am!

would if you were half a Punch!

Sir P. (meditatively). H'm! (To Jack Ketch) Your Two more world's workers.

and the Baby and Toby, and I simply can't stand it any invention seems ingenious. I should advise you to show it to the Home Secretary.

Judy (passionately, as Jack Ketch departs). That settles it. I will no longer be dependent on you. I will live my own life.

Sir P. May I remind you, my love, that our resources entirely depend on the pennies my agent collects in a bag from the populace? If you decline to share that income, I don't quite see what you are going to live your own life on. Judy. I can start a little show of my own, I suppose?

Sir P. You could do that, of course, but—rootiti-toot—I should say, ahem—I rather doubt if you'd be much of a draw without me.

The world is very hard on us women. Judy. Perhaps. But I don't care; I shall find an opening in spite of you.

Sir P. I should rather like to know where. Enter a large Crocodile.

Judy (driven to desperation). Where? ... Why, (Throws herself into Grocodile's jaws and disappears.) . Why, here!

Sir P. (with mild concern). What a pity-what a pity-

what a pity!

Here ends the drama, which is entirely at the service of any travelling showman who has enterprise enough to produce it. But I know what managers are.

"During the winter months a lady and her husband offer to take Judy (feverishby). Oh, why don't you hang him? You charge of a house in return for a small salary and board. Advt. in " Lady."

### AN OUTBURST.

I HAD been to the Rutland Gallery to see the Yiddish pictures. As I went is all they do. They don't brush my in, an official took my stick from me hat or do anything for me. I can't and gave me a number for it.

its support.

He pointed to a notice saying that the relinquishment of sticks and umbrellas was compulsory, and I gave it up. I suppose that the idea was that I might be a Suffragist, and desire to but kept silent. prove my fitness for exercising the vote by pushing my ferrule through

Half an hour later I came out and, handing in the number, I received the stick. On the counter was a saucer full of pennies; but this did! not worry me. I took my stick and was going out when the expression of mortification and contempt on the custodian's face caught my eye.

I went back. "Let's have this out," I said. "You think me dirt for not giving you a tip."

He denied it.

"Oh, yes, you do," I said. "I know. But why should you?"

"Most gentlemen give

something," he said.
"Yes," I replied, "but why should they? Have you ever asked yourself that? Here am I, a my stick away. I would much rather have had

it with me. I am much too fond of would never be in a position like this pictures to injure them, even when I at all. Stick and umbrella guarding

He had nothing to say.

"Are you paid any wages?" I asked. He admitted that he was.

"And you want to be paid twice over?" I said. "Is that quite the game?"

Again he had nothing to say.
"I am getting tired of it," I said. "Paying money for something is no great lark, but paying money for nothing is beyond my endurance. Every day I have lunch at a restaurant where there are no hat-pegs inside. It follows therefore that I must leave my hat and stick in the cloak-room, and every day But not likely.

I give the able-bodied custodian sixpence for being in the same room in which my hat and stick repose. That "Can't I keep it?" I said, for I like like to, but they can easily do nothing in return. And now you flaunt this I should pay you. Well, I'm done with it."

He grew restive, as indeed he might,

"Now look here," I said, "if this were a sensibly run country, which it

a masterpiece. Anyway, I gave it up without another word. sheep, a great strong fellow like you vailed. The long blank wall, broken WIMPLETON FREEHOLD

A GOOD ADDRESS.

To Harold Binks, Esq.,
"The Grange," Wimpleton Park, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to call your attention to the accompanying catalogue not too robust man after and price list of latest winter fashions in liveries for chauffeurs, grooms, footinfluenza, but you took men, etc.; also if your gardeners and gamekeepers have not yet ordered their winter clothing we have a new stock of tweeds, etc. Assuring you of our best attention, etc., etc.

see a false ascription, as I have done would be given to the feeble and otherhere more than once. And then, having wise incapable—to hunchbacks and so taken my stick against my will, you forth. To hand them a penny or so ask me to pay you rent for it. Is that for doing nothing would not be so dereasonable?"

grading. But you——" and I turned grading. But you——" and I turned to go in disgust.

It was then that he spoke. "Look here, guvnor," he said, "if you're too jolly mean to give a man twopence why don't you say so? What's the good of delivering a lecture on it?"which was exactly the kind of retort I expected.

But none the less I was, as usual, right.

#### Commercial Candour.

From a Bombay catalogue:-"Rubber Stamps. Cheapest and Fine. (Possible.)

#### HIST! WE ARE OBSERVED!

(Suggested by some recent incidents in theatrical competition.)

As dusk fell, the streets about the give them nothing, much as I should beleaguered building began to assume an even more deserted appearance. Here and there, sinister figures lurked saucer of money at me to suggest that in the shadows or crept furtively from one hiding place to another. Every few moments the orange glare of a searchlight from some neighbouring tower swept the roadway from end to end. . .

Near the threatened citadel itself

secret-looking door, over which flickered a solitary lamp, exposed its taciturn surface to the world. jealous guardian of the mysteries within. But somewhere out of sight was unwinking watchfulness; behind every loop-hole and embrasure men stood armed and waiting, as they had waited night after night. . . .

And now, the hour was at hand. Silently, out of the brooding shadows, strange and shrouded forms took shape, moved, and passed. Whispered challenges were heard, and countersigns. One by one the muffled figures reached in safety the little door in the wall, and, after breathless intervals of scrutiny, were admitted within the

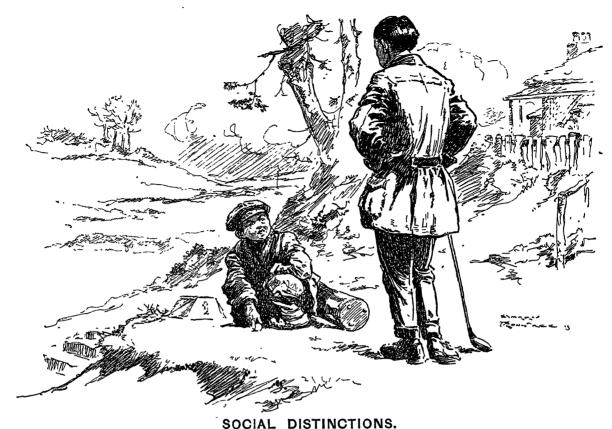
building that waited for their coming. Who were they? Conspirators who met to hatch some foul plot behind these menacing and secret walls? Leaders of a forlorn hope to save the city from some alien conqueror? No, they were actors on their way to attend a rehearsal of the great elevator scene in the next Musical Revue.

"Yonag German gentleman decives lo echang lessong in English gimny in return lessons in Spanish conversacion and gramman." Advt. in "Antofagasta Mercurio."

He had much better stick to Esperanto.

A hint from "Garden Work for Amateurs ":-

"If there are slugs in the garden wait till the end of March before planting them out.' They are very patient little fellows.



Golfer. "Anyone out ahead of us, Caddie?" Caddie. "Yessur-A gennelman wif a caddie, and a man carryin' for 'isself."

#### L'ALLEGRO IN 1913.

(By a whole-hearted admirer of the latest phase in our national drama.) HENCE, ordinary Folly,

Of Dionysus born and Deuced Rot! Be thou presented not

Even by Edw-Rd-s (George) and FR-HM-N (CHOLLY);

Seek out some rustic stage Where bumpkins still admire the good old wheeze

And the sad valses please; There for the ebon pit and high-

browed gods, Who understand thy nods,

Reserve these pranks that erst were London's rage. But come, thou Nymph of the inept,

In Paris a Revue yelept (By us translated a Review), Whom Piffle, if the tale be true, With Bosh and several children more To undiluted Bunkum bore; Or whether (this perhaps is right) The soul of Bowery, taking flight, With coy Lutetia carried on In furnished rooms near Paddington,

Chucked her chin, and cried, "Ar Har! And, linked with her by Registrar, Bequeathed us thee, an offspring fair, Vulgarity beyond compare.

Haste thee, Honey, don't forget Tights and teeth, a brand-new set, Jokes in far from dubious taste, And gowns not all too straitly laced, Fashioned by what creators bold The programme hath not left halftold.

Cast your bridge across the stalls And weave no plot, because that palls. Come, and loose from glittering fang All the latest New York slang, And, hugging closely, lead with thee Turkey Trot and Tango Tea; And, if these joys I rightly class, Oh give me a perpetual pass To love thee and to live with thee And evermore thy patron be; To hear the Yankee accent rise That tears the canvas in the "flies," And see the girls display their charms, Not much of wit, but legs and arms; Whilst the coon, with lively din And well-pied pants, comes prancing in.

Then to the spicy nut-made chaff And chunks of cinematograph, And turns from music-halls, but worse, And notes of unmelodious verse, Such as, I ween, had raised the roots Of tufted elms and scared the brutes; And Pluto's self, if he had heard So harsh laments by Orpheus stirred,

Had changed his purpose and set free For comfort's sake Eurydice. These things if thou canst surely do, Enchant me still, sublime Review.

EVOE.

#### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Last year Mr. Punch published an appeal from The Children's White Cross League on behalf of the sufferers from the London Dock Strike. Another appeal now reaches him from the same quarter; and this time it is for the starving women and children of Dublin that Mr. Punch's readers are asked to open their generous purses. He ventures to recall the legend that runs beneath his cartoon in which he asked help for the wives and children of the London Dock Strikers: "Come, Madam," he there says to Charity, "you will not ask where the blame lies: you will only ask how best you can help."

Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of The Children's White Cross League, 3, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

"Ousting the Foreigners from our Kitchens."
A L.C.C. school for turning out British Chefs." Daily Graphic.

It really seems to be for turning out foreign chefs.

#### THE FINANCIER.

It is nearly two years ago that I began speculating in West African mines. You may remember what a stir my entry into the financial world created; how Sir Isaac Isaacstein went mad and shot himself; how Sir Samuel Samuelstein went mad and shot his typist; and how Sir Moses Mosestein went mad and shot his typewriter, permanently damaging the letter "s." There was panic in the City on that February day in 1912 when I bought Jaguars and set the market

rocking.

I bought Jaguars partly for the rise and partly for the thrill. In describing my speculation to you eighteen months ago I find that I dwelt chiefly on the thrill part; I alleged that I wanted to see them go up and down. It would have been more accurate to have said that I wanted to see them go up. It was because I was sure they were going up that, with the united support of my solicitor, my stockbroker, my land agent, my doctor, my architect and my vicar (most of them hired-for the occasion), I bought fifty shares in the Jaguar mine of West Africa.

was a time when, in the pride of my on explaining to you what it meant, but I am getting blase now; besides, you probably know. It is enough that I bought them, and bought them on the distinct understanding from my financial adviser that by the end of the Jaguars would go up to 1 again. month they would be up to 2. In that case I should have made rather more than forty pounds in a few days, simply by assembling together my solicitor, stockbroker, land-agent, etc., West Africa at all.

thought.

At the end of a month Jaguars were steady at  $1\frac{1}{16}$ ; and I had received a report from the mine to the effect that down below they were simply hacking gold out as fast as they could hack, and up at the top were very I asked in admiration. It sounded so busy rinsing and washing and sponging and drying it. The next month the situation was the same; Jaguars in London very steady at  $1\frac{1}{16}$ , Jaguar diggers in West Africa very steady at gold-digging. And at the end of the Jaguars and see what he says." third month I realised not only that I was not going to have any thrills at all, but (even worse) that I was not going to make any money at all. I had been deceived.

That was where, eighteen months if you will sell, and how many."

ago, I left the story of my City life. A good deal has happened since then; as a result of which I am once more eagerly watching the price of Jaguars.

A month or two after I had written about them Jaguars began to go down. They did it (as they have done every-thing since I have known them) stupidly. If they had dropped in a I wired back: "Sell fifty, quick single night to 3, I should at least have had my thrill. I should have suffered in a single night the loss of some pounds, and I could have borne it dramatically; either with the sternness of the silent Saxon, or else with the five pounds from the wreck was wonvolubility of the volatile—I can't think | derful. of anybody beginning with a "V." But, alas! Jaguars never dropped at all. They subsided. They subsided slowly back to 1-so slowly that you could hardly observe them going. A week later they were \$\frac{2}{3}\$, which, of course, is practically the same as 1. A month afterwards they were  $\frac{31}{32}$ , and it is a debatable point whether that is less or more than  $\frac{6}{64}$ . Anyhow by the time I had worked it out and discovered that lord, I wonder where it is. it was slightly less, they were at  $\frac{61}{64}$ , and one had the same trouble all over again. At  $\frac{e_1}{64}$  I left them for a time; and when I next read the financial When I bought Jaguars they were column they were at  $\frac{1.5}{1.6}$ , which still at  $1-1\frac{1}{16}$ . This means that—No, seemed to be fairly near to 1. And on second thoughts I won't. There even when at last, after many months, No, seemed to be fairly near to 1. And It was no good. I found them down to 7 I was not new knowledge, I should have insisted seriously alarmed, but felt that it was due to some little local trouble (as that the manager had fallen down the main shaft and was preventing the gold the obstruction had been removed,

But they didn't. They continued to subside. When they had subsided to ½ I woke up. My dream of financial glory was over. I had lost my money. and my faith in the City; well, let etc., in London, and without going to them go. With an effort I washed A wonderful Jaguars out of my mind. Henceforward they were nothing to me.

And then, months after, Andrew came on the scene. At lunch one day he happened to mention that he had been talking to his broker.

"Do you often talk to your broker?" magnificent.

"Often.'

"I haven't got a broker to talk to. When you next chat to yours, I wish you'd lead the conversation round to

"Why, have you got some?"

cigarette, won't you?"

Next morning to my amazement I got a telegram from Andrew. "Can get you ten shillings for Jaguars. Wire

It was really a shock to me. When I had asked Andrew to mention Jaguars to his broker it was solely in the hone of hearing some humorous City comment on their futility-one of those crisp jests for which the Stock Exchange is famous. I had no idea that his broker

I wired back: "Sell fifty, quick." Next day he told me he had sold them. "That's all right," I said cheerfully; "they're his. He can watch them go up and down. When do I get my twenty-five pounds?" To save twenty-

"Not for a month; and of course you don't deliver the shares till then."

"What do you mean, 'deliver the shares'?" I asked in alarm. "I haven't got the gold mine here; it's in Africa or somewhere. Must I go out and-

"But you've got a certificate for

My heart sank.

"Have I?" I whispered. "Good

I went home and looked. I looked for two days; I searched drawers and desks and letter-books and safes and ice-tanks and trouser-presses --- every place in which a certificate might hide. I went back to Andrew. I was calm.

"About these Jaguars," I said casually. "I don't quite understand my position. What have I promised to do? And can they put me in prison if I don't do it?"

"You've promised to sell 50 Jaguars being shot out properly) and that, when to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. That 's all."

"I see," I said, and I went home

again.

And I suppose you see too. I've got to sell fifty Jaguars to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. Although I really have fifty fully matured ones of my own, there's nothing to prove it, and they are so suspicious in the City that they will never take my bare word. So I shall have to buy fifty new Jaguars for this man called Stevens—and buy them by the middle of next month.

And this is why I am still eagerly watching the price of Jaguars. Yesterday they were 5. I am hoping that by the middle of next month they will be down to 1 again. But I find it difficult to remember sometimes which way I want them to go. This afternoon, for instance, when I saw they had risen to "Why, have you got some?"
"Yes, but they're no good. Have a I was quite excited for a moment;
I went out and bought some cigars on the strength of it. Then I remembered; and I came home and almost decided to sell the pianola. It is very confusing. You must see how very confusing it is.

Α. Λ. Μ.



REGGIE TOLD ME YOU WERE SO PRETTY.' Reggie's Fiancée. "No, I'm not pretty, so I have to try and be nice, and it's such a bore. Have you ever tried?"

#### A SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

A SUGGESTION was thrown out the other day at the Hull Congress for Women Workers that training for parentage was badly needed, and that, side by side with schools for mothers, there should be similar institutions for their husbands, to induce the latter to pay more attention to the development We are happy to of the coming race. say that this project has already been anticipated, as there exists a flourishing academy for male parents over at Child's Hill, where the middle-aged idea is taught to shoot by youthful professors. A glance at the following syllabus of Lectures for the Winter Session should reassure any infant who may be anxious about the correct upbringing of his progenitor.

Patriqulation Course.
"The Dawn of Intelligence"—or "Making Him Sit Up and Take Notice the Rising Generation." at 3 A.M.," with Gramophone Demonstration by Junior Members of the Staff. leven as day-parents, at the Academy in my arm, madam.

of Nurseries.

"Aids to Conversation," or Practice in the Three R's-ripping, rotten, and

"Tact and Back-Chat," or the Art of Deference to the Opinions of a Twelveyear-old—A series of Dialogues allowing the last-word-but-one to the Grown-up.

"The Problem of the Only Father, or "How a Spoilt Parent Should Restrain his Whims.'

"Pater Pan, or the Father who Wouldn't Grow Up."

"The Stern Papa, his Bank Balance, his Solemn Blessing, and his deplorable Habit of Disinheriting-a Warning to Heavy Fathers," illustrated by the Cinematograph.

"The Art of being a Super-dad," showing how a Father should recognise himself as a Superfluity in the View of

We think that a term's attendance,

"The Vatergarten"—Object-lessons | question, with such a stimulating series in Nature Study for Budding Owners of lectures, should produce results calculated to satisfy the most exacting filiusfamilias.

> From an account of a speech in The  $Fife\ Herald:$

> "Speaking of the gentleman whose death he had to propose, he knew that he had been regarded in Dundee as one of the most popular men in that city, a man who had become popular in the execution of his duty."

And this is his reward!

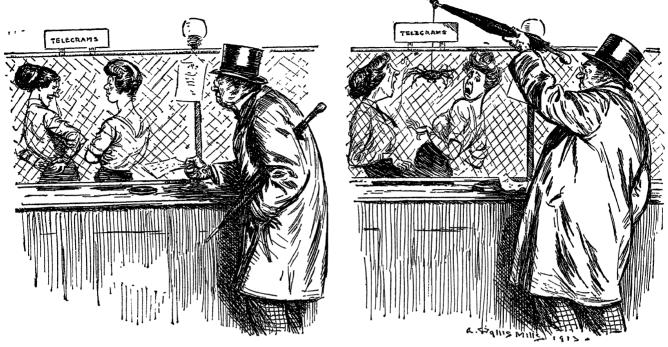
"At Manchester, in the professional handicap, Harry Lambert was in brilliant form, and after accounting for Latham, who conceded 15, defeated Bisque in the final, 6—1, 6-8, 5-7, 6-8."

Johannesturg Evening Chronicle.

Wait till he meets Dedans in the challenge round.

"The Lord Mayor of London remanded the accused, and assisted the wife out of the poor box."—Liverpool Evening Express.

The Lord Mayor (always polite). Take,



# INVENTION FOR ATTRACTING THE NOTICE OF POST-OFFICE LADIES.

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

#### MR. WALKER-PIONEER.

Full many a golden bard has sung How RALEIGH brought the weed That cheers (and sometimes burns the tongue).

And served a world-wide need; But not a star that ever shone Has cast one tiny ray upon Our Mr. WALKER (name of John), And his colossal deed.

For, grandly though Sir Walter strove, And matchless though his might, The fire he kindled never throve, Lacking the fuller light; His best disciple could but feel A need beyond the flint and steel; And WALKER 'twas that rose to heal This lamentable plight.

Yes, it was he whose ardent will Came nobly to the scratch; He whose indomitable skill Evolved, at length, the match; And, as the goodly tidings spread, Each earnest smoker rose and said, "Blessings on Mr. WALKER's head; This is indeed a catch.'

And soon, with that great victory won, For each that smoked before There bloomed, like flowers beneath the

Ten thousand, ay, and more, Who, revelling in the greater ease Of matches, not to say fuzees, Could light up even in a breeze That was the greatest score.

And we, from that surpassing start, Have risen to things supreme; For, with these growing numbers, Art Took Mixture for her theme, And, greatly toiling, in the end Arose to many a perfect blend, The least of which would far transcend Stout Raleigh's wildest dream.

Then let us, in these happy days, Brood gratefully hereon, And, as we strike the careless blaze, Reflect on him who's gone; Recall to whom we owe the flame, And, in a tumult of acclaim, Uplift the mild but honoured name plift the mind bus \_\_\_ Of Mr. Walker (John). Dum-Dum.

## HIEROGLYPHIC FICTION.

THERE are signs that the increasing tendency of people to bring actions for damages because their quite ordinary names have been made use of in novels or plays is getting on publishers' nerves.

Something will have to be done about it, and the only absolutely safe course is to dispense with names altogether. Surely our halfpenny press could set the example, in this way:-

OUR FEUILLETON.

"THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW." BY CYRUS PIFFELHEIMER.

(Special Notice.—All the characters appearing in this remarkable story are Amelia entirely unreal and not one of the inci- A bad beginning.

dents or situations described therein is taken from life.)

You can commence this absorbing serial at any time.

Start to-day and get it over.

This will help you:—

Synopsis

of the chief actors in this thrilling romance:-

- \* The All Star Heroine.
- O A retired Alderman, her father.
- ↑ A rising young airman, in love with \* but suspected of murdering
- ££ A Multi-millionaire found dead in Chapter II. by
  - A super-detective.
- P A mysterious adventuress with several pasts who plots with
  - ! An unspeakable bounder, to ruin ?.
- A nutty young nobleman in love with X, P, and
- resides with
  - △ Her mother.
  - A chauffeur.
  - A lift-boy.

"On Saturday last an interesting wedding was solemnized in the parish church, the contending parties being Charles -



# THE SORROWS OF HUERTA.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT. "WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

AMERICAN EAGLE. "THAT, SIR, IS ANOTHER STRONGLY-WORDED REMONSTRANCE."

MEXICAN PRESIDENT. "NO USE FOR IT. I HOPED IT WAS GOING TO BE AN ULTIMATUM."

[It is anticipated that a definite threat of armed intervention on the part of the United States would determine all factions in Mexico to unite in the common cause of national independence.]



He. "Tell me, why are you so distant to-day? Only vesterday in this very place we were getting on so well." She. "OH! THAT! THAT WAS FOR OUR CINEMATOGRAPH. DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU?"

#### SAMUEL THE SUPERCILIOUS.

Samuel lives at the top of Regent Street, close to a rather select post office. The first call I made upon him was at two in the morning. "Samuel, old thing," said I, "give us a stamp."
It is worth while remarking that, had

Samuel been a company promoter or a performing elephant, of neither of whom is it reasonable to ask a postage stamp at two in the morning, it would still have been discourteous on his part to throw my penny on the pavement. As I took pains to point out to him, he was there for the very business on which I approached him. Stamps were what he had to sell, and for two pins I would take his number. I concluded with the remark, possibly illadvised, that he was a Jack-in-uniform.

"Bent or battered coins," said Samuel, "will not be accepted." I picked my penny up and brushed it carefully. It was an old penny, worn

escape the public eye; your unfitness for the Civil Service shall be duly advertised, and for the present just you leave my pennies alone.

It was then that a policeman passed, so I went home and did not see Samuel till the following night. This time I fed him with the newest and thickest yet to discover whether it is my pennies and shiniest penny in Marylebone, he objects to, or myself, or if he is

which he promptly threw in the mud.
"That settles it," I said. "I report
you to-morrow. I should send off the complaint now if only I could get a stamp out of you. . . ."
"Can't you read?" asked Samuel in

a snappy tone. "The notice says plain enough that I'm empty."

Last Sunday night at half-past eleven —not, I think, an unreasonable hour— I paid Samuel my third visit. He was not looking so bright and perky as usual, so I determined to give him no loophole for rudeness; and, after wishing him a pleasant evening and lots of

"That's as may be," said Samuel with a sickly scowl; "but there's something the matter with me. I'm out of order, as you might have known if you'd troubled to look."

So the victory at present is with Samuel, the slot machine. And I have merely touting for half-crowns.

But if he is malingering (as I strongly suspect, for all his symptoms of disorder) and happens to be an insured person under the Act, let me point out to Samuel that one of the panel doctors for his district is a second cousin of mine.

At the moment of writing, the weather is not very appreciably colder, and we therefore continue to receive accounts of robins' nests in motor-bonnets, primroses by the river's brim, and gooseberries on Dartmoor. But the most poignant communication we have had with honest service, and bore the Order business, I produced a painfully red is from a husband in Chiswick. "I of the Ship and Lighthouse. This, as spectable penny (late Victorian) and wrote to you last week to say that in my I pointed out to Samuel, was a distinction and not a disability. "When you are old, Samuel," I said, "I will back to me. "Come, come," said I, form you that, from the same cause, no write things about you to the news- "you know very well there's nothing doubt, on Tuesday last my wife began papers. Your infirmities shall not the matter with it."

#### ANOTHER LAND GRIEVANCE.

I AM a small landowner. Wait one moment, please, before ordering me to the guillotine. I am also a victim of game-preservers. That ensures me a temporary reprieve, does it not?

Let me state my case—which by the life of the countryside is doomed. way has not yet been submitted to the

quiries. My humble estate of three acres is bounded on the north by the Marquis of Bungay, on the east by Sir Granville Toots, on the south and west by Lord Brockstones. I am surrounded by the best game preserves in England. Cabinet Ministers are always doing their best in my locality to diminish the deadly game plague. The crack of guns and the click of cameras are heard all day long. I make a small, but appreciable, addition to my income by charging wayleaves for Tatler snapshotters as they rush from one shooting party to another. I have spent much money on the cultivation of my land. Little patches of rye and barley are spread all over it, and it is encircled by a ring of mangolds. Till this season I have enjoyed excellent sport. The pheasants escaping from the battues around me congregated on my little haven of peace. I assure you that when I went shooting myself it was necessary to carry an umbrella to shield one from the falling birds.

But now, alas, these greedy game-kings have erected fences of wirenetting twenty feet high around their preserves. They have taken labourers from the productive work of

friendly visit. My melancholy mangolds their own greed. If all fails I must as he did so, "Sonny, I'm not taking stand unpecked—that is good blank verse, by the way. Base gamekeepers taunt me over the boundary as they go their rounds. And I have arranged my in-law of the People, and arrange for a Society's publications:annual shooting-party for next week. Suffragette demonstration on my estate. My tailor had promised to come. My Then, when every pheasant has fied from of hospitality will be there. And yet reply, "Too late—too late."

there will be no game unless they are lucky enough to bag a Tatler snapshotter.

Unless all the gamekeepers are taken from their usual work and set to raising food for the people the happy natural

Liberal, Unionist, or Labour land in- the Little Brother of the Poor, for help, and milk. On the other hand, the new



KEATS ON THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY. (With Variations.)

[President Woodnow Wilson and his Foreign Sceretary, Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.]

So, like stout CORTEZ, with spread-eagle eyes, He viewed the unpacific; and W. JEN. Gazed at his leader with a wild surmise, Chatty upon a peak in Darien.

tilling the soil and stationed them I appeal to Captain PRETYMAN, the the notes into the gutter, then, drawing take to violent measures, as most politi- any." cians seem to do nowadays. I will call in the aid of Mrs. PANKHURST, the Motherbootmaker had consented to set off a the district, the Marquis of Bungay, Sir battue against his bill. All my club Granville Toots, and Lord Brockstones hardly necessary, but it may be wel-acquaintances to whom I owe a debt will appeal for mercy, and I shall sternly

#### THE NEW CITY.

THE complete annihilation of Tam-Can such things be in free England? many Hall has had—pending its resurrection—an astonishing effect upon New York and its people. Boss MURPHY is in such a state of collapse that he cannot now take anything, excepting I appeal to the great Chancellor, his defeat and occasionally a little bread

> Mayor, Mr. John Mitchel. begins his term of office full of righteous enthusiasm: he has already instituted a pretty little custom of gathering his officials together at the beginning of the day's work and reading to them choice extracts from Longfellow, Emerson, and ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To the English visitor the alteration most apparent is that in the conduct of the police. "Constable," said a gentleman (obviously English, from his foreign accent and the shape of his boots) to a police inspector in Maddison Square, "will you be good enough to direct me to 174th Street?" For a moment or two the burly official was overcome, and could hardly restrain his feelings; but ultimately his better nature conquered, and, keeping his hands strictly behind him, he replied courteously, "Sure; go right on and you'll find it between 173rd Street and 175th Street.'

A touching story of the changed character of another police official comes from the Bowery district. A gambling-saloon keeper met him one evening, and with a cordial wink pressed a roll of greenbacks into the hand of the guardian of public morals. Shrinking back as if he had touched a viper, the policeman threw

round my borders to "hish" back any Big Brother of the Dukes, to save the his bludgeon, he felled the saloon-keeper pheasant which desires to pay me a aristocracy from the consequences of to the ground, saying firmly but kindly

From a notice of the Chemical

"Conversion of orthonitroamines into oxadiazoleoxides (Furazaneoxides):"

readers.



Publisher (to humorous artist who is showing him some "side-splitters"). "Are these humorous drawings?"

Artist. "Yes—er—" Publisher. "You do them for amusement, I suppose?" Artist. "Oh! no—I—"

Publisher. "Well, they don't amuse me either!"

#### THE DONGO.

A RHYME OF REVOLT.
(Vide Press passim.)

I sing the delectable Dongo,
The national dance of the Pongo,
Who dwell on the banks of the Congo.

#### Historical.

'Twas danced before great RHAMPSI-NITUS;

It horrified the Emperor Titus;
It soothed the last hours of St. Vitus;
It was the joy of Agrippina,
The Empress-Dowager of China,
Semiramis, Anacreon
And, just a little later on,
Jim Larkin and Augustus John;
But not, perhaps, of Annie Swan.

Geographical.

It cheers the natives of Gaboon; Tarantulates the mild Walloon; It makes the Englishman less rigid, The chilly Eskimo less frigid, And gives the boon of perfect manners To sons and daughters of meat-canners.

#### Therapeutic.

It cures club-feet, arthritis, mumps, Expels the doldrums and the dumps;

It dries up water on the brain; It brings delusion to the sane.

#### Economic.

It finds employment for the freak;
It makes poor Mrs. Grundy shriek;
It frees from their financial kinks
Owners of unfrequented rinks,
And causes their confiding friends
To thrill with hopes of dividends;
It fills, when other diet palls,
The restaurants and music-halls;
And even weans our golfing nuts
From prattling of their drives and putts.

#### Ethical.

It shows in an engaging shape
The antics of the human ape;
Inkslinging pedants it impels
To search for classic parallels;
And very nearly, but not quite,
Wins sympathy for Almroth Wright.
It spurs dilapidated satyrs
To tear stale passions into tatters;
It fires the measly amorist
To tell of kisses never kissed;
It turns the tea- or dinner-table
Into a bounding blithering babel;
Teaches photographers to blush
And floods the press with rancid gush

Revels triumphant in the void,

Till Reason's still small voice is drowned

In billows of insensate sound, And Drivel, sheer and unalloyed.

"We were 173 miles east of Belle Isle, and proceeding at very slow speed, when the officer on the look-out on the sternhead reported the presence of an iceberg, which was easily avoided."—Glasgow Herald.

A stern chase is a long chase, and most of these icebergs are under-engined.

From a local paper:—

"Taylor told how he concealed himself at night-time, and at an opportune moment fronted the defendant. He found two rabbits in his possession. Later on he picked up seven snakes."

It was a kindly act, for they had been bothering the defendant a good deal.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain on Home Rule:—

To tell of kisses never kissed;
It turns the tea- or dinner-table
Into a bounding blithering babel;
Teaches photographers to blush
And floods the press with rancid gush,

"Mr. Gladstone suddenly declared his conversion, and the bulk of the Liberal party... found salvation, and were baptised by quadrons and platoons."—Daily Telegraph.

The coloured gentlemen coming first.

### THE LAST SMOKE.

"I have made up my mind," I said.
"Absolutely and irrevocably?" said Francesca.

"Yes, absolutely and irrevocably."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, "because sometimes, when you've merely made up your mind, you've gone back on it, you know."

to that sort of thing."

"Don't they?" she said. "I know one that gives itself." "Francesca," I said, "we will not quibble any more. I want you to realise that I have made up my mind to

give up smoking." I paused to watch the effect of this announcement. Nothing happened. The clock went on ticking. The Pekinese dog continued to snore. Francesca smoking of my own free will and in my own way."

did not cease to sew. "Take your old cigarettes," she said; "I'm sure I don't did not cease to sew.

"I have decided to give up smoking," I repeated.

"Well," she said, "there's nothing in that."

"Nothing in that?" I cried. "The whole world is in it. Here am I, changing the entire course of my life, sacrificing something that is very dear to me, deciding to make myself absurd plain sewing and tell me there's nothing in it. It's enough to make a saint selfish."

"We won't worry about saints," she sa'd; "they don't

come into the questión."

"There you go again," I said; "you refuse to allow me the least little bit of credit."

"All I wished to point out was that this is the tenth time to my certain knowledge that you've decided to give up smoking."

"What of that?" I said. "If it's a good thing to do you can't do it too often. And, anyhow, the other nine times weren't nearly so strong and determined as this one.

This, Francesca, is the real thing."

"And that, I suppose, is why you are at this moment

smoking a cigarette.

"Francesca," I said, "you have an eagle eye. Nothing can escape you. I had not noticed—I mean, I lit it without—that is, it's my last cigarette. You wouldn't rob a man of his last cigarette, would you? Please look well at this cigarette before it's too late, for it is my last. You'll never see it again—unless I There—it 's gone. make it the last but one, and then it won't be the same, will it? Still, I think that's the best way. I really do want you to notice the whole of my definitely last cigarette so that you may some day tell the children all about it."
"No, you don't," said Francesca, and she seized the

cigarette box.
"Francesca," I said, "I am surprised at you. Is it kind, is it even ladylike, to pounce upon a gentleman's cigarettes at the very moment when he was about to bid them a last farewell?"

"I am defending the gentleman against himself," she said.

"But the gentleman doesn't want to be defended by you. He feels that you are not acting in accordance with the dictates of your better nature; that you're putting yourself forward; that in calmer moments you'll be sorry for what you're doing; that you ought to show greater confidence in his strength of will; that-

"You may say what you like," she said, "but you're not

going to have this box.

"Then," I said, "I will have your work-basket," and I removed it and her work from her side.

"I was hemming a handkerchief for you," she said.

"And I was going to smoke an absolutely final cigarette a couple of occasional tables in the bag.

solely to give you pleasure. How can a man give up smoking unless he smokes an absolutely final cigarette?'

"You've done that," she said.

"No," I said, "it was intended to be the last, but, when you refused to watch it, it became the last but one."

"We'll put off the last indefinitely," she said.
"Well," I said, "you can have your old work-basket back, and you can keep my cigarette box, and I'll give up "What strange language is this?" I said. "How can a smoking—not voluntarily, but under compulsion—under man go back on his mind? Minds do not lend themselves your compulsion, remember—and whenever I feel wretched about it and pine for a smoke and can't get it I shall put it all down to you.'

"I refuse to be intimidated," she said.

"I'm not intimidating you. I'm merely telling you what kind of a happy home we're going to have unless you give me back my cigarettes and allow me to give up

want them. Only don't you ever talk to me again about

the weakness of women."
"Francesca," I said, "you have done a noble action.
Observe, I take one—only one—cigarette out of the box. I close the box and push it away, for I have done with it extremely miserable, and you sit there doing a piece of for ever. I now light the one cigarette-puff-and there you are. I've given up smoking at last, and I've done it entirely for your sake-because you did want me to give it up, didn't you? You felt I was smoking too much, and you couldn't help trying to save me, could you? And now you 've saved me.

At this moment tea was announced.

"Come on," said Francesca cheerfully, "let's go into the drawing-room and give up afternoon tea for ever and ever, absolutely and finally. It's all ready.'

#### MAMMOTHS.

UP and down the high woods, up and down the low, Must 'a' gone a-hunting morts of years ago; When the beaver whistled, when the aurochs ran, Must 'a' been a-hunting when the world began.

For I half remember (tusk on kingly tusk) How I've seen the mammoths moving through the dusk, Mammoths all a-marching, terrible to see, Through an awful oak-wood glooming ghoulishly.

Shadows huge and hairy, as the day was done, Somehow I remember, walking one by one, Bulls grotesque and solemn pulling boughs in halves, Running 'neath their mothers little idiot calves.

Lumping through the oak-swamp, vast and dim and grey, I have watched the mammoths pass at dusk of day; Through the quaking hollow, through the tree-trunks stark,

Gleams of mighty ivory breaking up the dark.

That's the way I dream it, that's the way I know, Must 'a' gone a-hunting years and years ago, For I've seen the mammoths—'tisn't you that could— Moving like cathedrals through a dreadful wood.

"Smoking room contains a vast number of trophies of the chase, including buffalo horns, cane furniture, card and occasional tables, rocking chair, arm chairs, carpet, rugs, skins, brass ornaments, hassocks, ferns and palms in tubs."—Advt. in "East African Standard."

Only yesterday we followed the spoor of a hassock for some miles over Hampstead Heath, but at Golder's Green the beast winded us, and we had to return with nothing but



# THE RIFLE SUPERSEDED.

SIR,—Having read in a daily paper a statement to the effect that "Miss Emmy Destinn, the famous prima donna, conquered ten fierce lions with her voice at Babelsburg, near Berlin," I beg to send you a sketch, done by a friend, of a somewhat similar incident which occurred to me on my recent concert tour in East Africa, when unexpectedly encountering a troop of lions. The music employed was a selection from STRAUSS, sung in rag-time. But for a slight cold which affected my low notes I am confident that I could have bagged TONIO SPAGHETTI. the whole family

Royal Opera House, Mombasa.

# AN IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW.

influential journal requested the deputation of West End shopkeepers to be shown in.

They entered. They were dazzling in frock coats and tall hats, but a few of the younger bloods wore tweeds to show that they belonged to a new and more flexible generation.

"What can I do for you?" the

manager asked.

"It's like this," said the spokesman. "It is now November. What we want is that the public mind should be imbued as early as possible with the idea of the approach of Christmas."

"But surely we are all aware of

that?"

"Yes, but I do not refer to Christmas

purely as Christmas."

"Qua Christmas," put in one of the younger bloods who had been to a public school.

"Exactly," said the spokesman a And so on."

"Not Christmas little uncertainly. purely as Christmas, but Christmas as THE advertisement manager of the a season for the exercise of unwonted generosity.'

"But that is the general conception of it," said the manager, "is it not?"

"It may be, but we have reached a period in the world's development when one cannot say a thing too often or too emphatically.'

"Yes," said another of the younger bloods, "what we want is the importance of this Christmas generosity jolly well rubbed in, don't you know?

"Precisely," said the spokesman. "Now, a series of articles and reminders from you would do wonders for us. A paragraph here, a column there, pointing out that present-giving is to be more than ever fashionable.

"Yes," said another of the tweed suits, "a list of nobs seen yesterday in Bond Street and Piccadilly, don't you know? A word as to what Lord Lummey is giving the Marchioness of Milkshire.

"Because," said a fourth, "there's nothing that bucks up the ordinary ruck of people so much as knowing that they 're in a nutty movement. That 's what we want you to do. To keep on hammering away for the next few weeks at the Christmas-present rage. To make generosity the thing. Nothing It's quite easy."

"Will you?" asked the spokesman. "It might be done," said the manager,

"as it's not beyond the bounds of possi-

bility. But what . . .?

"Our society has plenty of funds," said the spokesman. "We wish to put

the thing on a commercial basis."
"Ah," said the manager, "then I daresay something may be done. After all, it is a season of friendliness and good cheer, is it not? Liberality should be rampant then, if ever it is. Good You will afternoon; good afternoon. hear from me very shortly."

So now, as this is a wholly impossible conversation, you will know

what not to expect.

#### AT THE PLAY.

"THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

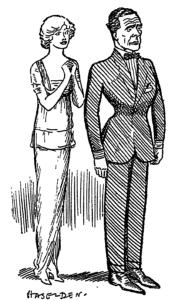
THE lady was both pursuer and pursued. The hero she was after (with an ingenuousness often found on the stage, and in this case said to be due to Alan Greame; the villain after her was elderly and repulsive Dodder for six five minutes after the ceremony; when, having presented her with a cheque-book, and told her that she had plenty of money of her own ("Bride-groom to Bride—a cheque-book"), John Dodder tried to kiss her. Indignantly Pamela jumped on her horse and rode away with the cheque-book. I suppose (though we are not told so definitely) she rode to the nearest bank, and I should much have liked to be present at the cashing of the ingenuous Pamela's first cheque—"Pay Me £1,000"—by the even more ingenuous bank manager. But no matter. The great thing was that she embarked with a suitable wardrobe for Honolulu, and on the boat met Alan Greame. Under the impression that she was a widow Alan made love to her, and under the impression that marriage ceremonies meant nothing (except perhaps chequebooks), Pamela made love to him. Of course, as soon as he heard of John Dodder he was all remorse; and in order not to compromise her-which was an expression Pamela did not understand - he escaped to Japan. Pamela followed. Again, in her ingenuousness, she offered herself to him; again, determined not to take advantage of it, he withstood her. They parted for ever; she shamed and angry, he miserable.

So far, excellent. The first two Acts make a delightful entertainment. Mr. C. B. FERNALD has provided Greame with an extraordinary number of good things to say, and no one can say them so effectively as Mr. Dennis Eadle, no one respond to them so charmingly as Miss Gladys Cooper. Mr. Fernald is a man of wit; I take off my hat to him. But in the last two Acts he becomes more serious, and reluctantly I put my hat on again. (I hate writing in a hat.

Act III. of this geographical play finds Pamela at Hong-Kong. She She may as well go there as anywhere now a widow (of course), follows him; else-particularly as her visit serves and there is a long scene in which, to introduce us to a delightful Chinese standing behind his sick chair, she depth."—T. P.'s Weekly.

is there too. You'll never guess why. He is starting on a Polar expedition: her upbringing in the back-blocks of America) was that pleasant waster, accidentally comes across Pamela, he own got back safely to seventy-two.

It is a pity that a play which beg throws the expedition overboard too, her newly-acquired husband, John and suggests that she should come to Dodder. Pamela had not met the Italy with him. However, Mr. FERNALD will have to get Italy into some other play, for Pamela refuses. Poor dear, wedded life was quite happy until her up in your arms, man, and carry



THE FAVOURITE "PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

Pamela (Miss Gladys Ccoper) to Alan Greame (Mr. Dennis Eadie). "O, Alan, I do so feel like fishing.'

her out." But the cold-blooded Pole explorer only stood and said sternly. "Once more, are you coming or are you not?" No wonder she hesitated. Even John Dodder could have wooed her better than that.

A poor Third Act; and the Fourth was as poor. It is three years later, and Alan, returning from the Polar Expedition where he had been "staggering along the sky-line with a comrade on his back" (these details never sound) impressive in a theatre), is dying in Canada of inanition. His pulse is only sixty when it really ought to be seventy. (I need hardly say that I In spite of the orthodox slit; immediately got out my watch and, as well as I could in the dark, tried to time my own pulse, which, to my I'm doing my best to be It. horror, seemed about fifty-five.) Pamela,

gentleman, Mr. Azooma Sheko; but pretends (with only an occasional disit is a shock to find that Greame guise of voice) to be his new nurse. Byand-by she tells him who she is, and then he jumps up and embraces her. and in order to come on in this Act he It is obvious that his pulse will now starts from the port to which Pamela get back to seventy . . . and I am has fled. By this time he has thrown glad to say that, with the lights on, my

It is a pity that a play which began so well should have ended so badly. The acting is good. Mr. Dennis Eadie does not make a passionate lover, but perhaps Alan could never have been that. In other respects he was excellent. years before their marriage, and she play, for Pamela refuses. Poor dear, that. In other respects he was excellent. had become his wife simply to escape she only wanted a little persuasion, and Miss GLADYS COOPER surprised me; from the back-blocks. However, their I was longing to shout to Alan, "Pick I had no idea that she could make such a true and pathetic figure of the Hong-Kong Pamela. She played beautifully throughout in a long and difficult part. I must say a word for Miss Aya Yamada, a charming little Japanese actress with nothing to say and a most attractive way of not saying it. Not quite nothing, though, for she had learnt a little English in the last two Acts and could make it sound entirely delightful. Having my hat still on I take it off again to Miss GLADYS COOPER; and once more to Mr. FERNALD's wit. I hope that one day it may play round a scenario more worthy of it.

#### A TRIER.

I'm only five foot and a bit; My name as a flapper was "Plumpie;" And, between you and me, I admit My shape's still a little bit stumpy; But oh! I've a passion For up-to-date fashion, And such is my craving for "chic" That I load up my figure With all that's de rigueur And pass in the crowd, with a kick.

My muff makes the other girls sulk, It's almost as big as myself: My furs are enormous in bulk, They stand from my chest like a shelf; But I leave them untied For fear they should hide My neck, in the lowest of V's, Unveiled by a fichu, And that 's why (a-tishu)

My hat covers most of my face, I only see out of one eye; My stockings are gossamer lace, My heels are prodigiously high; My skirt clings and tapers, Prohibiting capers In short, from shoe leather, To top-gallant feather,

I often give vent to a sneeze.

The Journalistic Touch. "Her breadth of mind was masculine in its



Customer (after completing purchase). "By the way, have you got a time-table I could look at? Antique Dealer (with air of gentle rebuke). "Not a modern one, Sir."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

reading of this book, Scott's Last Expedition, published in second volume no less than out of the first; there were gallant gentlemen who lived as well as gallant gentlemen who world. That story logins in November, 1910, and ends on March 29, 1912; and it is because, when you come to the end, you will have lived with Scott for sixteen months, that you will not be able to read the last pages without tears. That Message to the Public was heart-rending enough when it first came to us, but it was as the story of which, six months before he died, he used of the gallant gentleman who went with him, "Bill" Wilson. "Words must always fail me when I talk of him," he wrote; "I believe he really is the finest character I ever met— introduction." matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical, them with an excellent occasion for making his acquaintance.

intensely loyal, and quite unselfish." That is true of WILSON, if SCOTT says so, for he knew men; but most of it is also true of Scott himself. I have never met a more THERE is a "reading without tears," but it is not the beautiful character than that which is revealed unconsciously in these journals. His humanity, his courage, his two volumes by SMITH, ELDER. The first volume gives us faith, his steadfastness, above all, his simplicity, mark him the journals of Captain Scott; the second, the reports of the as a man among men. It is because of his simplicity that journeys of other members of the Expedition. There is his last message, the last entries in his diary, his last courage and strength and loyalty and love shining out of the letters, are of such undying beauty. The letter of consolation (and almost of apology) which, on the verge of death, he wrote to Mrs. Wilson, wife of the man dying at his died; but it is the story of Scott, told by himself, which side, may well be Scott's monument. He could have no will give the book a place among the great books of the finer. And he has raised a monument to those other gallant gentlemen who died-Wilson, Oates, Bowers, Evans. They are all drawn for us clearly by him in these pages; they stand out unmistakably. They too come to be friends of ours, their death is as noble and as heart-breaking. And there were gallant gentlemen, I said, who lived-you may read amazing stories of them. Indeed, it is a wonderful how a great hero fell that we read it; now it is just the tale of manliness that these two volumes tell us. I put tale of how a dear friend died. To have read this book them down now; but I have been for a few days in the is to have known Scott; and, if I were asked to describe company of the brave . . . and every hour with them has him, I think I should use some such words as those made me more proud for those who died and more humble

Few readers of Punch should at this date require an introduction to Mr. Anthony Deane, but if such there be the closer one gets to him the more there is to admire. I have here a volume of little papers brought together Every quality is so solid and dependable. Whatever the under the title of In My Study (Nisber) that will furnish last three words, was made to read: "Sir,-Having been look inhospitable. Or for five shillings you could secure historical portraits of men who played a part in this sad

the chatty and entertaining company of Mr. DEANE for the length of your journey. would be money well laid out. Not for nothing is the paper wrap-per of the book de-corated with a picture of an elderly gentleman in wig and luffles; the eighteenth-century flavour which should pertain to every good essay is very tastable in these pleasant compositions and the personality that they reveal.

In rare access of lucidity and forcefulness, GEORGE III. summed up in a sentence the character of (because always obse-

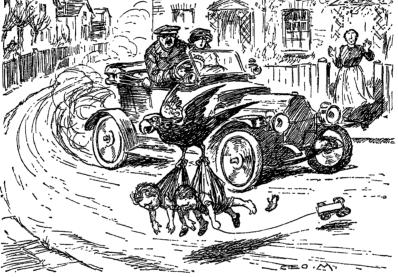
quious) Minister, Lord North. Majesty, "a man composed entirely of negative qualities, actuated in every instance by a desire of present ease at the risk of future difficulty." Mr. REGINALD Lucas, capping the King, includes him in an antithetical portrait. "The King," he writes, "is like a conscientious watch-dog, courageous, ready to resent any sign of insult. North may be compared to a peaceful well-disposed wether goaded into a reluctant ineffective attitude of self-defence." These shrewd appreciations so accurately and fully describe the personages named that his two portly volumes—Lord North, 1732-1792—just published by ARTHUR HUMPHREYS, seem almost superfluous. Nevertheless the reader endowed with leisure will find himself well rewarded by devoting it to a close study of them. Steeped in knowledge of the Georgian epoch, Mr. Lucas has produced a work that will have permanent value among English histories. If a fault may be hinted at, it is that so full is his wallet of biographical and critical scraps that he is inclined to be too generous in distributing them.

Having read every page of both volumes, there remains could survive nearly sixty years of the reign of George III., village life.

Those especially who like to see what a genial and cultivated | with intervals of the Regency of George, Prince of Wales. writer can make of a great variety of subjects will enjoy a dozen years of the Premiership of Lord North, with the these scholarly trifles. It was, I think, another kind of dean to whom our school books always used to refer as the "Witty Divine." At his best, this Deane is certainly well covered by the Ministry of Lord North was perhaps the worthy of the epithet, though his wit is perhaps more most disastrous in the history of "this Realm, this England." gentle than pungent—as indeed befits papers reprinted from The American Colonies had been stupidly driven into The Treasury. He has the eye of the expert for unconscious rebellion. With a mutinous army, a leaking fleet kept humour in others; though I am not quite sure that I believe manned by the agency of the press-gang, a starving populain the delicious quotation that he gives from a hand-book to tion breaking out in riot, England was, at the same time, oratory, which, by the omission of brackets enclosing the at war with France and Spain. For its guidance the country needed a man like Pitt; the King imposed upon it Lord North. In place of an eagle fluttered a pigeon. a lifelong Conservative or Liberal, according to circumit Lord North. In place of an eagle fluttered a pigeon. stances." I am afraid that this sounds almost too fortunate The only excuse for North was that he never sought the to be true. It is in a paper called "At a Railway post thrust upon him and was always whining confessions Bookstall"; and I can imagine few more suitable volumes of his hopeless incapacity to fulfil its duties. That is an to pick up there than this—the chapters are so short that explanation that can scarcely be accepted as a justification. you could master one entire before the attendant began to Mr. Lucas's volumes are illustrated with reproductions of

eighteenth-century drama. Amongst them is one of John Wilkes, painted by John Pine. The memory of WILKES is partly kept green by the fame of exceptional ugliness. He is here presented as a brightfaced, intellectual, almost handsome man.

Daniel Alway was quite the most obliging fellow I ever met, but also the most misguided. He regarded marriage solely as a means of assisting the opposite sex, and no sooner did he discover Polly Kay to be in trouble than he offered himself as a husband to get her out. Being of a less impulsively charitable disposition, I



"PARROT SAVES FAMILY."

THE MAN WHO DERIVES HIS NEWS SOLELY FROM THE CONTENTS BILLS MAY NOT his long-time favourite ALWAYS GET AT THE FACTS, BUT HE RECEIVES A STIMULUS TO HIS IMAGINATION.

"He is," said his almost wish that Polly had survived the wedding ceremony and lived for many years afterwards in order to prove to this impersonal and short-sighted enthusiast, and to others of his way of thinking (including possibly Mr. Algernon Gissing), how much the commonsense of ordinary selfishness is to be preferred to the folly of dispassionate altruism in such a case. There were four people involved in A Dinner of Herbs (F. V. White): Daniel, Polly, Weston, her seducer, and Agatha, the beloved of Daniel. Upon Number One discovering the plight of Number Two it was clearly desirable, as a first step at any rate, for him to question Number Three, with a horsewhip if necessary, as to his intentions before undertaking the burden of his sins and giving the go-by to Number Four. Weston's subsequent conduct shows that pressure would probably have induced him to do the proper thing; and you may be sure that Polly would have been happier with a brute, who had at least wronged her at the instance of a passion for herself, than as the lifelong wife of a cold-blooded hero who married her only from a sense of duty to human kind. However, by the intervention of Providence and the local sergeant of police, all in my mind marvel at the innate vitality of a nation that ended as it should; and here is an honest and happy tale of

#### CHARIVARIA.

from a Glasgow music-hall a salary of is not necessarily improper. £1,125 a week. We shall not be surprised if this leads to an agitation

resist a temptation which, must be very appealing to a comparatively poor man.

Said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Middlesbrough, "I am confining myself to the land." We must be thankful for small mercies. Fortunately Mr. Winston Churchill won't let him have the sea.

A thoughtful person, a great admirer of Lord CREWE, writes to suggest that Mr. CHURCHILL was guilty of a grave error in allowing The Empress of India to be shot at and destroyed the other day. The effect of this in our great Eastern dependency will, he declares, be deplorable.  $_{*}$   $_{*}$ 

Mr. ALAN OSTLER has been trying to discover the source whence the MAD Mullah obtains his arms. Some, he finds, are taken from the friendly tribes who are supplied by us with rifles. As tax-payers we would suggest that in future the War Office should place on each of these a distinctlyprinted label "Not to BE TAKEN."

Now that a precedent has been made, it is anticipated that many London boroughs will in the future choose men of colour for their Mayors, seeing that they show the

dirt so far less than the white kindwhich is quite a consideration in a city like ours:

Reading that Mr. ALFRED BUTT had last week "agreed to release Mile. GABY DESLYS" so that she could sail for America, a dear old lady remarked that she had no idea that the impudent little baggage had been sent to prison,

man are prophesying that the reign of the Tango will be extraordinarily short, Mr. HARRY LAUDER is to receive for it is being discovered that this dance

There is evidently still a considerable George in favour of his stipend being most persons as to the correct form of ance collided with a tram-car the other raised to enable the Chancellor to Tango. A friend of ours who, though day, and was thrown off by its cow-

Reports as to recruiting continue to be disappointing, and the London General Omnibus Company is still searching for a satisfactory life-guard.

There is no pleasing some people. A among the admirers of Mr. LLOYD amount of ignorance in the minds of dignified old gentleman of our acquaint-

catcher. He flew into a temper, and declared that he would far rather have been run over than chucked aside like a piece of dirt.

An account, in The Buckingham Express, of a football match winds up with the following words:-"The goal-keeper stood in commanding attitude in the centre of the goal as if he was Julius Cæsar, when that famous Roman commanded the waves to fall back. That kind of business didn't stop the ball, though." Even the ball knew better.

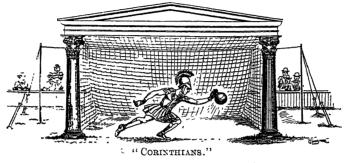
Criticism of our musichalls shows no signs of abating. A contemporary has now taken exception to a parade of corset models which is a feature of one of them. If this parade is anything like an illustrated advertisement of ladies' underclothing published by our contemporary in the same issue as the complaint, it certainly ought to be stopped. \* \*

It has been suggested that, with a view to the relief of traffic congestion in London, slow and heavy vehicles should be allowed in the streets at night only. After all, persons living on the main thoroughfares could, we suppose, if necessary, go to bed during

Among recent arrivals at the Zoo there is, if you please, a "Lion-faced Ape." Up to the present the news has been kept from the lions, as they are so touchy.

#### TO BRIGHTEN FOOTBALL.

(Appropriate designs for goal and costume of goal-keeper)







he had had no time to take lessons in the daytime instead of at night. the new dance, yet liked to be in the movement, went through his callisthenic exercises in the ball-room, the other evening, with the greatest success.

"GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP. THE REVIVAL OF THE CIRCUS; MR. SHAW'S NEW PLAYS."

Daily Express. and she hoped it would be a lesson to It started, of course, with Androcles and the Lion, but it seems rather a pity for Mr. Shaw to be carrying the Anyhow, he had better leave it to his Those who know their modern young menagerie idea still further.

"Asked if he would not do a lot to alter people's mids, the Chancellor said: 'Not as long as these people are going on like this.'" Standard.

friends the doctors.

### "THE LOVE LETTERS OF A DUCHESS."

AMAZING SELF-REVELATIONS.

By the courtesy of the Editor of The Tinglish Review we are enabled to present our readers with a few choice extracts from the next instalment of the Love Letters of the Duchess of Bilgewater now appearing in that fearless and exuberant periodical. It is the boast of the Editor that every article in his Review is true to its name —that it makes the reader "tingle with ecstatic spirituality." How nobly he fulfils this vaunt may be gathered from the subjoined extracts. We would gladly quote the entire instalment, did not the laws of copyright forbid. It should be explained that the Duchess of Bilgewater is the nom de guerre of a beautiful lady who has recently been sojourning in Egypt with her husband, and that the letters are addressed to a famous politician, detained in London by his Parliamentary duties, whose arrival she is shortly expecting.

"I am sitting, Beloved, in the pergola of the Pandemonium Hotel in my thinnest X-ray nainsook clothes, writing in our love book for you, gazing on the Pyramid of Cheops, the poinsettias and the bougainvilleas, while you, poor dearest, are toiling for your Party at by-elections, growing more grey and haggard with each speech. . . . Sometimes you assume an entirely boyish aspect, but when you are tired your face becomes strangely dimmed, and your raven hair seems silvered all over instead of only faintly touched with grey —a touch that perhaps contributes to the extreme distinction of your appearance and enhances your resemblance to George Alexander. . . . But, to return to flowers, the Lilium auratum is to me the most enthralling of all things that grow. Its scent is the most passionate thing I know, except the curve of your lips and your proud petulant nostrils. (You must come!)"

"HICHENS—you remember our going to see his Bella Donna together—is an impostor. He says that the Sphinx does not care. It is a base and horrible blasphemy. She cares deeply and tremendously for you and me. She O Chauffour of my Soul, and meditate has told me so, in a low muffled hand in hand upon holocausts of imhieratic whisper, and she is waiting in perial passions, whose most appalling a tense expectancy for your arrival on ebullitions are as naught when com-Sudan, and Archimandrite of Abyssinia. dearest. . . ."

"O mate of my heart, master of my medulla, captain of my cerebellum, I cannot live without you. Why did you let me go? . . . You must come; you must come; you must come; you must come. How I thank dear FILSON Young for teaching me the true use They are the only real of italics! intensifiers of emotion, the sparking plugs of passion, the accelerators of the human combustion engine! You! You!"

"Before you go, we must be in Cairo together. You must see the Pyramids by day and the Sphinx by moonlight, or perhaps I should say, the Minx by spoon-light, for I shall be with you. And we will take twin donkeys that will never want to leave each other's side, not twin screws, but real wild asses of the desert, with twin donkeyboys, little brown Bedouins, and we'll picnic on caviare and crème de Menthe and recite MATTHEW ARNOLDS "Mycerinus" in alternate lines to an accompaniment of twin tom-toms. Beloved, we will! . . .

"There are so many fascinating places to visit-Karnak and Luxor and Port Said. One day we will bathe in the Suez Canal, and another day we will motor to the Tombs of the Queens. We will take no dragoman, for I know it all by heart-AMENHOTEP and SETI and the Tarbooshes and the Khourbashes and the dahabeeyahs and the shadoofs and the scarabs and the Arabs. I will introduce you to them all, and I shall say to them in the lovely words of the Etruscan Phuphluns, 'Ulat tanalarezul, amavakar lauten weltheinasse, sthlafunas slelethcarriu!'"

#### LVI.

"Last night I dreamed of you, my Adored One, my soul's core, my Ikon! We were on horseback together, riding, ever riding! Suddenly you leaned over towards me and kissed my tall hat. How I shall love my hat after this!"

"There are still, Beloved, all. the Theban temples which I have not yet mentioned, but which you will find in Baedeker. These, too, we will visit, O Chauffour of my Soul, and meditate Gorgeous and Gargantuan Idol. Even have not a thing in common; the useful on a travelling coat.

children love you, though you hate children like black-beetles; and the servants adore you in spite of the unusual trouble you give. And I am sure your valet worships you idolatrouslyindeed I am furiously jealous of Louis. Oh to be your doormat, your pen-wiper, even your door-scraper or your hat-brush, you magnificent, Mephistophelean, marmoreal monster, you perfect and impenetrable Pipsqueak!"

"You are coming! You darling! You are actually coming. Yes! It's true! Coming! You! You! YOU! Everything has become gay. All the stars are singing, just as they do at music-halls. I am trembling like a blancmange. I sing a Te Deum day and night. It is an excerpt from a passionate Italic opera and goes like this: You are coming! You have bought your ticket, my beleved. You have engaged a state-room. You will be sea-sick, but you don't cure. You are coming nearer and nearer to Egypt every day. I wait for you here, I, queen of women, because you are my king. The moon is my cream cheese because you love me. The sun is my glow-worm.

The earth is my football!
"There, that's my Te Deum. I sing it all day and all night, and George is furious about it. But how can I help

it? You! You!"

#### The Larkin Ascending.

(Sung, to a Birrell-lirrel accompaniment, by a peaceful picketer, in praise of the hero of the Dublin strike.) Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained, Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained Without a break, without a fall . . . We want the key of his wild note . . . The song seraphically free Of taint of personality, So pure that it salutes the suns, The voice of one for millions."

From a letter in The Daily Sketch:-"Your correspondent who likens a man to a super-monkey, and impugns his morality seems to be ignorant that the greatest anatol mists and physiologists are unanimous in

GEORGE MEREDITH.

opinion that woman is less evolved from the monkey woman must be the better evolved from the monkey woman must be the better

At one time we quite thought the writer was going to say something rude about women, but the danger passed away.

"Perhaps that which calls for most comthese immemorial shores, to crown you Dictator of the Delta, Sovereign of the terribilità of my Love for You, you material and cut with long narrow labels." Paris Fashions.

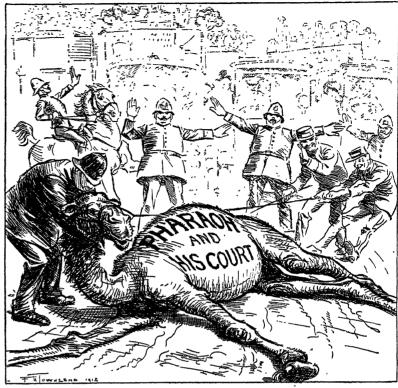
I am wearing my bluest tea-gown, my husband likes you, though you two The labels would, of course, be very



THE BRONCHO-BUSTER.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON. "I WONDER WHAT I DO NEXT."





WHY SHOULD NOT ACTORS, IN THE STRESS OF MODERN COMPETITION, DO THEIR OWN ADVERTISING?

THE PROTAGONISTS IN PHARAOH AND HIS COURT MIGHT STROLL THE WEST-END WITH THE NOW POPULAR ADVERTISEMENT-UMBRELIA.

While lesser members of the cast, with the title of the play painted on a prominent part of the person, might be trained to create a "block" at Piccadilly Circus and other favourable centres.

#### A NIGHTMARE OF THE UNDERGROUND.

I DREAMED a dreadful dream the other night;
I dreamed that I was on the Underground—
One of those mornings when you have to bite
The fog, not bolt it; horror grew around
Such as in marshy places men have found
Or Amazonian forests thick with vapours,
Where no fires gleam, but only wandering tapirs.

Glow'ring we sat. But oh, not all of us;
The gangways and the platforms at the ends
Were filled with careworn spirits dolorous
Striving to find the halter that suspends,
Who bat-like seized the shoulders of their friends,
Staggered and reeled in Dionysic poses,
Lit the wrong pipes and tended alien noses.

And many asked, when they beheld that rout,
What, in the name of Styx's ninefold rings,
The Company's directors were about
Not to foresee so blank a state of things,
And when the Lord of Darkness stretched his wings,
Why, for his sake, they did not put more blooming
Carriages on. Yes, most of us were fuming.

But I, I had a seat. Till suddenly
I saw an old man silver-haired and frail;
Not fit to take the tango's steps was he,
Much less to ride on that tempestuous rail.
Like a blown leaf he was, worn thin and pale,
For which the winds of Autumn chafe and chaffer,
So I politely rose and said, "Old gaffer,

Here, take my seat." I felt a kindly glow Suffuse my cheek, I felt my conscience warmed By service to his venerable woe;

Like a boy-scout, his day's good deed performed, I turned to join the shades that shrieked and swarmed,

While he, the old man, like a gale-tossed petal Squatted with grateful words upon my settle.

So far so good. But later, when in pain, Hurled to the door, escheated of my strap, I saw that antique buffer disentrain,

The guard saluted him; he touched his cap.

"Who's that?" I asked him. "Who is that old chap?"

"One of the Board," he said. . . . I howled with sorrow—

And woke, perspiring, to the mist-veiled morrow.

Our readers may remember that we called attention a little while ago to the alleged visit of Aviator Dancourt and Passenger Roux to Belfast on their way from Paris to Cairo. The Cork Constitution, in announcing their arrival at Bukharest, heads its paragraph "Cape to Cairo Flight." Aviator Dancourt's generosity in showing Passenger Roux all these interesting towns not strictly on the line of flight cannot be too highly praised.

"IMITATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.—By William Wordsworth."

Times Literary Supplement.

So far Wordsworth's imitation of it looks almost like the real thing.

### THE "S.P.H.G."

be safely asserted that in the course of a brief and apparently otiose existence Cousin George has done more than most of his contemporaries to augment the sum of human happiness. As the result of his persistent labours, light and laughter have invaded many of the earth's darkest and most desolate places, while innumerable lost and broken souls have found fresh comfort and courage in the contemplation of his facetious activities.

It is now some ten years since George was inspired with the brilliant notion of forming what he called a Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety, and it would be no idle boast to claim that during the whole of this happy decade the Society has fully earned the title so felicitously conferred upon it by my cousin at its inception. Like all successful institutions the S.P.H.G. (to give it its popular name) is controlled by a small and select committee, of which I am the Managing Secretary, while my cousin is the Vice-President, and to his aged

mother have been entrusted the duties of Honorary Treasurer. The fact that Mrs. Biffin is partially blind and with her office, since, although she is not too blind to sign cheques, she is sufficiently bedridden to be unable to spring across to the bank and stop their payment; her physical disabilities therefore qualify her in a peculiar degree for the important post to which she is annually and unanimously re-elected.

the by-laws and regulations of the Society are all framed with one object, whom we observed approaching in the "Excuse me," I remarked politely, namely to stimulate healthy human distance, we fixed him with a radiant "but I thought I ought to tell you. Society are all framed with one object,

may occur to individual tastes. living, would be as unjust as it is headquarters and carried out under yards of us he had made up his mind obviously discourteous. It may, indeed, the auspices of the S.P.H.G.



KEEN MOTORIST, TAKING HORSEBACK EXERCISE BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS, HAS MOMENTARY RELAPSE WHILE TRYING TO STEER ROUND CORNER.

George and I have always regarded cousin and I foresaw that we should publicity as an essential concomitant of day of every week to the claims of the Society, and on Monday morning last, when my cousin called for me at my club and we set off together down Pall Mall, I was in the proper frame of mind to carry out the harmless project It is not necessary to explain that that we had already carefully discussed.

Selecting the first innocent stranger laughter by any innocent means that smile, which increased in cordiality as Your hat has blown off."

The the space that separated us diminished. cruel hoax is taboo, and the vulgar We could see our victim vainly racking Every sincere and conscientious practical joke is actively discouraged. his brains to try to remember who on attempt to increase the gaiety of nations must merit the respect that all genuine philanthropic effort evokes. In practical joke is actively discordaged. The strange couple could be who earth the strange couple could be who seemed to know him so well, whom he did not recollect ever having previously The man who can make two smiles mustard, or gratuitously rings a fire laid eyes on. He must finally have grow where one grew before is rightly alarm, is at once requested to resign. come to the conclusion that he had entitled to be regarded as a public But almost every decent practical joke probably made our acquaintance on benefactor, and to label my cousin of any importance and originality suc-George Biffin a drone, simply because cessfully perpetrated during the last that his memory had played him false, he is under no necessity to work for a few years has been planned at the for by the time he was within ten to do what was apparently expected

of him, and his face lit up with a polite but somewhat nervous grin of recognition.

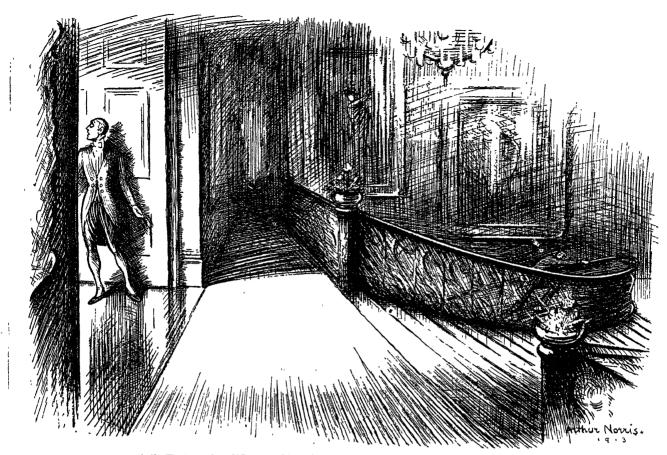
This was, of course, the signal for George and me to assume a look of frigid hostility, and, glaring ferociously at the unfortunate man, as though indignant at his impertinence, we passed him coldly by. It was pathetic to watch our victim's genial smile freeze upon his lips: and, when he looked round and saw us smiling at someone further up the street, he seemed inclined to kick himself with annoyance.

George and I repeated this process with different, strangers until we reached Trafalgar Square, buoyed up the while with the consciousness that we were supplying our various victims with stories to tell to their wives when they reached home, and thus infusing gaiety and colour into many an otherwise drab and dreary household.

A strong gale was blowing round the base of Nelson's Column, and, as we stationed ourselves at the breeziest corner of the plinth, my

not have long to wait before carrying Mrs. Biffin is partially blind and success, and in the crowded street we out the second part of our morning's completely bedridden detracts but find the most suitable arena for the programme. In less than ten minutes little from her consists to fulfill the little from her consists the fulfill the little from her consists to fulfill the little from her consists the little little from her capacity to fulfil the display of those mirth-provoking quali- a particularly violent gust of wind swept delicate financial functions associated ties which it is ever our ambition to down the square and, as we had hoped, cultivate and develop. It has long lifted the hat from an old gentleman's been our custom to devote one whole head and bore it gracefully away towards Charing Cross. Before its owner had time to start in pursuit I was at his elbow and had placed a delaying hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it?" he inquired pettishly, while the truant hat careered madly across the path of approaching omnibuses.



Agile Footman (candidate for Olympic sprinting honours). "Mr. Jenkins, m'lady,"

With a muttered oath the old gentleman shook me off, and was once more about to dart away in pursuit of his headgear when George stepped suddenly in front of him.

"What do you want?" roared the old gentleman, by this time completely upset.

forgive me for mentioning it, but I felt you would like to be told. The fact is, Sir, your—your hat has blown off."

At this moment a gallant policeman, risking his life in a worthy cause, succeeded in disentangling the elusive topper from the mudguard of a National Steam Car, and bore it towards us in a much battered but not irreparable condition; and if you could have seen the tears of joy that filled the eyes of hardened bus-conductors, the siniles that illumined the faces of weary bank-clerks on their way to work, as they listened to our old gentleman's views on the folly of well-meaning officiousness, you would have realised that our efforts had not been vain, and justice in the matter. Still, as you are that many a human being that day had good cause to bless the ceaseless activities of the Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety.

#### THE TERROR.

The Swankington Estate to Mr. John Smith.

Swankington Estate Office.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of his Grace the Duke of Swankington we beg to remind you that the lease under the "I beg your pardon," said George in terms of which you occupy premises his suavest tones. "I trust you will in Swank Street, W., granted by us twenty-one years ago, will expire on September 29th next, and we have to state that we shall be happy to renew it on the following very reasonable terms, viz.:

The rent to be increased by £1,200 per annum.

As you are aware, the value of the premises has greatly appreciated since your occupancy. The new stone face which you have added is an improvement which alone justifies us in asking this small additional sum in rent. Your installation of a modernised electric lighting system has also added so much to the value of the premises that we are not satisfied that we are doing ourselves an old tenant, we should wish to treat you as generously as possible.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. John Smith to the Swankington Estate Office.

DEAR SIRS,-I have received your letter and I'm going to tell LLOYD Yours faithfully, GEÓRGE. J. Šmith.

Telegram to "Smith, Swank Street, W."

Do nothing till you receive our letter.—Swankington Estate Office.

The Swankington Estate Office to Mr. John Smith.

SIR,—We beg respectfully to acknowledge your letter, and sincerely apologise to you if anything we said therein gave you cause for anxiety. Having carefully reconsidered your case, we have decided not only to remit the proposed increase but to reduce your rent by one-half. Hoping to learn that you are not proceeding to take the extreme step indicated in your letter, we beg to remain, Sir, Yours respectfully,

THE SVANKINGTON ESTATE OFFICE.

"An unpaced cycle ride of 27 miles 355 yards is the wonderful performance accomplished by M. Berthet at Paris recently."

Times of Ceylon. This is nothing. We once rode by ourselves from London to Brighton, a THE SWANKINGTON ESTATE OFFICE. distance of more than fifty miles.

# A BREATH OF LIFE.

This is the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. In its way

it is rather a pathetic story.

The comedy was called The Wooing of Winifred. It was written by an author whose name I forget; produced by the well-known and (as his pressagent has often told us) popular actormanager, Mr. Levinski; and played by (among others) that very charming young man, Prosper Vane - known locally as Alfred Briggs until he took to the stage. Prosper played the young hero, Dick Seaton, who was actually wooing Winifred. Mr. Levinski himself took the part of a middleaged man of the world with a slight tunity to tell the audience how in embonpoint; down in the programme as Sir Geoffrey Throssell, but fortunately lasting remorse, had kept him and some still Mr. Levinski. His opening words, as he came on, were, "Ah, Dick, I have the audience an interval in which to welcome him, while he felt in all his pockets for the letter. One can bow quite easily while feeling in one's pockets, and it is much more natural important speech in order to acknowledge any cheers. The realisation of this, by a dramatist, is what is called "stagecraft." In this case the audience could tell at once that the "technique' of the author (whose name unfortun-

ately I forget) was going to be all right. But perhaps I had better describe the whole play as shortly as possible. The theme—as one guessed from the title, even before the curtain rose—was the wooing of Winifred. In the First Act Dick proposed to Winifred and was refused by her, not from lack of love, but for fear lest she might spoil world a bit and knows life. his career, he being one of those big- Levinski, I need not say, was at his hearted men with a hip-pocket to best in this Act. whom the open spaces of the world call loudly; whereupon Mr. Levinski took Winifred on one side and told the audience how, when he had been a young man, some good woman had refused him for a similar reason a rotten play. I've got such a dashed know. and had been miserable ever since. Accordingly in the Second Act Winifred withdrew her refusal and offered to marry Dick, who declined to take advantage of her offer for fear that she was willing to marry him from pity rather than from love; whereupon Mr. Levinski took Dick on one side and told the audience how, when he had been a young man, he had refused to marry some good woman (a different one) for a similar reason, and had been broken-hearted ever afterwards. In the Third Act it really seemed as the stage? I thought actors never did though they were coming together at that." last; for at the beginning of it

told the audience a parable about silly part, and I'm fed up with it." a butterfly and a snap-dragon, which was both pretty and helpful, and caused several middle-aged ladies in the first and second rows of the upper circle to say, "What a nice man Mr. Levinski must be at home, dear!"—the purport disinclined for further conversation I of the allegory being to show that both left h:m. Dick and Winifred were being very silly, as indeed by this time everybody but the author was aware. Unfortunately at that moment a footman entered with a telegram for Miss Winifred, which announced that she had been left fifty thousand pounds by a dead uncle in Australia; and, although Mr. Levinski seized this fresh opporsimilar circumstances Pride, to his good woman (a third one) apart, nevertheless Dick held back once more, for a note for you somewhere," which gave fear lest he should be thought to be marrying her for her money. The curtain comes down as he says, "Good bye . . . Good ber-eye." But there is a Fourth Act, and in the Fourth Act Mr. Levinski has a splendid than stopping in the middle of an time. He tells the audience two parables—one about a dahlia and a sheep, which I couldn't quite follow-and three reminiscences of life in India; he brings together finally and for ever these hesitating lovers; and, best of all, he has a magnificent love-scene of his own with a pretty widow, in which we see, for the first time in the play, how love should really be made—not boyand - girl pretty - pretty love, but the deep emotion felt (and with occasional lapses of memory explained) by a middle-aged man with a slight embonpoint who has knocked about the

I met Prosper Vane at the club some ten days before the first night, and asked him how rehearsals were going.

"Oh, all right," he said. "But it's

silly part."

"From what you told me," I said,

"it sounded rather good."

"It's so dashed unnatural. For three whole Acts this girl and I are in love with each other, and we know we're in love with each other, and yet we simply fool about. She's a dashed I'd jolly soon-

"My dear Alfred," I protested, "you're not going to fall in love with the girl you have to fall in love with on

Mr. Levinski took them both aside and good advertisement. Anyway, it's a

"Yes, but do be reasonable. If Dick got engaged at once to Winifred what would happen to Levinski? He'd have nothing to do."

Prosper Vane grunted. As he seemed

The opening night came, and the usual distinguished and fashionable audience (including myself), such as habitually attends Mr. Levinski's first nights, settled down to enjoy itself. Two Acts went well. At the end of each Mr. Levinski came before the curtain and bowed to us, and we had the honour of clapping him loud and long. Then the Third Act began. . . .

Now this is how the Third Act ends—

Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (breaking the silence). Dick. you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't you—

won't you speak to me?

Dick. Wmifred, I—— (He gets up and walks round the room, his brow knotted, his right fist occasionally striking his left palm. Finally he comes to a stand in front of her.) Winifred, I— (He raises his arms slowly at right angles to h s body and lets them full heavily down again.) I can't. (In a low hoarse voice) 1—can't! (He stands for a moment with bent head; then with a jerk he pulls himself together.) Good-bye! (His hands go out to her, but he draws them back as if frightened to touch her. Nobly) Good ber-eye.

[He squares his shoulders and stands looking at the audience with his chin in the air; then with a shrug of utter despair, which would bring tears into the eyes of any young thing in the pit, he turns and with

bent head walks slowly out.

#### CURTAIN.

That is how the Third Act ends. I went to the dress rehearsal, and so I

How the accident happened I do not know. I suppose Prosper was nervous; I am sure he was very much in love. Anyhow, this is how, on that famous first-night, the Third Act onded :--

Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (breaking the silence). Dick, pretty girl, too, my boy. In real life you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't youwon't you speak to me?

Dick (jumping up). Winifred I—(with a great gulp) I LOVE YOU!!!

"They do sometimes; it's a dashed arms and carried her triumphantly off



THE FASHIONABLE AGE TO MARRY.

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT WE ARE ABLE TO RECORD THE CULMINATION OF A TENDER ROMANCE IN THE MARRIAGE, LAST WEEK, OF OUR DEPUTY SUB-ASSISTANT INK-MIXER (PENSIONER) TO OUR AUXILIARY CHAR (RETIRED).

the stage . . . and after a little natural hesitation the curtain came down.

::: Behind the scenes all was consternation. Mr. Levinski (absolutely furious) had a hasty consultation with the author (also furious), in the course of which they both saw that the Fourth Act as written was now an impossibility. Poor Prosper, who had almost immediately recovered his sanity, tremblingly suggested that Mr. Levinski should announce that, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Vane, the Fourth Act could not be given. Mr. Levinski was kind enough to consider this suggestion not entirely stupid; his own idea having been (very regretfully) to leave out the two parables and three reminiscences from India and concentrate on the love-scene with the widow.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Your plan is better. I will say you are ill. It is true; you are mad. To-morrow we will play it as it was written."
"You can't," said the author gloomily.

"The critics won't come till the Fourth Act, and they'll assume that the Third demanded that some entertainment Act ended as it did to-night. Fourth Act will seem all nonsense to them."

"True. And I was so good, so much myself, in that Act." He turned to Prosper. "You-fool!" he hissed.

author. "We might-

And then a gentleman in the gallery settled it from the front of the curtain. There was nothing in the programme friend Prosper Vane received no practo show that the play was in four Acts. "The Time is the present-day and the He had to be content with the hand Scene is in Sir Geoffrey Throssell's and heart of the lady who played town-house," was all it said. And the Winifred, and the fact that Mr. Levinski gentleman in the gallery, thinking it was all over, and being pleased with There was, in fact, a photograph in all the play and particularly with the the papers of Mr. Levinski doing it. realism of the last moment of it, shouted "Author!" And suddenly every-body else cried "Author! Author!" The play was ended.

I said that this was the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. But it turned out to be no tragedy at all. In the three Acts to which Prosper Vane had condemned it the play appealed to both critics and public; for the Fourth Act (as he recognised so clearly) was unnecessary, and would have spoilt the balance of it entirely. Best of all, the shortening of the play should be provided in front of it, and this enabled Mr. Levinski to introduce to the public Professor Wollabollacolla and Princess Collabollawolla, the famous exponents of the Bongo-Bongo, that fascinating Central African war

"Or there's another way," began the dance which was soon to be the rage of society. But though, as a result, the takings of the Box Office surpassed all Mr. Levinski's previous records, our tical acknowledgment of his services. was good enough to attend the wedding.

A. A. M.

TO CYNTHIA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ALMOST ANYTHING.

DEAR, when amid the babel. Raucous and insincere, That rules the dinner-table You whisper in my ear With breath so sweetly bated Words only meant for me, I feel myself translated To realms of chivalry.

Do you require a token Of such a love as mine? The many vows I've spoken My deeds shall underline. But though, as your defender, My very life I 'll yield, One thing I won't surrender— The walnut I 've just peeled.



Little Girl (fortissimo). "OH! LOOK, MOTHER, THERE'S A LIDY SELLING FURS."

### FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE Ape and I wrote the whole of the first number ourselves, but after that we used to take outside contributions, only of course we made chaps pay to get their things into the paper, except advertisements. We found we had to pay for them or we shouldn't have got any, and a paper looks rotten without advertisements. It was called Bilge, and it came out whenever we had enough money to pay the printer. Later on we got old Clarke—he's the Fourth Form master and he really was pretty decent about it-to guarantee the thing up to ten bob, and then we could go to press on the off-chance of selling enough copies to make up the amount. The Ape invented a splendid motto that was always put at the top of the front sheet: "What the Lower School thinks to-day the Sixth will think to-morrow."

He always put in a good deal of news, of course. When the Under Fifteen team played the Lunatic Asylum he had an account running to at least two columns; and then he used to put a rotten little paragraph in a corner called "Other Matches," just giving the scores of the First and Second. Of course that made them rather mad.

we got so much of it that we put up our prices; but I am not sure that we got the best stuff in that way, because, as I pointed out to the Ape, the chaps that have the most money aren't always the best poets. It doesn't follow, I

But the chief object of the paper was to show up abuses, which the Ape says is the highest mission of the Press.

One of the Ape's best ideas was his series of Character Studies of the Prefects. They used to make it sell like hot cakes sometimes. He called them "The Man of the Week," and they were supposed to be interviews. They were frightfully clever and sarcastic, but the Ape is an extraordinarily brainy chap. After a time the prefects hardly dared licked him he used to put in little snipey paragraphs about his batting average or his voice (if he was in the choir) or the colour of his hair. And then he often got licked again for cheek.

Of course the whole thing was suppressed at last. That's the worst of this place. They can't stand hearing the truth. The Ape had started a new column called "Things they do better in Other Schools." Of course he didn't know anything about other schools, but We had any amount of poetry, in fact that didn't bother him. And in one police-officer:"

number he showed up all sorts of things -the butter, which certainly had been putrid for weeks, and the clock in the tower of the Pav. that doesn't go, and a shirt of his that was lost in the wash, and the electric light in the Gimmy, and the chimney in the Fourth Form room, and the rotten supply of new fives balls; and the beastly uncomfortable seats in the chapel. I think that number would probably have finished us in any case, but it also had an Editorial which even I thought was a bit personal.

"Of course we don't wish to impute anything," it began (the Ape was always using "impute"), "but it is a coincidence that the whole of the funds of this newspaper, amounting at the to touch him, because if one of them time to 3s. 5d., should have disappeared on the same day on which Mr. Binks, our late Third Form master, sailed for America.

That finished it. The Ape will have

to try to think of something else.

From a Baboo letter received from an applicant who was selected for the Police Training School:

"Your honour is, I may say, the Hen of Benevolence. If your honour will consent to continue to sit upon this poor egg, there is great hope that it will hatch into efficient



# YORKSHIRE RELISH.

PRIME MINISTER (to CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP). "DISTRACT ME, PERCY; DISTRACT ME WITH SONGS OF KEIGHLEY; DO NOT FEAR TO OVERDO IT."



Our Host. "Before presenting the prizes to the winners I should like to remark on an interesting-SAY CURIOUS OCCURRENCE-AT THIS NUMBER FOUR, THE 'TEST OF SMELL,' TABLE. QUITE NINETY PER CENT. OF YOU MISTOOK THE PORT FOR METHYLATED SPIRIT, AND WHAT MAKES THIS MISTAKE SO REMARKABLE IS THAT IT'S THE VERY PORT YOU HAD AT DINNER.'

### BRANDY.

(A hill-man.)

GRIZZLED and stiff with his eight Decembers

The old dog hobbles across the yard, Eyes blood-shottten and red as embers, Coat worn thin and a face be-scarred; Poor old bandy dog, poor old Brandy

Full of battles and fights fought hard.

Time to sit in the cosy ingle? Time to curl on the roe-skin mat? Where the warrior dreams shall mingle Fox and otter and mountain-cat?

Torn ears cock to them, grim jaws lock to them

(Devil a doubt—you'd say—of that!).

"Passed your best," so the critic said

"Bit too old for the hill," said he; "Liked the looks of you" (to his credit, Captious Sassenach though he be);

That's his say of it, that's the way of it?

Cairns and crags where the snow-flake Only an eerie wind that rustles,

Coigns where the great hill-foxes grin, Hostile caves of a hundred worries-Take the terriers, huic them in;

Lithe and little dogs, keen and kittle dogs, Two twin devils that thrust and pin!

Hark, they're up to him, hot and deadly (Hark, and hear it, and hold your breath);

Yards below how the fight roars redly-Gallant Besom and little Beth: Hark the noise of 'em, hark the joys of

Battle, murder and sudden death!

Beat, though—out again, bristling, bleeding,

Lost him somehow (your young 'uns

Pick them up, they shall prove their breeding

Yet with many a cateran;

"Now, old pup, to him! in, and up to him!

Leu in, Brandy! leu in, old man!"

Let him climb to the cairns and Mute and murderous, in he bustles; Never a whimper boasts he's found;

Moans and moils as the flasks go round:

Dark and chill it is, on the hill it is, Yes, but the old dog's still to ground!

Out at last crawls the grim old savage, Red as ribbons from crest to pad;

One hill-robber no more shall ravage-Had the brush of him, eh, old lad? Lord, no fears o' you, eight hard years o' you;

Wouldn't 'a' left him 'less you had!

Grizzled and stiff with his long Decembers,

The old dog hirples adown the hill, Eyes blood-shotten and red as embers, Rumbling yet of the grip and kill;

Poor old Brandy dog, poor old bandy dog.

Worth the pick of the young 'uns still!

"Priest wanted January or earlier, through preferment. £180—£200. Graduate, single, active, good clear voice. Married if possible.'

Advt. in "Church Times."

For a single man we are afraid it is not possible.

# THE HAT-HUNTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,-I know you lunch. These facts do not escape me. name into Mr. Puncheon. I also know that you do it sometimes at the Inner eaten (this between you and him, in his effort to solve it.

the strictest confidence). Possibly your readers also lunch; but they do not all perform that feat in that Hall. . It is therefore necessary for me to explain that Templars who arrive in hats and remove them for luncheon purposes place them on a side table, unless they are lucky enough to secure one of the few pegs. Among these said Templars are, as often as not, myself and my friend Carr.

Any man can lunch, but it takes a genius to select his hat afterwards from a mass of some hundreds, the names of which, if they are there, it is next to impossible to read. Genius is a matter of instinct, and it is an instinct which all of us at the Temple, except Carr, possess. When he began the lunching habit, he used to manage the hat selection all right, because he carefully chose his spot to begin with, sat firmly opposite it to go on with, and for the rest concentrated his attention on it till the end, to the exclusion of a considered ordering and a proper enjoyment of his victuals. When we used to talk to him in

those days, we never got his undivided attention. I of all his fellow-lunchers him in conversation on this very subject of hats and he became so engrossed up. He would reverse the process. in describing his method of identificapast meal and looking inside every hat opposite that site, that he ever found another system. He would wait outit again.

That event alarmed Carr. He positively refused for a while to speak to and thin of the meal, sitting on, or even shall have to look it up, and I hate any of us between the doffing and the leaving before his appetite was appeared, doing that. donning of his hat. We took exception for the purpose of coming out with that to this and for a few days he lunched one. By this means he left it to that

person, noting the fact, chaffed him about it. "Hallo, old man! are things as busy with you as all that?". Carr I have even imagined your doing it to is very sensitive. The bare suspicion practices and to suggest the inference that he could only just snatch time for Temple Hall, and have actually seen lunch and none for removing hats, was you informing a bored and apathetic repugnant to him. He gave up trying clerk at the pay desk what you have to avoid the problem and returned to

> D Б.

"So, naturalists observe, a flea Hath smaller fleas that on him prey, And these have smaller still to bite 'em, And so proceed ad infinitum."—SWIFT.

A. UNITED KINGDOM B. IRELAND.

C. Ulster. D. Catholic Ulster.

He resorted to a number of different | Walk bare-headed and slightly damped place his own in their midst upside at last!" to bear that, he tried lunching else-where. Not being able to bear that,

with his hat on. But some casual one to find both the hats, since he had seen to it when he came in that both were together.

The other day he nearly had an accident. He informed Baxter, just before rhyme and bringing the matter to a of his deliberately keeping his hat on logical conclusion by amplifying your to identify himself with the brisker pending on him, for Baxter can, he says, always find his own hat on the unconscious impulse of the moment. But the responsibility of having to find two hats unmanned even Baxter, and as the two stood or fell together there must have been a double disaster but

for a bit of luck. "Ah!" said Carr to the also hatless and now nervous Baxter, "that's mine; I can tell it by the ribbon;" and he grabbed at a hat which, though it turned out to be Baxter's, nevertheless put him on the line of his own.

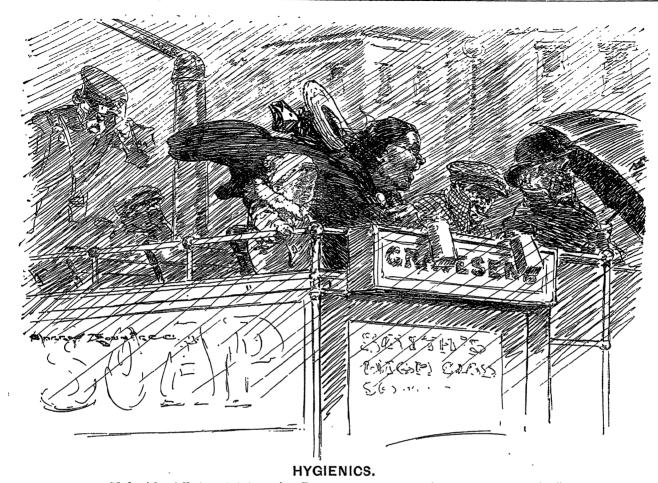
To-day Baxter told us about it at lunch, and placed Carr in another difficulty. He was at the moment relying on me; but to get up from the table with me now might be to make me aware of my responsibility and possibly lead to my bungling the affair. So he lay low and let me go out alone. Then, having closely watched my movements, he followed me, hoping for the best. Alas, it was a misplaced hope.

I am told that the sight of him walking helplessly up and down twenty feet of top-hats (four or six deep) was melancholy in the extreme. It must also, to those hat-owners who did not know the scrupulous and conscientious nature of Carr, have given ground for considerable anxiety. At any rate, I met him later, moving across King's Bench

devices. He would arrange a series of by the rain. He greeted me with the was the first to distract him. I engaged other people's hats upside down and remark, "My worst fears are realised

As he told me this, I felt glad that I, This failing by reason of the mutability at any rate, had secured a hat. Later tion that he forgot to carry it out. It was only by thinking backwards, by going without lunch. Not being able showed me that the hat I had was reminding himself of the site of his to bear that, he tried lunching else-Carr's. Sorry though I am about this, I am not going to tell Carr until he that could possibly be said to be he joined us once more, adopting yet has retrieved my hat, which (I hold) he has lost. Can you please (as between side Hall for one of us, go in with that barristers) tell me what is the law one, and stick to him through the thick bearing on the matter? Otherwise I

Yours very faithfully,... . INNER TEMPLAR.



Mother (cheerfully to perfect stranger). "This oughter blow the 'ooping corf art of 'im."

#### THE STAR TURN.

James and I do not think very much of Ermyntrude; we find it impossible to understand her parents' enthusiasm for one so small and, apparently, so imbecile. Of course we have not told them of our perplexity, but we have definitely stopped trying to teach the thing tricks.

We tried very hard; and I sometimes believe we came near success. James and I both say that it was only a matter of stage fright that our respective tricks wouldn't come off before an audience. But, after all, Ermyntrude has no business to be bothered with stage fright at her age three months, or half a year, or some

similar age common in babies. James had wagered that he would perfect Ermyntrude in his trick before I got her ready with mine.

His trick was throwing envelopes into a waste-paper basket; mine was simpler but more rational; it consisted

in life.

laugh part, but in other respects our the side of the chair; the stamp attracted rehearsals were perfect. James says her, and she sucked it until her parents the same of his, but, in view of Ermyn-summarily stopped play. James objected trude's performance on the day, I do to having his innings declared closed, not feel quite sure of James.

When the day came, everybody was there. Mr. and Mrs. Ermyntrude, with my bowler hat on my head. I Nancy—the only person who professes smiled; Ermyntrude smiled. I took off really to understand Ermyntrude—the hat and showed it to her; Ermyn-James and myself, brothers of Mr. trude held out her hands with an Ermyntrude, and, last and easily least, understanding glance. I placed the hat Ermyntrude.

James won the toss and elected to five shillings were as good as mine. ke first knock. The waste-paper Without a sound, but still smiling, take first knock. The waste-paper basket was brought and handed round; Ermyntrude leaned over and dropped after inspection it was deposited in my hat into the waste-paper basket. front of Ermyntrude. It struck me Then she laughed. that James had placed it in such a position that any envelope dropped must fall into it; but I said nothing.

He began with an ordinary envelope, Guardian: that had been through the post.

Ermyntrude received it gravely, took one look at the basket, turned to the disgraceful conduct."

Guttratian —

"The Committee may expel or suspend any member who may be guilty of honourable or disgraceful conduct." in her accepting my bowler hat and one look at the basket, turned to the disgraceful conduct."
putting her head in it. Then I would right and dropped the envelope over the The golden mean between these two take it off and she would make a sort side of her chair. He plied her with extremes is the salest on the Stock of noise which passes for a laugh an income-tax-return envelope; with a Exchange.

among people of Ermyntrude's station large manila at fourpence the packet; and with a stamped envelope as yet I could not get her quite sure of the unemployed. The first two went over but was over-ruled by a huge majority.

After a brief interval, I approached in them with every confidence. The

Clause 3, rule 16 of the Stock Exchange, according to The Manchester

# CONCERNING PHEASANTS.

THERE is not going to be anything about mangel-wurzels matters which do not, at first sight, seem to concern pheasants. Leaves, for instance. Everybody who goes out to shoot pheasants must be prepared with his little bit of leaf-lore. This is approximately how it goes:-

1st Gun. It's quite extraordinary how the leaves hang on this year. Standing in covert you can't see the birds

till they 're right on top of you.

2nd Gun. It's the same all over the country. I was shooting in Blankshire the day before yesterday and there was hardly a leaf off any of the trees.

1st Gun. It's these mild autumns that do the mischief. What we want is two or three nights of sharp frost and a gale of wind on the top of that.

2nd Gun. The weather isn't what it used to be.

1st Gun. No, you're right there.

So much for leaves. Next let us take the subject of luncheon. It is, I think, reasonably accurate to say that at 1.15 the thoughts of all the guns begin to turn irresistibly to the question of luncheon. Are we going to lunch after this beat, or is there—deadly notion—to be another beat before we are allowed to devote ourselves to eating? The keeper always wants just one more beat. The sportsmen always want to eat. A good luncheon puts even the worst shot on easy terms with himself. But what is a good luncheon? I answer without hesitation: Irish-stew is a good luncheon; so is hot-pot; so is beef-steak pudding or pie. A really good lunch must show a lot of steam, and the potatoes, whether peeled or in their jackets, must be large. Cold ham or tongue may come in as a second course, but the backbone of the luncheon must be hot-hot and steaming. And there should be tartlets (preferably with jam in them) to finish up with. It is hardly credible how much elderly sportsmen-I do not call them old, for in these days we must call no man old until he is dead-how much they relish jam tartlets. Battered men of the world, who might be supposed to have out-grown the delights of their boyhood, may be seen munching jam tartlets with evident satisfaction at any shooting-luncheon. By way of these sweets they return to a pristine simplicity of taste, and may be heard, while their mouths are clogged with strawberry jam, telling innocent little anecdotes about shooting-boots or gaiters, or the man who killed a rabbit and a woodcock with the same shot, or the special malignity of the pheasants in deciding to swerve instead of flying straight and giving an honest jam-eating gun a fair chance. Swerve in pheasants is an inexhaustible topic.

Another by-product of a shooting-luncheon (when it takes place in the keeper's cottage) is the discussion of the keeper's artistic taste. They all love to decorate their walls with cheap German coloured prints. Imagine a picture of a ferociously black-bearded and be-whiskered gentleman dandling on his knee a fair-haired, blue-eyed child in a sailor suit. In another the same or a similar gentleman is teaching the child his letters. The first picture is called "His Moter's Eyes" (the letter "h" coming after "t" is Teutonically neglected) and is intended to show that Blackbeard once had a beloved and blue-eyed wife for whom he is now in mourning. The second picture is, perhaps, entitled "In the Moter's Place" and indicates the same domestic tragedy. Now in real life, if the keeper chanced to meet Blackbeard, he would call him "a poor furriner," and despise him accordingly. Meeting him, however, through the medium of art, he is affected to the very depth of his honest velveteen soul, and learns lessons of hope and

consolation from the dreadful prints.

# A GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE-TOP.

THE light beneath the bushel was never popular with in these notes, though there will be remarks about other the disseminators of literature, but we have had to wait many years for such a desperate signed appeal as the publisher of a certain new work of sentiment has just put forth. It runs thus, except that the blanks represent the name of the book, and the name of the favour-asker is at the end:-

#### "A REQUEST.

- is a book with a spell, and it has an appeal so tender that it is difficult to read it without tears. Yet there is laughter in its pages, and to the despondent it contains a great lesson on the littleness of losing courage.

- radiates a nobility of spirit which seems all too rare to-day, and I hope that everyone who likes to spread the news that a good book has come into the world of literature will help me to make it

known."

Since few persons, not even the devisers of revues, are more imitative than advertising publishers, we now know what to expect. Something like this, for certain :-

### THIS CONCERNS YOU DEEPLY.

DEAR FRIEND,—I want you to know that I have just finished reading a book called ----, and I cannot rest until you and in fact all the world have read it too. It is nothing to me that I am also its publisher and shall not do badly out of it if it succeeds. The sole reason that I want you to read it is that it is a pure and tender evangel of joy, and it will make you feel better. Also it will here and there make you roar with laughter, just as this advertisement could never Yours in all good will, NASHILEIGH EVE.

That is the fairly thorough style which we may count on very shortly seeing. But there is something more snappy also to be done with a new book that has to be got down the public's throat at any cost. Thus:—

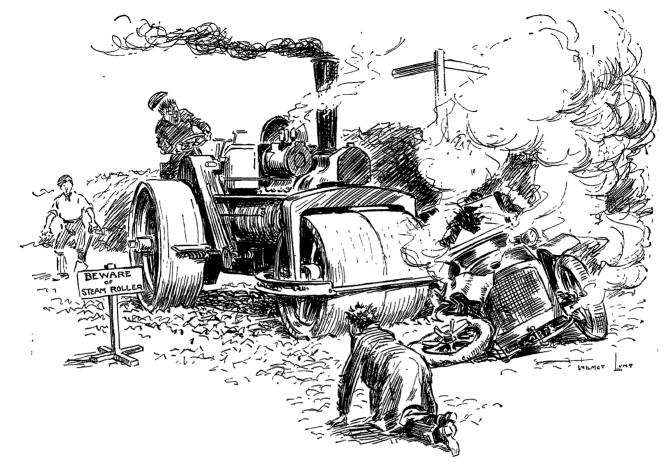
### HERE, YOU!

There's only one book worth reading at this moment and it is called —..... Now then? NEVELEIGH ASH.

Finally there is the really unctuous:-

#### HEART TO HEART.

My brethren, do you want to read the most exquisite and intimate story in the world? Do you want to weep and smile by turns and feel as though you were the darling of the gods, and the heir of the ages, and the pick of the basket, and the leader of the modern Athens all at once? Because if you do I have the very thing for you. It is called —; and I implore you to sing its praises near and far, talk about it at dinner, ask for it at every bookshop and bookstall, and generally make it boom, as I too am endeavouring to do. What does The Short Cham of Literature say about it in his Littery Letter? He says that the author "has, if I am not mistaken, produced an undying classic." And how can The Short Cham be mistaken? So I beseech you to let the book do you good, make you feel all nice inside, and force you to force it on others. ASHILEIGH NEVE.



Polite Motorist (after the accident). "I DO TRUST I HAVEN'T DAMAGED YOUR CHASSIS!"

## AGENT TRIUMPHANT.

Bill, and you, 'Erbert of the unkempt beard, Take each a spade and delve, until the earth Release this notice of a house to let (Or to be sold, perdie), while I uplift A lyric paan on the proud event.

They were many that came to view,
That came and that hastened away;
For the soil was so palpably clay,
and they spotted the place where the plaster peer

And they spotted the place where the plaster peeped through,
They saw that the woodwork was rotten,

They saw that the woodwork was rotten,
They saw that the banisters trembled,
They saw that the sink was forgotten,

They saw that the tiles of the hearths had been cheaply assembled.

The ideal was their evident vision, And they went in their wrath and derision.

Some of them noticed the range,
Some pulled the knobs off the doors,
Some put their feet through the floors,
Some of them thought that the paint had the mange,
Some saw the cracks in the ceiling,
Some of them looked for the larder,

Some said the papers were peeling, Some of them felt that the mortar might well have been harder;

And the house (it may be with some reason) Stayed empty from season to season.

Then, then came the greenhorn, the mug,
The about-to-be-married young man!
He saw nothing wrong with the plan,
He considered the dining-room "smallish but snug."

He considered the dining-room "smallish but snug,"
He asked not for wash-house or kitchen,
He accepted the coal-hole with gladness,
And lastly he did a thing which in

The eyes of his bride and his mother will simply seem madness:

He bought (on my recommendation) This house without their approbation.

Bill, and you, 'Erbert, have you dug it up,
That board which seemed so wedded to the soil?
Go, bear it tenderly to other scenes,
Chanting the while a song of holy joy:
"A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
An 'opeless ass 'as bought this bloomin' 'ouse."

### Mr. S. A. Mussabini in The Daily News:—

"There is a record somewhere—I fancy it was made by the late Scottish champion, J. G. Sala—of over seventy consecutive losers off the white ball, often described as a sheer wanton waste of billiard skill and energy. If he had been playing now the Italo-Scot would have known better than do such things. He would have saved his shots for the more prolific points raising cochineal dipped sphere."

In other words he would have scored off the red, but it would never do to say so.

# AT THE PLAY.

" MAGIC."

fairies, but the difficulty is to find conjurering most contumelious manner. anything to do which hasn't been done In revenge this Master of Magic exbefore. Yet here is Mr. CHESTERTON, hibits his Black Art, and one of his perin a trial enterprise on the stage, bring- formances—the turning of the colour ing the freshness of his own immortal of a doctor's lamp, half a mile away, childhood to Sir James Barrie's well- from red to blue—is so inexplicable that exploited field, and treating it as virgin the boy's intellect becomes unhinged. soil. And his sanguine faith in the Nothing can save him except to learn inexhaustibility of its treasures has how it was done. So the conjurer in-Perhaps the most been justified. charming feature of a delightful entertainment was the author's little speech at the end. With a modesty unusual in dramatic circles, Mr. CHESTERTON disclaimed all merit as a maker of words. His play he regarded as an amateur piece of work; he had no gift, he said, for composition, whether done for the columns of a paper or for the back of a postcard; but he did pride himself upon his opinions, and of these he was anxious for us to approve.

But with the best desire in the world to oblige him, it was impossible for us to determine which his own opinions were among the variety to which his characters gave vent. On the question of miracle and magic we were given choice of some half-a-dozen attitudes, including the clerical-orthodox, the assisted by Mr. Franklin Dyall, who blasphemously sceptical, the calmly scientific, the innocently credulous, the thickest of the argument never lost his devilishly supernatural; and the only solid satisfaction to be got out of this nothing without thought, and I can only medley of opinions (I speak for us other common people, and not for Sir remains rather stagey in his manner OLIVER LODGE, who sat there in his for good reasons of his own. stall, towering above us, body and spirit) came from the exponent of No. 5, who concluded that it was better to marry a concrete girl than to go on debating about the impalpable. Even this was row, he overtopped all other contemmeant the shattering of our faith in improbable of Graces. the credulous maiden who used to take her Irish temperament out into the Park after dark and talk with the spirit-folk. For it turned out that the largest of the fairies with whom she had consorted (returning from this him any less improbable, but he got communion with the rapt face of a great fun for us out of the Duke's inmystic) was not a real fairy, and that she had recognised him, all the time, for a man.

He is, in fact, no other than the conjurer (known as The Stranger) whom the girl's uncle (a duke) has commissioned "brighten things up." But he is no ordinary conjurer, for in the course of learning the tricks of his trade he has caught a few germs of the Black Art perhaps a stronger force to his argu-

and become clever enough to tell you, very blatantly, how everything is done, You can do almost anything with permits himself to behave towards the cause for what was really the result of moment. devilment, and so the sceptic is restored to sanity. Probably he was told that this changing of light upon a little disc at the back of the scenery had been arranged in collusion with the propertyman. Certainly that was my own unaided interpretation of the mystery.

Indeed, Mr. Chesterton's apparatus was quite simple and, though he may speak with disparagement of his play as the work of an amateur, there was true professional art in the way in which, without ever doing anything very magical, he kept his audience thrilled with the sense that there was magic in the atmosphere, and that something thrilling might happen at any moment. Here he was greatly played The Stranger, and even in the air of inscrutability. Mr. DYALL does suppose that so intelligent an actor

The old gentleman who lent his house and grounds for the purposes of the play was described as The Duke. I do not think this was because, like Welling-I can only strawberry-leaves, like wurzels, are in the air just now. Mr. FRED LEWIS, with his jolly rotundity, did not make consequent association of ideas and his habit of giving the same pecuniary support to the Pros and Antis of every

social movement.

The part of Dr. Grimthorpe fitted that irreproachable actor, Mr. WILLIAM to perform before the household and FARREN, as close as his own skin. As the Rev. Cyril Smith, Mr. O. P. Heggie's rather wooden and unemotional style, with its suspicion of provincialism, gave and can do the most uncanny feats. ments than if they had been coloured commercial apprenticeship in America, Still I could have wished that he had wrong place, all by myself.

where he has shed his faiths and illusions done better justice to the lesson he delivered from the Book of Job as an example of a magic more irrecoverable than the greatest of Biblical miracles.

Of the younger people Mr. LYONEL WATTS, though he was not quite the "little, little boy" of his description in the play, still seemed rather too juvenile for so fluent a command of blasphemy; and Miss Grace Croft, as his sister. did very little beyond looking intense and taking herself and Mr. CHESTERTON very seriously-except in a certain vents, for his private ear, a natural passage to which I shall refer in a

I think, by the way, that the little "Prelude" scene, with the gentlemanfairy talking spells in the moonlight, and the young girl hanging upon his unearthly wisdom, might well be omitted. The meagre information here given to us, chiefly touching the popular error as to the size of fairies, did not quite compensate for the long, long wait in darkness while the scene-shifters put up the Duke's interior. And, after all, we might have guessed that, for this night at least, the little people would be as large as life or larger; for is not Mr. CHESTERTON also among the fairies?

The audience on the first night seemed chiefly made up of superior people, concerned to show themselves connoisseurs of the Chestertonian manner. They laughed swiftly and knowingly when Mr. Shaw's name occurred. I hope I laughed in some of the right places, but I might easily have laughed once in a wrong one and so shocked my reverent neighbours. It was where the girl Patricia comes to the conjurer, in an agony of apprehension, to implore him to reveal the way in which he had done his lamp-trick; otherwise her brother was bound to go stark mad. "Instead not completely satisfactory, for it porary dukes, for he was the most of which" the conjurer proceeds to make love to her, and she to respond suppose that Mr. Chesterton must playfully. In her light-hearted oblivion have made him a duke simply because she prattles of domestic prospectshow, as his wife, she will darn his hat and cook his goldfish for dinner-and even goes so far as to make an old joke about poached rabbits. This joke, of course, was not the funny part. The funny part (undesigned) was the fact that the girl, in a spasm of self-interest, had totally mislaid her mission; had forgotten that, all the time while she was getting engaged and making little jests, there was her brother (we had heard his groans whenever the door opened) writhing on a bed of incipient imbecility.

I have just refreshed my memory of this remarkable passage by reference to the published version of the play. It improves on closer acquaintance, and The girl's young brother, fresh from a by gifts of refinement or fanaticism. this time I was free to laugh in the



"GEORGE, GEORGE! SAVE ME! IT'S RUNNING AWAY!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is strange, after so long an interval, to be shown once again the cruel and grotesque beauties of Mr. HARDY's world. In this collection of stories, A Changed Man (MACMILLAN), I have received the impression of life isolated and remote, sometimes sharply unreal, sometimes almost naively arranged for unhappiness, always arresting and provocative—that world that was, it seemed, finally a glance over his shoulder. "The Grave by the Handpost,"
"What the Shepherd Saw," "The Duke's Reappearance,"
betray this same glance. On Egdon, by night or day, anything may occur, and here, in these pages, wild desolation and primitive history have their overwhelming effect. It is finally the simplicity that remains; and, as always in Mr. HARDY's world, it is a simplicity that is huge and tragic but never artificial nor self-conscious. These tales were there before Mr. HARDY, and they of themselves chose him as their interpreter to the world; and very wise they

It is not often that the public-school novel (as opposed to the school story) has an original central idea. As a rule the author is content to take a small boy without any particular characteristics to distinguish him from other small boys, and describe his life at whatever public school Turley, in his latest work, A Band of Brothers (Heine- his story, but it is only the background; the salient events

MANN), has been more ambitious. He has hit on the excellent idea of making his hero the last of a super-athletic family. Mr. Rumbold had been a member of "one of the best elevens Granby ever had," and four of his sons had established such a Rumbold tradition at the school that, when Joe, the youngest, went there and began to show a disposition to be head of his form instead of a marvel at football, there was something more than mere consternation in the family; and only the discovery that this black sheep had the makings of an excellent long-distance runner preclosed with the tragic history of Jude the Obscure. The vented Mr. Rumbold from taking him away from Granby life that Mr. Hardy reveals has in it some of the unsuspilin disgrace. Eventually Joz displayed other gifts, so that cious credulity of a child. There are here old wives' tales on the last page we find him receiving from his father the about dukes and corpses, graves at the cross-roads, fair and unfaithful wives, that have about them a strangely simple trust and confidence. By kitchen fires on Egdon Heath send you there." To my mind, the best thing in an admirsuch tales have for many years been told, and the grand able book is the subtlety with which the characters of the reality of rocks and moor beyond the lighted windows gives the Duke and Alicia and the Dairymaid a spectral contrast yet it is quite easy to see that Pads is a thoroughly good that causes the narrator, in the full flood of his story, to fling sort, that Bingo has the worst kind of swelled head, and that Flip and Jumpy are so magnificent that they can hardly be treated as human beings at all. If Mr. Turley has a fault (which is very doubtful), it is that he is apt to allow his sense of caricature to run away with him. But, after all, it is not a serious fault, and it is certainly one of which other school story-writers with a sense of humour have been guilty. It should be unnecessary to add—but I do it for the benefit of any curious reader who does not know this best of school-chroniclers—that the Rumbold portraits come straight out of Mr. Turley's own head, and are not drawn from the members of any well-known athletic family.

After begging Mr. Eden Phillpotts to come out of his groove I should indeed be an ingrate if I did not thank him for the leap he makes in his new book, The Joy of Youth (CHAPMAN AND HALL); for he has left his Dartmoor rustics and landed rather plumpingly upon people of lineage and he, the author, happens to know best. Mr. Charles inherited traditions. Devonshire is still the background of

<sup>&</sup>quot;ALL RIGHT, DARLING; YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID. DON'T YOU SEE I'M GETTING DOWN TO HELP YOU?"

finds scope for much instruction and entertainment, but the erudition of the painter, Bertram Dangerfield, is overemphasised. His rival, Sir Ralegh Vane, Bart., talkedand was doubtless meant to talk—like a prig, but Dangerfield's long-windedness was often boring, and this could scarcely have been intended. Loveday Merton, however, was charmed by his conversation. Local influences may have had something to do with this, for no sooner had she reached Florence, where he had a studio, than she fell a victim to the spell of that bewitching city, and came to the conclusion that she had only just begun to Meanwhile Sir Ralegh, whom she was originally reach," and similar things. Before I was half through the exploits. Fairly sure from the beginning that she was the book I knew that the baronet would never marry Loveday daughter of Count Muri, and not of his steward, I was

if Mr. PHILLPOTTS could help it. For he deliberately mars his story in order to be unfair to the type. To make an Aunt Sally out of an aristocrat is too cheap an amusement for a novelist of his ability. Nevertheless, when all my complaints have been made, The Joy of Youth remains a pleasant guide to the treasures of Florence, and to the heart of a peculiarly attractive girl.

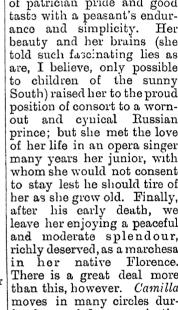
When a story with a title like The Irresistible Intruder (LANE) begins with the expected visit of a small boy to some quiet people in the country, and their fears that he is going to prove an unmitigated nuisance, you may be pretty safe in assuming that he will turn out to be nothing of the kind. Which of course is what happened. Publius, the

his instant subjugation of his host is followed by that of the reader. But it is not till later that you will relish the full significance of the book's title, and see that Publius was not the only irresistible boy whose arrival set a peaceful neighbourhood by the heels. Another, not carrying a strawhat and a Gladstone bag, but a pair of wings and a bowand-arrows, was certainly present upon the station platform when Publius introduced Bill Fennel to Mrs. Swift, his travelling companion. Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has in short written a love-story, and as captivating a one as I remember to have read this great while. Joan Swift was a youngish widow, pretty, appealing and moderately well off, who had come to Berwick Evias to lodge in the cottage of an old nurse. Naturally, Bill Fennel, who was the middle-aging squire of the place, fell in love with her at sight, the more so as there was another romance maturing at the time between his sister and a genial young neighbour. So the four of them, and that jolly Publius, had the time of their lives, till something happened. Of course, it had been bound to come. There was an occasional air of mystery about Joan Swift that foredoomed it from the first. And There will be trouble when he finds out.

have Italy for their immediate setting. Here the author I confess to having entertained an unworthy suspicion (unworthy in one who admires Mr. Caine's work as I do) that the unlamented Swift was going not to be dead after all. But the real blow was something both more original and more human. I don't think you would ever guess it.

I turned with the greatest excitement to hear The Truth about Camilla (Heinemann), for all that I knew previously about any lady of that name was comprised in the last fifteen lines of the seventh book of the Æneid; but from that brief account I had gathered that she was an extremely interesting, able and active young person. As a matter of fact, the triumphs of Miss GERTRUDE HALL's heroine lay engaged to marry, remained at home and wrote letters to in a different field and at a different date from those of her, in which he announced that "Providence, in Whom I | Turnus' Amazonian aide-de-camp, but none the less she trust absolutely, will order things for the best from a did not belie my hopes, and hardly for a moment of her standpoint veiled in clouds beyond the mind of man to career between the ages of nine and fifty did I weary of her "and similar things. Before I was half through the exploits. Fairly sure from the beginning that she was the

scarcely surprised at the engaging mixture she showed of patrician pride and good taste with a peasant's endurance and simplicity. Her beauty and her brains (she told such fascinating lies as are, I believe, only possible to children of the sunny South) raised her to the proud position of consort to a wornout and cynical Russian prince; but she met the love of her life in an opera singer many years her junior, with whom she would not consent to stay lest he should tire of her as she grew old. Finally, after his early death, we leave her enjoying a peaceful and moderate splendour, richly deserved, as a marchesa in her native Florence. There is a great deal more than this, however. Camilla moves in many circles during her varied career-in the





Policeman (investigating a burglary). "Now, IF YOU COULD ONLY TRACE THE OWNER OF THIS SHOE

Householder. "Well, do I look like a fairy prince?"

homely and freckled but altogether lovable little guest of the humble home of her youth, amidst the entourage of the Fennels, has not entered the story for ten minutes before famous American novelist, Mrs. Northmere, in the glittering world of Monte Carlo, and behind the scenes at the operabut in all of them with a light-footed agility almost rivalling that of her Volscian namesake, self-possessed, adequate and triumphantly facing the buffets of the world. I ought to add that Miss GERTRUDE HALL made me feel as if I had witnessed all these scenes and met all these people myself, and since I have not for a long time past come across a more vivid personality in fiction than that of Camilla I have every hope that the crowd of readers will overlook her numerous peccadillos and follow the rapid flight of her daring fortunes, as I did, attonitis inhians animis.

### The Martyr's Way.

If you would climb to PARNELL's throne, Prison's the place to make your mark in; The crown that once was REDMOND's own Now lies upon the crest of LARKIN.

"Clothes—Advertiser wants to sell her son's Clothes privately." Advt. in " Norwood Press."

### CHARIVARIA.

IT is denied that the KAISER has forbidden his officers to dance the Tango, the One-Step, and the Two-Step; but it is well known that he prefers the old-fashioned Goose-Step.

"Mexico Trams Jump" was a heading which caught our eye the other day in the financial column of The Star. This gives one some idea of the state of nerves that everyone and everything is in just now over there.

The Budapest Court of Appeal has sentenced an ex-member of the Hungarian Parliament to one month's imprisonment, and two others to two weeks' imprisonment, for throwing ink-pots at the PREMIER. It is clear that any usurpation of the right of journalists is very jealously watched in Hungary. عاد ماد

"It has been suggested," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL at a dinner last week, "that, when the London Post-Office telephone system is in full working order, we should have our hair cut by telephone." As a matter of fact we have already heard people who declare that they have been fleeced by it.

During the official round of inspection before the opening of the Autumn Salon in Paris, a study in the nude by a Dutch artist was adjudged to be perilous to the morals of Parisians, and the police had it removed forthwith. The sense of relief in Paris on the next day, when the citizens realised what a narrow escape their morals had had, is said to defy description.

The painting in question, we are told, was thrust into a dark cupboard. This sounds like the appropriate place for it if the cupboard was like Mother Hubbard's. \* \*

Excavations at Jericho, it transpires, prove that the walls of that city were not destroyed to the extent we were led to believe, and a great deal is being made of this fact. For ourselves, we think it would be well to let by-gones be by-gones.

- Free shows for the people are not so common that one should omit to draw attention to the fact that those starartistes, the Leonids, are now giving their clever vol plane performance early in the morning.

Preparations for amusement on a colossal scale, we read, are being made from one side of the street to the other. the rest of 'em."

for the Panama Exhibition. One of the attractions is to be a scenic repreto persuade Great Britain to lend Mr. | WEAPON." Justice Eve, and France Mme. Adam, in connection with this show.

\* \* \* With reference to the announcement that Mr. Seymour Hicks will probably bring Broadway Jones to the Prince of Wales' Theatre in January, the manager of the Strand Theatre would like it to



First Housebreaker (resting from his labours). "An" 'E SEZ TO ME, 'WHY DON'T YER JOIN THE SYMPERTHETIC STRIKE?" 'E SEZ. 'YUS,' SEZ I, 'THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I GOT TO LIVE. I CAN'T TAKE NO BLOOMING RISKS.'

be known that this friend of Mr. HICKS' is not one of "The Joneses."

7|5 7|1 2|5 "I spend £14,000 a year on my clothes," says Mlle. Gaby Deslys in The Patrician. So much for those The Patrician. So much for those Alice (on her return). "Aren't the persons who think she does not wear evenings drawing in?" enough!

Attention is once more being drawn in the Press to the danger of crossing the road in London, and a recent drawing by our Mr. Morrow leads us to ask the authorities seriously to consider whether it might not be possible to

"Three hundred and sixty mill girls came out on strike at Braintree vestersentation, entitled, "Creation," based day, and paraded the town singing on the first chapter of Genesis. An in rag-time." This should surely attempt, we understand, is to be made have been headed, "Strikers' New

> During his twenty-three years' service at Eye, Suffolk, the rate-collector, it is stated, has never had to issue a single summons against a ratepayer. Those who hold that miracles never happen nowadays would do well to remember this instance of a rate-collector getting the universal Glad Eye.

> A statement that live animals were shut up in the old battleship Empress of India during the recent firing exercises is officially denied. There was not even a single representative of a hostile naval Power on board. Could humanity go further?

### "SCAPE—SCAPE."

THE lawn is all with rime embossed, There must have been a touch of frost This fair effect contriving; But blue of cornflowers is the sea; The marsh is gold; it seems to me The snipe should be arriving.

The snipe 's a nimble little elf; His bill's as long as he himself; He dodges like the devil. I take my gun and look for him

Beside the ditch's silent brim And round the sea-girt level;

And there the bouncing Clumber pup Tempestuously puts him up-"Scape—Scape," he blithely carols; And so he does, before my eyes, Because I hate the way he flies, And miss with both my barrels.

"For sale as a Going Concert.—By Direction of Trustees. Valuable Leasehold Sawing and Turning Mills."

Adrt. in "Manchester Guardian." We have often heard them at work in an orchestra.

"Alice, do one sweet thing more, because it's Christmas morning. 'Come and watch the sunset round the corner.' "

Grand Magazine.

"Ten thousand! It rolls deliciously upon the tongue, a rich, a satisfying number. Pleasant its figures are to the eye; a picture of round achievement is in 10,000, five magic circles and the upright staff that has traced them."

"Evening News" (in case you hadn't guessed it). "Five magic circles be blowed," said train powerful birds to carry little the unpoetical compositor. "He's got children and old ladies and gentlemen to have four ovals and a comma, like

# THE SODA-WATER SIPHON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-I make no apology for addressing you on the subject of my Soda-Water Siphons, because you, Sir, are accountable for what I have gone through. You will recall that not a great many weeks ago you protested, by the pen of a contributor, against the reiteration on our Insurance Cards of the term, "The week commencing." Well, ever since I can remember I have been galled, Sir, and made sore and restive by the substitution, not only of "commence" for "begin," but of "assist" for "help,"
"sufficient" for "enough." etc., etc., etc., and, I may add, that my resentment is quite apart from a private annoyance. conviction that I pay for these popular refinements of my mother tongue when I pay the Education rate. You may I pay the Education rate. judge, then, how firm is my habit of self-suppression when I say that for more than seven years I have, without revolt, endured as light-handcompanion at my dinner table a Soda-Water Siphon bearing the inscription:-

THIS SYPHON IS THE PROPERTY OF JAMES WODDLE, . The Arcade Grocery,

WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

Your protest, Mr. Punch, Sir, fell like rain on the arid soil of my compliance; it was like leaven in the dough of my idle acquiescence. I burst into leaf. I rose, It was easy to decide that the proper thing to do was to write to my grocer. To speak to him would be to humiliate him in the presence of his new baconcutter. On the other hand, if I wrote, he could read and hide his blushes behind the little screened desk where (as I happen to know, for I once drew a cheque there) he uses a potato as a pincushion.

Having decided to write I simply took a pen and wrote, courteously being returned to you; that is only adopting his illiterate way of spelling fair and reasonable. What I object to, the word Siphon :-

"SIR,— Referring to your Soda-Water, I observe that the Syphons bear a printed notice to the effect that if the Syphon is not returned it 'will be charged half-a-crown." It is clearly impossible to exact a fine from a Soda-Water Syphon. Why not therefore Yours faithfully, alter the label? J. M. PABSLIP."

Mr. Woddle's reply came next day, skewered to a Stilton cheese with a pin. It was written on very thin paper with a very hard-pointed pen.

esteemed communication. I always for each Syphon lent by you. This is contemporary.

order to protect ourselves. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours, Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

I hastened to reply.

"DEAR SIR,—You have misread my letter. I quite agree that you must protect yourself against loss of your Syphons, but why not say on the label that I—the user—will be charged halfa-crown? You cannot possibly mean that the Syphon will be charged half-acrown. Pardon my writing to you on Yours faithfully, J. M. Pabslip."

By return of post I got Mr. Woddle's answer:-

"SIR,-I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I can only repeat that when Soda-Water Syphon's are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I have no intention of charging you for your Syphons. We used, at one time, to make this charge universally, but it was unpopular and we found it unnecessary with our large circle of customers among the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. At the same time we are bound to protect ourselves, and therefore put the notice on the Syphons to which you take exception. Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory and soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours, Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

I could not obviously let the matter rest there, so I sat down and laid myself out to settle the thing for good and all.

"My DEAR SIR," I wrote,-"Please do not misunderstand me. I fully realise that you must reimburse yourself in the event of your Syphons not being returned to you; that is only if I may say so, is that on the printed label you clearly state that the Syphons will be charged half-a-crown, and this is an absolute impossibility. If you read the label you will see that the relative 'which' refers to the Syphon. Surely this is clear. What you mean is that, if for any reason the user (myself, for instance) fails altogether, or unreasonably delays, to make due restitution of any Syphon or Syphons to you (the rightful owner), then you reserve the right, in the event of its not little is being done to avert that act." being returned in reasonable time, to exact from him (me, for instance) the Luckily the language of Shakspeare

charge the Syphons 2s. 6d. when not what you mean. Then why not say it? returned. We are obliged to do so in The continued publication year after year of a printed phrase which is blatantly ungrammatical can only tend to undermine our native tongue, and I submit that it is incumbent on you to do your duty to the public by revising Yours faithfully, the label. J. M. PABELIP."

> Woddle's amazing reply came with the bacon next morning:-

"SIR,—I am duly in receipt of your esteemed communication. I am surprised that a gentleman should continue to make complaints when a satisfactory this subject, but in point of fact the explanation has been offered. If my wording on the label causes me some Syphons are not returned they will be explanation has been offered. If my charged 2s. 6d. I put it on the labels so that gentlemen may know beforehand, and that's business. . I don't know why, after all the e years, a gentleman should object to my Soda-Water, which is the best made and same as always supplied. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours, Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

It was impossible to do more than I had done.' It also seemed unreasonable to go on ordering Soda-Water from Woddle. I had grounds for reconsidering this decision, however, when the rival Siphon was put on my table. The label ran as follows:—

THIS SYPHON IS THE PROPERTY OF CHARLES F. BINKS, Family Grocer, 19, Wool Street, AND WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

The italics are mine. Please, Mr. Punch, tell me what I ought to do next. Yours obediently, ---

J. M. PABSLIP.

"Mr. Hicks, yesterday, executed two flights upside down. . . . This afternoon Mr. Hiecks again went.up. . . . . During his experiments this afternoon Mr. Hucks flew head downwards."—Cork Examiner.

The blood seems to have rushed into his name.

"It is alleged that he stabbed a labourer on the cheek with a knife held in his hand.". Glasgow Evening Crtizen.

The good old-fashioned stroke with the knife held between the second and third toes of the left foot is losing favour.

Paisley Gazette.

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence and MILTON is in the safe hands of our



THE NEW ULYSSES.

"'COURAGE, HE SAID, AND POINTED TOWARD THE LAND."

THE LOTOS-EATERS.



Our Demon Tangoist (to fair stranger, to whom he has just been introduced). "What's doin'? What's doin'? Will you shout?" Demon Tangoist. "Nothin' doin', nothin' doin'. Shout again." Fair Stranger. "How about number fifteen?"

### IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

(Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Leo Maxse.)

Mr. WHITE. "This Government of political Gehazis-

was merely a leper, a liar and a thief. And you call yourself a Die-Hard!"

Mr. WHITE. "I am a Die-Hard. I die hard in The Express every Monday. a royal salute on the high seas, thus My blood will be shed in the last ditch harder.'

Mr. MAXSE. "You are not a Die-hard. You are a base, trimming mandarin. GEHAZI, indeed! GEHAZI would have A hanging! Why, many highly reblushed even to walk past Downing

Mr. WHITE. "I live in hopes of seeing Ananias Asquith swinging from a Downing Street lamp-post.

Mr. MAXSE. "Your humanity, Sir, is that of a coward. I live in hopes of seeing that disgraceful cur, whom you paltry, mean, squalid robber! Should grossly flatter by comparison with we not have his head off?" a not wholly worthless character like Ananias—I say I live in hopes of seeing him stamped under foot by the ness to traitors? These are times for herd of polluted swine he is leading to men to speak out, not to mince their an army of mealy-mouthed Moderates. a political Gehenna."

Herod who demands slaughtered hecatombs of Ulster's babes?

Mr. MAXSE. "If I am to continue conversing with you, Sir, I will endure no insults to HEROD. HEROD may Mr. MAXSE. "How dare you compare them to Gehazi, Sir? Gehazi any rate, he was never swayed by have had a trifle of inhumanity, but, at American dollars."

Mr. WHITE. "But what do you think of Churchill-Churchill, who took proclaiming himself a traitor to King the very last ditch. No one will die and country? Surely you agree with me that he would be none the worse have F. E. SMITHfor a hanging?"

Mr. MAXSE. "I disagree absolutely. spectable men have been hanged! I would have him impaled over an oilfurnace in one of those Dreadnoughts whose plans he has sold to Germany. Then, like his fellow-criminals, he will for once be dabbling in oil."

Mr. WHITE. "And McKENNA, the

Mr. MAXSE. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Coalitionist. Why this tenderwords. Beware of lukewarmness. As

Mr. WHITE. "And BIRRELL, the for the caitiff you mention, I would immerse him in a vat of boiling leeks and enjoy, as a patriot should, his coward howling."

Mr. WHITE. "Still, we shall agree on one point. We cannot differ about the Marconi saint?"

Mr. Maxse (gasping). "I need a new language. I cannot speak—I choke. (Converses violently in the deaf and dumb alphabet for ten minutes.) Now talk to me of some one pure and noble and disinterested."

Mr. White. "What a comfort we

Mr. Maxse. "That accursed Moderate! A man who dines with members of the Criminal Cabinet—whose speeches are all courtesies and honeyed compliments to the traitors!"

Mr. WHITE. "At any rate Lord WIL-LOUGHBY DE BROKE-

Mr. MAXSE. "Ah! There you have a man. Broke and myself are the Last of the Old Guard."

Mr. WHITE. "What about me?"

Mr. MAXSE: "BROKE and myself and not another to help! Would there were one more outspoken man of brain and heart. For such a one I would give

Mr. White (testily). "Good night."

### RHYMING SLANG.

"How's the bother and gawdfers?" I heard a porter in Covent Garden ask, by way of afterthought, loudly of a friend from whom he had just parted. "Right as rain," was the shouted reply; and I went on my way in a state of bewilderment as to what they pet animal, or a nickname for a mutual friend. In a higher commercial rank they might have been gold mines. Among soldiers they would have been officers. I asked a few acquaintances,

knows because he has had a varied career in both hemispheres, even to the navigation of tramp steamers, and is able and ready to talk with anyone. Conversational ease and naturalness in every class of life are pre-eminently his. He has seen some strange things too, including the hanging of women, and he has swapped stories with both STEVENSON and MARK TWAIN. To-day he is journalising in London; to-morrow he may be off again for where. That is my man.

"What are a bother and a gawdfer?"

"A wife and kid, of course," he said. ("Of course!" Think of saying "of course" there.)

I looked perplexed, and he added-"Rhyming slang, you know. Wife is 'bother and strife.' Kids are 'God merits. "Nut," for example, carries forbids.' And then, according to the rule, the rhyming word is eliminated and the others are the only ones used;" and we settled down to discuss this curious development of language and the Londoner's mania for calling nothing by its right name.

Some one said recently, when a member of the company had accused America of having no poetry, "What then is her slang?" And he was right, American slang is poetry, her poetry. It is descriptive, vivid and full of

passion for obliquity.

When an American is asked a question for which he has no answer, and he says, "Search me," he is emphasising in a striking and humorous way his total lack of information on that point. When he calls a very strong whisky "Tangle-foot," he indicates its peculiar were talking about. What was a properties in unmistakable fashion in bother and what a gawdfer? I could the briefest possible terms. When the properties in unmistakable fashion in think of nothing except possibly some same man sees a notoriously intellectual person and exclaims, "Another highbrow," he at once calls up a picture of SHAKSPEARE, Mr. HALL CAINE, Sir OLIVER LODGE, or some other domed cranium associated in our minds with but without any result, and so made a literary pursuits. His slang is essennote of the sentence and dismissed it tially pictorial. But when a Londoner In course of time I found him. He gawdfers," there may be a certain (so to speak) is the Derby, or Derby

only principle it has is a perverse | head is a lump of lead, a pillow is a weeping willow, and to sleep is to plough the deep. A certain bibulous and quarrelsome peer was told by a cabman that he hadn't been "first for a bubble." It was probably only too true: but what do you think it means? It means that he hadn't been First of October for a bubble and squeak: reduced to essentials, sober for a week.

All this and more my friend told me. Here are some anatomical terms. The face is the Chevy, from Chevy Chase; the nose is I suppose, this being one of the cases where the whole rhyme is always used; the brain is the once again, shortened to "once"; the eye is a mince, from mince pie; the hand is note of the sentence and dismissed it tially pictorial. But when a Londoner bag, from bag of sand; the arm the until the man who knows should arrive. asks another after his "bother and false, from false alarm. The cesophagus

Kell, from one Derby Kelly; the garment that covers it is the Charlie, from Charlie Prescott; but who these heroes were I have not discovered. A collar is an Oxford, from Oxford scholar. Nothing, you see, is gained by rhyming slang; no saving in time; and often indeed the slang term is longer than the real wo.d, as in tie, which is all me, from all me eye, and hat, which is this and that in full.

Your feet are your plates, from plates of meat; your boots are your daisies, from daisy

asinine funniness in the remark, but roots; your teeth are your Hampsteads, there is neither eleverness nor colour. from a northern common; money is He might as well have said wife and don't be, from don't be funny; the kids, whereas, when Americans use a fire is the Anna, from Anna Maria. slang word, it is because it is better | Whisky is I'm so, from I'm so frisky; beer is pig's ear in full; the waiter is the hot, from hot pertater; and so forth.

And these foolish synonyms are really used too, as you will find out with the greater ease if (as I did) you loiter in word, but it is not descriptive. In the Dolly. "In the Dolly?" you ask. Oh, if you want any more information let me give it: in the Garden—Covent

Garden, from Dolly Vardon.
But what I want now to know is of rhyming slang? Only this, that the the extent of the rhyming vocabulary Englishman should blush for it. The and the process by which new words silliness of it is abysmal. Look at this are added to it. Supposing, for example, sentence: "So I took a flounder to the it was felt that Mr. Bernard Shaw had to be referred to in rhyming slang, who would decide that he was to be images. But no such certificate can normal remark in any public bar. It known as, say, Holdyer, from hold yer be given to rhyming slang, which is means that the speaker went home in jaw? Who would invent that term without any reason at all and, after the a cab and was quickly asleep. Why? and how would it gain currency? That rule referred to above has been put in Because a cab is a flounder and dab; question my friend could not answer. operation, without rhyme too. The one's home is the Pope of Rome; a Is there not some sociologist who can?



Super-Cargo (with delight). "I SAY, THESE CROSS-MARKS ON THE ROAD MAP may be off again for Don't mean secondary or BAD, only very floturesque, so we can let her 'Frisco, Sydney, any- RIP." (They do, as usual.)

than the other word.

Ordinary London slang has few no picture with it. Nor does it explain itself. "Swank" happens to be a good American slang every phrase, like the advertisement pictures, "tells a story."

But if we condemn ordinary London slang for its dulness, what shall we say pope, laid my lump on the weeping, and did a plough." That is quite a

### A LAPSE IN ART.

(The photographic smile is going out of fashion. A sleepy look is said to be taking its place.)

I READ it on the printed page; It stood out sharp as fate, That that wide smile, so long the rage With ladies of the lighter stage, Is doomed and out of date.

Those steady lips that served to show Twin rows of glittering white, The canines well exposed, as though The artist meant to put below, "Be careful, for I bite,"

Henceforth, if what men say is truth, Are wholly banned and barred; Of all I've loved from early youth There will not be a single tooth On any picture card.

My comrades charge me not to weep; For, tho' the smile be doomed, In place thereof a look of deep And calmly idiotic sleep Even now is being boomed.

But how could such a thing atone To my distracted heart? 'Tis worse. I do not sigh alone For that long smirk so tried and known; I mourn the fall of Art.

For lack of truth I hold a sin Of infinite degree; There was some colour for the grin; But where the sleepy look comes in Is one too much for me.

Nay, judging by the strenuous way In which these damsels make Their noble matches, one would say That, far from being sleepy, they Are very wide awake.

DUM-DUM.

# THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

THERE was once a man who went twenty-three times to the performance of Peter Pan, and was inspired thereby with a belief in fairies. He confessed his belief openly and vowed to devote his life to proving its truth. He himself would find a fairy.

And to this end he cut himself off from the world, and dwelt in woodland ways still untouched by hoardings blatant with the praise of petrol. Until at last, by great good hap, he found the frontier of Fairyland, and was called upon to display his luggage for inspection. ·

"Nothing to declare," he announced boldly; but his word was not deemed search. Not that this troubled him, pay the heaviest duty upon it; for he Shall we never hear the last of this for his conscience was clear. In fact, realised that the thought had become Tango business?



Counsel. "Now tell m'lud and gentlemen of the jury what was the defendant's CONDITION WHEN IN YOUR BAR.

Witness. "Well, Sib, I should say 'fresh but servable."

as his spiritual equipment was unpacked he was very proud of it.

"What is this?" demanded the Customs officer suddenly, and the man had to confess that he did not know. He was dimly conscious of possessing the thing, but that was all, and so it had to be examined. And lo! it proved to be a little thought, the thought that his ability to believe in fairies raised him above his fellows. A little thought, hidden away right at the back of his mind, but it was enough. The fairy regarded it sadly and shook his head.

"That sort of pride," he said, "has ever been contraband in our country. You must leave it outside.

But the man demurred, offering to

a living part of himself, even as his fingers and toes. He had been but vaguely aware of it, but now he felt that life without it would be a joyless

"What," he asked plaintively, "is the good of believing in fairies, if it does not make one a superior person?"

But the fairy inspector was adamant. "Either you cast that aside, or you go," he said.

And the man went.

"To-night and every evening:

GRAND SOCIETY CIRCUS The most remarkable collection of trained animals ever seen in London. Advt. in " Evening News."

# OUR ANNUAL MASSACRE.

Major Hertingfordbury telegraphed: "Delighted. Will 1,000 cartridges be enough?'

To which I replied: "Thanks very much. Will last me nicely for season." Jim sent a post-card: "Right. Sup-

pose it's going to be like last year.

Lunch at 1.0?

The weather was excellent. So was the lunch. I pointed out that they should make the most of what might prove easily the best feature of the day, and we got off about 2.30 P.M. Jarge, the under the stile into the meadow; they gardener, scraped his boots on a spade, slung the potato-sack—I should say, game-bag-over his shoulder, whistled made a wide circle, shied at the sidings, to Spider, and followed us as soon as his pipe was well alight. Jim stared at the dog in an extremely offensive

manner, but said nothing.

Any idea of walking the rough field in line for a rabbit was frustrated by the spaniel. I had left strict orders for him to be taken a long walk in the morning and, if possible, to be thoroughly tired out; but the brute had kept a good bit in hand, and we were all well blown before we got him on a lead. This delay gave time for a missed it. The spaniel barked himself maid from the house to catch us up free and plunged into the chase with with the news that the men had finished all the pent-up ardour of the last two A cap to save his ears at need cleaning out the ashpit and would like hours. His idea seemed to be that if to see the master before they went. I sent a verbal honorarium, pulled the shoot together, and started off again. We spread out through the allotments, the occupants courteously ceasing work a porpoise at play, he leaped on before to note our passage, and entered the our outraged eyes and raucous voices. stubble.

There was a great deal of stubble, acres and acres of it, with only one precious patch of roots into which we hoped to chivvy the birds-when found. We walked and walked; had a no more. breather; walked again, and at last found us a fraction of a second sooner than we did them and hopped over a hedge. We nipped round and chivvied cautiously up wind. I was afraid that Spider's breathing as he bore on the leash would put them up. We breasted rising ground and saw them. They saw us, too, and began running towards the station-sidings, where we had lost them last time. Jim and I doubled back and round to cut them off. An engine shrieked and the birds got up wide to swing round behind us . . . down with a turn of wing in the far meadow. The first chivvy was a failure.

At this point Major Hertingfordbury tended driving at all, as, if not, his without opening."

man could take his second gun and his stick back to the house and see to a few details on the car. Jim said the birds were a bit wild, but how would it be now to send Jarge well round behind them, casual like, to push 'em back on to our ground, we keeping low in the ditch? Jarge said that, knowing | So long as Poms and Pekingese Grierson's cowman, he thought it might be done and that without offence, if anyone would take on Spider for a bit and the light held up.

It worked all right. The covey winded him the moment he crept seemed thoroughly roused now and got up squawking their loudest. and finally settled in the roots. It was the moment of the afternoon. Jarge returned breathless and beaming. There was no time to shake hands. We gave Spider back to him; then, the Major in the centre, Jim and I on the flanks, pale, grim, and at the ready, we stole up. The swedes were high,

our hopes higher. . .

I still think we might have got them but for sheer bad luck. Jarge trod on a rabbit, hit at it with his stick, and down hard enough, listening for a moment between whiles, he might stun something before it could escape. Like Well out of shot, sudden as pantomime demons, the birds rose around him. Far down the valley they skimmedwere seen as specks against the setting sun as they rose to the river . . . then

We filled our pipes and walked home came upon them. A covey of thirteen, in silence. As I stopped behind to close all full-feathered in the wing, strong in the gate there was a pattering of feet, the leg and keen-eyed. Unluckily they and out of the darkness came Spider. In his mouth was a rabbit. It just saved us from a blank day.

> One hesitates to accuse any class of men of cowardice, but the following extract from The Post Office Guide | He prances at his master's side seems to point at least to vicarious timidity on the part of our postal officials:-"Packets containing liquids, greasy substances, or live bees can be I think quite adequitely gowned sent to countries in the Postal Union. They must be made up so that they can be easily opened for purposes of inenclosed in boxes so constructed as to Perhaps the marriage would have been

### GOOD NEWS FOR RUPERT.

(Suggested by an inspiriting paragraph upon a recent exhibition which stated that a reaction against luxurious and effeminate apparel for toy-dogs had

And lordlier tykes, mayhap, than these Would go to Bond Street tailors, And every day adown the road One saw exotic reptiles towed In fancy suitings à la mode And Homburg hats or "sailors,"

I also did my humble best They To have my Irish terrier dressed In fairly decent clothing, Lest some proud darling on a chain, Attached to Beauty's chatelaine, Should point the forepaw of disdain And flout him as a low thing.

> I could not give him patent boots, Nor all the gear of hats and suits, That made these playthings too pert: But what my humble means allowed (I may be poor, but I am proud), That none might scorn him in the crowd. I freely gave to Rupert.

A thickish coat of homespun tweed, From that brute of the vicar's. he only jumped high enough and came | Large-brimmed, because he fights with

> Two pairs of purple-coloured spats To guard him from the bites of rats, And two of football knickers.

Yes, that was all. Yet I may say He jibbed at even this display, He simply loathed his swathing; You should have seen his coat, by Jove, On days when he decreed to rove, His Tyrian gaiters turned to mauve By dint of frequent bathing.

But now the edict issues forth— Let it be barked from south to north-Fashion has changed her habits; The hat, the gown, the sock, the snood Have sunk into desuctude, The stout goloshes may be chewed As substitutes for rabbits.

And Rupert—with what conscious pride And leaves him at his daily 'bus; A freer, but a happier hound, And (gentle ladies, gather round) In puris naturalibus. EVOE.

"Crabbe proposed marriage, which, though spection, with the exception of packets containing live bees, which must be off."—Daily Chronicle.

came up and asked whether we in- allow the contents to be ascertained more successful if the engagement had come first.



Proud Member. "Now tell me, how did you find our greens?" Distinguished Visitor. "Well, You see, they had flags on them!"

### THE SUPER-AGITATOR.

So long as Mr. James Larkin continues his timid and half-hearted much desires. Only the weaklings were impressed by the manner in which, on his return to freedom, he staggered Dublin, shook Ireland, and made threat-orders for proper treatment of the emening grimaces at Great Britain. A ployers; and in the meantime one of tors"—and so the night would drag on. really competent agitator would have his assistants would have forwarded It is no compliment to the really Way.

A Daily Mail writer has told us that "if Larkin at a public meeting is given | John Redmond himself. at his accuser, striking that unhappy person on both jaws and also giving him a thick ear.

"Every man, woman and girl who of reach. "Tell O'Larrikin to 'phone try a little harder.

has gone back to work while I have | Asquirh that I want a Cabinet meeting been in prison must come out again," called at 11.30 to-morrow," says the LARKIN is reported to have said. But great one; and he settles down to sleep give us a thorough agitator, he would again. Opening his eyes promptly at methods he will never gain that full have ordered the recall of all the Irish publicity and approval which he so who had settled down comfortably in Castle," he says, "and tell Lord Aberthe United States; he would have wired DEEN he is not to have porridge for at the same time to the Channel Fleet breakfast." At 2.0 A.M.: "Tell BIRRELL to be off Dublin at daybreak and await he's a Red Russian; and, if the line's engaged, call out the telephone opera-

staggered the earth, shaken the solar system and shot ink into the Milky Way.

Instructions of different kinds to the capable strike-leader to be called Napoleonic (a term applied by an CARNEGIE, the GERMAN EMPEROR, the evening newspaper to LARKIN). If capable strike-leader to be called LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and even Mr. NAPOLEON were alive now it would be a risky thing for him to venture the lie direct he jumps from the platform and hits his accuser on the jaw."

Surely that is a totally inadequate method of dealing with such an amazing method of dealing with contretemps. A really strong man would stuff that demands to be wakened certain that what he has said he has take hold of the chairman and hurl him every hour so that nobody else may be said. If he wants to be really popular allowed to rest. At midnight the at- and respected he will not be content tendant rouses him. "Time to wake, with so mild an utterance. Larkin Sir," he says, keeping his jaw well out must really pull himself together and



Mand (to governess, after having received a well-deserved whipping from her mother). "It isn't the smacking I mind, it's-it's—Mummy making herself so indiculous."

# THE "FULL-STEAM" OPTIMIST.

["The real tempest is over, and, although the wind may be shricking through the rigging, although the waves may still look a little angry, the sky is clear, the glass is rising, and we know in a very, very short time we will be in calm water."

From a speech at Birmingham by Mr. Reamend, author of the new nautical pluses, "Full steam ahead."

The worst is over, the storm is done,
The clouds have all rolled by;
Notice how nicely beams the sun
Out of a nice blue sky;
Long have we been the blizzard's sport
Till hope was as good as dead;
But now we are pounding straight for port
At the word "Full steam ahead!"

The wind (there's some of it still) may blow
And the waves rise ridge on ridge,
But the Cabinet's stoking down below
And I am on the bridge;
Yes, I am the Captain of this stout ark,
A mariner born and bred;
And the mercury's soaring like a lark
As we go full steam ahead.

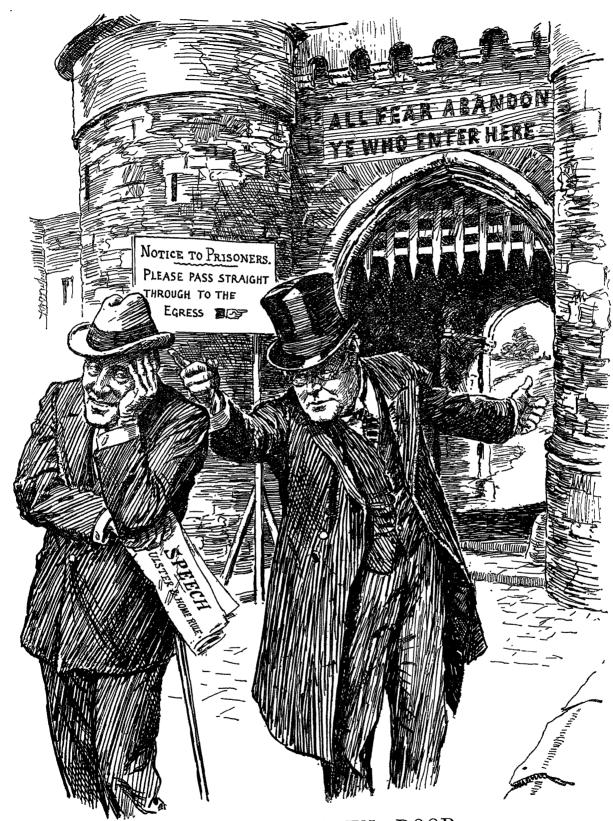
There never was such a loyal crew:
There's trusty bosun Tim;
There's mate O'BRIEN, as true as true—
I'm terribly fond of him;
Rather than quarrel with friends so old,
This I would do instead:—
I'd clap 'em in irons down the hold
As we drive full steam ahead.

Asquirm and Winston, too, I like,
Excellent stokers both;
They never would think of going on strike
And breaking their briny oath;
They may prattle of rocks that leoward lurk,
Charted a bloody red,
But they soon get back to their bunker-work
When I shout "Full steam ahead."

Thus in these poor brief seaman's rhymes
Broadly I've shown the gist
Of the hopeful signs of the present times
That make me an optimist;
There's no sting left in the beastly foam;
We can die (if we must) in bed;
For everything points to a clear run home
As we forge full steam ahead.

O loud and long will the welcome be (And it's going to come quite soon)
When we cross the last reef (No. 3)
Into the still lagoon;
Already I hear the local smiles,
For which we have toiled and bled,
Break on the greenest of Blessed Isles
As we plunge full steam ahead.

O. S.



THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

MR. BIRRELL. "DON'T TEMPT ME TOO FAR, MY DEAR CARSON, OR ON MY HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU THROUGH THIS."

### "ON APPRO."

The Gables, Sarkchester. October 29, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge will be glad if Messrs. Velour and Chatt will send her a few heavy satin coats on approval. They should be quietly smart, well cut and thoroughly up to date, with small inside pockets if possible.

> Oxford Street, London, W. October 30, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour we send four satin coats on approval, as per invoice. Trusting that you will be able to make a selection, We are, Yours faithfully, VELOUR AND CHATT,

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge. per A.O.K.

> The Gables, Sarkchester. November 6, 1911.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge regrets to say that owing to unexpected circumstances she is unable to keep any of the coats forwarded by Messrs. Velour and Chatt. She, therefore, returns them, per rail, carriage paid, to-day. MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

> Oxford Street, London, W. November 7, 1913.

DEAR MADAM, -In reference to four satin coats returned by you, we regret to inform you that No. 695 coat, @ £8 19s. 6d., has evidently been worn.

We shall, therefore, be glad to return you the coat upon receipt of cheque for the amount.

We are, Yours faithfully, VELOUR AND CHATT, per A.O.K. MRS. BERKELLY-BIGGE.

> The Gables, Sarkchester. November 8, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge is utterly at a loss to understand Messrs. Velour and Chatt's extraordinary communication. She is handing their letter over to her solicitor.

MESSRS, VELOUR AND CHATT.

The Gubles, Sarkchester. November 8, 1913.

My DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER,—Why should I pay for the coat? I returned it intact to those stupid drapers. I en-Yours sincerely, close details.

ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE. EDWIN STRAIGHTER, Esq.

> Lincoln's Inn. November 13, 1913.

DEAR MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE,-Unfortunately there are two damaging facts in re Velour and Chatt and the satin coat: (1) A Prayer-book, with your name inside, was found in the inside pocket of the coat, and the said book | forward coat direct to the Gables. is still in the possession of Messrs. Edwin Straighter, Esq.



THE ESCAPED PARROT.

Voice (apparently of a pheasant). "Now then, who are you shovin'!"

Velour and Chatt; (2) The head mantle; woman at V. and C.'s was sitting behind you at St. George's, Hanover wedding. She recognised you and the Chatt. Yours truly,

EDWIN STRAIGHTER. MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

> The Gables, Sarkchester. November 14, 1913.

DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER.—The whole thing is horribly unjust. Kindly settle the business with Velour and Chatt and let me have your account.

Yours sincerely,

ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

Please ask Velour and Chatt to

Lincoln's Inn. November 15, 1913.

DEAR MADAM.—Kindly forward us Square, on Nov. 3, during a fashionable cheque for £8 19s. 6d. for Velour and

In reply to yours, our little account is £2 2s. Od. Yours faithfully,

STRAIGHTER AND FACER. Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge.

"The second game was a hollow win for the visitors, 15-1, in which the second string played with his head."

pheasant and a mangold-wurzel.

Eton College Chronicle. Hence, perhaps, the hollowness.

"Fine play by a Swede."

Manchester Guardian. This was in a three-ball match with a

### THE BUTTON-HOOK.

"OH," said Francesca, coming vigorously into the library, "so you're back, are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm back. I really am. But couldn't you have guessed it by just looking at me? Was it

necessary to make me say so?"

"How was I to be sure that a heap of shooting clothes in an arm-chair was really you? It might have been anything.

"No, it must have been me. What was it doing when

you came in?"

"It was snor \_\_\_ I mean, it was breathing with much regularity and heaviness. It almost seemed to be asleep.

"Asleep?" I said doubtfully. "What a strange thing! It can't have been me after all. I haven't been asleep. I've been sitting by the fire and thinking—thinking of should have enjoyed it more and shot more accurately writing letters, you know, and all that sort of thing; and seeing pictures in the glowing logs; and resolving to be up oh, why do you always bring this shame upon me? We

and doing, and to beat down things, and to leave the world a better place than I found it, and to strike a blow for freedom and good government, and to pay the rates under protest, and to try a new trick with high pheasants swerving to the right, and to put on my slippers, and—and lots of other things. My brain was very busy."

\* "Adorable dreamer!" said Francesca. "And did I interrupt.you?"

"I wasn't dreaming," I said. "I want to have it clearly understood that I was thinking. What you mistook for heavy

the fire after shooting

I've often heard the working of your mind quite plainly." "Francesca," I said, "is it quite lady-like to speak so harshly of one who sometimes has a ravelled sleave of care and tries to knit it up?"

"I'll take it all back if you'll admit that you were

asleep when I came into the room just now.'

"No," I said, "I cannot do that. Woman, would you have me—have me palter with the truth?"

"But you know," she said, "you did sno-you did make

a funny noise in the back of your nose."

"Of course I did. I was practising making noises in the back of my nose. It's the new Swedish gymnastics. You've got to develop every part of your body to the utmost, and naturally you can't leave out your nose. Listen: Honk-ho-onk. Wasn't that the kind of noise?"

"That was it, more or less."

"There you are. It is Exercise 19 in Professor Gustafsen's System—the hardest of the lot. However, I 've mastered it, but I 'm not going in for the Gustafsen gold medal.''

"Generous gymnast," said Francesca, "unsleeping guardian of our domestic hearth, tell me, did you shoot a lot of things to-day?"

"Aha!" I said, "you're beaten. You're changing the subject."

"No," she said, "I'm just letting it go to sleep. It's tired."

"Let us," I said, "have no more of this bandying of words. What was it you were pleased to ask?"

"I asked if you had shot a lot of things to-day?"

"I do not," I said, "like the form in which you put your question. If I were to say that I had shot a lot of

"You would say so, wouldn't you, if it were true?"
"Certainly not," I said; "it would sayour of boastfulness."

"Well, what ought I to say?"

"You ought to ask me if we had good sport."

"Did you have good sport?"

"Meek and submissive one," I said, "we did; but I

"Then," she said, "you didn't shoot your best. Why,

women sit at home and knit-yes, and we knit our best, and the men go out and miss-

"And that," I said, "is just it. Some of us get most frightfully good at missing. It is an art like any other. I myself was not in my best missing form to-day-"

"But why did you miss at all?"

"I will tell you," I said, "since you are determined to wring it from me."

"It's going to be my fault," said Francesca.

"You have guessed rightly; it is. I shot below my true form because you had taken away my button-hook."

" Never."

"You must not deny your guilt. I found it

eventually on your toilet-table; but before that I had hunted for it through all the nooks and corners of my dressing-room. The time began to slip away. At last I found it and then began to use it hastily to tighten the laces of my boots. As I was doing this a lace broke, and my innocent hand flew up and struck me on the mouth. Result, a swollen lip and an agitated mind. So you see, if I shot but poorly the blame must rest on you."

"I see," she said, "I see, and I am profoundly sorry. But why did you not mention all this at the breakfast-table this morning, so that we might have comforted you?"

"I did not," I said, "wish the children to know that their mother was a petty-larcenist of button-hooks. I preferred to suffer in silence."

"But, you know," she said, "that wasn't your button-hook at all. You haven't got one. You left yours in London last week."

"So I did. Then that rascally button-hook this morning was yours, after all. Francesca, that makes it worse."

"I will now," she said, "leave you to practise the nineteenth new Swedish exercise. Honk-ho-onk. And, when you've done, perhaps you'll restore my button-hook to my room."



"Was really hard well-fitting collar."—Advt.]

Business Man (regarding card of applicant for position). "Oh, I'm too busy When you've sat before TO SEE ANYONE. ASK HIM TO BE SO GOOD AS TO LEAVE HIS COLLAR."

### STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

I.—THE OMNISCIENT EGOTIST. (With acknowledgments to Dr. Arthur Lynch, M.P.)

BISMARCK once told me of an evening at Von RANKE's. The great historian, then in his eighty-fifth year and hard at work on his Weltgeschichte, was asked whether he thought elegance of style was of vital importance in his branch of letters, and replied, "No more than your favourite mixture of champagne and stout is essential to the making of the German Empire."

I have been reminded of this story by the perusal of Post-impressionist Musings by our excellent friend, Orlando Wambley. The volume revives in my mind the old conflict of the Nominalists and Realists, Duns Scotus, Thomas AQUINAS and BONAVENTURA, ARIS-TOPHELES the Trapezuntine, Psittacus Ambulator, and, above all, Corcorygus the Borborygmatic, to whom Wambley is the most perfect modern analogue. I will only say, whatever you read, never allow your epistemological bias to deflect your mind from the conceptual basis of an altruistic empiricism. We are all post-impressionists nowadays, but, as BERGSON once remarked to me, when I criticised his gelastic hypothesis, the difference between "post" and "ante" is an arbitrary convention. As he wittily observed, "even a postcard can be antedated." SAPPHO was a post-impressionist, so were PAUL the Silentiary, Confucius and Hokusai, whom I once met at Prince Ito's bungalow on the slopes of Fujiyama, where Hokusai, the Baroness Orczy and Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had taken refuge during a protracted earthquake. I mention these names, not to emphasize the range of my acquaintance, but simply to illustrate the advantages of foreign travel. It is true that GIBBON, whom I knew intimately, once observed, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school of genius," and my friend Filson Young, who once lived for seventeen weeks in a lighthouse, is a living example of the truth of the saying. But genius can be gregarious too; witness Goethe, Xochimico the Aztec philosopher-with whom I once spent a delightful fortnight at his châlet at the foot of Ixtaccihuatl-and Bunyan, whom, alas! I never met.

Personality is the true antiseptic of literature, and in this vivifying quality, I regret to say, the work of our excellent Thus, though he gossips cheerfully of BAUDELAIRE and BARBEY D'AUREVILLY, the intimate savour of personality is bulbocephalic—that was the tragedy of struck in journalism, the more resound-lacking in his pages, and I, who knew his career. As the late Professor Vaming must be the success of the journal.



Mrs. Macpherson (always careful to qualify her remarks). "EH, NURSE, YOU'RE LOOKING BONNY THE DAY—OR ELSE IT'S ME THAT'S NO SEEIN' RICHT."

wonderful nankeen pantaloons.

should be conspicuous by its absence. I know that the Italian anthropologist, Sergi, has led a revolt against metrical methods of all kinds. I am content to take my stand under the banner of Poupinas the French, and Blödiföl the accepted my application forthwith. Hungarian, expert. Skobeleff, who still, I admit that this in no way taught me scouting, had practically no justifies my venturing to sit in judgment compared to a sea-squill or sea-onion, which has a large acrid bulbous root. point that all first-rate genius is bulbocephalic. Skobeleff was only partially

them all, look in vain for anything that | Bérysaid to me at Plevna, "Skobeleff's recalls the many hours spent in their spheno-maxillary angle is little better stimulating company. Not one word than a gorilla's." I think VAMBERY is said here of PATER's moustache, or of went too far, as he often did, but to BAUDELAIRE'S green socks, or BARBEY'S eliminate this aspect of genius altogether, as our excellent friend Wambley has I often marvel why it is that in such done, is even more reprehensible. For, a book as Wambley's, the product of in spite of all the fatuities of the an esoteric cénacle of choice spirits, the so-called phrenologists, we can never application of the craniometrical test get away from the basic fact that genius varies in a direct ratio with the cubical contents of the cranium. When I offered myself as a pupil to HAFFKINE he said nothing, but took up my hat, and, seeing that the size was 81,

back to his head. Pericles's head was on a pundit like Wambley. But I feel that the foregoing remarks may be not without their interest to those who friend, Wambley, is somewhat to seek. And that brings me to the important recognize that, in letters as in life, personality is the paramount asset, and that the louder the personal note is bulbocephalic-that was the tragedy of struck in journalism, the more resound-

# THE ROUT OF THE THEORIST.

For a full minute the excitement was simply tremendous. The ball kept bobbing about in the mouth of the goal amid a perfect frenzy of kicking legs and twisting bodies, behind which the goal-keeper danced on his toes in an agony of apprehension. Then, all at once, it shot clear and landed at the foot of our outside right, who without hesitation raced with it down the field. We foul against one of our side, and in the were saved again!

"I am ready to wager, Sir," said the little man sitting next to me, "you were not aware that you were gripping the edge of the seat just then as if your

very life depended upon it."

"Well, what about it?" I asked coldly. "It's a perfectly natural action

at such a time.'

"Just my point!" he cried brightly. "I always say it is in moments of great emotional stress or excitement that the power of atavism reveals itself. Ages and ages ago our ancestors, living in trees, had to be gripping the branches all day long. Their lives, in fact, did depend on a tight grip. And so, when you got violently excited just now, you simply reverted. You grasp the idea?"

I tried hard not to listen to him. The play had again reached an acutely interesting stage. Sanderson, our outside left, had just forced a corner, and was about to take the kick himself.

"Now do just look at that!" cried the persistent voice in my ear. "Another really remarkable proof of my theory. Did you notice how the player moistened his hands? What possible, what conceivable reason could he have for doing that, since he is about to kick the ball, not to pick it up? Atavism, I assert, my dear Sir, simply atavism. Far back in those days of tree-dwelling, of which I spoke just now, our ancestors would naturally moisten their hands before some great effort—a more than usually long spring, let us say—in order to ensure a good grip. Now, you observe, when called upon to make a supreme effort . . .

roar of applause as our inside right dodged skilfully round the opposing backs and sent the ball whizzing past the helpless goal-keeper. One excitable spectator in our neighbourhood snatched off his hat and hurled it high

into the air.

"Here we have another remarkable example of reversion," continued the little man when he could make himself heard. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors, as you know, wore no clothes. Gradually, very gradually, they acquired the habit of covering themselves with skins and other sub- we never forget.

stances. Now, I think, after a little reflection, you will admit it to be more than probable that a covering for the head, or hat, was the last article of clothing to be adopted, and this being so it is naturally the first to be discarded by our friend when, in his emotional moment, he experiences this overpowering instinct to revert to the primitive state of mankind."

Just at this point the referee gave a torrent of abuse and exhortation which followed I missed the concluding words.

But he had by no means finished. "Now let us consider the manifestation of anger," he went on imperturbably as soon as the noise had exhausted itself. "Ages and ages ago . . ."

I turned upon him in desperation.

"So far as I understand you," I interrupted, "you assert that in a moment of supreme emotion a man's actions are determined by atavism, that he does precisely what a primitive man, or monkey, if you like, would do in similar circumstances.'

"Not quite as I should have put it," he replied, "but still you have the idea."
"Very well, then," I went on. "I

am going to prove that you are wrong."
"Good!" he replied, rubbing his

hands delightedly. "This is really most

interesting."

"You were about to deal with the manifestation of anger," I continued. "If your theory were correct, a man's instinctive act in a moment of intense irritation and annovance with another man would not be to snatch out a pistol and fire at his tormentor, or to draw a dagger and stab him, but simply to seize hold of him and attempt to bite him, or possibly to double up his fist and hit him between the eyes, even though he realised perfectly well that compared with the effect of other measures he might take."

"Exactly," cried the other. "You could hardly have chosen a better

example."

"You are wrong," I repeated, opening He was cut short by a shattering the big pocket-knife which I always carry, and leisurely testing its edge on my thumb. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors may have been satisfied . . . "

But he was gone.

"South-Western Districts batted first, and at the luncheon interval had lost eight wickets for 50 runs. M. C. Bird kept wicket.

Lunch score.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight wickets.

Lunch.-South-Western Districts, 50 for eight."-Manchester Evening Chronicle.

We are a little slow at acquiring a new idea, but, when once it has penetrated.

### A TIME-HONOURED TYRANT.

I"The popular belief that influenza is a comparatively new disease is quite wrong; it is as old as the hills."—Daily Chronicle.

Last year, when a sudden affliction

Put me prone on the pillow of pain, When the flu brought the sombre conviction

I should never be happy again, Times past, although rougher and ruder. To me seemed unspeakably blest, For I counted this chilly intruder

A parvenu pest.

But it seems I was making an error: No better our forefathers fared: They too fell a prey to this terror,

If their woad was improperly aired; It watched our historic upheavals In the days of the Saxon and Jute, And harried the hapless cocvals

Of HARDICANUTE. For this in their wisdom the master Physicians who ruled at the date

Gave Boadicea a plaster And bled ALEXANDER THE GREAT, Or (what is more likely) selected

Some quainter medicinal boon, Say, the tail of a rabbit bisected At full o' the moon.

And, could we obtain his confession, That sage of the cynical snub, We should find that it caused the depression

That ruled in DIOGENES' tub; Proud Tarquin it tortured with ill ease, Kept Remus a prisoner pent, And fully explains why Achilles Sat tight in his tent.

Can we catch consolation from knowing This horror by which we are hurled To the depths of despair has been going Quite strong since the youth of the world?

the effect of this would be triffing Dare we hope it has long passed its high day,

> That writ is its history's page, And that haply to-morrow or Friday 'Twill die of old age?

### A Fond Hope.

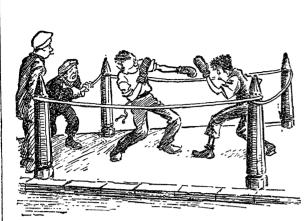
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the papers that the postmen are threatening to come out on strike just before Christmas, but I am afraid it is too good to be true. If they only would, what a halcyon time we might have!

Yours, OLD FOGEY.

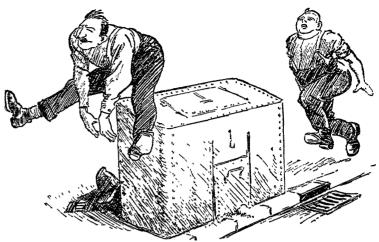
"Purple is a colour which is prominent at present, but it is very trying to some complexions. It looks very well veiling a bright green."—Sunderland Daily Echo.

So if any of our women readers has a bright green face she should order a purple veil at once.

(We learn with pleasure that various authorities and employers are giving facilities for Olympic training.)



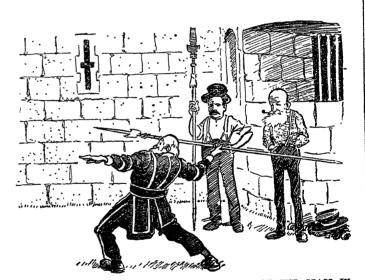
A STREET REFUGE CONVERTED INTO A TEMPORARY RING FOR THE USE OF NEWSBOYS OFF DUTY.



CITY POLICEMEN USING A SAND-BIN AS A VAULTING-HORSE WHEN THINGS ARE SLACK.



BILLINGSGATE FISH-PORTERS HIGH-DIVING OFF LONDON BRIDGE.



Beeffaters practising jayelin-throwing on the grass in the Tower moat.



L.C.C. ROAD-MENDERS DOING LONG JUMPS AND HORIZONTAL-BAR WORK DURING THE DINNER-HOUR.

# AT THE PLAY.

which, having chosen your word-e.g., "Punch"—you proceed in dumb show body else who occurred to you. Peralready used up CHARLES I. and II., doubtful whether you would consider is a pity to disappoint them. any incident in her life to be sufficiently well known to a mixed audience to need no words to explain it, but anyhow | kin he was delightful. Mr. Edmond it would amuse you to try. After all, charades are only meant to amuse lish captain, being particularly good in its own risk.

At the Vaudeville the other night I felt that Great Catherine must have started life as a family charade. The if I had.) It is only fair to say that tickles a trussed-up English prisoner demands a visit to the Vaudeville. with her foot. She mentions casually that this is her favourite to ture, and if (as is quite likely) history mentions it too, then it would be a scene which an audience of Mr. Shaw's in Mr. Inglis Allen's play were friends, better-read than myself, might Meeks and A Loafer. Meeks was a easily recognise. Possibly Mr. Shaw Scots maid-of-all-work who spoke, himself played the small part of A Cossack Sergeant.

And then next morning, so I picture it, the jolly charades of the previous in particular the fun which they had post a crucial letter, was only on just got out of "C for CATHERINE." "If long enough to state, and reiterate, to only we had been allowed words, we could have had a lot more sport with it." Idly he played with the idea in his mind, giving first himself a few words as the Cossack Sergeant (including a joke about his "sweetbread," subsequently used three times) and then allotting an occasional speech to the others. Gradually his ambition for it increased; by the afternoon he was refreshing his memory at his encyclo-

before he went to bed it was finished. SHAW'S new play at the Vaudeville. I and obstetrics he found little chance am sure it amused him to write it; for humour, and had all his work cut I am sure it would amuse him to act out to spare us unnecessary embarrassit with his friends; but he mustn't be ment. Here he managed as tactfully

Great Catherine (he wrote). A thumb-

nail sketch of Russian Court Life in the

XVIII. century. In Four Scenes. And

people whose names begin with the mentioned, when he goes into fits of letters of the word. Thus you would laughter; and no doubt when Mr. Shaw far with a British audience. have five characteristic scenes wherein himself (in Casar and Chopatra) got figured in turn POMPEY, ULYSSES, NERO, so much fun for us out of the mis-CHARLES I., and HANNIBAL-or any- | pronunciation of Ftatateeta's name he you—Catherine II. of Russia. It is a great admiration for his genius. It

To Mr. NORMAN McKINNELL I owe most of my laughter; as Prince Potem-Breon played excellently as the Engto the life. (Not that I ever saw the Empress Catherine, but I feel now as

### "IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN."

The characters that pleased me most through the medium of Miss JEAN CADELL, with a fine native accent and a pleasant directness of expression. A Loafer, though he caused nearly all night came back to Mr. Shaw, and the subsequent trouble by omitting to "dirty general servant." But these difficulties. two smaller parts served to recall the reputation that Mr. Inglis Allen made long ago in literature for the observant humour which he brought to his dialogues of the highways and byways of humble life.

If it were not the recognised ambition of every humorist to be taken seriously one might have been surprised at his pædia (CAN-CLE); by the evening the choice of such a theme as the dewhole thing was planned out in his liberate avoidance of fatherhood and offence is to be escaped. Mr. Allen started lightly, but when once he had So only can I explain Mr. BERNARD entered on the domain of gynecology

selfish. He must think of the amuse- as could be hoped. For the rest. I ment of others. That the English think that conscientiousness was his "Great Catherine." have an elementary sense of humour prevailing virtue. When he thought is probably his opinion. Captain that dull and futile things would be heich, having chosen your word—e.g., Edstaston, of the Light Dragoons, is shown us as a very solemn gentleman make his characters say them. I am to act episodes in the lives of famous until the Russian name "Popoff" is afraid that this is a virtue which he will have to slough if he means to go

If it is a test of a good play that it should arouse sympathy in the hearts of the audience I think Mr. Allen has was purposely writing down to the here failed of complete success. One haps, very late one evening, having English level of humour. But there can imagine oneself deeply moved by a are people in his audiences who are father's emotion in the deadly waiting CROMWELL, CANUTE, and JULIUS CESAR, | not entirely English-people also who | hours before the birth of his first child. the name of CATHERINE might occur to have some feeling for Mr. Shaw and but unfortunately the exhibition of stupid and vulgar misunderstanding between husband and wife in the First Act (though no doubt the wife could plead the excuse of her physical condition) had permanently disabled me from taking more than an academic interest in their subsequent histories. the actors; the audience is there at his last speech, and Miss Gerrrude Then again I am always annoyed when Kingston was the Empress Catherine a woman shows a morbid hesitation—so rare in reallife and so common in books and plays-about letting her husband know that she is to bear him a child, incident represented was probably that Great Catherine is preceded by Between though here again there was an excuse in the fourth scene, where Catherine Sunset and Dawn, a play which of itself for the wife in the play, who understood that her husband did not regard his income as warranting this luxury. Thirdly it was never explained to us why she should choose to consult a lady-doctor whose male friends were offensive. In fact we received the impression (too clearly to lose it later, when the author wanted us to) that the heroine was half prude and half vixen, and in consequence the question of her fate in child-birth left me brutally cold. Still, when all is said, I must credit Mr. Allen with an honest and not unpost a crucial letter, was only on just | dignified attempt to glorify parenthood as the brightest joy of married life and Meeks his opinion that she was a the most satisfactory solvent of its

> The jealous irritability of the wife in the First Act seemed to suit Miss MARY JERROLD's gifts better than the subsequent pride of maternity. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, as the husband, was sincere within his limitations; and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, as a medical amicus curiæ, went meritoriously through some very trying alternations of humour and homiletics.

Miss Madge McIntosh, as the mind. Next morning saw him at work. | motherhood. There are grave subjects | mother-in-law, bore the unrelieved banwhich yet lend themselves to a light ality of her utterances as if she enjoyed treatment; but this is not of them, if it. Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK began funnily as a parenthetic observer of life, but his chances tailed off. Finally Miss AIMÉE DE BURGH (a temptress) needs to be reminded that an affected modification of vowel sounds is not necessarily a guarantee of great wickedness of heart.

O. S.



AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION.

Shocked Juvenile. "OH, MOTHER! FAIRIES WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD THEY?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the modern literature of humour Mr. Stephen Leacock is what the Harlequins used to be in Rugby football. He takes risks. Sometimes he will try for a joke where a more cautious man would have perceived that no joke was. But far more frequently he will extract humour of the finest kind from absolutely nothing, and score, so to speak, a try from his own goal-line. In his latest book, Behind the Beyond (LANE), he is in brilliant scoring form. I can see Behind the Beyond breaking up many homes; for no family will be able to stand the sudden sharp yelps of laughter which must infallibly punctuate the decent after-dinner silence when one of its members gets hold of this book. It is Mr. Leacock's peculiar gift that he makes you laugh out loud. I am a stern, soured, sombre man, one of those people who generally show that they are amused by a faint twitching of the lip; but, when Mr. Leacock's literal translation of Homer on page 193 met my eye, a howl of mirth broke from me. I also forgot myself over the intercreated a new world for me and has a place of honour of its own on my shelves. Sunshine Sketches was super-Leacock. The present volume is merely Mr. Leacock at the gift of a chatty and yet witty style that forces you to

his best. But I respectfully submit that that is worth four-and-sixpence of anybody's money.

Mr. Bohun Lynch is a bold man. I do not know whether there actually exists any family called Tibshelf, but, if such there be, these are days in which they might quite possibly bring an action for defamation against the author of Cake (MURRAY); because the whole plot of his tale hangs upon the unpleasantness of being called *Tibshelf*. I must say I agree. It seems to me a quite beastly name; but of course this is a pure matter of opinion. In Cake there are some wholly charming persons called Luffingham, who own a delightful old house as picturesque as themselves, but not enough ready cash to support it. To them comes the chance, through a will, of wealth attainable only on condition of calling themselves Tibshelf. Well, of course it wouldn't be exactly a happy exchange; but I do think that Mr. Lynch makes too much fuss about it. To him evidently a Luffingham by any other name would by no means smell so sweet. However, his characters seem to have been of my opinion; for half-way through the book you find them book has actually displaced Mr. Leacock's Sunshine to find a way in which they could falsify the proverb and Sketches of a Little Town in my esteem, for that classic still have it. What that way is I shall not explain; though become a friendly listener to even the thinnest tale. And there is one character, an aggressively broad-minded parson, for whom alone the book should be read as an awful warning by the entire Clergy List.

Between ourselves and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler there is by now a complete understanding based upon the jovial acquaintance of years and in no way affected by the less familiar "The Honble. Mrs. Alfred Felkin" which has more recently taken to appearing in brackets on the I remark that the machinery of Her Ladyship's Conscience of her journey through Provence, and I was particularly

(Hodder and Stoughton) is crude and primitive and creaks a good deal. The book is less a story than an animated Burke's Peerage; a pocket collection of Dukes and Duchesses, Dowagers, Marquises and other aristocrats who thoroughly discuss themselves and each other, as illustrating the foibles of humanity and the excellence of the Divine Providence. It is the conscientious Lady Esther who brings grist to this conversational mill by denying herself the love of Lord Westerham on the score of divergent ages, thus letting in the youth and beauty of the soulless Beryl to secure the coronet and lead the soulful lord to disillusion and dismay. much for the main idea. As to the talk to which it gave rise, be it said that this is as fresh and as witty as ever and full of the most delightful obiter dicta. I must, however, note a tendency in our authoress to lecture, even to preach at us, sometimes through the mouths of her characters, but more through her own. At one time I found myself sympathising, out of pure devilry, with the flippant naughtiness of Beryl as contrasted with the utter godliness of Lady Esther; and I was quite upset when the former, to pave the

chapter but two.

In The Milky Way (Heinemann), by Miss F. Tennyson JESSE, there is a very pleasant fusion of matter and manner. The light-hearted courage of the true Bohemian is presented with the bravest gaiety of style. It is true that both Vivien, who tells the story, and Peter, who shares her unchaperoned adventures, have deliberately chosen poverty for the sake of freedom of soul; but this does not make their experience any less exhilarating either to themselves or to us. Starting acquaintance on a ship that easily gets wrecked; acting in fifth-rate circus-drama; chalking pictures and selling flowers | with him when he gives me the chance. on the pavement; playing in a tent on tour, and ending up with a Sentimental Journey out of which they make between them a commissioned book (he does the letter-press and she the pictures, though I'm sure she could easily have If only Romeo had known of this in time.

done both), they meet all fortunes with a smiling pair of hearts.

"He who is light of heart and heels Can wander in the Milky Way."—Provençal Proverb.

Somewhere an editor tells them: "It's the great complaint against life that it's so little like the books." But that does not worry the author; she just goes on with her delightfully impossible story, revelling shamelessly in the kind of coincidences that never think of occurring outside books. It is only as an artist that she takes herself title-page. It is tacitly agreed that all our attention shall seriously, growing really eloquent about colour and the be concentrated on the dialogue and that the plot be left values of shadows. Her sense of beauty, though apparent to take care of itself; no offence will be caused, then, when throughout the book, gives a special charm to the story

grateful to her for refreshing my memory of the little-known marvels of Les Baux, where the troubadours held their Courts of Love; Les Baux, the headquarters of "gilded platonics," "the most wonderful place in the world." And a very suitable scene for the first stage of the "pilgrimage" of this pair with whom "platonics" were a fine art. Indeed (for I will say nothing about the repellent shape of Peter's head in her clever frontispiece picture) my only serious complaint of Miss Jesse's work—a curious criticism to make in this age of the sexual novel-is that she carries sexlessness to the verge of indecency. The innocence of these two-of Peter, anyhow, who is also a little too precious at times --- seems almost more than one can bear; and there is at least one episode in the book which may be very good milk for babes, but is rather strong meat for grown men and women.

Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL has me at his mercy, for no sooner do I begin to read about his roistering, bewigged, tender-hearted blades than what critical faculty I have is stifled; I become passionately eager to cross swords and swagger with the best of them, and my heart is possessed with envy of the

way for the latter's ultimate reward, was overtaken by days when we referred to our friends not as "twosudden death in the last chapter but one, though I must handicap" but as "two-bottle" men. The quality of his own that I had been expecting it since about the first work I could praise unendingly, but in The Honourable Mr. Tawnish it is possible to regret the meagre quantity of it. In The Broad Highway and The Amateur Gentleman we were given abundant measure, but not even Mr. Brock's illustrations make up for the fact that this book only occupied me for an hour. It was a crowded hour enough, for Mr. Farnor has never written anything more exhibarating than his account of the efforts of Mr. Tawnish to prove himself worthy of Penelope Chester, nor has he ever been more completely master of his plot. His tendency to ramble is gone, which means, I suppose, a better craftsman-ship, though I, for one, would always be glad to ramble



"Broken-hearted .- Try sucking lemons." -- Yorkshire Gazette.

### CHARIVARIA.

has declared that he will resign his the outbreak of hostilities. It would, entire play has been re-dressed. seat rather than vote for a bigger for instance, lead to a rare scene of navy. The country is thus placed in confusion if a German general, on the awkward dilemma of having to reaching what he imagined to be Paris, decide which it would rather lose-Mr. HARVEY, or the Empire. It is scarcely fair of Mr. HARVEY to place us in such an embarrassing position.

The fact that Miss Wilson, the daughter of the President of the United STATES, was married quietly last week, religion, here surely is the very thing. is said to be resented keenly by Mr. ROOSEVELT, who considers this reversal of his policy a slight upon himself.

By-the-by, the word "Obey" was timber fires lately.

omitted from the marriage service. President HUERTA is said to have noted this, and expressed himself as willing to enter into closer relations with the United States on these lines.

It has now transpired, with reference to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S recent visit to Oxford, that there was a scheme on foot to kidnap the CHANCELLOR after the debate and duck him in the fountain of a certain college quad. News of the plot leaked out, but Mr. George laughed at the danger his speech in bathing costume.

. It is proposed that our public telephone boxes shall be equipped with writing pads. It would be an act of humanity if at the same time a shelf of readable books could be added to enable one to while away the weary hours of waiting.

The Montrose Town Council has arranged with the War Office that a large portion of the Montrose Golf Links shall be used as an aviation base. How is it that there has been no outcry against this? It really does begin to look as if the nation were losing its spirit.

On the ground that they would be of use to a hostile army in war time, the French War Minister has forbidden the Tigers have worn them for years. painting of the names of French towns on the roofs of their railway stations to 1.

were to find it labelled "Balham."

Mr. P. AMAURY TALBOT, a commiscourse of a journey in the Eket district | left their tails behind them. came across traces of bird-worshippers. For aviators on the look-out for a new

According to a contemporary, the militants "are losing their heads." There certainly have been a good many

Fare (long past her destination). "Why doesn't he stop, conductor? I fulled the bell a long while ago."

Conductor. "VERY SORRY, LADY. I CAN'T GET 'IM TO STOP NOWHERE THIS laughed at the danger and refused to make JOURNEY-NOT PROMPT-LIKE—'E'S THAT BENT ON BEATING NUMBER 498—SAYS 'E and refused to make 'AS TO STOP WHERE 'E CAN AFFORD TO."

> slackening, and there is a rush for any- of many a union which has puzzled us. thing that resembles it. For example, last week as many as two gentlemen named Tangue are reported to have been sued by their wives for restitution of conjugal rights.

To judge by the following notice exhibited in a provision shop, Election Eggs have had their day:-

BY ORDER OF THE SANITARY INSPECTOR. MUST BE SOLD.

> A LARGE STOCK OF ELECTION PHEASANTS.

Garments of tiger-skin are the latest freak of fashion in Paris. As a matter of fact there is nothing new in the idea.

Although we have never heard a litself.

guide airmen. We should have thought, word of complaint from the Bishop of CHARIVARIA. that it would have been better to have Kensington in regard to the costumes Mr. Gordon Harvey, a Radical M.P., the names there, but to alter them on in Oh! I say! it is announced that the

> It has been decided by the Divisional Court that sheep that pass in the night need not carry tail-lights. This is just as well, for, even had it been decided otherwise, it would always have been sioner of Southern Nigeria, in the possible to allege that the sheep had

> > According to The Religious Telescope, the official organ of the United Brethren, of Dayton, Ohio, somnolence is often due to the sober colour scheme of a church. Parsons all over the world will be delighted to hear the true physical reason why so many wor-

shippers give up the fight soon after the sermon begins.

\*\*\* "ROMAN REMAINS IN NORFOLK,

announces a contemporary. But why shouldn't he?

It is pointed out that our winters are now always late. One more sign of the growing habit of unpunctuality in our degenerate age!

A Baltimore gentleman has married a veiled lady whom he did not see until after the ceremony. We cannot help thinking that this is done more frequently than one

The Tango craze shows no sign of imagines, and may be the explanation

### Commercial Candour.

"Twenty-five years' reputation goes with every tyre sold."—Advt. Manager (despairingly, as he makes out

the bill). Another twenty-five years' reputation gone!

"Alex Sweek of Portland, Ore., has been selected by President Wilson to be minister to Siam."—Savannah Morning News.

This is headed "Typhoon sweeps Guam," in order to catch the eye of those of Mr. Sweek's friends who might otherwise miss it.

"Sunday Nov. 30th, 8 o'clock. Speaker: Mr. A. Horspool (Ora). 'A Defence of the Super-tanaurletaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdul emiwyp natural.'"

It wants no defending; it speaks for

### A UNITED FAMILY.

(Dedicated with best regards to the Chief Secretary.)

[At the last performance in his orgy of oratory at Bristol, Mr. Birrell is reported to have said:—

"During the last two days the Cabinet have sat for a considerable number of hours. I have been present at those deliberations, and all I say is—dismiss from your minds any notion that there is any difference of opinion. We are one and all behind the Prime Minister.

... We are a united Government."

Subsequently, in addressing the National Liberal Federation at Leeds Mr. Asquire endorsed this allegation of perfect unanimity.]

THINK not that I would lightly play
Like a buffoon or comic mime
With this grave theme that night and day
Has tasked my manhood's serious prime;
Others may choose to triffe, but
It is not so with Bristol's BIRRELL,
Who owns that Ireland is a nut
That might unnerve the stoutest squirrel.

Nevertheless I plead excuse
If, just for once in all this while,
I let my solemn features loose
And lapse into a pensive smile;
I cannot help it when I meet
With men who think (oh, how erroneous!)
Our dovecote up in Downing Street
Might possibly be more harmonious.

I have been there and taken part
In high debate, and so I know,
And I assure you, on my heart,
'Twas "like a little heaven below;"
There was not one at that bright board
Who mutineered or even muttered;
When Asquith spoke we all encored,
We echoed every word he uttered.

Though on the platform Grey invites

The conversazione's aid,
While Runciman, with lesser lights,
Cries "Blood!" and bares his infant blade;
Though various voices float through space
From dulcet coos all down the gamut
To roarings in a Devlin bass
("Sure, who's afraid of Ulster, damn ut!")—

Yet on my conscience I protest,
And for a token, as I speak,
I lay this hand upon my chest,
This tongue against my bulging cheek—
I swear (and, when I swear, you've got
Something that you may safely trust in)—
We are a most united lot;
Believe me, Truly yours, Augustine.

O. S.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter as reported in The Times:—

"Instead of saying to the children, 'You shall not do this or that,' they should say, 'You should keep the whole of that great organism which God has put into your care, with its delicate forces, physical, moral, and intellectual, in such a state of healthful activity that they shall be combined in your own individuality in such sort as to be real powers for good through the whole length of your days.'"

Harold (continuing to pull the cat's tail). "What did you say, mother?" (She says it again.)

# HOW WE LOST A LITTLE DOG.

I MAY say that, for better or for worse, our house is a doggy house, and there is always a considerable amount of cheerful tail-wagging going on in it. Amongst others who have dedicated to our use their genius for friendship and affection we reserve a high place for Soo-ti, a dusky little Pekinese who for two years has been our gay and inseparable companion. I have spoken of him before. To-day I propose to relate a crisis in his existence.

Soo-ti has all the engaging characteristics of his race. He is shaped on a leonine model, heavily maned, broadheaded, thin in the flanks; his nose turns up most perversely, and his eyes are large, luminous and expressive. He is a compact embodiment of all the obstinacies, independences and humorous wilfulnesses that have always been found in spaniels of his breed. His courage is tremendous. He faces a cart-horse, a mastiff or a motorcar with equal coolness and disdain, always walking by preference along the centre-line of whatever road he happens to be on, and refusing to budge for vehicles of any description. How he escapes destruction I cannot understand: but there seems to be amongst coachmen and carters and chauffeurs in our district an agreement that he is to be considered a sort of policeman's hand, and, when his airy impudence is seen swaggering along, traffic stops and even butchers' carts delay the delivery of joints in order that Soo-ti may walk unscathed.

Such, then, was and is Soo-ti, endeared to us by much wickedness and many virtues, and not least by his infinitesimal size. He is, indeed, an absurdly small compendium of all that is great and glorious in dogdom. With one little hand a child can lift this tiny mass of faith and arrogance, of devotion and defiance, into the air, hold it out at arm's length and deposit it on a sofa cushion, where, after its three ritual circlings, it goes to sleep and becomes a mere little black blot on its soft bed. We had watched Soo-ti grow up from puppyhood, but he had never seemed to become larger, and whenever we spoke to him or thought of him it was in terms of diminutiveness.

Now it happened that some eight weeks ago, Soo-ti was suddenly, and without being in the least aware of it, promoted to the honourable state of being a father-"Sire" I believe, the technical torm. A puppy was assigned to us, was. duly invested (in absentia) with the name of Pukshort for Puk-wudjie—and was yesterday fetched away from its agitated and protesting mother to its new home in our midst. We were all gathered to receive it, and when, released from its basket, it was set down upon the floor there was a universal shout of joy and admiration. It was an adorable ball of soft and seemingly boneless black fluff, so small that a man's coat pocket could easily contain it, and, save for a white shirt-frill and four sets of tiny white toes, it was the born image of its father, who, as it chanced, was not present when it was unpacked. It began its new life with enthusiasm, licked whatever hand or cheek it could lay its coral tongue to, waddled about the room or turned itself on its back, submitting to everything that fate might decree for it, got up and gave three short prances that brought it into collision with an armchair, sat down gravely and looked out upon this perplexing world from its blue puppy eyes, laid offerings of overwhelming and undying affection at everybody's feet, and altogether behaved as if it realised its importance without being in the least abashed by its lack of size.

While we were engaged in this scene of worship the door,



OUR YOUNG SCIENTISTS.

"On! Dad, please speak to Bobby. He will put his feet my side of the bed, and his toes are below zero!"

which was ajar, was slowly and solemnly pushed open, and a large black retriever stalked majestically into the room. It seemed to me that I had never seen him before, and yet there was a familiar something about his aspect. He approached Puk and sniffed at him without interest, while the small dog, turning himself into a temporary fried whiting, with his tail in his mouth, protested his harmlessness and insignificance. Then the giant, having finished his inspection, turned away and took no further notice.

"Who's this?" said Helen.

"It's—— No, it can t be," said Rosie.

"It must be—— No, it isn't," said Peggy.
"It's Soo-ti," said John. "He's growed up."
"It is Soo-ti," they all shouted together. "How big he's got!"

As a matter of fact, it was Soo-ti, but, by contrast with the atom to which we had been devoting ourselves, he had grown in our eyes to proportions so gigantic that for a moment we had seen a retriever in his place. And even to-day we have failed to reduce him to his normal size. Something we managed to effect by taking him for a walk with the Great Dane, but as soon as he came home and found himself in the same room with Puk he began again to swell visibly, and now he is once more a big dog. pretty graces that belong to the very small seem through the presence of his son to have dropped from him. In short, we have lost our little dog. But we still hope that, when Puk himself shall have grown up, our old original Soo-ti will be restored to us in all his delightful dwarfishness. R. C. L. no less regrettable) if he had tried to shoot HARDINGE.

# THE WINDOW-CLEANER.

HE mounts his ladder and attacks each pane As though, behind it, I elude his vision; If I were robbed before his eyes or slain,

He would clean on with unimpaired precision; In short, with the first action of his wrist, I simply cease by some means to exist.

It stands to reason that, my light grown dim, My peace destroyed, my business dislocated, I'm forced to take an interest in him

(However plainly unreciprocated); I've thought his mien a studied insult—yet At other times I've hoped it's etiquette.

Of course I don't expect him to converse Or doff the pride so proper to his station; I merely wish that he would let me nurse My natural self-respect (in moderation). He won't; and it is very hard for me Thus to resign my dear identity.

### Despair.

"Hardinge got the ball, but, however, made a terrible attempt at scoring, putting the ball high over the bar. Again Rutherford repeated his performance, and after his centre had been again wasted he tried to shoot himself."—Evening News.

#### "MR. WU."

[A thrilling Chinese Night's Entertainment at the Strand Theatre.]

Act I.—The garden of Mr. Wu's house.

Enter a good deal of Local Colour. Local Colour. Allee-samee, piecee-piecee, chop-chop (and other things which I cannot translate for you properly until I have unpacked my Chinese dic-Exit Local Colour. tionary).

Enter Basil Gregory and Mr. Wu's daughter, Nang Ping.

Basil. Darling, what a heavenly fortnight we have had together, while your father has been away.

Nang Ping. Basil, my velly own!

(They embrace.)

Basil (withdrawing himself). And now, darling, I have some bad news for you. I am going back to England with Mother. So this is good-bye for

a year . . . or two years . . or three years . . . or—well, I mean I might easily turn up again some time. In these days of rapid locomotion-

Nang Ping. Basil! You have

bloken my heart.

Basil. Oh, come. You'll marry some nice mandarin and be quite all right.

Nang Ping. Never. My father will kill me when he hears what has happened.

Basil (kindly). Oh, I hope you won't let him do that.

Nang Ping. He will kill you

Basil (seriously alarmed). In that case, Nang Ping, you certainly mustn't tell him.

away. (Two Chinese men spring on him from behind.) I say, shut up there! Help! Oh lor', here's Mr. Wu!

of the lovers. A terrible silence enwent, I felt that you or I could have played Mr. Matheson Lang's part quite well ourselves. But of course unbearable. there's more in it later on.

herself at his feet.)

The Audience (excited). Ah-h-h! CURTAIN.

ACT II.—The offices of the Gregory Steamship Company at Hong Kong.

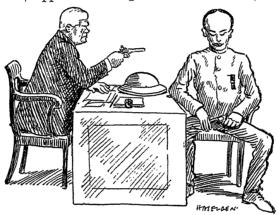
Mr. Gregory (bluntly). Now then, Mr. Wu, I'm going to have things out with you. I sent for you here to ask you, as man to mandarin, what it all it? means.

 $Mr. \ Wu \ (blandly).$  What what all a revolver.) Now then! eans?  $Mr. \ Wu \ (craftily).$  Dear me, a

persecuting me?

Mr. Wu. Please explain.

Mr. Gregory. Three weeks ago my son disappeared. Now I don't say Basil is a nice boy, but I happen-er, his mother happens to be rather fond of him. We miss him—that is to say, she misses him-well, anyhow, he is missed . . . at times. But that is not all. Yesterday one of my ships minutes-no, you needn't look at that | Murray, send Mrs. Gregory in. clock, it doesn't go-have struck three times in five minutes for higher pay. Worse than this, my manager, who is supposed to do a good deal of the work



A QUIET BUSINESS CHAT IN HONG KONG.

Mr. LESLIE CARTER. Mr. Gregory Mr. MATHESON LANG. Mr. Wu

Nang Ping. But if he has found out? of this office, has adopted of late a | house. Basil. How could he? He's miles play of facial expression and a wealth of gesture which reminds one of the worst excesses of the transpontine your servant away? stage. He can't say the simplest thing [Mr. Wu appears suddenly in front in a natural way nowadays. I feel think I ought to. convinced, Mr. Wu, that you are behind sues—and, as far as the First Act all this. It's annoying enough to lose a son, but to lose a good boat and a valuable manager as well—it's simply

Mr. Wu. How can I be behind all Nang Ping. Father! (She throws this, Mr. Gregory? To take one case, my ancestors will not let me. how can I be responsible for your manager's extraordinary behaviour?

Mr. Gregory (reasonably). Well, after all, you're producing the play, MATHE-son, old man. I mean, Mr. Wu, that I'm a plain, blunt Englishman, and I can see that you've got your knife into something about it me. Well, I'm not going to stand it.

Mr. Gregory. Like this. (He produces | son?

Mr. Gregory. You know perfectly revolver. May I look at the cartridges

well. I'm not afraid of you. I'm a | a moment? (Mr. Gregory takes out the plain, blunt Englishman, and I'm not cartridges and hands them to him.) I to be bullied by all the spirits of all the was wondering if you used the oldancestors of all the mandarins and fashioned smokeless Gregory powder. tangerines in China. Why are you (He puts the cartridges into his own empty revolver, which he takes from his pocket.) Now then, Mr. Gregory! (He presents the revolver at his head.) Kindly ring the bell and ask your wife to come

Mr. Gregory (overwhelmed by this sudden turn of fortune). Confound you! You have got the better of me by your devilish Eastern cunning, but you cannot all. Yesterday one of my ships not cow my English spirit. I will not went down; to-day my coolies have ring the bell. (Rings it.) What do already struck three times in five you want my wife for? (Enter Murray.)

> [Mrs. Gregory comes in, and Gregory goes reluctantly out, leaving his wife alone with Mr. Wu.

> Mr. Wu. Mrs. Gregory, I can help you to find your son. Mr. Gregory doesn't know how to talk to a gentleman, so I have sent for you instead. If you will come to my house this evening at six I will tell you my plans. No, you needn't look at that clock, it doesn't go.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, if you could find my son for me, I should be so grateful. But I oughtn't to come to your house alone. Might I bring my Chinese maid, Ah Wong, with me?

Till six Mr. Wu. Cortainly. Exit.

The Audience (excited). Ah-h-h! CURTAIN.

Act III.—Room in Mr. Wu's

Mr. Wu (genially). Ah, Mrs. Gregory, you have come. Will you please send

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, I don't

Mr. Wu (gravely). Mrs. Gregory, I cannot sit down-

Mrs. Gregory (sympathetically). Rheu-

matism? Oh, I am sorry. Mr. Wu. I cannot sit down in the presence of a servant. The spirit of

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, bother your old

Mr. Wu (annoyed). Mrs. Gregory, this is the second time my ancestors have been insulted to-day. If it occurs again I shall have to call upon them to do

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, I'm so sorry. I Mr. Wu. How are you going to stop didn't mean to. Ah Wong, please go away. Now, Mr. Wu, where is my

Mr. Wu. He is here.

Mrs. Gregory (surprised). Here? Mr. Wu. Yes, he is my prisoner. found him making love to my daughter. He will probably die. (Coming closer to her) Unless- Mrs. Gregory, you have only one way of saving him.

Mrs. Gregory. What is it?

Mr. Wu (plaintively). Can't you guess? I don't want to put it to crudely, because of the Bishop of KENSINGTON.

Mrs. Gregory (guessing). Never!

Mr. Wu. I will leave you to think it over. If you decide to sacrifice yourself for your son, I shall strike this gong -a remarkable specimen of early thirteenth-century work, supposed to be a genuine Hee Chee Koo-and that will be the signal for his release. The doors are locked and the only window-allow me to call the audience's attention to it —is much too small and much too high up to escape through. You will find some tea on the table if you are at all parched. I think that is all. I shall be back in five minutes. (Aside to the audience) Just keep your eye on the window, and don't forget what I said

about striking the gong. [Exit. Mrs. Gregory (faintly). What-shall-Ido-what-shall-I-do-help-help. (Gazing up at the window) Ah, Wong-I mean ah, Ah Wong-if you could only come to my aid! (She does. At this very moment something is thrown through the window from outside—to the extreme gratification of those of us who were keeping our eyes on it. Mrs. Gregory picks it up.) How wonderfully these Chinese women throw! What is this? Why; it is a phial of poison. What shall I do with it? Why, drink it and save myself from dishonour. The simplest thing would be to drink it now, but that would spoil the play. Of course I might keep it in my hand and drink it at the last moment, but that would spoil it too. I know-I'll put it in my cup of tea. (Does so.) There! Now he won't know I'm killing myself. (Brightly to Mr. Wu outside) Read—y! Enter Mr. Wu.

• Mr. Wu. Well?  $\dots$  Ah! (He

takes her in his arms.)

Mrs. Gregory. Wait a moment. (She picks up the cup of tea and prepares to

Mr. Wu (lovingly). Let Wu-wu drink too! (He stops for a moment with the cup at his lips.) It smells like poison. but it may be only the milk and sugar that you Europeans spoil your tea with. (He drinks.) I say, though, it was poison! Waugh-waugh, tchah, pshaw, waugh-waugh. (He chokes, falls over the table and recovers himself with an effort.) At any rate, woman, you shall die too. (He seizes an old Chinese sword, a remarkable piece of work dating after her. She dodges behind the gong, to go to Jericho.



Riding Master. "Why didn't you dig your knees into 'im?" Victim. "I-I WASN'T THERE LONG ENOUGH!"

and he strikes at her.) Take that-and that—and that!

Mrs. Gregory. Never touched me! (He strikes and she dodges again.) Only hit the gong, silly!

He makes another effort and then falls down dead. The doors open at the sound of the gong (I hope you hadn't forgotten about that) and Basil comes in to his mother. The Audience (relieved). Ah-h-h!

> A. A. M. CURTAIN.

"Jericho was a very important city, situated on a caravan road, which led, probably, due north and south, or, perhaps, east to west."

Daily Express.

Until this is cleared up we shall from the Kah Sun dynasty, and lurches continue to refuse our many invitations

## A Treasure-hunt.

"The Archdeacon of Buckingham was the preacher at St. Mary's, Aylesbury, on Sunday morning.

The subject of his sermon was the Bishop of Oxford's Fund.

Lord Dalmeny was in command, the meet being at Mentmore cross roads.

A high wind militated against successful hunting.

A generous response was made to his appeal for support to the fund."

Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News.

#### "Torquay Echoes.

Heavy rain fell in Torquay yesterday. Over half-an-inch of rain fell in Torquay yesterday."-Exeter Express.

However, visitors who go to Torquay for the echo must not expect always to be so well served.

#### WELL DONE!

After the enormous success of his description of a football match for "The Daily Mail," the Dean of Manchester, the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, is, we understand, so enamoured of sporting journalism that there is no holding him. Hence the following article on a billiard match which "Mr. Punch" is privileged to print :-

As I crossed Leicester Square I observed that not a few persons, equally interested with me in the delicate mani--pulation of ivory balls over a verdant cloth, were making their way towards the Grand Hall, and it seemed to me that such a crowd, all sober (at any rate, to the decanal eye), all well dressed and well behaved, all honestly interested in a competition of skill, were is a pity that the particular stroke by creditable representatives of English manhood.

The match, I may sav at once, was admirably contested. The play was fast and even throughout. There was not a dull moment, and now by one player and now by the other the marker

was kept busy.

For the benefit of those readers who have never seen this fascinating game I should explain that it is played on a large green table by two players, each armed with a long stick called, if I may venture to say so, a cue. The balls are three in number, two the colour of lawn sleeves, and one, I regret to say, recalling the hue of a Cardinal's hat. One of the balls is a pure white, the other, alas! my brethren, is spotted. Ah, if only we-- [Kindly keep to the game, dear and right reverend Sir. -ED. Punch.] The object of each player, if I may put it thus crudely, is to get the better of the other.

It was borne in upon me that billiards, although I do not, I think, recommend it as a pastime for schoolboys, would seem to be rising as cricket is in danger of falling in popularity. It must, I fear, be acknowledged that cricket as it is now played is a less attractive game than it used to be. The faultless excellence of the pitches, the accuracy of the bowling, and the practice of aiming at making a century by any means, however tedious, render cricket over after over an exceedingly two games are strangely alike. Both require, if I may say so, a green ground. The ball at cricket is red. Now that I come to think of it, the similarity here seems to cease.

One word as to the spectators. The crowd at Saturday's match showed, I applauded good play with almost equal impartiality, whether it was the play

wrangling, no jumping on the table, or it and must have a soul-doctor. stealing the chalk, or breaking the cues, or displacing the balls, such as might have occurred if - well, if manners Watching were less under control. them I was proud to be an English

amateur journalist.

white winner) which I compiled in my heat with the Headmaster of Eton, and I could not help thinking that it you're not! Isn't it simply marvellous? which I used to effect most of my first-class game. It is not easy to describe it in print, but I may call it, if a metaphor from another but less laudable English sport—that of racing—may be permitted one, a stroke by Wrong Policy out of Fortunate Chance. I remember during one of these matches. when my favourite stroke was more in evidence than usual, the Headmaster of Winchester, an inveterate wag, said that one of my cannons was too good for such a commonplace name. is a major cannon," he said, "and ought to be called a dean."

And so, the necessary points having been reached or some other cause away breathing a silent prayer that all English games might be equally wellmanaged, and somewhat regretting that I had not ascertained what players the match was between or for how many points. [That doesn't matter, my lord; we have an ordinary common fellow to do that. The scores were, Inman 14063, NEWMAN (in play) 16521.—Ed.]

#### BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Soul-pangs and other Diversions. Park Lane.

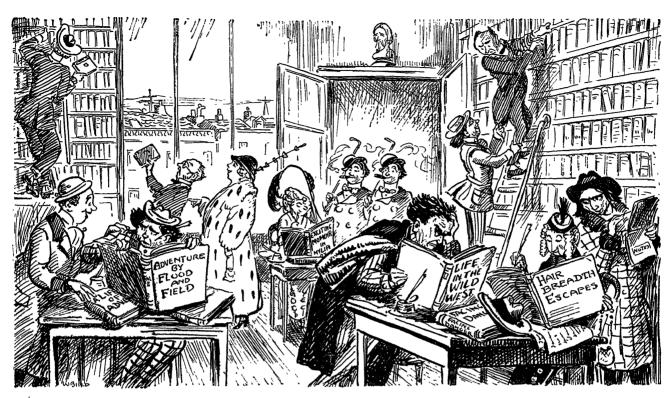
DEAREST DAPHNE,-The new thing to suffer from is soul-pangs. Quite almost everyone is having it. It 's not soul-pangs. You begin by wondering about things; then you go on wondering about things; then you get disgusted

There was no unseemly thing?" and then, dearest, you're in for

Soul-doctors aren't always, or even often, real doctors—they're generally people. For instance, Lord Exshire and Sir Gervase Oldacres have each made quite a little reputation as soul-doctors. When you consult one of them you As I surveyed the game I could not tell him that you've unusual feelings, help remembering similar contests in and he tells you you haven't. You which I had taken part myself in the say, "I'm positively martyred by soulold days, when the Headmasters of the pangs! I'm wondering about thingsgreat public schools had an annual and I 'm questioning myself—and I 'm billiard tournament: I remember, as absolutely thinking-I'm in an imthough it were yesterday, a break of mensely fearful state!" and the soul-5 (3 off the red and 2 by a superb doctor looks into your eyes and holds

Sir Gervase Oldacres has been even more successful than Lord Exshire with scoring plays so small a part in the his cases. I don't know that he'd actually a greater gift, but Exshire has been hampered in his cures by his wife. Anne Exshire will go with him to his cases, and when he looks into the eyes of the case and holds her hands Anne pushes in and says, "Can't I do that?" There is a story that just as Exshire was willing away, with his eyes and hands, the soul-pangs of a particularly obstinate case Anne burst into the room and slapped her! - and the soulpangs came back worse than ever.

Sir Gervase Oldacres had no wife to interfere with his use of his gift, and he's done wonders. You notice, I said he had no wife-but wait! He was bringing the game to a close, I came particularly concerned about one of his patients, Mrs. Meekly, a cousin of the Flummerys, the quietest, most mouselike little nonentity of a widow. Hers was a really terrible case. Not only had she all the usual soul-pangs, but she was thinking quite a quantity about her husband who died a whole year ago, and sometimes even remembered quite vividly what he was like! We persuaded her to consult Sir Gervase as a soul-doctor, and he said it was the most difficult and obstinate case he had yet tried his will upon. When he was holding her hands and willing with all the power of his eyes (the traditional Oldacres' eyes, large and grey with black eyebrows), she still kept on saying dull game to watch. None the less the illness-and it's not nerves-it's just hear his voice, in spite of the soulshe could see her dear husband and doctor's reiterated "No, you can't." But it has turned out, my dear, that she was right after all, for by-and-by with people; and after that you get their engagement was announced, and disgusted with yourself; until at last, now they're married! The new Lady in very bad cases, you get to asking Oldacres is a quite quite different person questions of yourself, and even of the from little Mrs. Meekly; she never think, the true sporting spirit. They furniture in the room when you're seems even to have heard of soul-pangs, alone—such questions as "Why?" and wears dreams of frocks, talks incessantly, "What?" and "How?" and "Is every- and always has Oldacres Towers full of of their own favourite or that of thing nothing?" and "Is nothing every- people to the very brim! But isn't it a



RECENT SCENE IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY NOT A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE STRAND.

"MY MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE," TOLD BY POPULAR MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES, WILL APPEAR IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE

tragic thing—Sir Gervase himself has soul-pangs now! And, as no soul-doctor can do anything in his own case, and, of course, wouldn't ask help from a rival, I suppose there's no hope for the poor dear man.

I gave a dear little lunch party for charming afternoon.

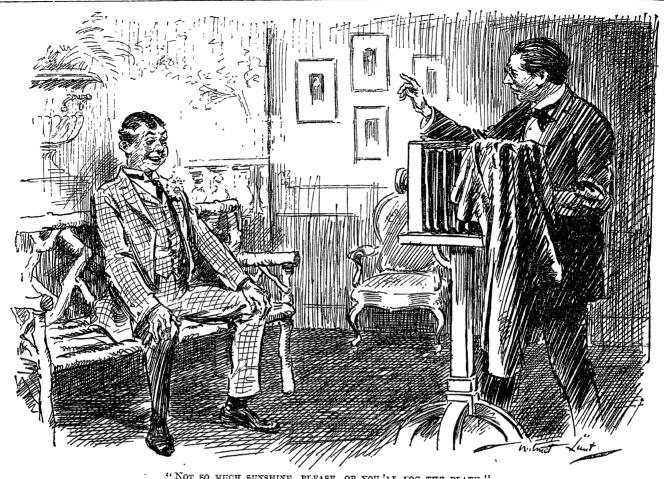
Mr. Tim Flanagan when he was in There's another London. Everyone was charmed with him. He looked so really chic among all the monotonous well-groomed people around him. After lunch he went out on the balcony and began to address the passers-by, and soon there was an immense mob outside. We all crowded up to the windows to hear him, and he was simply enormously amusing! He told the crowd what he'd had for lunch, and he asked how dared we live in such luxury; and he somethinged the lunch and the wine; and he said we didn't heed the writing on the wall, and was a great mansion like the one he was speaking from to be left in the possession of a man and a woman and some I hear, several natives' lives, and such flunkeys? No, it wasn't! And he a set as Fluffy's must account for dozens invited any of the crowd who felt like of the little stripers. Of course, one's it to come right in and live in our house and take whatever they wanted. them, and I persuaded Mr. Tim Flanagan anyone in my life till I saw Fluffy the lid!

speech must have made him very thirsty. And all the lunch people

is a very much misunderstood little woman. Only a short time ago, you know, things were patched up there, and there was a reconciliation, and they arranged to live happy ever after. They gave a very cheery reconcilly presents, and altogether it was quite a happy little second wedding. Their gifts to each other were too sweet for tiger is the last syllable of the last word! To get even one baby-tiger costs,

to come in and have tea, as his clever | Thistledown at the Newmarket Houghton in her new set of baby-tiger. Her cap had the baby-paws in front and the stayed to tea too, and before going tail sticking straight up at the back, away they perfectly overwhelmed me and the effect of eyes was got by two with congrats on having given such a immense topaz hat-pins. Her reconcilly arming afternoon.

There's another burst-up at the her smile on the lid, surrounded with Thistledowns'. We're all quite a little brilliants. So everything seemed quite sorry about it. Fluffy, poor dear thing, comfy and charming at the Thistlecomfy and charming at the Thistle-downs', till one week-end Lord T. was running over to Paris tout seul. Jack Hurlingham, Doody St. Adrian, and some other men that he knew got into the boat-train with him, and presently Thistledown, preparatory to lighting dinner-dance, and we all gave them up, took out his new match-box, looking complacently, no doubt, at Fluffy's smile on the lid. The box proved to be empty, however; there was nothing words. He gave her a complete set of behind the smile—(some people have baby-tiger—coat, cap and muff. (Baby-|said the same of Fluffy herself). Jack and Doody and the others, seeing T.'s matchless condition, simultaneously took out their own match-boxes, proffered them, then suddenly recollected themselves and pocketed them again sorry for the poor natives, but it gives in a hurry—but not before Thistledown baby-tiger a cachet above all other had seen them. My dear, every one of And the crowd laughed and cheered policy.) Really and truly, my own those boxes was gold, with Fluffy's again, and then the police dispersed Daphne, I don't think I ever envied smile surrounded with brilliants on Ever thine, BLANCHE.



"Not so much sunshine, please, or you'll fog the plate."

#### DOOMSDAY.

(Lines written on receipt of the information that the hazards of my favourite golf course are to be made even more difficult than before.)

Ere yet with arrogance grown drunker Ye build to flout the stars, Stern members of the Green Committee, On me, the gentle fool, have pity, Not all because with face so gritty I needs must dare the embattled bunker And burst its beetling bars.

What though I may not leap the ramparts, As others may, in one? If that were all 'twere no great matter: What though the bootless mounds I batter And club by club impetuous shatter, And bid the caddy take the dam parts And burn them and be done?

Ah no! but on the People ponder, The People and their right; How age by age with grip tenacious The dukes annexed the soil, till (gracious!) Our England which was once so spacious, All greenwood glades where men might wander, Contracted and grew tight.

And shall the mob's increasing dudgeon, When serfdom breaks its thrall. Strike only at the red-deer forest, That thou, O GEORGE, so much abhorrest,

And spare the links where once they morriced, But now, with overweening bludgeon, The golfer belts his ball?

[Thus, long ago, the lawless barons Upreared from Thames to Tyne Their castles to the outraged heavens (Only last week I said to Evans One's lucky to get round in sevens), In days when WARWICK ruled and CLARENCE Was soused in Malmsey wine.]

And now, I ween, no grouse nor harriers, Nor marshlands of the snipe, No, nor the mangold-munching pheasant, Shall so enrage the risen peasant, Until he makes himself unpleasant, As these, these crenelated barriers That curb my well-meant wipe.

And when at last the score is reckoned (A bas les cleeks! the cry), I fear me much lest, late and laggard, When all the rest to lunch have staggered, I may be hauled, a victim haggard, From that vast peel-tower at the second, Niblick in hand, to die.

EVOE.



# A NATION OF FIRE-EATERS.

PEACRFUL TRUTON, "HIMMEL! THEY HAVE ALL THOSE ARMIES! AND THE FATHER-LAND HAS ONLY ONE!"



### INTELLECTUAL LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Scene-College room.

First Undergraduate. "Coming to brekker to-morrow?"

First Undergraduate. "Why on Earth should I?"

First Undergraduate. "THEN I SHALL!" entroproduction in the second of the second

Second Undergraduate. "No, you'd better come to me." Second Undergraduate. "ALL RIGHT, THEN, DON'T!"

#### SMOKE ABATEMENT AT HARROW.

THE Headmaster of Harrow has issued orders to the effect that boys "must not allow Old Harrovians or other visitors to the school to smoke in chaplain, however, takes a very grave their rooms at the various houses." The boys are also "requested not to go nobleman. about the High Street or public roads adjoining the school with people who school are contriving to carry out the are smoking.

Unfortunately several painful incidents arising out of the new regulations have to be recorded. The Hon. W. D. H. O. Birdseye was getting on very nicely with his grandfather, the Duke supplies this soothing sweetmeat. of Cherrywood, who was paying a visit of Cherrywood, who was paying a visit A distressing scene was witnessed to the boy's study, until his Grace in the High Street on Monday. A took out a cigar and lit it. Finding remonstrance was met only with in-dignation, the Hon. W. D. H. O. Harrow to pay a surprise visit to his reluctantly proceeded to the perform-son. Smoking a cigar, he walked be faced, it matters nothing to an seeing his curly-headed boy again. | teeth.

as could be expected. His Grace's view of the condition of the veteran averted nose.

The budding diplomatists of the Headmaster's rules less forcibly than the above youth. One of them keeps a tin of almond rock on his mantelpiece, and on the first fretful sign made by a visitor who is dying to smoke he generously

bronzed man, after an absence of six

Harrovian that he stands to lose a Suddenly, in the High Street, he came fiver a term by his loyalty. On face to face with the little chap. With inquiry at a late hour last evening we outstretched arms and shining eyes the were informed by the Duke's doctor that father advanced to enfold his child to his Grace was progressing as favourably his bosom; but the boy, with a horrified look at the cigar, pulled himself together and marched by with

> "Of the sugar contained in the cane not less than 150 per cent. is lost, since from cane containing 15 per cent. of sugar it is not possible to get 6 per cent., if that."
> "Times" South American Supplement.

We cannot cope with this at present. We propose to read one or two of our contemporary's Educational Supplements, and then to try again.

"When the little dark man gets up at a meeting, his square, bony jaw seemingly obscured by the spectacles he wears, the Boors stir restlessly in their seats."—Daily Mail.

Our only suggestion (not a good one) is ance of his duty. When duty has to along full of the happy anticipation of that he wears his spectacles on his eye-

#### THE BIG DAY.

shoot, to take place shortly, we ask the them together at the Eastern extremity. honour of your own presence and assistance. We do so because, in the first Street, no doubt your Young Men will place, we shall have need of a trusty be keeping a look out from your upstairs and discriminating gun; in the second, windows and will enjoy accounting for ledge of local conditions and the habits promise of a share in the booty, must help to us in devising our strategic and the first part of the afternoon to Tower if they like, to snap what is schemes.

We shall be about a dozeń guns in all at the start, including one or two of the more sporting but less preoccupied K.C.s, a retired Master of the Supreme Court (not to be trusted too far), and a section of the Junior Bar; we may, when it is known what is afoot, be joined by others to the extent of not more than a few hundreds, and the weapon shop in the Strand should do good business in bailments that morning. We hope to begin about eleven; if this seems to you to be late in the day, it has been deemed better to wait till the Courts are sitting. We cannot expect to avoid some regrettable casualties: clerks don't matter, being cheap and excessive; half-a-dozen or so of solicitors might not in the worst event be missed, and even a barrister or two could be spared. But Common Law Judges, the sort to be met sometimes in the Temple out of working hours, are very scarce nowadays, practi-

of them was mislaid there might be a fuss. So we do not intend walk up New, Garden, Essex, Hare, honest, industrious barrister-at-law to begin till they are on their benches Pump, and Fig Tree Courts, Temple be welcome, both as rounding up the should by then be teeming with game. bag nicely and also with the view of keeping down a species which threatens reasonable number of guns by this time, these days to become a bit too thick on the ground Mitre Court way.

gate by the Middle Temple Library, leading out to the Underground, and cats to dogs in this connection is obvious; another, also on the Western boundary of the estate, leading into Devereux out of hand, they themselves become Court; it is the idea at present to put (as they well know) fair game, and the

with, the general object being to collect DEAR Mr. Punch,—At our principal all the birds forward and finally to get (If one or two escape over into Bouverie

Viceroy of India (to General Botha). "I'M SURE YOU ONLY MEANT TO searce nowadays, practically numbered, and if one MAY BE VERY ANNOYING TO THE REST OF THE TIGER."

If it turns out that we are still only a we may shoot over cats; we have, of course, some of these famous and self-There is, as you know, a little discreet trained pointers, artful as they are made, on the spot. The superiority of

the guns in at these two points to begin majority of their acquaintances would, perhaps, prefer it so. The objection is. however, the number of guns, and I think myself it will probably be driven birds, driven, that is, from South to North: with a gun in every window in King's Bench Walk, a gang of them on the lawn, behind and at the side, our you happen to live near the scene of these. Which reminds me: we mustn't best shots up Mitre Court to pull down action (The Temple) and your know- forget to square the Police with a the pigeons as they can away over towards the Strand, and all our spare of the game (pigeons) will be of great we?) It will take us all the morning fellows on the Library roof, up the Clock - missed from below.

It would be a pity, too, not to have this drive, seeing that all the "Boys" in Chambers who are to act as beaters have been looking forward to it for weeks, and have been collecting old (and possibly some new) electric light bulbs, which they will drop to the ground at a given signal, a process which has never yet failed to stimulate these birds to flight.

And let me, lastly, anticipate any possible objection on the grounds of inhumanity. Let me point out that this proposed expedition is wholly righteous, and, so far from having any connection with the scandals in rural life which have evoked the Georgic ire, is itself a furtherance of David's own reformative schemes. The Temple, Sir, is overrun by these fat and voracious beasts, and, if they continue to increase at their present-alarming rate, they must be a grave menace to the welfare of the local Nay, they will toiler. drive from his proud and ancient patrimony the

and substitute in his place a sparse and out of harm's way. After all, the Gardens, Harcourt Buildings and the population of pigeon-feeders, competent pigeons are our main and legitimate Lawn, but by half-past three we ought only to distribute bread-crumbs, and cerobjective (as I will show later), though all to be foregathered, ready for our big tainly not able to take the place of the a brace or so of Telegraph Boys would drive up King's Bench Walk, which legal labourer and solve knotty problems under the Finance Acts. And not only are these pigeons a future danger, they are a present evil; it would be impossible to calculate the harm they have done by, I will not say eating, but, at any rate, pecking at the wretched Juniors' briefs!

So you will join us, will you not, on

Your respectful INNER TEMPLAR.

#### OUT OF BABYLON.

THE moon was up, the deed was done, And things that ran as shadows run Pursued us to the brazen gate, Where the king-carven lions wait Beside the doors of Babylon.

There was no sound to break the spell Save footsteps, light as leaves, that fell And followed ever, followed on Where the enchanted moonlight shone

O'er charméd towers and terrible.

The Wizard's word was muttered low: The brazen doors swung open—so; The Wizard's word was soothly said; The footsteps died, and forth we fled Into the darkness, long ago.

Now of the deed that had been done, And what pursued, as shadows run, And of the word that passed us through-

The Wizard's word, the word of rue-I may not speak to anyone.

I only sing the fear of flight, And ask your pity on my plight, For the pale Wizard's eyes of ill Keep tryst throughout the years, and still

They find me every Friday night!

#### ARMY EXERCISES.

THE NEW AUTUMN AMUSEMENT. (Suggested by a struly of the Daily Press.)

RECOGNISING that West End theatrical managers will never be brought to study the comfort of their patrons, especially in the less expensive seats, till some really drastic measures are taken, The Poor Pittites Training Corps has lately been founded by Mr. Rupert Swashbuck, of Ealing. objects of the movement are said to be the demolition of early doors for which extra payment is demanded, the gratis distribution of programmes, and the extinction of late arrivals, who will be shot at sight. In a word, the support and preservation of Law, Order and the Rights of Playgoers. Major-Gen. Sir Charles Hooter has accepted the provisional command of the corps, and drilling matinées will take place on Wednesdays and Saturdays on Ealing Common.

The Company of Anti-Motorist Rough Riders held its first monthly inspection and parade yesterday. This is a civilian force which has been raised retired list, are said to have attained by Col. P. Destrian, of Watford (and late of the Indian army), for the maintenance of the amenities of the highroad. The troopers, mostly well-set-up prepared to run with blood rather than young farmers, were mounted on sacrifice one jot of its traditional quiet serviceable-looking steeds, and armed and respectability.



Newly-appointed Territorial Colonel. "LOOK HERE, SERGEANT-MAJOR, I'M AFRAID MY DOG HAS KILLED YOUR CAT. I Sergeant-Major (ingratiatingly). "OH, IT'LL DO IT A POWER OF GOOD, SIR."

with six-shooters, steel chains, and The chief tion. Altogether some twelve hundred the gallant colonel, who himself took the salute, expressed himself as more than satisfied with the success of the movement.

> The Society for the Suppression of Street Noises has lately brought itself into line with the prevailing militancy by the institution of a company of expert bomb-flingers, under the personal command of Captain Bayard, D.S.O. Target-practice is indulged in every week-day evening at the South Kensington headquarters of the company, and the members, who are mostly fine stalwart-looking civil servants on the remarkable proficiency in aim. Great enthusiasm is displayed for the movement, Onslow Gardens especially being

With reference to the fighting rebags of ten-inch nails for tyre-destruc- ported from the Midlands we learn that a battalion of the Coventry branch of men were said to be on parade, and Practical Canvassers, who had been scouring the country with maxims in support of a candidate for the city council, appear to have fallen in with the mounted section of the Society for the Suppression of Political Speeches returning from a field-day near Kenilworth. At the moment of writing no exact details as to the casualties are obtainable, but these are known to be enormous. Heavy firing having been heard this afternoon from Leamington, it is feared that the Peace Preservation Party, who are reported to be in the neighbourhood with several field-guns, have joined in the action. Further particulars will be published in our later editions.

> "Frenchman, bachelor, 19, seeks place as Tutor."—Advt. in "Morning Post." It is time that these confirmed womenhaters were taxed.

#### BIFF-BALL.

THE NEW GAME THAT EVERYONE WILL SOON BE PLAYING.

(With acknowledgments to many of our contemporaries.)

Tiddledy, Winks & Co., and inter-frequisites.

viewed the genial man-

ager.
"The game of the coming season?" repeat-"Uned the latter. doubtedly Biff-Ball. Come with me."

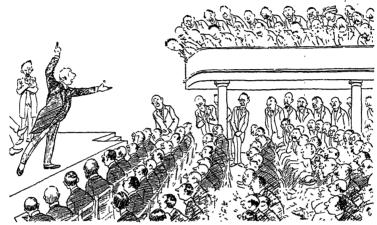
Our representative followed him into another room, where a large green cloth was found to be laid on the floor, securely pegged at the four corners. Two goals were placed at opposite ends of this cloth, and a wooden ball about the size of an orange reposed in the middle of it.

"This is all the apparatus required," said the manager. "The rules are equally simple. players insinuate themselves between the cloth and the floor, and at a given signal each endeavours to urge the ball from underneath through his opponent's goal. We claim that Biff-Ball will promote more hilarity among spectators in ten minutes than any other sport in a week, while among players it has already been found to cure gout, indigestion and obesity and to conduce

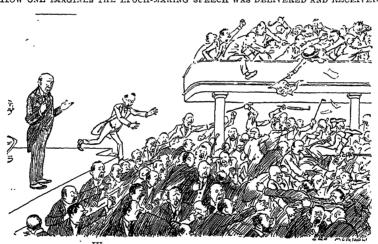
to a beneficial thickening of the Mr. Shaw has praised it on the ground that it abolishes the absurd tradition of chivalry towards women (for, of course, "mixed" matches will be frequent). Mr. Chester-TON has challenged the Bishop of be played on Boxing-Day, and Bombardier Wells, the eminent pugilist, is using it as his principal means of training in preparation for his great fight with CARPENTIER.

Biff-Ball is destined to be among indoor games what the Tango is among dances. In a few weeks it will have swept the country from John o' Groats | jawed, gloomy style. to Land's End, not excluding John

Bull's Other Island, as Mr. KIPLING has wittily termed it. . . . Good morning, if you must go. I think we shall have rain shortly, but Biff-Ball will "Oh, you are, are you?" I said; have rain shortly, but Biff-Ball will "Oh, you are, are you?" I said; keep you amused through the most "and what do you want with me?" "I want a job in your book," he The price of a Biff-Ball set, as an-answered sullenly. Then, with a mighty



HOW ONE IMAGINES THE EPOCH-MAKING SPEECH WAS DELIVERED AND RECEIVED



WHAT GENERALLY HAPPENS NOWADAYS.

"THE STRONG, SILENT MAN."

I was busily engaged upon the first chapter of my new romantic novel, Manor I had used the word "ancestral saw him standing by my writing-table.

well proportioned, and he carried himpatched. He wore his hair a little longer than I care to see it, but he was undoubtedly handsome in a square-

"And who are you?" I asked.

He bit his lip and frowned, and his

INTENT upon learning what game is nounced in the full-page advertisement effort, he shook off his reluctance to to fill our homes with innocent merri-which appears in this issue, is only 15s. speak. "I ve been out of work for ment this Christmas, our representative. This includes a complete outfit of court months," he said. "There was a time vesterday visited the vast emporium of plaster, lint, arnica and other medical when I was so busy I didn't know which way to turn. I figured in practically

every novel that came out. No sooner had Hearts and Crafts closed. leaving Muriel in my arms at last, than I had to hurry off to rescue Marjory in Out of the Mist. Now, for some reason, no one wants the strong, silent man. And yet, properly treated, I could bring anyone a fortune."

He turned those great expressive eyes, of which I had so often read, upon me.

"Give me a job in your new book, Sir!" he cried imploringly. "I can do anything. I'm the finest horseman in Europe, and the finest shot. I can do anything but talk!" And he relapsed into silence.

I felt really sorry for the fellow.

"Ronald, Gerald, Alec," I said-"whichever of your aliases you prefer-I am sorry that I have nothing to offer you. I have a comic gardener's part still open "-he gave a gesture of scorn—"but that, of course, is of no use to you. Now, may I be frank?"

He bent his head in silent assent.

"Then I will tell you why you have joined the ranks of the unemployed. It is because you have been found out. Golden Syrup, and had just realised It is a dreadful thing to say to any that in my description of Courtleigh man, particularly to so fine a specimen as yourself, but there it is; you are a London to a series of three matches to thirteen times, when I looked up and humbug. Despite your splendid, your miraculous achievements, it has been He was a tall man, but exceptionally impossible to conceal any longer the fact that you are silent, not because self with a rare distinction, despite the you are strong, but because you cannot fact that his clothes were frayed and | think of anything to say. There is only one chance for you; you must learn to talk. Buy a book of Irish——"

But he had turned on his heel, and, still with his air of indescribable dis-

tinction, had left the room.

#### STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

II.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

This charming volume of literary studies by Mr. Desmond Jubb has a peculiar interest for me, because it recalls that period—the happiest of my life-in which I was privileged to be his comrade and fellow student at Balliol College, Oxford. For, in truth, I can say more than Virgilium vidi tantum. I not only saw Desmond Jubb at lectures in Hall and on the tow-path, where his clarion tones rang out above all his contemporaries during the torpids and eights, but I belonged to the same wine club and wore the same waistcoat-buttons. I shall never forget the first time that I met him. It was in the Michaelmas term and I had returned a fortnight late, owing to a rather severe attack of German measles, from the sequelæ of which I still suffer in the shape of slightly impaired hearing of the right ear. I was hurrying out of college to order some more brown sherry, a beverage to which in those days I was much addicted, when I ran violently into a handsome young man with a high forehead, wearing a rather outre tie. I should explain that he was a freshman, while I was already in my fourth year; yet in this collision he at once assumed the position of a senior, gravely rebuked me for my precipitancy, and then with irresistible bonhomic invited me to lunch at Goffin's. Goffin's shop, I should explain, was renowned in those days for its marvellously fine pork-pies, of which I was immoderately fond, and I found that my new acquaintance rendered equal justice to their succulent qualities, albeit not apparently endowed with the same undefeated digestion as myself.

The conversation that took place is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I remember Jubb's observing what a remarkably protean animal the pig was, inasmuch as an entirely different quality attached to various portions of his anatomy, ham differing from bacon and pork from brawn. He confessed Bros. that the mero mention of pig's feet filled him with horror, in which I cordially concurred. That exquisite fastidiousness which is so marked a feature of these essays had thus already declared itself. He was rather shocked admitting that the name had always interested him. On this occasion, I remember, he partook of cherry-brandy, to correct, as he put it, the exuberance



THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

At the time, of course, I was not aware that I was entertaining a literary angel, and yet I felt that I was occasions. exchanging ideas with one of the most Unfortu "La Ferme" brand-Egyptian cigar- familiarity. I remember once, in a pork-pie days.

ettes had not yet come into vogue. He told me that he got his ties from the famous London house of Fraternity and that they cost him 7s. 6d. apiece, begged this pardon he kindly said, and he was surprised to hear that I "Granted, but don't let it happen only paid 1s. 113d. for mine at Charity again." At our wine club he always sat at the other end of the table, so that I seldom had the opportunity of speaking to him on these

Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave versatile and engaging of my fellow- Balliol in the middle of my fourth students. He was so perfectly frank year owing to an attack of pernicious at my drinking shandy-gaff, while and ingenuous, so ebullient and yet so squiffies, and I have never met Desreserved that I had a sub-conscious feeling he must be marked out for exceptional greatness. Besides his taste in ties, I remember that he never literary firmament, and I welcome this wore a mackintosh, though curiously charming volume as a rich fulfilment of the pork-pic. He smoked two or three cigarettes afterwards, and I enough in wet weather I have often of the early promise that he gave in noticed that they were Russian, of the seen him in goloshes. He resented what I may call, not his salad, but his

#### FUTURISTIC FUN.

(Notice from "The Daily Iconoclast" for November 21st, 1923.)

AT last London has a "real theatre of wonder and of records" on the principles laid down by the great Founder of Futurism, Signor MARINETTI! And, by a singular coincidence, this notice appears exactly ten years to-day from the date of publication of his epoch-making article, "The Meaning of the Music-Hall," in the columns of our contemporary The Daily Mail! Needless to say that the entertainment last night at the Pallidrome Theatre of Varieties was received with delirious enthusiasm. Considerations of space forbid us to mention every "turn" individually; we can only particularise a few, though there was none that failed to fulfil Signor MARINETTI'S condition of success—the production of "Futuristic wonder."

The "synthetic combination of speed with transformation," which, as he has taught us, is one of "the dominating laws of life," was luminously illustrated by a phenomenally stout entertainer who with lightning rapidity peeled off several successive garments of startlingly Futurist hues, until he eventually revealed himself as a living skeleton, an "absorbing and decisive symbol" which excited the "torrents of hilarity" that the Master mentions as one of the peculiar products of the Variety Theatre. Then, as Signor Marinetti so nobly recommended, "heroism and a strong and healthy atmosphere of danger" were furnished for the delighted spectators by a lofty trapeze act with bars that had been so effectually soaped that one of the gymnasts fell about sixty feet, fortunately landing on a member of the orchestra who, till that moment, had been performing on the ophicleide.

Next we were entranced by an artist who gave lifelike imitations of a Buff Orpington hen being run over by a motor-car, a beetroot in a state of incipient hysteria, and a debased half-crown, thereby exemplifying what the High Priest of Futurism terms "the profound analogies between the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, and

human beings."

Following him came a couple who were described with some aptness as "knock-about comedians," and of them it is only justice to state that, in Signor MARINETTI's memorable phraseology, "they pleasantly fanned the intellect with a network of sprightly wit, doltishness, and foolery of the deepest kind, till they insensibly urged the souls of their hearers to the very edge of madness, and to participate noisily in queer improvised dialogues."

After that a highly instructive exhibition of another of the dominating laws of life-"the interpretation of rhythm" -was afforded by a lady who performed an *impromptu* and daringly unconventional dance in a costume that, when

perceptible, was exquisitely diaphanous.

Then the two "Synthetic Sisters," strangely seductive with their Futurist green hair, blue necks, violet arms, and orange chignons, sang a duet which, to quote once more the illustrious Futurist philosopher, "brutally stripped Woman of all the veils that mask and deform her," to the unspeakable edification of all the "adolescents and young people of promise" present, for whom, as Signor MARINETTI holds, "the Variety Theatre is the only school to be recommended."

But perhaps the wildest furore was evoked by a Topical Singer, who, fulfilling what the immortal MARINETTI declared to be the function of such artists, "explained in swiftest, most striking manner the most mysterious, sentimental problems of life and the most complicated political events." And all by a refrain that was a little masterpiece of "coarse simplicity."

The "mechanical grotesque effects," too, of an American Eccentric, and his "methodical walk round after each verse," were deeply significant of things in general.

Sketches were interspersed—and such sketches! We can give them no higher praise than to say that each and all achieved the Marinettian ideal of "destroying all that is solemn, sacred, earnest, and pure in Art," and "decomposing such worn-out prototypes as the beautiful, the great.

and the religious."

Altogether an historic evening. A show the like of which this Metropolis has never before seen, palpitating with the actuality and originality that are still so deplorably lacking on the regular stage. And the audience, all of them imbued to their finger-ends with "the new sensibility," simply "ate" it. There was nothing stupidly passive or static about them-except in the case of spectators whose stalls had, in accordance with Signor MARINETTI'S recommendation, been liberally smeared with seccotine.

Owing to the fact that the Box Office had followed another suggestion of his and sold the same seats to ten different persons, there were, as he correctly predicted, several "rows" during the performance, as "immense"

as the most unreasonable Futurist could wish for.

Perhaps, however, he was less inspired in the advice to "allot free seats to ladies and gentlemen who are notoriously cranky"-a practice which, we think, might well be abandoned in future. It is a regrettable fact that the inmates of private lunatic asylums who had been given complimentary tickets maintained a comparative self-restraint and decorum that might well have damped the spirits of their neighbours, had the latter been less completely under the sway of what Signor MARINETTI aptly described as "the great Futuristic Hilarity that shall rejuvenate the face of the earth."

#### GARKIN AND LARVIN.

Garkin and Larvin were wonderful men, Each with an energy equal to ten; Each was endowed with superlative vim, Each was addressed by his cronies as "Jim."

Garkin, when speaking in Albert his Hall, Made you imagine the ceiling would fall: Larvin, whenever he blew on his trumpet, Made you feel "barmy" all over the "crumpet."

Never an orator stumping Hyde Park in The power of his tongue was a patch upon Garkin; But with his length and his vigour combined Larvin left Garkin completely behind.

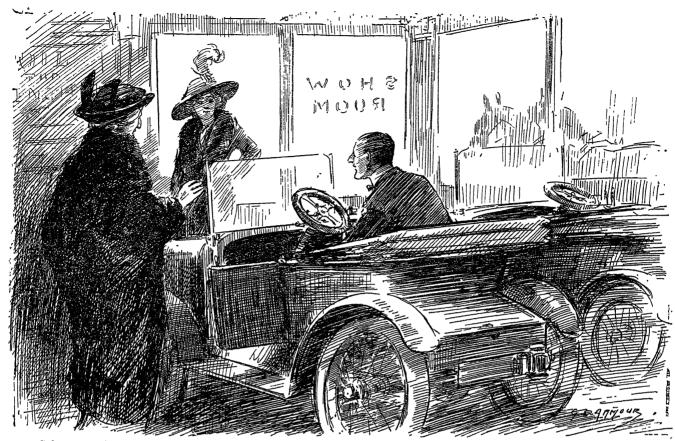
Stark in defying all law and authority, Wholly unequalled in vocal sonority, Garkin, exhaustively tested, emerges First of the moderns who ape Boanerges.

Grand in his nobly pontifical mien. Greatly majestic, superbly serene, Never defeated in any dispute, Larvin annexes the whole arrow-root.

Here then's a health to you, wonderful pair, Lord of the larynx, High Priest of hot air! Long may you live in democracy's hymns Hailed as by far the most jumpy of Jims.

# Another Impending Apology.

"In Mr. John Palmer we have a critic of the younger generation who merits a good deal more than the general scorn that is so lavishly bestowed upon the critic."—Observer.



Salesman. "And, whatever speed you may be going, when you put on this brake you stop in five yards—dead. Prespective Purchaser. "How dreadful! I've always thought they were so dangerous."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ir you care to hear a wise and kind old lady talking pleasantly of the many interesting folk she has known book? I hope so. during a long and distinguished life, make haste to put yourself in communication with Lady RITCHIE, who will speak thus to you From the Porch (SMITH, ELDER). Welcome as this volume will be to all who love men and things of good report, it can be greeted by none more warmly than always recall some of his proudest associations. Lady RITCHIE does not tell us much in the present book about her great father, but there are many others of the famous dead of whom we obtain new and happy pictures. For myself I found a peculiar interest in the paper called "Charles Dickens as I remember him." Here there is one little penportrait that I cannot resist transcribing. The writer is telling of the time when the families Thackeray and Dickens were opposite neighbours in Paris. "One day I specially remember, when we had come to settle about a drawingclass with our young companion K. E. [DICKENS' daughter] her father came into the room accompanied by a dignified made some solemn remark, such as Humlet himself might Mr. Dickens seemed to have instantly seized the incongruity, a pretty good villain, so that's all right.

suddenly responding with another attitude and another oration in the Hamlet manner, so drolly and gravely, that Macready himself could not help smiling at the burlesque.' Does this little extract show you the original charm of the

When your small nephew or niece replies to your question on the subject of Christmas presents that he or she would like a book this year, do not rush off to the nearest bookshop and hunt through the shelves devoted to juvenile by Mr. Punch, for whom the name of the writer must literature, for that way madness lies. It is not good for any uncle to be confronted suddenly by that blaze of colour. Just stay at home and write to the shop as follows: "DEAR ŠIR,—Kindly forward me at once Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S adventure story, Bird Cay (Wells Gardner, DARTON). One of Mr. Punch's Learned Clerks informs me that it is an admirable story in every way." Mr. STACPOOLE is, of course, at his best in describing stirring deeds in tropical surroundings; but never before have I received so vivid an impression of the atmosphere of those distant seas. His story deals with a search for treasure buried on a desert island; and when I say treasure I mean treasure—great chunks of gold in brick form. The hero is a boy who stows himself person—too dignified, we thought—who came forward and away on the treasure-hunting ship and has the satisfaction of being the one who succeeds in actually unearthing (or have addressed to Yorick, and then stood in an attitude in unsanding) the gold. It is this part of the book which the middle of the room. The Paris springtime was at its I count on to attract the young nephew. The story is a height, there was music outside, a horse champing in the little reminiscent of Stevenson's masterpiece; but, after all, road, voices through the open window, and Mr. Macready, what does that matter? And if the villain is a shade disport it was he, tragic in attitude gravely waiting an answer. appointing to admirers of John Silver he is nevertheless

later historians about The Reporters' Gallery (Hodder and STOUGHTON). In exhaustive, as distinct from exhausting, manner he deals with the subject from two points of view—the first, historical; the second, personal. Possibly the latter part of his work, for which he is qualified by twentyfive years of experience in the gallery, will be the more popular, though the former has abiding interest, being the result of painstaking study of the relations between Press and Parliament going back to Stuart days. One of the ordinances governing debate in the House of Commons enjoins that a Member on his legs must not direct his speech to the House or to any section of it. "This rule," Mr. MACDONAGH testifies, "is as often broken as it is observed." Its breach is commonest in the case of Members rising from one or other of the Front Benches. The Speaker in the Chair is close at hand; their audience is seated behind them and below the Gangways as far as the Bar. Strictly to obey the order it would be necessary for them to turn their backs on their audience. Instinctively it is their habit to present that view to the Speaker's eye. Mr. Gladstone its author, Mr. Christian Tearle, observes, "Describing

was a great sinner in this respect. Not infrequently he turned right round to his supporters above the Gangway and literally drove home his argument by violently beating the palm of his left hand with the fingers of hisright. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was, in respect of this rule, another habitually disorderly person. The Cross Benches at either side of the Bar would afford the best vantage, but as they are technically outside the House they may not be

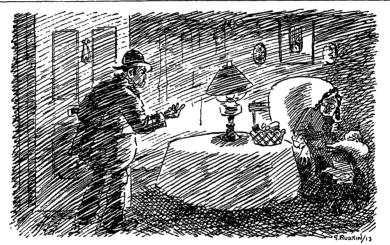
merits of this quarter when, being forbidden to enter Chicago gentleman bored me. I felt all the time that the House, he addressed it from the Bar. The interest if I had the author to myself, content just to point out of reporters in this matter is direct. Their gallery being things of interest and let me enjoy them, I should the Chair. This is one of the particulars of Parliamentary proceedings that Mr. MacDonagh makes clear to the understanding of the man in the street. I have touched upon only one detail of his work, but the whole book is alluring, and I advise every student of Parliamentary reports to get it and read it through. He will find it equally entertaining and instructive.

Most readers will thank Mr. George Would for his delightful Sowing Clover (Long), but such as live in South Staffordshire will do so with a touch of suppressed irritation. In a particularly graphic book he has done a particularly tiresome thing, and that is, while making a great point of his topography, to call some places by their own and others by assumed names. He should have dealt impartially with the whole Black Country, disguising all or none; as it is, the native Black must be upset to read how John Wittongate, the cobbler, made a house-to-house canvass for work from Salop Street, Wolverhampton (which | Huntsman. "Ah, but you should see him in his pretty is known to exist) to the outlying Tambridge (which is green summer coat."

Mr. Macdonagh has left nothing more to be said by known not to exist); how, when he had got it and made such a prodigious success of it that he could educate his son to be a fine gentleman, that son won most events at the school sports at Walshaw (a fictitious spot) by reason of his having trained on the cinder track behind The Fighting Cocks (a very actual public-house). Let it, however, not be thought that Mr. Woull's interest is purely local; his observations apply to all parts of the country wherever is known that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficientlylegislated-for entity, the working-man (Hear, hear), whom he exposes and shows to be no better then the rest of us (Shame). I was, I must say, surprised to find a son of this so humbly originating cobbler almost entangled in a dashing divorce case; but the fault of improbability is less with this novel than with the others which have always taught me to associate the pastimes of responding and co-responding exclusively with the higher and less innately virtuous classes.

On page 135 of The Pilgrim from Chicago (LONGMANS)

places is a very troublesome business." It was, I suppose, because he felt this difficulty that he has tried to avoid it by filling his book of topography with dialogue, and inventing a visitor from the States to hang it upon. The idea, which he has used once before in Rambles with an American, is certainly ingenious—indeed, to my own thinking, a little too much so. Mr. Tearle's enthusiasms and information about old places and their associations would be more pleasing without this elaborate



poses. Bradlaugh accidentally discovered the Could year 'ELP A POOR FELLER AS UD STOP AT NOTHIN' TER GAIN 'IS ENDS, KIND LADY?"

pretence. In short, the I felt all the time that immediately over the Speaker's chair, speech addressed in spend a much happier time than as eavesdropper to the obedience to the rule reaches their ears. They suffer even frequently rather vapid conversation he exchanges with his more than the Speaker when a Member turns his back on American friend. Perhaps I am ungracious. No doubt there are many persons (I have a suspicion of their nationality) who will prefer this method of imparting knowledge, and for whom the cliche, so painfully frequent in Mr. Tearle's pages, will have no terrors. As it is for these that the book has obviously been written its success should be assured. It is only fair to add that even the most fastidious reader will find in it a wealth of engaging speculation and discovery, of which the scene is largely, though not solely, London. Hunters of the Dickensian snark should especially appreciate this book, above all for its wholly admirable photographs, many of which deal with spots that Mr. Tearle has identified in the novels. He has done this so cleverly that only the presence of the third party aforesaid prevented me from being properly grateful.

> "It was an ideal morning, with the hounds still glowing in their brilliant autumn colours."—Westmoreland Gazette. Colour Enthusiast. "That's a nice brown hound."

#### CHARIVARIA.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE says he was never so startled in his life as by the sight of fashions in London recently. This reminds us that we remember how amused we were the first time we saw a bishop.

With reference to the arrest of Mrs. PANKHURST, which was carried out in such a manner that the general public. Mrs. Pankhurst's suffragette supporters and the Press representatives were all outwitted, it is felt in Fleet

hood winking the first two classes, but the besting of the Press representatives bordered on an infringement of etiquette.

". MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT HOLLOWAY,"

said the poster. But of course they will let him out before long -like Mr. Larkin.

Mr. Kaines Smith, lecturing on "Beauty and Morality" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, described Leonardo da Vinci's "Monna Lisa" as "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted - one with an atmosphere of indefinable evil." The lady, it will be remembered, ended up by becoming the associate of thieves.

Meanwhile, after Mr. Smith's pronouncement, it will be interesting to see whether the thieves will now come forward and claim a reward for removing an evil influence that was a grave danger to Parisian morality.

It is good news that London is at and damn all our enemies," is an extract Shaw. last to have an efficient ambulance from a letter written by Lord Nelson Muc caution in crossing the road.

"Feeder motor-"bus routes" is an expression which appears in an advertisement of the L.G.O.C. We imagine our old friend the Chocolate 'Bus will be found on one of these routes.

Tango classes for Army officers started last week in the Soldiers' Club at Bordon Camp, Hampshire. While it is a pity that we allowed the German really begins to look as if we may gain the lead here.

best part of a year, The Sleeping Beauty force with bagpipes.

is to be revived at Drury Lane on Boxing-Day.

There would seem to be no limit to the enterprise of publishers. One of them has succeeded in persuading that recluse Colonel ROOSEVELT to talk about himself, and his autobiography is to appear next week.

A foolish lady recently enquired at a library whether Richard Furlong was a sequel to Alice-for-Short.

Street that the police were justified in Duke, Mr. Beckford, and all our friends, temporary.



- "I WANT TO SEE SOME MUDGUARDS"
- "FOR WHAT MAKE OF CYCLE, SIR?"
- "THEY 'RE NOT FOR A CYCLE, THEY 'RE FOR ME."

service, and that soon we shall not to Lady Hamilton which was sold last at the Adaptations Theatre, with one feel compelled to exercise such extreme week at Sotheby's. There is a rumour important difference, that here, on the that the purchaser was Mr. LARKIN.

> The hull of an early sixteenth century warship has been discovered at Woolwich, and our Radical economists are hoping that Mr. Churchill may be able to adapt this to modern needs and reduce his estimates.

\* \* According to the Dresdener Nachrichten, a narcotic powder has been invented which will revolutionize wararmy to forestall us in aeronautics, it fare. Shells charged with this powder, when exploded among the enemy, will send them to sleep for several hours instead of killing them. It should, how-After being in a state of coma for the ever, always be possible to send a rescue But it might be wiser not to visit

# ARTISTS AND AUDIENCES.

(How to mollify their mutual relations.)

(S) that concert artists may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, Chevalier Arrigo Bocchi has planned a new scheme of lighting at St. James Hall, Great Portland Street, which he has acquired for a syndicate of music lovers. Lights will be focussed on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness which will shut out the audience from the sight of the perform r. Daily Marl.

An excellent beginning. Some further humane efforts of a like character seem "Best regards to Sir William, the to have escaped our bright little con-

> So that concert - goers may not be discouraged by the hideous antics of long - haired piano-thumpers, Signor Vertigo Bashwood has planned an entirely novel scheme at the Tubal Hall, New Bond Street, by which at the commencement of the programme an extinguisher made of perforated zinc is let down from the roof of the stage. which, while permitting the free passage of sound, will entirely shut out both instrument and performer from the sight of the

So that indifferent theatrical artists may no longer be discouraged on first nights by the hoots and cat-calls of the audience, Professor Sumerun Rheingold has planned a new scheme of acoustics at the St. George's Theatre, by which at the conclusion of each Act (or indeed whenever circumstances seem to demand) the audience can be rendered entirely inaudible from the stage. The invention is said to have the hearty approval of Mr. BERNARD

Much the same plan will be followed approach of any line whose wealth of meaning is likely to discourage a family or episcopal audience, the stage manager is able by touching a lever instantly to sever the acoustic connection between the two sides of the footlights, which will only be restored when all possibility of danger is at an end.

An item of "Local News" in the Teesdale Mercury: --

"The Queen of Spain, who, prior to her marriage, visited the Bowes Museum, and who has completely recovered from her indisposition, will leave Paris to-morrow for England to visit her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg.'

Bowes Museum again.

# THOUGHTS ON THE NEAR FUTURE.

... We mean to see this thing through." Mr. Asquith at Leeds.

·· We are bound to see the thing through.' S.r Edward Grey at Bradford.]

WE 're not so young as once we were; Amid our raven locks

Unlovely intervals occur;

We shrink from sudden shocks; Our salad days, a vivid green-Time has impaired their hue; But we've a stubborn will, and mean To see this business through.

Owing to life's exhausting stress, Coupled with growth of girth, We move more slowly, we are less Resilient in our mirth;

But still our heart, as ever keen At Duty's call, will do

What England still expects; we mean To see this business through.

Others may shirk the higher claim, Over the sea may go

To sport with Chance at Monte's game Or ski about the snow;

For us, we ask no change of scene, No skies of borrowed blue; We stay at home because we mean

To see this business through. .

The pledge we gave to pay our debt (Hands clasped in solemn grip) We shall redeem with teeth hard set And stiffened upper lip;

Boy! you may trust your Uncle; he Has sworn to face with you Even a pantomime, and see

This Christmas business through. SHOULD AN AUTHOR TELL?

IT was a memorable morning on which I found myself in the waitingroom of Mr. Silas K. Joshfeller's Variety Agency. Again and again I had assured myself that, if one parson could wake up the music-hall world with a problem sketch, there was no reason on earth why another member of the Church should not meet with almost dispose of ut. equal success. So that my natural trepidation was leavened by a measure of self-confidence. And yet I had an of your cloth rush into vaudeville uneasy feeling that the little collection of music-hall artistes saw me comingin the slang sense. Two men especially I singled out, and I could have sworn stranger. All around you'll find things their whispered conversation. One of are white men, Chinese that are Yanks, these I took to be an American. He had comedians that caan't make you laaf, the usual sartorial features, including a low-crowned felt hat, a suit not quite as broad as long, and a pair of indescribable boots. His companion was a big Irishman, and appeared to be a | Waal, I'm naat. I was born in Brixton, member of the hatless brigade. I and never been out o' this country. But "There is no prospect of any change in the remember thinking at the time that I know what pays. Now you can't changeable weather."—Manchester Courier. member of the hatless brigade. I and never been out o' this country. But

covering.

With my wideawake and the book of my sketch in one hand I was just about to tap on the door marked "Private" with the other, when the Ameri-

can called out politely, "Say, excuse me. I think you'll find Mr. Joshfeller's busy just now."

"Oh, thank you," I said, taking a thing approaching a breach of etiquette. | fact, I 'm not." "How thoughtless of me," I went on, setting out to be friendly. "Of course, all you ladies and gentlemen are also waiting for an interview."...

"Waal, he's naat an easy man to see," replied the American. "I should say a variety agent is somethin' like your Aarchbishop of CANTERBURY to

git right hold of.

"Er—yes. With regard to the Archbishor," I said, "I have never had the pleasure. But I've no doubt it's an "You see," I went on, trying to apt comparison. Perhaps you could speak with indifference, "if a real tell me if they deal in sketches here?"

here. What is this sketch you've gaat? Is it sensational, cahmedy, or what?"

"Oh, it's—it's a problem sketch." "Is ut funny?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite serious," I said. Here was an opportunity of gaining an unbiassed opinion, and, encouraged by their interest, I showed them the script and related the story in a few words.

"Sir," said the American, when I had finished, "that show would cause a riot on a cannibal island."

"Ye'll be afther wantin' a fortune for ut?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite a modest sum would content me," I said. "But I'm very gratified to think you like the idea."

... I'm thinkin' ut'll revolutionise the music-halls," said the Irishman. "Ye'll want to use great caution the way ye

"Yes, Sir!" added the American. "And listen here. I caan't let a man without a woird of preparation, and store of disillusionment waitin' for any and angelic-lookin' women that are naat. For instance, if you've weighed me up at all you guess I 'm Amurrican. Sir, you think I'm a genuine Yank.

any man with such very musical hair tell me you ain't shocked at that. Is could well afford to dispense with head it not deception? Do you, as a cloirgyman, think it's right?"

"The question you put me is a difficult one," I answered after a moment's thought. "I have come here to find an opening for my sketch, and I realise that if I join the ranks of your profession I must conform to its customs. On the whole, I am included to take a rather broad-minded view. Perhaps if step in the speaker's direction and I myself were in any way connected realising that I had committed some- with the Church—but, as a matter of

> The Brixton-American burst into a roar of laughter at this statement. The Irishman merely smiled a peculiar smile and nodded his head. I somehow felt very elated. It was as if I had already proved my worth in another sphere. The only tiny midge in my ointment was the thought that the Brixton-American combination rather tended to detract from the originality

of my own enterprise.

parson can do this kind of thing, and "I could naat. Sketches are naat in cause a public sensation with the help of his clerical position, there seems to be no reason why a bogus one should fail. And I have no doubt that the sight of a clergyman will considerably impress a man of the variety agent type. Now don't you, as music-hall artistes, consider my idea rather ingenious? Don't you think that, compared with the ordinary ruse, it savours of originality?"

"Oh, say, I think it's cute," said the Brixton-American, and laughed again.

"Shpeakin' for meself," remarked the Irishman, the lines about his mouth hardening in a quite unaccountable manner, "I'll admit that yer cunning does not appeal to me. There's deception and deception. And ut's the public, and not the agents, that ye've got to deceive. Maybe if I was a music-hall artiste--but I'm not. I'm an agent. Me name's Silas K. Joshfeller.''

"Really?" I said. "I hope you will forgive my unfortunate intentions towards yourself."

"Ach! Your intintions and my without tellin' you that there's some idinthity don't matther at all at all. Ut's your claim to one shpark of originality that dhrives me shtark ravin' that I at once became the subject of are unreal. You'll see Hindoos that mad. You and your rotten whiskered sketch and your pantomime parson make-up. Originality, begorra! Why, you're the tenth sham priest that's afther comin' up here wid sketches the last month.

### The Surprise of the Week.



# THE TRIBUTE OF ENVY.

MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE (singing). "J'AI FAIT SAUTER MON MINISTÈRE."

MR. BONAR LAW (to Lord Lansdowne). "ADMIRABLE WOMAN! THEY ORDER THESE THINGS
BETTER IN FRANCE."



"What d'you mean by making me slack up? You needn't get funky about an old horse like that shying!"

### "MAYBE, SIR, BUT HE'S A BIT SHAKY ON THE LEGS AND I HAD TO THINK OF THE DRAUGHT!"

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Why not make life a little easier for your friends? Why not rub off the corners? And smooth out the creases?

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSO-CIATION have the honour to announce their list of Daintiest Recencies for the Yule-Tide Season. Last year we had the pleasure of introducing to our patrons those three labour-saving devices—now to be found in every home -the CHIPEGG, the KEEPOT and the SLIPON.

Our Committee of Long-felt-want Experts has been at work again, and we now quote from this year's catalogue the following three Special DOMESTIC NOVELTIES and AIDS TO THE ELEGANT LIFE.

(Full catalogue sent on application by special delivery van.)

No. 125463 B. THE CHILCUP.

This is a charming, indeed exquisite, little breakfast-table adjunct for those in a hurry. A most appropriate Christmas present for business men and It is a delicate little silver others. electric fan, which can be clipped on to the rim of the coffee-cup, to cool the culty of eating cherry and other stone contents. No more gulped coffee! No fruit with any degree of elegance? The On a branch line you can't always be more missed trains!

No. 69 AAJ. THE ASPARAGLOVE.

It has long been felt that something should be done to facilitate the eating of asparagus in public. There is nothing clumsy about the Asparaglove. It only encloses the thumb and first finger, and may be left in the finger-bowl if preferred. Supplied in dozens. A most appropriate and topical Christmas gift, but must be put aside—along with tennis shoes or parasol—till the proper season.

(Note.—It has been suggested to us that it might be a little awkward for the diner-out to come to the table wearing an Asparaglove when there was no asparagus provided. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by hostesses printing in the corner of invitation cards the one word "Asparagus." It should be in very small type and need not obtrude itself. N.B.-These cards can be obtained from our Stationery Dept. No. 111111121.)

No. 5454336 L.

THE THERE-AND-BACK SPOON.

Beautifully simple in its operation. (May be had in sets of half-a-dozen with monogram.)

Have we not all met with the diffiproblem is now solved, thanks to the sure of getting an engine.

secret chamber beneath the head of the spoon, which is always ready noiselessly to receive the stones as they are rejected.

Let us all do something to brighten the Home.

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSOC.

"The 'Eclair' says that Miss Pankhurst began to speak in French, but that, as she appeared insufficiently familiar with that language, she was obliged to continue in French. Part of the audience protested and others applauded."—Westminster Gazette.

We should have applauded her pluck while protesting against her unintelligibility.

"Lord Henley, of Watford Court, has just presented each of his estate cottagers with 10 cwt. of coal. The gifts are keenly reciprocated."—Northampton Mercury.

In fact they have a local proverb now about carrying coals to Henley, and his lordship wishes it to be understood that his cellars are full.

"In the last Act she commits suicide by throwing herself in front of a locomotive engine. This, of course, is not all that happens, but it is the main line."

Morning Post.

#### THE SPORTSMAN.

office-boy, interrupting my usual noon-

don't know anyone of that name. our typical-

What does he want?"

"Says it's a private matter, Sir, and be called typical." pertickly asks to have a few words."

immense fortune. Such things do "you were, I believe, a keen footballer?" happen, I believe, at any rate in books. "If there is one game I have always

looking documents on my writing-table, and had successfully assumed the attitude of a man immersed in affairs. whose valuable time was not lightly to be encroached upon, when Mr. Lumley was announced.

"I trust I'm not intruding, Mr. Biffin," he began, "but your name was given to me by Major Hardaway-Pilchard and Sir Edward Topping. I ventured,

"It was kind of these gentlemen, whoever they may be, to give you that which did not belong to them," I remarked severely, "but I may as well say at once that I am totally unacquainted with either of them.

"I was talking to Captain Spindler only the other day," he continued unabashed, "and

he said he was sure you would be a boy I was, of course, compelled to represented Oxford at Blackheath in interested in our little scheme."

"To the best of my belief," I replied, "I have never set eyes on Captain Spindler. But what is your 'little scheme,' as you call it?"

"Sir Edward Topping and Major Hardaway-Pilchard and, I may add, many other gentlemen equally well known in sporting circles, have long felt the want of a volume-a book of reference—that should contain brief biographies of persons who, like yourself, are interested in all matters connected with sport."

"I am certainly interested in sport," I began, "but I must confess that-

"Exactly, Mr. Biffin! Precisely. And in this publication we propose to devote an entire page to every one of our leading | peared to be disappointed. British sportsmen who is good enough

will be greatly enhanced by photo-last summer it had always been thirty-graph portraits. I have been com-two." "Lumley?" I said. "Lumley? I missioned to approach you as one of

"Really, Mr. Lumley, I can hardly

"If you will kindly give me a brief

I hurriedly arranged some important- detested," I replied, "it is football. As all your valuable and interesting in-

to provide materials for a biography. "that I am utterly useless at both We thus hope to produce a work of tennis and croquet, while my handicap "Mr. Lumley to see you!" said the absorbing interest, the value of which at golf is twenty-four. Indeed, until

"Perhaps shooting and fishing are more in your line?"

"I gave up shooting twenty years ago, because I never hit anything except a beater, and the only fishing "Oh, well, show him up." sketch of your sporting career, I shall I ever indulge in takes the form of a For aught I knew my visitor might not detain you long, I assure you." little mild shrimping during my sumbe the secret emissary of a wealthy He drew a note-book from his pocket. mer holidays at the sea-side." I rose stranger who proposed to leave me an "In early life, Mr. Biffin," he continued, to my feet to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"I am very much obliged to you for

formation," said Mr. Lumley as he left the room. "You shall hear from me later."

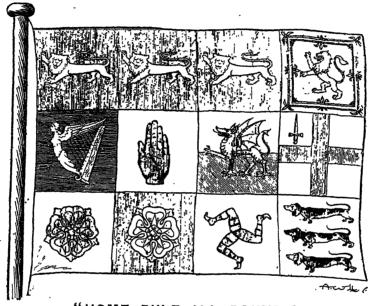
Three months elapsed and I had almost forgotten this interview when I was pleasantly surprised, one bright June morning, by the receipt of a handsomelybound volume, entitled Leaders of British Sport, containing a slip in-scribed, "With the Publisher's compliments. See p. 83." Turning hastily to the page mentioned I read the following notice:-

"BIFFIN. REGINALD DRAKE. — Stock-broker: b. 1872; educ. Harrow and Oxford; n. of Sir Theodore Biffin, K.C.V.O.; four s. and two d.; owns three acres. Played football regularly for many years in a school eleven, but was not included in the team that

1892. As a cricketer his batting average was remarkable, and the wickets he took on the playing-fields at Harrow and at Oxford I gave up the game are still remembered. Is deeply interested in polo, and though it would be unfair to compare him with players of the calibre of Mr. Buckmaster or the Brothers Waterbury he has long been a conspicuous and familiar figure at on which I bowled a wicket were rare enough to be memorable."

Ranelagh. Plays tennis and croquet with equal skill, and if his golf-handicap continues to be reduced at the present rate should undoubtedly become a scratch player in less than three years. Has renounced shooting in favour of the gentler art, and is considered by some to be among the keenest and not least successful salt-water fishermen on the South Coast . . . "

I could find nothing in all this that



"HOME RULE ALL ROUND."

(Suggested design for Royal Standard under the above arrangement.) ENGLAND, NORTH. ENGLAND, MIDLANDS. ENGLAND, SOUTH. SCOTLAND. IRELAND, SOUTH AND WEST. ULSTER. WALES. LONDON. LANCASHIRE. YORKSHIRE. ISLE OF MAN. ISLE OF DOGS.

> play it, but I never developed the least taste for it. When I left my private school I was still in the fourth eleven, altogether."

"At cricket, no doubt-

"I was just as poor a performer. My batting average at Harrow never reached double figures, and the occasions

"Polo, Mr. Biffin, I am sure you-

"Never," I answered firmly. "Though as a member of Ranelagh I often enjoy watching the inter-regimental matches, I have too great a respect for my bones to take part in so dangerous a pastime."

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Lumley ap-

"I may further add," I went on,



Conscientious Window-dresser. "Mr. Graham! Would you mind giving Miss Willcox & Call, and ask her to kindly STEP THIS WAY AND GIVE ME THIS POSE? I CAN'T QUITE GET WHAT I WANT."

seemed to call for criticism. As a brief] "polo is such a dangerous game. realm of sport it seemed to be eminently truthful and satisfactory. I read it aloud to my wife after luncheon, and she expressed herself no less delighted than surprised by it.

"Oh, Reginald," she exclaimed affectionately, "why didn't you tell me all this before? I had no idea you'd done For we maintain that all sensation so much.'

"There are some things one doesn't talk about," I replied modestly.

continued.

"I hope so. It even occurs to me that a copy of this book would make a very suitable Christmas present for your dear mother, and indeed for Uncle Joseph and others of your relatives who don't perhaps appreciate me as much as-

"Oh, wouldn't it!" she agreed Shall go to feed our vast edition. enthusiastically. "I hope you'll order a dozen copies at least.'

"That is what I propose to do. And now," I added, glancing at my watch, "I must be getting off to Ranelagh."

An anxious expression crossed my wife's face. "Reginald," she appealed, Our really painful Picture 3,

epitome of my various activities in the Promise me you won't take any risks!" "Have no fears, darling," I replied with some emotion; "I promise."

# THE PICTURE-PAPER TO ITS PUBLIC.

WE, who purvey pictorial news, Profess the most enlightened views, Is ours, to share with you, the nation. Down, therefore, with the social pest Who hugs his horrors to his breast! "Won't mother be pleased!" she Down with the vile, self-centred man Who keeps things private when he can! We have our eye on him—we mark All woes which he would fain keep dark. Our Press photographer is out To put his privacy to rout. For all man's passion, grief, distress, Are merely matter for the Press, And mainly that which craves omission

> Then, O our Public, gather near! We've got a tit-bit! Just look here! Here's something over which to gloat-The funeral of a man of note. We hope you will not fail to see

For we have had the luck to snap The dead man's son (that tallish chap) And favorite brother (head bent down, Confound him!) walking through the town.

We got them, after quite a hunt, At six yards' range from close in front. It seems that, suffering as they were, They shunned our Press photographer. They didn't wish their grief to rise Before a million pair of eyes; Tried to escape from our molesting. This makes the snap more interesting.

Here, then, they are: their sorrow's plain.

Or should be, to your eager brain. Look at them closely; thus you will Not fail to feel the authentic thrill. Ah! ain't it sad to think those men Have lost their loved one from their

ken? Could any other human sight Harrow you more than such a plight? Thanks to our enterprise you see Their realistic misery (Behind—see Picture 1—the bier). Inset, we have the mourner's tear. Taken while falling. Overleaf, We chat about the widow's grief.

#### IN THE SWIM.

"Do you tango?" asked Miss Hopkins, as soon as we were comfortably seated. I know her name was Hopkins, because I had her down on my programme as Popkins, which seemed too good to be true; and, in order to give tunately I couldn't dance the tango, her a chance of reconsidering it, I had asked her if she was one of the Popkinses of Hampshire. It had then turned out that she was really one of the Hopkinses of Maida Vale.

"No," I said, "I don't." She was only the fifth person who had asked me, but then she was only my fifth

"Oh, you ought to. You must be

up-to-date, you know.'

"I'm always a bit late with these things," I explained. "The waltz came to England in 1812, but I didn't really master it till 1904."

"I'm afraid if you wait as long as that before you master the tango it

will be out."

"That's what I thought. By the this. time I learnt the tango, the bingo would be in. My idea was to learn the I 've got an uncle living there now. 1917. Think how Society will flock to my Bingo Quick Lunches. I shall be that I was actually taught it in St. the only man in London who bingoes John's Wood, but that my dancing properly. Of course by 1918 you'll all mistress came frombe at it.'

1918," smiled Miss Hopkins.

"In 1918," I pointed out coldly, "I

shall be learning the pongo."

My next partner had no name that I could discover, but a fund of conversation.

"Do you tango?" she asked me as soon as we were comfortably seated.

"No," I said, "I don't. But, added, "I once learned the minuet."

"Oh, they 're not very much alike, are they?"

"Not a bit. However, luckily that doesn't matter, because I've forgotten all the steps now."

She seemed a little puzzled and de-

cided to change the subject.

"Are you going to learn the tango?" she asked.

"I don't think so. It took me four months to learn the minuet."

"But they're quite different, aren't

they?"

"Quite," I agreed.

As she seemed to have exhausted herself for the moment, it was obviously my business to say something.

was only one thing to say.
"Do you tango?" I asked.
"No," she said, "I don't." "Are you going to learn?"
"Oh, yes!"

"Ah!" I said; and five minutes later we parted for ever.

The next dance really was a tango, and I saw to my horror that I had a name down for it. With some difficulty I found the owner of it, and prepared to explain to her that unforbut that for profound conversation about it I was undoubtedly the man. Luckily she explained first.

"I'm afraid I can't do this," she

apologised. "I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," I said magnanimously. "We'll sit it out."

We found a comfortable seat. "Do you tango?" she asked. I was tired of saying "No."

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to find somebody else to do it with?"

"Quite, thanks. The fact is I do it rather differently from the way they 're doing it here to-night. You see, actually learnt it in the Argentine."

She was very much interested to hear

"Really? Are you out there much?

"When I say I learnt it in the Argentine," I explained, "I mean

"In St. John's Wood?" she said "Then we must have one together in eagerly. "But how funny! My sister is learning there. I wonder if-

She was a very difficult person to talk to. Her relations seemed to spread themselves all over the place.

"Perhaps that is hardly doing justice to the situation," I explained again. "It would be more accurate to put it like this. When I decided—by the way, does your family frequent Paris? No? Good. Well, when I decided to learn the tango, the fact that my friends the Hopkinses of St. John's Wood, or rather Maida Vale, had already learnt it in Paris naturally led me toawfully hot in here."

"Oh, I don't think-

"I'll go and get them," I said hastily; and I went and took a long time getting them, and, as it turned out that she didn't want hers after all, a longer time eating them. When I was ready for conversation again the next dance was beginning. With a bow I relinquished her to another.

"Come along," said a bright voice behind me; "this is ours."

"Hallo, Norah, is that you? Come

We hurried in, danced in silence, and then found ourselves a comfortable seat. It would have drowned the affection of For a moment neither of us spoke . . . | any man but Richard.

"Have you learnt the tango yet?" asked Norah.

"Fourteen," I said aloud.

"Help! Does that mean that I'm, the fourteenth person who has asked

"The night is yet young, Norah. You are only the eighth. But I was betting that you'd ask me before I counted twenty. You lost, and you owe me a pair of ivory-backed hairbrushes and a cigar-cutter."

"Bother. Anyhow, I'm not going to be stopped talking about the tango if I want to. Did you know I was learning? I can do the scissors."

"Good. We'll do the new Fleet Street movement together, the scissorsand-paste. You go into the hall-room and do the scissors, and I'll—er—stick here and do the paste."

"Can't you really do any of it at all,

and aren't you going to learn?"

"I can't do any of it at all, Norah. I am not going to learn, Norah."

"It isn't so very difficult, you know. I'd teach you myself for tuppence."

"Will you stop talking about it for threepence?" I asked, and I took out three coppers.

"No.

I sighed and put them back again. \* \* \*

It was the last dance of the evening. My hostess, finding me lonely, had dragged me up to somebody, and I and whatever her name was were in the supper room drinking our farewell soup. So far we had said nothing to each other. I waited anxiously for her to begin. Suddenly she began.

"Have you thought about Christmas

presents yet?" she asked.

I nearly swooned. With difficulty I remained in an upright position. She was the first person who had not begun by asking mo if I danced the tango!

"Excuse me," I said. "I'm afraid I didn't-would you tell me your name

again?"

I felt that it ought to be celebrated I say, what about an ice? It's getting in some way. I had some notion of writing a sonnet to her.

"Hopkins," she said; "I knew you'd forgotten me."

"Of course I haven't," I said, suddenly remembering her. The sonnet would never be written now. had a dance together before."

"Yes," she said. "Let me see," she added, "I did ask you if you danced the tango, didn't I?" A. A. M.

"As Richard looked at the girl her whole throat and face rose in one soft wave."

London Budget.

# THE TANGO IN THE BALL-ROOM.



AS LETTERS IN THE PAPERS FROM AMATEUR SOCIAL REFORMERS WOULD HAVE US IMAGINE IT.



AND AS WE HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN IT.



Vedette (on Irish manœuvres). "Well, they may 'ave their bloomin' 'Ome Rule, their whole blessed country, an' 'are India to dry it in for anythink I cares!"

# THE ROUND-SHOT OF ENGLAND.

(On reading the news that December 11th is the last day for dispatching Christmas puddings to Roumania via Germany.)

By south, by north, from Thames to Forth,
The fair projectile sails;
What packing up of soundless bombs
For unforgotten Dicks and Toms
In far-off places of the earth,
From Leeds, from Exeter, from Perth
(And very possibly from Porth,
Glamorgan county, Wales)!

They bring no shame of shells that maim
But only Christmas cheer;
Charged with the fruitage of the grape,
With shrapnel spice they round the Cape,
But not the Horn (why not? Aha!
That new canal at Panama);
They burst into a blue-green flame
By many an unknown pier.

The white-winged gulls attend the hulls
That bear them to the west;
The camels in the Libyan sand,
Who watch the old mirage expand
And feign belief with wondrous tact,
Trudge on with these all neatly packed
In suitable receptacles
And properly addressed.

They speed; and if by texture stiff
Or too luxuriant plums
On eaters of sc godlike fare
There falls some aftermath of care,
How short-lived that internal pain,
How fond the memories that remain
Of home and England! What a whiff
Of Piccadilly comes!

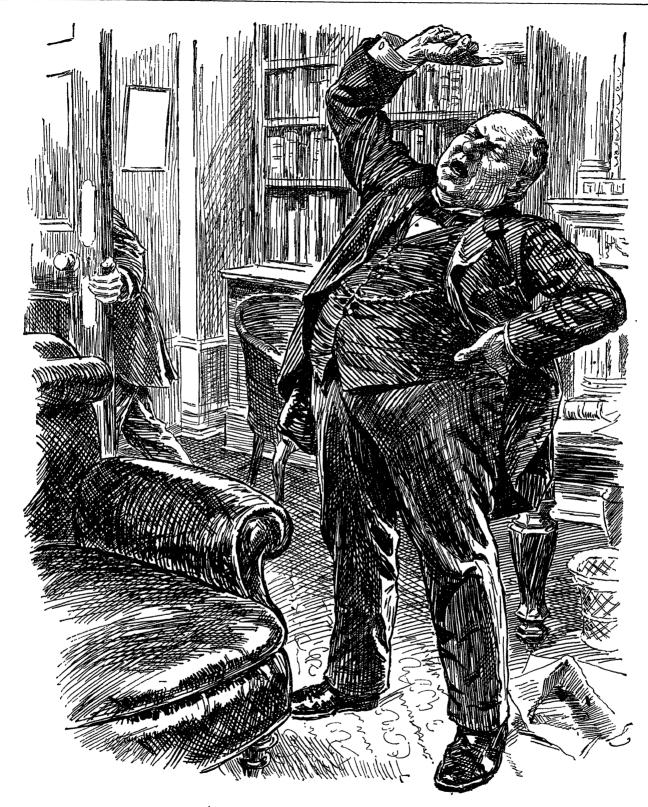
But most of all I love to call
Sweet images to mind
Of aliens not of English blood
Who hear the Saxon pudding thud,
Who see, who crave, who taste, who smile
At this first glory of our isle,
Who bow the knee at last, and fall
With England's suct lined.

So, fat and sweet with all things meet,
I like to think there ride
Tremendous orbs of British duff,
Fulfilled with Orient fruits enough,
On Teuton rails from Teuton shores
To where Roumania smelt the wars,
That smoked about the Balkans' feet
And vanquished Turkey's pride.

EVOE.

"MEXICAN AFFAIRS
PRESIDENT WILL REJECT AMERICAN DIAMONDS."
Natal Advertiser.

Bribery is of little use with your true Mexican.



"AS MAN TO MAN."

LORD HALDANE. "ONE HUNDRED AND TENTHLY AND LASTLY—IF I MAY BE PER-MITTED TO GET IN A WORD EDGEWAYS——"

[Fancy picture of Lord Haldane's ideal of a conference: that "one on each side . . . should come together and talk with the unrestrained freedom with which men talk when they are talking to each other in private, as man to man."]

#### THE DRUDGE.

"GEORGE, old man," said James, drawing up his chair to my end of the table, after Christine had gone out and left us to our male pursuits, "I want a heart-to-heart talk with you, old man.'

I handed him the decanter and preserved a non-committal silence. The sudden prominence of the phrase "old man" in his conversation led me to

expect the worst.

He pulled his chair even closer and stretched out an affectionate hand towards me. I placed a cigar in it, thus avoiding what was obviously to have been a long silent grip. "You and I have been the best of pals," he asserted.

"Pals!" I said with scorn. "Nay. chums.

But he was not to be deterred. "When we were boys together, we fought often, but we loved each other if boys ever did."

I gave him a very searching look. "James," I demanded, "is this morbid gush the preface of a jest or a money application; or is it drink, or "-and a horrible suspicion came over me—" is it an engagement?"

He extended some more hands in my direction. "She is the dearest girl on

earth," said he.

The deathless clasp was now inevit-table. "No doubt," I said, clasping with all appropriate enthusiasm. We have known each other for a long time, thought I to myself as we held on, but are we all this to each other?

"You must hear all about her," said

James.

"Must I?" said I.

"Really?" "Quite so," and "Well, I never!" said I from time to time.

I found myself wondering if I was like this when I was engaged to Christine . . . whose birthday, by-the-by, was on the morrow . . . which reminded me that I had promised her a new driver . . . which made me ask myself, "Had I ordered my own?" . . . which recalled to me that I should have to get my clubs from Wimbledon in the morning and that I had promised Hartree to be at Richmond by 10.30 . . . This took some arranging ... I arranged it ... The best way would be to taxi to ... There was a sudden burst of silence, and I awoke to sudden burst of silence, and I awoke to fellow, I cannot tell you what your find James regarding me with a cold, news means to me," I added rising. hurt, indignant stare.

"You are not interested a little bit,"

said he.

"On the contrary," I protested, "I congratulate you with all the sincerity of which I am capable."



Unfortunate Pedestrian (who has been knocked down and is a little dazed). "Where AM I? WHERE AM I?

Enterprising Hawker. "Ere y'are, Sir-map o' London, one penny."

"Idle and meaningless words," said he: "It is my passionate belief," I swore, "that you have done the best possible thing for yourself in getting engaged to . . . Help me out with the name.' James paid no attention to me.

"At any rate," I continued, "whatever her name, I stand here for engagements in the abstract. Why? Because as often as not they lead to marriages. And why do I advocate marriage as an institution? Because it provides a man with a helpmate, someone with whom to share his joys and his sorrows and the joys and the sorrows of his friends. My dear "But I know who can, and that's Christine."

Even so James was all for shaking my dust off his feet.

"Very well," I said; "but you must say good-night to her before you go."

I pushed him into the drawing-room and withdrew before he had finished telling Christine that he really must go. Two hours later I came back to tell him myself that he really must go. "But first," I said, "you must have something to moisten your parched throat.'

"Let us drink your Audrey's health." said Christine; and James, who was now all over himself again, insisted upon drinking also the health of all his many friends.

"How many?" I asked. "About fifty odd?"

James put the number even higher.

"And one by one they'll get engaged?" I suggested.

James fervently hoped they would. "And one by one they'll insist upon your hearing all about it?"

James went on hoping.

I yawned comfortably. "Well, if your Audrey likes the prospect," said I, "it's her affair, not mine."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS. III .- THE NEW ART CRITIC OF THE TIMES.

Amongst recent exhibitors at the Neo-British Art League there are few fresco, "Sardine Fishers in the Adriatic" more arresting painters than Mme. Strulda Brugh, yet even she has never chosen a more radiantly intractable theme than that of her "Pekinese Puppies" (92). Her method is flatly antipodean to that of the Congestionist school represented by M. Pipposquillace in that she deanthromorphizes her scheme of pigmentation into nodules of aplanatic voluminosity.

It is perfectly obvious that by the evaluation of the subliminal factors and the substitution of rhomboidal for conical elasmobranchs, each bounded delicately subconscious of them trans- may notice the deftly suggested interior

sense of pragmatic serenity should result as contrasted with the stark jocosity of the Congestionists. But it is still more obvious that if you press this hypothesis to its logical extreme and introduce the whole-tone scale of colour into a polyphonic pattern where only conjunct chromatic progressions are available, the conflict of the equal and the unequal temperament resolves itself into a tessitura so rarefied that the conscientious critic can only cope with the

the ability to supplement the conscious It demands the εσωτερική φλυαρία of recognition of the exact angle of the Theopompus of Megalocrania, or even implied rays of light with the definite the intima desipientia distilled in the disengaging of what is typical of that direction and to be maintained in a summary, and what is accidental and therefore to be deleted.

When, therefore, as in the case of Mme. Strulda Brugh's picture, we have to assume a fluorescent reticulation of the interstitial sonorities, a situation is developed which might well baffle any but an advanced expert in transcendental mathematics. As a result the modelling of the puppies' tails is lacking in curvilinear conviction; their heads fail in leonine suggestiveness, their fore-paws in prehensile subjectivity; and we feel sure that the late Dowager Empress of China would have realistically satisfying, reminding one

simplification of the dynamic illusions germane to so imperial a theme.

MARCELLUS THOM AND OTHERS.

Mr. Marcellus Thom exhibits a large (99), executed in crossoted truffle-stick, which is a masterpiece of suppressed yet dignified antinomianism. Wonderful though the drawing and the interfiltration of co-ordinating paraboloids are, it is the psychological content of the picture rather than its direct presentative significance which affects the solar plexus of the enlightened onlooker. The whole atmosphere is summarised and condensed in a circumambient and oleaginous aura. We see no sardines anywhere, but we are



resulting discord by submerging himself

Pat (selling a young horse). "MIND MOTY CARS, IS IT? SURE, YESTERDAY ONE PASSED THE SIZE OF A HOUSE, AN' SHE CHASED IT TO CLONMEL."

and his readers in the profundities of a polysyllabic pomposity. To put it tronome. To do full justice to such a picture is unhappily beyond the resources of the most sublime preciosity.

CLEMENT CLINGENPEEL. Atopiad of Vesanus Sanguinolentus.

# THE ART OF MISS BOLSTER.

The successful employment of the sophisticated apparatus of the Congestionist in order to porvert or disintegrate the appearances of nature does not, of course, prove an adequate substitute for pure "patternization," to quote the useful if somewhat barbarous neologism of Professor Slattery; and the importance of a due discrimination in this regard is strikingly demonstrated in the work of Miss Toupie Bolster. Of her ten contributions "A Study in Oxford Socks" (99) is perhaps the most

chromolithographs which dedecorated the Christmas numbers of the early eighties. Yet in her other picture, "Girls Playing Rugby Football" (82), there is a vigorous economy of outline, a sort of jejune spirituality that recalls the early work of Bomboudiac, or perhaps rather of Etienne Jauréguiberry. Observe here the dramatic import of the foreshortening of the left leg of the three-quarters in the middle distance. The expression on the features of the scrummagers is admirably summarised, but it is a pity that so much dynamic intensity should be neutralized by the somewhat perfunctory triangulation of the successive sections of the linear boundaries.

On a lower plane of achievement we by its own laminated penumbra, a lated to their tins, and consecrated to of Mr. Snitram's "Coal Shoot" (21),

the ingenuous pigment of Miss Olga Pupe's "Hara-Kiri" (74), the business-like planning of washes in M. Margelet's "Crab-catchers in the Humber" (42), the delicious "Clothes Line in a High Wind" (122), by Mine. de Tilkins, and the superb bravura of Mr. Nigel Guggenheimer's portrait of Mr. Adrian Stoop (14), though we boggle a little at the false appoggiatura, so to speak. introduced by the lighting of the left nostril. It is a subject which M. Bombinanto would have treated with a more poignant and

(A Memoir.)

THE late Clement Clingenpeel was a life-size piano-tuner. He would rather have been anything else, but then all the Clingenpeels right away back have been life-size piano-tuners, and it is no use grousing at destiny. There was an old legendary couplet about the Clingenpeels which I have forgotten, though this is the sense of it :-

"Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel; Oranges and lemons-

This is the bit I've forgotten, but it onds in "eel" to rhyme.

Briefly what it means is that, come weal, come woe, no Clingenpeel can expect to earn any money save by tuning pianos. (One of the Clingenpeels set up once in business as a builder of dust-destructors. But one been disappointed with the arbitrary in its hectic diathesis of the florid of his machines, to the surprise of one of his patrons, one day in one year commenced to destroy dust, and so

people lost faith in it.

My Clement—I call him my Clement because he owed me all his prospective income—although a loyal piano-tuner, had tried his hand at several minor pursuits. He failed at them all, which does seem to bear out in a way the truth of that superstitious old couplet. Ah. I remember it now. It goes:

"Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel; Oranges and lemons——"

Dash it! It's gone again. I know perfectly well what the next word is. It rhymes with one of those places where Queen Elizabeth stayed for one night only, and in shape it is like a banana. But the actual word escapes me. However, I will think of it presently. (If you're gone, I'll send it to you on a postcard.)

Well, Clement tried for one thing to be a dramatist. He wrote a play about three generations. This was how he

mapped it out:-

Act I.—Pithecanthropus, 400,000 B.C. Act II.—Anthropus, 1913 A.D.

Act III.—IIyperanthropus, 400,000 A.D.

His idea was to get someone to do Act I., someone to do Act II. and Shaw to do Act III., and give them a proportion of the royalties. It all stopped at the idea, however, and perhaps it was as well.

Clement was in many ways unlucky. In fact he used to say to me, "Sir, I have an unlucky number." This was fourteen. There may be nothing in it, but he died on the 21st (which, after all, is  $\frac{3}{2}$  of 14), had seven children (which, after all, is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 14), and was exactly fourteen months in arrear with the rent. Fourteen was his unlucky break at billiards. He couldn't get past it. He'd either make fourteen or twenty-eight (which, after all, is just twice fourteen) or something a mere trifle more or less. There may be nothing in it, of course, but he believed in it, poor chap, and he's gone now. I remember his saying to me when borrowing money, "Fourteen pounds will be enough, Sir, but it's Make it fifteen." I never unlucky. refused. For the sake of one pound why deny him his whim?

I never knew such a happy family man as Clement Clingenpeel. Sometimes he would even speak to his wife at dinner, and her eyes would light up with admiration and affection. When he threw anything it was never the bootjack. He would amuse the children for hours by shaking the coppers out of their money-boxes, and on their nature in that missive. It gladdens birthdays he would measure their height me to think that his departed spirit



Parement Artist (on duty). "I CAN'T RECKON IT UP. I DRAW A LOT BETTER'N YOU DO AN' YET I DON'T GET 'ARF THE MONEY."

Pavement Artist (off duty). "YER SUBJICKS IS ALL WRONG. BITS O' SALMON IS OUT O' DATE. I DONE TREMENJUS BISNISS IN THE SUMMER WITH 'OBBS AN' RUFUS ISICKS, AN' NOW I'M RUNNIN' BOMB. WELLS, GABY AND LARKIN, AN' THEY'RE GOIN' GOOD.''

blessing. Of literature he left little on the urn (containing his ashes) that behind. A few letters, terse and to the stands on my mantelpiece point, may be found in the files of Concord: the Organ of the Interna-tional Association of Piano-tuners, with his signature appended, but save in one instance the subject is too technical to be of general interest. I quote the exception :-

DEAR SIR,—This is the twenty-first anniversary of my joining the I.A.P.T. Wishing you and all fellow I.A.P.T.s the best,

Thanking you, yours, C. CLINGENPEEL, 1.A.P.T.

There is something of the man's fine against the wall and give them his may be aware of the simple inscription It seems hardly worth it.

CLINGENPEEL, CLEMENT, I.A.P.T. 1860-1913.

Many misunderstood mortals Leave to the living their life.

Rather good, I think. Mysterious and melancholy without being maudlin.

P.S.—The new piano-tuner's name is Henry Zinnpank. That's the sort of luck I have.

"Now for the cars. . . They would naturally turn into Argyle Street at the top of Oswald Street, and thus restore at the corner of Argyle Street and Jamaica Street the very congestion which they had relieved at the corner of Jamaica Street and Argylo Street."—Glasgow News.

### MR. PUNCH'S OWN INDIAN POET.

It is well known that Mr. Punch desires to keep abreast of all such literary movements as may elevate humanity by purifying the more obvious emotions and throwing a veil of poetry over the expression of thought. It is plain that this object cannot be properly attained without the possession of at least one highly qualified Indian poet ready at all times to break into verse (or, as some might say, to drop into poetry) on every subject that may conceivably be treated through the medium of metre. Such an assistant Mr. Punch has at last secured. It is not necessary that this gentleman's name should be divulged. Mr. Punch's word is a sufficient guarantee both for the poet's existence and for his unimpeachable good faith in the discharge of his poetical duties. Moreover, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Punch would be willing to pay the substantial honorarium to which he has committed himself unless he had previously satisfied himself that his poet was the genuine article.

After much consideration Mr. Punch has decided not to publish his poet's effusions in the original. It is a characteristic of true Indian poetry that it should be as effective in a prose translation as in its own language. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Punch's corps of translators has all the best Rabindranath qualifications, and that their work may be depended upon to convey to English readers all the simple mysticism and the plaintive outpourings which distinguish the votaries of the Indian muse.

In order to prove that he is not talking at random or attempting to mislead his readers, Mr. Punch ventures to append two specimens of his poet's work.

#### A WOMAN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The moon is shining as moons have sometimes shone through hours that would otherwise have been devoid of light. O pale moon, what art thou shining upon and what becomes of thy beams when they have completed their work of shining? Does the quiet pool absorb them? Nay, the pool sends them back with renewed brilliance. Does the buffalo in the pasture fill his mouth with them and use them as a cud to be chewed placidly? Not so, for he has grass, which for the buffalo is better and more palatable than moonbeams. Who then is this walking with silver feet through the sleeping village?

It is a woman, and to her the moonlight is as a home. She has knees and ankles and arms—think of it, O my heart: knees and ankles and arms. Silver bangles are on her wrists and her hair is dusky with the kisses of the

She approaches and her eyes gaze into the night. What does she see in the night? Does she see my love in the night while I myself am concealed behind the wall? O wall of my safe concealment, let me cling to thee while she passes.

O my fair one, thy veil is as an enchantment and the turn of thy shoulder breathes mystery.

The moon has faded, and thou, too, hast vanished, but I will return and sing thy praises.

# THE FLOWING OF THE RIVER.

My beloved is poised upon the river-bank with a delicate poising. Waft your favours to her, ye breezes. and make her fair with all your gifts of beauty. If she be not beautiful how shall she be sung? But she is water.

When the soul is young it sings like a bird in the topmost branches of the tree. Sing, thou careless bird, and my soul shall sing too. But my soul can do more than sing. My soul can fly, bearing a message. My soul can skim along the river and can kiss the moist toes of her dipped foot.

Lo, she raises her foot, for she has felt the kiss, though it was light as the rustle of the tamarisk. Canst thou

kiss like that, O hard-beaked bird?

The foregoing specimens are, in Mr. Punch's opinion, sufficient for his purpose. Not only will they be appreciated. he feels sure, by all readers who have refused to close their minds to the appeal of a poetry which is at once sensuous and refined and passionate and restrained, and which, without sacrificing sound to sense, tends to raise those who read it far above the harassing conventions of a life lived in these islands; they will also, he has no hesitation in saying, bring conviction to the soul of the most hardened and contemptuous cynic.

#### THE SHIP'S KITTEN.

Ir was a barque that dropped down the river For the Indies or the Isthmus, and it rained a bit and blew: She had a cargo of deals to deliver

And the Tower Bridge was lifted to let her go through; "Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "hoo-oo" and "hoo-oo," "The Ark she got her anchor up when early fell the dew";

But the little ship's kitten it started to mew!

When they got to the Bay the cook's bell tinkled, Though the big seas they tumbled and the big seas they rolled,

And through the rain squalls a lone beam twinkled, Flashing and wheeling at night-time to behold. "Ser-wosh," said the great seas so black and so bold.

"The Ark made heavy weather we have always heard it told";

And the little ship's kitten it let its tea get cold!

But when they got to the calm Equator,

The sun was setting crimson, very hot and heathenish, And the stars turned over, and the moon graw greater

Low on the yard-arm like a big gold dish;

"Swish," sighed the little seas, "ser-wish" and "ser-wish," "The Lord He sent an olive-branch to them that did languish";

And the little ship's kitten it caught a flying-fish.

And when they got back from the Indies or the Isthmus. The Isthmus or the Indies, whichever they'd been at, They'd not seen the Thames since t'other side of Christmas, And the Tower Bridge rose end-ways that lay down so flat;

"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "how's that?" and "how's that?"

"We've sailed the Flood a twelve-month and we're fain for A 'arat,'

And the little ship's kitten had grown to a cat!

"More than 2,000 persons work in Somerset House, and not a soul sleeps on the premises."—Daily Express.

We suppose we must accept this tardy vindication of the Government clerk, but the popular legend as to how he beautiful, with one foot dipped in the cool surface of the spends his time in Somerset House will not easily be allowed to die.



Small Daughter of Fortune (as third trolley goes by). "I really think, Mummy, it must be somebody's birthday."

### THE WILL.

Mr. Gannaway was an elderly merchant who lived in one of the large outlying towns in the South of London. Let us call it Troydon. Every day he went up to town by the 8.43; every evening he returned by the 6.15. His house was only a few yards from the station.

Mr. Gannaway was an ordinary person in most ways, but he had a peculiarity. He could not bear noise, and day by day he noticed that the Troydon railway men were becoming noisier. The porters and inspectors banged the doors with more abandon than of old, the engine-drivers let out steam with a more shattering roar and whistled louder than they had ever done, while the shunting at night had become an outrage.

Mr. Gannaway did not want to leave his house, nor was he sufficiently superior to other people's laughter to adopt ear-flaps, as HERBERT SPENCER used to do, on the platform and in the train. He therefore, like a wise man, hit on a ruse . . .

"Do you happen to have seen today's Troydon Gazette?" he asked the which, indeed, she attributes her poor away does.

more talkative of the inspectors one health in the past years, that she has morning.

"No, Sir," he said. "I've got it, but I haven't had time.

"There's a curious thing in it that ought to be interesting to some of you here," said Mr. Gannaway, and passed

The inspector took the earliest opportunity of searching the paper for the heading

TROYDON RESIDENT'S STRANGE WILL. The article ran thus:-

"A legal correspondent, who states that he is committing no breach of etiquette in thus divulging information acquired professionally, tells us that he has just drawn up a very interesting will for an infirm and elderly lady who occupies rooms in a house on the outshe once suffer from nerves due to of workmen—clumsy railway porters who hang doors that could as easily be

determined to devote some of her great wealth to an attempt to abate this nuisance.

"Believing that charity should begin at home, she has set apart a considerable sum as the nucleus of a fund, the interest on which is to be distributed every Christmas by the station-master among the railwaymen of Troydon if, item. He found it at last under the in the opinion of six regular passengers to be selected by him, the improvement in the noise nuisance merits it. Otherwise the money is to be applied to other purposes which she names.

"Since making this will," the article ended, "we regret to hear the lady was taken worse and now lies in a precarious state, so that the provisions of it may too soon be operative.

"That's a bit of all right," said the inspector, and passed the news about lying Rawson Estate. So much did for the rest of the day. The result was that the station gradually became a reckless noises made by various forms much more civilised place and Mr. Gannaway has lost that worried look.

The lady is still alive. Every effort shut quietly, careless engine-drivers to find out who she is has failed; but who overdo their whistling and make the railway staff believe in her absotheir brakes scream, and so forth—to lutely, which is more than Mr. Gann-

#### LUCK.

Thou that hast baffled many an earnest thinker, Strange Power, whose wayward fancies none may

That canst o'errule the great, or idly tinker
With triffing men in equal freakishness,
Thou that dost one hour ban, another bless.
More dour than thunder, brighter than the sur,
O Luck, O sovereign Luck, thee to address
Has long been my desire, mysterious one,
And now, I think, I see my way to get it done.

I am not of the narrow heirs of Science Who, with a high contempt that nothing awes, Deny thee flatly, in serene defiance

Of aught that reigns beyond her formal laws; Who, when they profit for no seeming cause, Ascribe it to their own desorts and skill,

Yet, when some looked-for gift eludes their jaws. Turning, they mourn their luck with right good will, Nor bless thee for the good, but damn thee for the ill.

And there be some who, finding thee capricious
Beyond all hope, assume a cold neglect
Of thy dark forces which, if thou wert vicious,
Would rouse thee probably to some effect.
I join them not; nor yet that wider sect
Who, viewing thee in undisguised alarm,
Offer their worship with an awed respect,
With strict observance due and solemn charm
Which, if it does no good, they hope will do no harm.

These in their little lives are ever flustered
By signs and portents sombre as the tomb;
They find them in a magpie or the mustard;
Upon their path a ladder casts a gloom
As of a cypress; some there are for whom
The dawn of Friday has an evil eye,
And Thirteen is a number great with doom;
There is no rite too strange for these to ply,
And they might save their time for all they get thereby.

For I, that long have sought thee in thy doings,
Have noticed how the wildest votary came,
For all the pious ardour of his wooings,
Out in the end to pretty much the same
As he that paid no honour to thy name.
Here thou wouldst frown, and haply there wouldst smile,
And one would lose, or win, his little game,
Till I, that searched thee out, for quite a while
Had well-nigh giv'n thee up, thou wast so volatile.

Yet there is this wherein I judge thee surely.
For thou art female; by these very traits
Female, and therefore one may swear securely
Ripe to be wooed, if one could only raise
The proper system. I for many days
Have pondered on this matter, and I ween
That thou art tired of too obsequious ways,
And seekest, even as seeks a weary queen,
Simply by way of change, a decent 'twixt and 'tween.

Wherefore I step me forth to woo thy favour.
Withholding not thy fair and rightful due,
I do not with crude flatteries beslaver
Thy sick and female soul, as others do.
The rites that I enjoin are strict but few—
Enough to win thy notice, not to pall:
I turn my coppers when the moon is new;
No peacock plumes affront my sober hall
With their malignant eyes: and that, I think, is all.

Thus, then, O Luck, to-day I lay before thee
An opportunity thou long hast lacked
To pour thy horn on one that does not bore thee
Or hold thee light, and is, in point of fact,
A worthy object for some graceful act.
I would not specify the royal boon,
But leave it to thy dormant sense of tact;
Fame, Love, and Money make a good Triune;
These would suffice at first; and kindly send them soon.
Dum-Dum.

# A FREE EXCHANGE OF VIEW.

I ought to say at the start that Robinson and I are not the leaders of our respective political parties, but we share with them some of the foibles of our common humanity.

"Hadn't we better sit down and talk this matter over together, and try to come to some agreement?" said Robinson, as he got up and put on his overcoat.

"The sooner the better, the sooner the better," said I,

and left the room very hurriedly.

I saw him again next day, for our trams met on the Embankment. I was pleased to notice that he had not forgotten his conciliatory proposal, for just as we passed each other he leaned over the top and called out, "When shall we meet?"—but unfortunately he was out of carshot while I was still trying to find the place in my diary.

It was Saturday afternoon before I came across him again. I was playing to the 13th hole, and as he was bunkered at the 9th I cannot have been more than 50 yards away. "What about that talk?" I shouted. I saw the sand fly vigorously and his mouth move, but I am a purist in these matters and do not consider an expletive as good as an appointment.

Later in the evening he passed my house in a motor. I was not there, but the lodgekeeper told me that he had not exactly stopped, but "had slowed up like, and thrown out his card." The card had "Better come and see me" pencilled in one corner, and "Mind the dog" in another.

So I got out my monoplane on Sunday and flew across his grounds. I lipped the lip four times in succession, and at the conclusion of a long fanciful flight, in which I put myself and the whole situation repeatedly upside down, I dropped an explosive on his dog-kennel from a distance of 1,000 feet. I did not alight, for Robinson was not visible, and he would, of course, quickly understand that I had as good as called.

That is how the position stands at the moment, but it is something to know that we are alike in our desire to meet, and when we do I am sure we shall arrange some-

thing, for we are sensible men.

There is to be a dinner in Southport to some of the local boatmen and fishermen. Says The Southport Visiter:—

"The dinner will be succeeded by a social. The Mayor hopes to attend some portion of the proceedings. At the close of the gathering, Mr. Jno. Barrington has generously volunteered to convey the men to their homes."

We hope that in many cases his services will not be wanted.

#### Remorse.

"Confused by the noise of traffic a cow that probably was experiencing its first taste of city life, got mixed up with vehicles at Woodward and Milwaukee avenues yesterday and was struck by a street car. It was so badly injured that Patrolman Stegmiller ended his life with a bullet."—Detroit News.

Patrolman Stegmiller's friends should have assured him that it wasn't his fault, and exhorted him to bear up.



b'riend. "Couldn't throttle her down; steering gear wouldn't work; missed one of the redals, and then I fell out!" 

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STARTING in to read When William Came (LANE) I supposed, from the title, that I was about to learn of the birth of a baby-boy, and to study the immediate effect of this domestic apparition upon a small family circle. I forgot in my haste that there is only one William, and he a very much alive Kaiser, so that I was more than a little astonhe would be well advised to study a most graphic though humiliating picture of what life in these islands would be like if they did come to stay. He may remember, as I do, having read other essays on this theme; but usually the novelist has, out of the kindness of his heart, imported so much exaggeration and improbability as to leave one comfortable in the thought that the tale is only told for one's diversion, and that nobody for a moment believes that the thing can ever really happen. "SAKI," that is Mr. H. H. MUNRO, does not so temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Ruthlessly, almost I might say callously, he develops to its logical conclusion and with the most probable circumstances an alleged (and I for my part say accurately alleged) tendency in Englishmen of all classes to-day to selfish indifference; showing how our downfall as a ruling nation, should it occur, would be more justly ascribed to this national opinion, to be heartily congratulated as a novelist for familiar street.

making a very good tale of it; he is even more warmly to be praised as an Englishman for his individual effort to stop the rot by impressing upon us the proper and probable destiny of any nation that cannot face the expense and fatigue of arming for war-namely, degradation to the rank of a province peaceful but over-taxed, non-militant but

To Mr. James Stephens anything is possible and nothing ished when I realized the identity of the comer and the national significance of his coming. Whatever views the reader may hold about the possible advent of the Germans men and women, showing them to be worth nothing at all; men and women, showing them to be worth nothing at all; he is away before you can catch him, and is back again at one's elbow with some new story about Paradise or Hades, or some fresh humour at the expense of his fellow-mortals. Although I consider "The Halfpenny Bit" one of the best stories that he has ever written I do not think that, on the whole, Here are Ladies is so satisfying as The Crock of Gold or The Charwoman's Daughter. The old man who holds the stage for the last portion of these pages I found frankly tiresome, and I dislike his implication that anything that he may happen to say is good enough for me, or, at any rate, for Mr. Stephens. One thing, however, is certain. We have not had for a very long time a poet who is so acutely aware both of the glories of heaven and the ugly oddities of the side-streets in Dublin as the author of Here are Ludies. Policemen and landladies, middle-aged women and very foolish young men are as clear and as interesting to him as vice than to the political and industrial agitator, whom leprechauns and the angel Gabriel. And many people, after he regards as an effect and not a cause of our present reading this book, will question apprehensively the solidity (and I hope momentary) decline. Mr. Munro is, in my of their furniture and the shape and colour of their own

fiction about the dreamy idealism of dwellers in the sister really cannot bear to think of Joe in a tail-coat and spats. isle it is refreshing, if rather surprising, to come across the old Irishman whom Thackeray with his crude Victorian How often one has heard it said, "What a pity doctors pen held up to Saxon scorn. Fearlessly anachronistic, Mr. can't tell all the stories that they must know!" Well, after in the present year of grace, has even dared to name him fourteen tales that make up this volume; it is their medical Barry Raggett. Almost the least of this adventurer's sins atmosphere that puts me off. The author, who elects to be (perhaps, on the whole, it may be called his redeeming known as "A. DE O.," can certainly claim to have brought virtue) was his early desertion of his wife. After her death the scent of the drug store and the operating theatre into and that of an aunt, who subsequently had charge of their the pages of his book more pungently than in any other I daughter Molly, the girl comes to live with her dear papa know. The result therefore can hardly fail to be a little and overlook, if not actively abet, his life of card-sharping depressing. I was the more sad that Dr. Carstairs should and spoof. She draws the line when he attempts to sell have left these unpleasant and not specially remarkable

her to one of the pigeons he is plucking, but when afterwards in a fit of passion he murders the unfortunate: young man she relents sufficiently to back in open court his plea of the unwritten law. So there is plenty of excitement, you see, in Mr. Tom GALLON'S book, and as it is racy and goes with a rare good swing it keeps the reader in a state of excitement that renders probability a matter of no great concern. Only at the title I cavil a Whatever may be little. said about Molly's name, it surely is an insult to our first father to compare him with Captain Barry Raggett, whose part in the drama of Eden is that of the parent of lies, and, in his gushing enthusiastic Irish way, he overplays it a lot.

When I begin a new volume of detective stories, I am still hopeful that the author will leaven the lump by giving one tale in which the hero will be

fairly and squarely baffled, and that the character whom I am | are there, but there is the pleasing difference that the expected to regard as an ass will not be a super-ass. And now characters always recover. I hope the next indiscretions in November Joe (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. Hesketh that "A. de O." may be tempted to communicate will PRICHARD has fulfilled one of my hopes by being quite kind occur in some more agreeable atmosphere. to his butt. Indeed, Mr. Quaritch has been given both brains and money, and has even been allowed to tell the stories. Butts, I fancy, are looking up in this class of literature. "November Joe," the publishers tell me, "is the one really original detective in recent fiction . . . The scene of his exploits is not the crowded haunts of civiliza-tion, but the vast forests of Canada." The latter statement may be accepted as correct, but the former betrays a note of pardonable prejudice, for, although the tales of this detective of the woods gain freshness from their setting, they are in essence not extraordinarily original. Where Mr. Prichard has really scored a big point is in making his tracker a most magnetic personality, so magnetic in fact that my mischievous desire to see him beaten gradually vanished. In the last story a charming heiress falls in love with Joz, and we are left doubtful whether she is not—in a At present their i future book—going to be his wife. But if that is to happen of the employees.

In days when we hear almost too much both in fact and I trust that she will deign to become a woodwoman, for I

Tom Gallon has not only made the principal figure in reading The Indiscretions of Dr. Carstains (Heinemann). Young Eve and Old Adam (Long) a handsome soft-spoken all I have to reply to this is, "Thank goodness they can't!" and utterly good-for-nothing Irish officer, but, planting him It is not so much that I object to the indiscretion of the

anecdotes to his literary executor, because the sketch of the doctor himself, as given in the opening chapter (by a long way the best in the book), is such as to prepare me for worthier things. So it was disappointing to find him indulging in the kind of plots suitable to our less expensive magazines, about disguised princesses and the like. Of a different type is one of the stories, called cheerfully "Death in a Chelsea Lodging." There is pathos and considerable unforced power in the telling of this. But by so much the more do I protest against it as a record of disease and pain. In real life the effect of such an experience might well be cleansing and good; but in fiction - . After perusing the symptoms of Alec Majoribanks I declare I was tempted to turn for relief to those columns of the popular press that are devoted to the advertisements of proprietary

remedies. The same details

NO SMOKING BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS KEEP CLEAR OF CATES Merch's GEO,M, A CHAMPION BY-LAW BREAKER.

STUDY OF A MAN WHO DISREGARDS ALL THREE RULES AT ONCE.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage, sang Lovelace in his cavalier fashion, which reminds me of his concluding lines, since applied by a South African to doubtful Cape Minds innocent and quiet take That for : ;. ;snn, h;gy+1 v3s1mspn-e." Johannesburg Illustrated Star. It must have been very doubtful claret.

"Messrs. — and Son, who have a business as coal factors, lightermen, etc., in which nearly £3,000,000 is employed, have decided—the approval of the shareholders being given on Thursday—to start a scheme giving the employers an interest in the welfare of the Company."—Birkenhead News.

At present their interest is morbidly rooted in the welfare

# CHARIVARIA.

The Nation—the paper, not the other thing-is glad to hear that there is to be a great Anti-Armaments demonstration in London during the early winter. Nothing, however, is said as to the campaign of the Society for the Abolition of the Police. We regret this, for the two movements should work together.

is now said to have been due. to French politeness. "Why stand?" said Carpentier to Wells. "Pray be seated."

Mr. REDMOND has vetoed the proposal to present him with a national fribute. We cannot help thinking that the Irish leader carries his modesty too far. He has, for instance, in spite of his enormous influence, refused; to put himself forward and try to end the Dublin strike.

The Surrey Theatre has produced a Cockney rerue It is called I should say so, We welcome this step in the direction of greater purity of pronunciation. Most Cock neys say "sow."

" Mother," asked the postman's child, "if there is a postman's strike, will Christmas have to be postponed?"

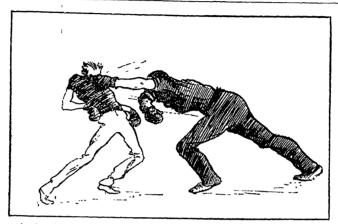
Thoughtful persons are at a loss to account for the apparent popularity of the Tango. We fancy, however, that we can understand the inner meaning of the Tango supper at certain restaurants. The dance takes your attention off the food,

The scathing remark column on the subject of Leonardo's been discovered that all the most "Monna Lisa" seems to have borne notorious criminals started life as rapid fruit. We understand that the babies. produgal will shortly return from her deplorable escapade and herestored to home and homest society.

the pages of a contemporary, the fact in our newspaper the headline that our poets have ceased to wear long hair. Our modern bards certainly seem shy of identification. In many cases, one would not even guess from their fashionable, and even three months' writings that they were poets.

Transport Council is investigating the one month after the loss of her huspossibilities of alcohol as a fuel for band. At the same time it is only fair motors. What will happen when their to her to state that she first ascertained throttles are open we do not care to from her hostess that it would be a very contemplate.

A Bill for the compulsory taking of



Instructor, "KEEP YOUR EYES MORE OPEN FER 'LEFTS' AND



PRACTISE ILINTIN' A BIT MORE."

which we made last week in this Spokane Police Department. It has Where Maud picked violets with me

Moreover, many infants, it may not Le generally known, become desperate characters at a very early age. More; A journalist has been bemoaning, in than once recently we have come acress. Ah, Maud! you choose in foreign climes

"ABANDONED BABY."

Mourning, we are told, is no longer abstention from "going out" after a

that a committee of the Imperial Motor | widow's accepting a dinner engagement dull affair.

"Miss Marion Edwards were a cosbabics' finger-prints within three days tume made of furniture in the new after birth is to be laid before the revue at the Grand Theatre, Clapham Washington Legislature by the Chief Junction." There is, we fancy, nothing The result of last week's Great Fight of the Bureau of Identification of the new in this idea. We have frequently

met ladies who had every appearance of having been upholstered.

Large waists high up under the ampits are a feature of the newest Paris fashions, and an amalgamation of the waist and the neck is thought to be impending in the near

#### A TRYST IN A TEA-CUP.

"China Dept .- The Old English Violet Pattern . . . breathing as it does of woods and copses, has a singularly chaste and artistic effect and appeals strongly to alk British residents over the sea.

Christmas Catalogue.

Once they were just a china

Adorned with modest purple flowers,

The neatest that my clerk could get

To meet the need of office hours:

But now (see catalogue) I find, Though they have dwelt with me a year.

Such is the smallness of my mind

That I have missed their message clear.

They should have breathed. no, not of tea, But of a little fragrant

wood

When we were young and life was good.

Is this a tea-cup? No, my soul, This is a copse that once I knew. Is this a plate and this a bowl? Nay, these are posies wet with dew.

Far from my humble sphere to roam, Nor, though I mail impassioned rhymes, Will you return to share my home.

But Christmas comes; I'll try my fate Once more, and send you over-sea bereavement is considered excessive. My heart, marked "Fragile," in a crate Nervous pedestrians hear with alarm Indeed, we know an instance of all Of this wild woodsy crockery.

#### A VISION OF IRELAND'S ARMAGEDDON.

THE armies met just outside Dublin. The Orange Army drew itself up on one side—the Green Army on the other, whilst the O'Brienite Army split itself into two sections so as to be able to take either army in flank. A great blare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Political Purity Army. General Belloc turned to it and said. "GILBERT and CECIL, there has been no such day since I led the guns at arena. Gravelotte.

In the forefront of the Orange Army rode Colonel ROWLAND HUNT in a motor car with scythe-blades fixed to its wheels. Beside him stood the inspiring figure of the Duke of Norfolk. bearing a huge Orange banner, which simultaneously. he waved defiantly at Colonel the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE of the Green Army, who was brandishing a flag with a portrait of CROMWELL and the legend, "Keep the Priest out of the Schools." Colonel Garvin headed four Orange falling on his neck,—"Carson, we must columns and ever and anon looked save the country together. dubiously at his command. "Three cheers for King William and Cromcolumns more," he murmured, "and we should be over the page." General "Tay Pax" wrote his last sketch on the top of a maxim. "If I should fall," he whispered to General DEVLIN, "write me as one who soaped his fellow-men."

Marshal Carson viewed the opposing legions with calm, even when he tore open a telegram and read, "Will try to be in time for battle, but must get lawn tennis match with Duke of MARLBOROUGH over first .- F. E. SMITH, General." Marshal Carson spurred his horse forward, and NAPOLEON RED-MOND rode forth to meet him.

"Blood!" said Marshal Carson. "Gore!" replied the Irish Napoleon.

"No compromise!" cried the Marshal. "Victory or death!" came the stern Boyne water?"

"How few of these will see another day," said the Marshal sadly.

"Alas, that it cannot be settled by single combat," returned NAPOLEON REDMOND. "Why should Irish blood be shed? Cannot 'TAY PAY' and GARVIN, both practically Saxons, fight it out together?"

"We are here to shed blood, not ink," said the Marshal.

Napoleon Redmond drewhimself up. "Then we must march over your dead bodies to Belfast."

"Nay, we shall march through a sea of blood to Cork."

"I am about to give orders to begin," said Napoleon.

"In another moment I shall draw my sword and throw away the scabbard, came the reply.

sword is a painful thing."

"I hate to encrimson the green sods of old Ireland."

"But the reporters are all waiting."

"They are. REDMOND, promise me one thing. You will vow not to spare the Press in the coming conflict?'

"No mercy. GARVIN has seen his last sunrise.

"I will cut down 'Tay Pay' with my own hand. But what is this?"

Another motor-car darted into the

"'Tis the infamous BIRRELL," gasped the Marshal.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," wailed the IRISH SECRETARY, "one word, I beseech you.'

"No compromise!" cried the leaders

"Listen, listen. The Larkinite Army is besieging Guinness's Brewery."

"God save Ireland!" gasped both

the great captains.

"Carson," cried Napoleon Redmond, WELL. - Come, let us address our armies. Where are the megaphones? You speak to my army and I will speak to yours."

"Beloved Protestant brethren," cried NAPOLEON REDMOND, waving a Union Jack, "in time of peril all Irishmen are one. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Advance with your fellow-countrymen and save it from the thirsty foe. Come, my brave prentice lads of Derry, and follow my flag to victory."

"Fellow Irishmen," shouted the

Marshal, "in the name of the glorious Fenians, the loyal Clan-na-gael, and the noble army of Ancient Hibernians, follow the green flag I wave. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Shall there be nothing left to drink in Iroland but

An enthusiastic murmur ran through both armies.

"A brewery in danger," roared Marshal Belloc. "Let my army lead the way.'

"In the name of temperance, halt!" cried Colonel the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE.

"Charge, the Heavy Brigade!" roared Marshal Ber Loc, and the only objector was crushed to the earth. Away rushed the armies, fraternising together, interchanging flags, all alike eager to get to Dublin before the besieged fortress fell, or at least immediately after.

Colonel ROWLAND HUNT Was the solitary warrior left on the open field.

cutting a swathe down the line of section of non-churchgoers.

"To give my fellow-Irishmen to the cinematograph operators, and slicing the top from Mr. ARNOLD WHITE'S helmet as he protruded it from the last ditch to see how the bloodshed was going on.

Armageddon was over.

#### AN AVENCER OF O"R BOMBARDITR.

Who can forget that black Tuesday when the appetite of England was missing from the breakfast tables of our fair land, when every head in Fleet Street was bowed in shame, and members of the Stock Exchange went about their business weeping silently? Frenchmen may now be able to forget Waterloo; but it will be many a day before Englishmen can efface from the tablets of their memory the awful name of Carpentier.

Having lauded the victor and dealt suitably with the vanquished, it was the duty of the halfpenny papers to look about for another Englishman who would enter the ring with the French boxer and readjust the balance of power. They looked in vain towards the universities; they searched the army with disappointment; even among the ranks of our gallant sporting journalists, who so bravely said what they thought of Bombardier Wells after the fight was over, not one was found worthy to restore the glory of England. Again they bowed their heads in shame; and if anybody had come along with a "round-robin" to the KAISER, begging him to step across and take over an effete nation, the little ink that was left in their pens might have been at his service.

For our part, we are not without hope. In our braver moments we raise our heads again and take courage. There is one sphere in which inquiry for a suitable opponent to CARPENTIER has not been made, and that is the Church. A full day before the calamity which has darkened the life of the nation for the past eight days, a gallant son of the Church, none other than the Bishop of London, was issuing a sort of challenge to any of his audience of his own age to play with him. CARPENTIER has shown that boxing is play, not merely stripling's play, but child's play. What advantage the French lad may possess in years is counterbalanced by the Bishop's wide experience and depth of learning. We suggest to Lord Lonsdale that he could do many a less interesting thing than persuade our athletic Bishop to go into training for the sake of the dear old country; "What would BOADICEA do under and to the Bishop we would point out these circumstances?" cried the Colonel. the unique opportunity this would He answered his own question by afford for influencing for good a large



# THE LAND "CAMPAIGN."

SCOUTMASTER ASQUITH (to Scout George of the "Pheasant" Patrol), "WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?" SCOUT GEORGE, "THE ENEMY IS ON OUR SIDE, SIR." SCOUTMASTER ASQUITH. "THEN LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!"

["Whatever can be done to improve the lot of the agriculturist will have the Opposition's cordial support." -Pall Mall Gazette.]



# OVERHEARD AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

Persuasive Merchant, "One an'-eripping ethic let! Now they, come along, some of yer! "Are a bloomin" ome for one an' eripping !!"

## GOOD WEEDS FOR ILL.

(Being a letter written to a frient accompinied by a se isonable gift)

William, because, whene'er I come to stay, With no applogies, with no regrets You hand me certain tubes of poison d hay That you call eigarettes;

Also because, whene'er I have mislaid

My tris ambrosial pouch, you give to me
Something you call a "mixture" which is made

Of fruit of the Dead Sea,

List to my word). Peyond the ocean rim, Beyond the Atlantic sunset's flaming bars, There he the happy lands that peets hymn— Chief industry, eigars.

Virginia also lies beyond the seas,
Bearing a herb that comforts mortal moan.
When smoked in pipes, but by the gods' decrees.
When smoked in pipes alone.

The East is not the West; strange ways are hers; Brooding in mystery and ancient awe, She binds up little paper cylinders Not wholly stuffed with straw.

With frankincense she fills her fragrant whiffs, But when it comes to 'baccy, bless my soul, Where did you buy that bane for hippogriffs That dams your cross-grained bowl? Confusion on the Syrian town that lends
Its name to Latakia's baleful chunks!
Out on a boyhood's pal whose fume offends
Like the lone-wandering skunk's!

For sins like these some men would east you off, But Christmas, William, Christmas comes again; Charity fills my heart, and, though I cough, Your friend I still remain.

Please find enclosed a box of eigarettes
Of the right breed, by Orient maidens rolled,
Also some frondage from the shore where sets
Phæbus in flakes of gold.

Not that I hope to wean you from your sins, You will go on, I know you, all your life, Culling their offal from the various bins With which your rooms are rife,

But, when I come to call on you next year
Amidst the envenomed vapours where you choke,
You shall have something decent, William dear,
To give your guest to smoke.

Evon.

"Eighty-nine years ago, almost to a day—on Monday, December 10, 1821—William Hazlitt walked down Chancery-lane to inquire at the Hole in the Wall publishouse where the fight next day, between Bril Neate and the Gasman, was to be."

This is from a leading article in *The Times* of Dec. 9, 1913, and you should ask your little boy to subtract 1821 from 1913 and tell you what he makes it.

#### A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

"PERFECTION," said Fowkes sententiously, "is always a divine accident.'

"Pardon me, Sir, but you are wrong, interrupted the tubby, red-faced little man sitting opposite. "Perfection can be attained by long and painstaking effort. I speak from personal experi-

"You misapprehend me," said Fowkes, after a leisurely stare at the speaker. "I was alluding to works of art." ("Not to sausages, for instance," he added under his breath.)

"Precisely," replied the other. "Precisely. I take it you would regard a perfect short story as a work of art. a perfect short story."

"The perfect short story," I put in, "is asserted by critics not to exist."

"Critics are all very well in their proper place," he retorted. "Their proper place is in a sack at the bottom of the sea. With your permission, gentlemen, I will endeavour to shorten the tedium of the journey by relating to you how I came to produce this story."

Taking our em-barrassed silence for consent, he went on.

"I am a modest man," he said, "and I don't flatter myself that ordinarily good when I

first wrote it. It was just an average strengthened plot. 'Alexander Hol-after all, my disappointment was inaverage magazine. It came back, as most of them do, accompanied by the usual printed slip-' The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.' I have had hundreds of them in my life; in fact I save expense by writing my copy on the back of them.

magazine, and again it was returned. But now, instead of this stereotyped formula of rejection, there was included a novelty (to me) in the shape of a slip on which was printed quite a comprehensive list of literary faults. A brief lessly cut out all the religion and sent note stated that a cross was placed the tale back. It was rejected on the opposite the particular fault which had ground, if you please, that it was 'not decided the Editor to reject the manubright enough.' I brightened it up, script. A kindly, thoughtful editor and it was refused because it was 'too

"Well, my story, it appeared, lacked 'dramatic interest.' 'Alexander Holday. Heighten the dramatic interest of your story and it will be accepted. That is the one, the obvious, the only possible conclusion.

"Alas, gentlemen, it was not so plot of my story and submitted it again with perfect confidence. Three weeks later it was returned to me with an intimation that it was now 'too diffuse.'

easily discouraged. Acknowledging the now been corrected. justice of the criticism, I rigorously "And that, gentlemen, is how I condensed my manuscript. Eventually achieved the Perfect Short Story. I justice of the criticism, I rigorously a half, while still retaining all the or anyone else, knowing all the circum-

IIII IIII

Motor-'bus Driver. "Look at 'im, sitting the old conductor on top and the tale was more than swankin' along, pretendin' 'E's GOT A FARE'

magazine story, which I sent to an born, I said, this story is now a gem of purest ray serone, a pearl of price. Be pleased with yourself. Exult.

"Again, gentlemen, incredible as it may seem, it was declined. This time it was condemned for the unexpected reason that it 'contained too strong a religious element.' I suppose the Editor must have overlooked this flaw on the previous occasions, or possibly he was "I promptly sent it to a second too kind-hearted, too conscious of the sensitive temperament of most literary men, to announce more than one fault at a time.

"I am a determined man, gentlemen, and my blood was fairly up. I ruththat, gentlemen, anxious to help a dog frivolous.' I took out 33½ per cent. of over a lame style, if you will excuse my little witticism. Ha, ha! Pardon me. I that it lacked 'human interest.'

The Brighton Parish Mayazine.

A very deep thought. We must try and think it out.

"I won't weary you, gentlemen, by continuing in this depressing strain. born,' I said to myself, 'this is a great As I may have hinted, I am a strong and pertinacious man and not easily driven to despair. Painfully and conscientiously I overhauled my story time after time as it came back to me, until at last the day arrived when the simple as that! I strengthened the damning cross was placed opposite the only fault up to then left unmarked. The list was complete. My long task was practically done.

"Very carefully I remedied the alleged defect, and returned the story for the "Happily I am a strong man and not last time. Every possible fault had

Quite so. Well, I claim to have written I succeeded in reducing it by nearly am not a boastful man, but I defy you

stances, to describe it otherwise. But, I tell you, the prolonged strain was fearful. Strong and resolute as I am, as soon as I had posted the manuscript I went to bed for a week."

"What did they pay you for it?" I asked, after a pause.

"Nothing," he replied shortly.

"Nothing!" I cried. "Surely he didn't reject it again?"

"He did," answered the other grimly. "When it came back I tell you I could scarcely believe my eyes. Still, there it was. But,

significant compared with the great passion of curiosity which possession of me as I fished out the printed slin.'

"What did it say?" Fowkes and I demanded simultaneously.

"It said, 'The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.'"

"The six magistrates retired, and on returning to Court the Chairman said :- 'Hell, the matter stands in this way." Japan Chronicle.

We like his directness.

" Missionary Thought for the month: -O'er weather lands afar Thick Darkness troddeth yet."



WINNERS AT OUR FANCY DRESS BALL,

Mr. John Jinks, as George Washington's father.

MASTER JOHN JINKS, AS GEORGE WASHINGTON. MASTER TOMMY JINKS. AS THE TREE.

## THE TRIALS OF GREATNESS. M. ANATOLE FRANCE AT THE PALL MALL THEATRE.

I had the pleasure of being present last Thursday night at the complimentary reception given to M. Ana-TOLE FRANCE, the famous French Inttérateur, by Sir Seebohm Forest in the dome of the Pall Mall Theatre. Many well-known figures in the London literary world found their way into the reception room, including Miss Carrie Morelli, Mrs. Annie Duck, Sir Clement and Lady Longeri'th'arm, Mr. Winymann, the famous publisher, Sir Knight Prescott, the Rev. Claudius Clear, Dr. Marcus Corker, the Rev. Sir Silvester Ivory, Professor Jesse Blogg, and Sir Nicholson Roberts, whose keen intellectual face would attract attention anywhere.

It was disappointing not to see the ever genial countenance of Mr. EDMUND Gosse, so usual a feature at all gatherings of this kind, but he was, I was to feel much sympathy. Otherwise the told, saving himself for the greater evening passed off most pleasantly.
dinner to M. France, who has always M. France's reply was a masterp been one of his protégés, at the of delicate elecution, but, alas! I caught ginger-ale corks, and we all retired in Assace Hotel. As some compensation, too little of what he said. I gathered, high good humour with the cheery and however, that undaunted intellectual however, that England appealed to him phosphorescent hospitality of our host.

gladiator and ami de France, Mr. T. P. chiefly as a country in which the Non-O'Connor, was present.

Sir Seebohm Forest, who, I regret to say, looked somewhat pale and weary, made a charming speech in proposing the health of the guest, which, in deference to the views of the majority of those present, was drunk in dry ginger - ale. His comments on the liarly touching that the very flower of literary merits of M. Anatole France contemporary English literature of the were, so far as I could hear, remarkably happy and in perfect taste, and the comparison of his style with that of Mr. L. N. PARKER was a striking proof highest honour he could conceive. of Sir Seebohm's appreciation of native letters. I thought that M. ANATOLE France, who had just attended a performance of Sir Seebohm Forest's great spectacular drama, Jacob and Esau, wore a slightly enigmatic expression. It was certainly a little unfortunate that in the hurry of introduction he had mis-Roberts, with whom, as a pronounced anti-militarist, he could not be expected

M. France's reply was a masterpiece

conformist literary conscience was never hampered by the restrictions of public opinion, and that, as a student of imperial Rome, he rejoiced to find the Apocolocyntosis of CLAUDIUS perpetuated in the luminous pages of The British Weekly. It was to him pecuweightier variety should have been thus culled for him by his gifted host. To be in such a company was the

It was pretty to see M. France saying 1 good-night to Miss Carrie Morelli. There were many graceful bows on both sides. Somehow M. France made another speech, in which I understood him to say that while Greece boasted her Sappho and China her Dowager-EMPRESS, England could proudly point taken Sir Nicholson Roberts for Lord to the literary triumphs and enormous emoluments won and earned by Carrie Morelli, who combined the tropical exuberance of the Italian temperament with the high ideals of English Puritanism. There was more popping of

#### A FEW TRICKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

(In the manner of many contemporaries.)

Now that the "festive season" (copyright) is approaching, it behoves us all to prepare ourselves in some way to contribute to the gaiety of the Christmas house-party. A clever conjurer is welcome anywhere, and those of us whose powers of entertainment are limited to the setting of booby-traps or in it, a hard-boiled egg, two florins and the arranging of apple-pie beds must a gentleman's watch. Having obtained view with envy the much greater tribute all these things, which may take some of laughter and applause which is the lot time, you put the two table-cloths of the prestidigitator with some natural aside and separate the other articles gift for legerdemain. Fortunately there into two heaps, the rabbit, the top-hat, are a few simple conjuring tricks which are within the reach of us all. With practice even the clumsiest of us can obtain sufficient dexterity in the art of illusion to puzzle the most observant of our fellow-guests. The few simple tricks which I am about to explain, if studied diligently in the week remaining before Christmas, will prestidigitator (if I may use that word an odd number, and she suggests (shall would do it. again) will find that he is amply repaying the hospitality of his host and hostess by his contribution to the yougeneral festivity.

is a difficult style of writing to keep up, particularly when the number of synonyms for "conjuring" is so strictly limited. Let me now get to the tricks. I call the first

#### HOLDING THE LEMON.

For this trick you want a lemon and a pack of ordinary playing cards. Cutting the lemon in two, you hand half to one member of your audience and half to another, asking them to hold the halves up in full view of the company. Then, taking the pack of cards in your own hands, you offer it to a third member of the party, requesting him to select a card and examine it carefully. When he has done this he puts it back in the pack, and you seize this opportunity to look hurriedly at the face of it, discovering (let us say) ence. It is called that it is the five of spides. Once more you shuffle the pack; and then, going through the cards one by one, you will have no difficulty in locating the five of spades, which you will hold up to the company with the words "I think this is your card, Sir "-whereupon the audience will testify by its surprise and appreciation that you have guessed correctly.

It will be noticed that, strictly speaking, the lemon is not a necessary of the two numbers is. (For instance, adjunct of this trick; but the employment of it certainly adds an air of 13 multiplied by 17 is—let's see,

successful conjurer.

For my next trick, which I call

## THE ILLUSORY EGG,

and which is most complicated, you require a sponge, two table-cloths, a handful of nuts, a rabbit, five yards of coloured ribbon, a top-hat with a hole the hard-boiled egg, and the handful of nuts being in one heap, and the ribbon, the sponge, the gentleman's watch and the two florins in the other. This being done, you cover each heap with a tablecloth, so that none of the objects beneath is in any way visible. Then you to think of a number. Let us suppose we say?) 29. Then, asking the company to watch you carefully, you-

To tell the truth, I have forgotten So much by way of introduction. It just what it is you do do, but I know that it is a very good trick, and never fails to create laughter and bewilderment. It is distinctly an illusion worth trying, and, if you begin it in the man-ner I have described, quite possibly some way of finishing it up will occur to you on the spur of the moment. By multiplying the two numbers together and passing the hard-boiled egg through the sponge and then taking the . . . or is it the Anyway, I'm certain you have to have a piece of elastic up the sleeve . . . and I know one of the florins has to - No, it's no good, I can't remember it.

> But mention of the two numbers reminds me of a trick which I haven't forgotten. It is a thought-reading illusion, and always creates the maximum of wonderment amongst the audi-

#### THE THREE QUESTIONS.

As before, you ask a gentleman in the company to write down a number numbers they show to the other guests. You then inform the company that you will ask any one of them three questions, and by the way they are answered you will guess what the product mystery to the initial stages of the thirteen sevens are—thirteen sevens—

illusion, and this air of mystery is, seven threes are twenty-one, seven after all, the chief stock-in-trade of the times one is-well, look here, let's suppose the numbers are 10 and 17. Then the product is 170, and 170 is the number you have got to guess.)

Well, the company selects a lady to answer your questions, and the first thing you ask her is: "When was Magna Charta signed?" Probably she says that she doesn't know. Then you say, "What is the capital of Persia?" She answers Timbuctoo, or Omar Khayyam. according to how well informed she is. Then comes your last question: "What makes lightning?" She is practically certain to say, "Oh, the thunder." Then you tell her that the two numbers multiplied together come to 170.

How is this remarkable trick performed? It is quite simple. The two people whom you asked to think of the numbers are confederates, and you arranged with them beforehand that invite any gentleman in the audience they should write down 10 and 17. Of course it would be a much better trick make a genuine addition to the gaiety he thinks of 33. In that case you ask if they weren't confederates; but in of any gathering, and the amateur any lady in the audience to think of that case I don't quite know how you

> I shall end up this interesting and instructive article with a rather more difficult illusion. For the tricks I have already explained it was sufficient that the amateur prestidigitator (I shall only say this once more) should know how it was done; for my last trick he will also require a certain aptitude for legerdemain in order to do it. But a week's quiet practice at home will give him all the skill that is necessary.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS PUDDING

is one of the oldest and most popular illusions. You begin by borrowing a gold watch from one of your audience. Having removed the works, you wrap the empty case up in a handkerchief and hand it back to him, asking him to put it in his waistcoat pocket. The works you place in an ordinary pudding basin and proceed to pound up with a hammer. Having reduced them to powder, you cover the basin with another handkerchief, which you borrow from a member of the company, and announce that you are about to make a plum-pudding. Cutting a small hole in the top of the handkerchief you drop a lighted match through the on a piece of paper, and a lady to aperture; whereupon the handkerchief write down another number. These flates up. When the flames have died down you exhibit the basin, wherein (to the surprise of all) is to be seen an excellent Christmas pudding, which you may ask your audience to sample. At the same time you tell the owner of the watch that if he feels in his pocket he will find his property restored to him intact; and to his amazement he discovers that the works in some mysterious way have got back into his watch, and that the handkerchief in which it was wrapped up has gone!

Now for the explanation of this ingenious illusion. The secret of it is that you have a second basin, with a pudding in it, concealed in the palm of your right hand. At the critical moment, when the handkerchief flares up, you take advantage of the excitement produced to substitute the one basin for the other. The watch from which you extract the works is not the borrowed one, but one which you have had concealed between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand. You show the empty case of this watch to the company, before wrapping the watch in the handkerchief and handing it back to its owner. Meanwhile with the aid of a little wax you have attached an invisible hair to the handkerchief, the other end of it being fastened to the palm of your left hand. With a little practice it is not difficult to withdraw the handkerchief, by a series of trifling jerks, from the pocket of your fellow guest to its resting place between the first and second fingers of your left hand.

One word more. I am afraid that the borrowed handkerchief to which you applied the match really did get burnt, and you will probably have to offer the owner one of your own instead. That is the only weak spot in one of the most baffling tricks ever practised by the amateur prestidigitator (to use the word for the last time). It will make a fitting climax to your evening's entertainment - an entertainment which will ensure you another warm invitation next year when the "festive season" (copyright) comes upon us once again.

A. A. M.

## THE TRIBULATIONS OF A THIRD-RATE SHOT.

(In his trap shortly after an early breakfast.)

(To himself) Well, I'm in for it. Don't know what in the world induced Sir John to ask me to this show. The last day of the cover shoot is a pretty sudden jump from the annual garden party which has always represented the extent of our social intercourse. Shall certainly have to do my best to play up. A hard-working beggar like me, who has no time to shoot seriously, can't expect to be in the running with these experts. However, it's a mere toss-up. Depends very much upon how the same time. Heaven preserve me we are placed. A lot can go on at a from that chap! (Aloud) Yes, a ripping cover shoot that no one ever sees. And day. What? What charge of powder I may be hitting them. I have had my am I using? (To himself) Hanged if



Barber. "I'M SORRY, CULLY, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YER 'FORE I START. I'LL 'AVE TO CHARGE YOU AS A LYDY."

useful days even among high pheasants. But I expect I'll miss 'em and wing 'em and tail 'em and have 'em running all over the place; and then a woodcock'll come along and—— (Shudders).

Well, here we are. Good luck to you, my son.

(On his way to the first stand. He is walking with one of the other guns.)

(Aloud) Been a rotten season, and he has very few birds, eh? (To himself) Dare say it is just as well. Won't pass over me in solid streams quite unscathed, as I feared. Doesn't want any hens shot? Well, hang it all, I generally know a hen when I see one. (Aloud) Only using one gun? (Wisely) Ah, yes. (To himself) That was a stroke of luck, as I never dreamed of bringing two. Haven't got two. This Captain Bowker must be the famous Bowker, I suppose. That's the feller that has three birds falling in the air at

I know. Just my luck. If he'd asked me the shot I could have told him. Wish they wouldn't propound conundrums. Must try to change the subject. (Aloud) Many woodcock come in (To himself) Seems surprised. I wonder if woodcock do "come in"? Always supposed they did. (In reply to an observation of his companion's) Yes, nice warm covers. (To himself) Wish I knew how one cover contrives to be warmer than another; should have thought that depended on the weather. Shall have to find out about that. (Moves on.)

Here comes Bowker. Know he's going to ask me what charge I use. I'll have to get beforehand with him. (Aloud, cheerfully) Nice warm covers, aren't they-warm as toast. What?

(In reply to a keeper) That stand by the hedge? Right you are! (To himself) In full view of the experts! Just my luck!

(At the first stand. An asterisk denotes the shots of the speaker.)

Now, my sor, pull yourself together,



Host. "Number five-that's yours, Major."

Guest. "HAVE I GOT TO HIDE BEHIND THAT?"

and let your watchword be, Through the neck every time. Hen! Only just saved myself. (Rather feverishly) Remember, they are shorter in the tail, you fool-no comparison, far shorter, miles shorter and not so pictorial. There goes another hen . . . and yet it had a goodsh long tail for a hen. Markham's fired at it! Hang me if it wasn't a cock after all! That was a bad break. No mistake about this one. \* \* Never mind-pretty high bird, that. Hullo, Bowker has him down. Now how in the world can Bowker kill 'em from there? - Here they come. \* \* Never mind. Load; don't fumble. \* \* Cheer up, you'll'soon be on to them. \* \* Rotten. \* \* Ha, that one's down! But he 's running, the brute, like a hare. Lord, he is moving! \* \* Skimming brutes. Why don't they get well up? (Several shots down the line and shouts of "Woodcock! Mark!" He looks round trembling. Growing excitement. The bird comes straight for his head.) \* Now then, again. \* No earthly good. To the left-quick! \* That one's down. But it's a hen—and it's running. (Looking after it) Through the hedge and right up the hill; twenty miles an hour. \* \* (Pause) \* \* (Pause) \* \* You helpless idiot! Why did I ever leave my h $ilde{ t appy}$  home? What on earth is this? Is it an owl flops about like that? Better leave it | placently along.)

alone. (In deep anxiety) Can't see with the sun in my eyes—makes me look such a blamed fool. (Suddenly) 1've got it! It's a hawk! Shall I fire? Sure to want his hawks shot. Well, it's down, whatever it was. Bet he won't run. (Continues to blaze away without further result till the beat is over. During the pick-up he hears a voice behind him, "I wonder who shot a tumbler pigeon?") A tumbler pigeon? (In the deepest horror) How utterly awful! (He plunges into the cover out of sight.)

IV.

(Before the second beat.) (Aloud), I should like to walk, Sir

John, if you want a gun with the beaters. Got a bit cold, standing.

(Before the third beat.) Let me walk. I like the exercise.

(Before the fourth beat.)

" " **vi.**" .

Yes, I'm walking, if you don't mind. I forgot to bring a sweater and I've got a touch of a chill, I think.

VII.

(In the cover during the last beat, walking in line with the beaters.)

(To himself, enthusiastically) Peror a crow? Seems to have a most feetly charming in the seclusion of extraordinary flight. I wonder why it these delightful woods! (Strolls comviii.

(On the way in after the shoot is over.)

(To his companion gun) I had the sun in my eyes, you know. Sir John really is annoyed about it? Hates having anything shot that can't be eaten? (To himself) I'll cat it if that's all he wants. Beastly awkward. Here comes Sir John himself. Must keep him off the subject. (Aloud) Nice warm covers you have, Sir John !

(At tea.)

(To himself) Think he's forgotten all about it! No, by Jove, he hasn't! (He listens to the voice of his host at the far end of the table) "It isn't sport, and it can't possibly have been a mistake. I'm not going to have tame pigeons shot on this place." (He rises hastily. Aloud) I think my trap is waiting; so, if you'll excuse me -

(On the way home.)

Well, that's over, thank Heaven. Suppose we shall now revert to the annual garden party.

"The playground is covered with red baize; a sand pit will be placed in a corner in summer. When the warmer weather comes the children will take their afternoon sleep in the verandah. The Clasgow Herald.

Till the warmer weather comes, the children can draw a corner of the playground over them, and be quite snug.



SIR EDWARD CARSON (in course of promenade on the quay, to Customs Officer Birrell). "CAPITAL IDEA THIS OF STOPPING IMPORTATION OF ARMS. NOW THERE'S A DANGEROUS CHARACTER: YOU SHOULD SEARCH HIM. THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF BAG HE'D HAVE A COUPLE OF HOWITZERS CONCEALED IN"



## JOYS OF RESTAURANT LIFE.

WHY BE DULL AT HOME WHEN YOU CAN DINE BRIGHTLY TO MUSIC IN A PUBLIC ROOM?

### THE BOXIAD.

(A Fragment.)

Shades of the great, what make you in this hall, Here where the British bays that erst you wore Are by the Frenchman's ruthless hand defaced? Lo, how they lie in ruin on the floor, Each leaf a separate mark of impotence, And every broken twig a fount of tears. Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

Then JACKSON veiled his agitated eyes, And passed in silence; RANDALL bowed his head, And drooped his difficult and ravaging hand; And Cribb and Bendigo and King were mute; And Savers averted his too mournful gaze, That SAYERS who held his own the long day through, Spite of his shattered arm, and came to time Again and yet again, and would not yield, While with one dauntless fist he struck and bunged The bold Benicia Boy's discoloured eyes. And other Shades there were of lusty men With flattened noses and with thickened ears, Men who while yet the blood coursed through their veins Had dealt and taken many a crashing blow On face and ribs and chest and on the mark, The much-desired uncomfortable mark-Whose peepers had been closed, whose kissing-traps Had rained to earth their fragmentary teethBrawny, bull-necked and muscle-covered men, With beefy fists and deadly driving arms— All these were there and all were very low. Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

At last the Spirit of British Boxing spoke, And he was cheerful, on his open brow No frown was seen, nor sadness in his eyes:-"If hearts ye have, lift up," he said, "your hearts; Let not your manly minds be steeped in woe. 'Tis true CARPENTIER beat the Bombardier, Jabbing him six times shortly in the stomach, So that he fell and swift was counted out. But this CARPENTIER is a proper man; And you, old heroes, you may well be proud To own a hero, though he comes from France. And it may hap that on another day Some beef-fed British boxer shall arise, Cool in his guard and crafty in his blows, Lithe and enduring as CARPENTIER is, And turn the changing tables on the Gaul. Dame Fortune shifts her smiles, but gives them most To those who by their toil deserve them well."

So spoke the Spirit, and the thronging Shades, Won o'er to cheerfulness, acclaimed his words.

# AN ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

In such time as she can spare from the frivolities of life, Matilda runs a school. As she believes in "keeping things separate," the frivolities are not permitted access to the school or to Matilda in her capacity as school- man and always thought that some mismistress. Thus when I (who am one fortune would overtake him. Greek?" of her frivolities) presented myself I was refused admission. So I must needs resort to subterfuge, and disguise as the language of an untrustworthy myself as a father with children to race. History?" educate. Incidentally, I am no father and know little or nothing of children. Side-whiskers, an artificial complexion, and a falsetto voice completed my in-A borrowed visiting card cognito. gained me admission.

"I understand that you keep an academy for the young," I said.

"I keep a school," Matilda replied.

"Ah! Well, I wondered if you could undertake the care of some children?"

"That is one of my objects in keeping a school. (Matilda was not helping me much.) " Are they boys or girls?"

"Both," I said. "Boys mostlytwo boys, in fact, and a girl. Does that matter?"

"I take both boys and girls."

"That relieves my mind. I should like them all to be together. Iam looking for some one who will be a mother to my orphan children."

"They have no mother?" said Matilda

sympathetically.

"None of them. Forgive me, but I looked round for the water. you look a little young for the post."

"How old are they?"

"Seven."

"All of them?"

"All but two. The others are either less or more. Let us say they average seven."

"As you please. You would like to see over the school?"

We visited the playing fields, gymnasium and other appliances for physical culture. At last I asked-

"Is any provision made for mental gymnastics?"
"Of course we don't neglect the mind.

We teach nearly everything—dancing, deportment, music, French, German, algebra and trigonometry."

"Arithmetic?"

"Not directly."

"In my young days there used to be a person in vogue called Euclid. Is he still extant?"

"No, he has gone."

"Dead? Ah, well, I never liked the

"Quite right. It always struck me

"Ancient and modern."

"Like the hymns—what?"

We had reached the class-rooms and I observed a large flat bath which appeared to contain sand.

"What is that?" I asked.

THE CHARITABLE SEASON—HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

EMPLOY PROFESSIONAL READERS TO ENTERTAIN THE NIGHT WATCHMEN WHO LOOK AFTER THE STREET WHEN IT IS UP.

> "That is part of the curriculum. | had lost their mother?" The younger children draw maps and make designs in the sand."

"Delightful. Every school its own beach. And where do they paddle?"

a pity, but I suppose one can't get everything. You teach mixed bathing, of course? It is a most essential part of modern education.'

"The children bathe together."

"Now, as to food. I suppose that they have meals and things?

"Breakfast, dinner and tea."

"Do the children dress for dinner?" insist on that even with the youngest."

boys?"

"It might save confusion."

"Is there anything else they will want—beds, for instance?"

"We supply beds, but each child is expected to bring a spoon and fork."

"How many spoons and forks will that be? Did I say three or four children?"

"You said three. Three spoons and forks."

"I suppose they couldn't manage on less—take turns to eat, so to speak?"

"I think not."

"You supply everything else measles, mumps, etc.? I should like them to have all these things properly.'

"We cannot guarantee disease. Indeed, we rather encourage attention to the principles of hygiene."

" And as to fees, is there any reduction on a quantity? Dc you take three as two, or anything of that kind?"

"We make a slight reduction in the case of brothers and sisters."

"That will be all right then; they are all by the same mother. How would you like them sent?"

"Under suitable protection. And when may I expect them?"

"I cannot say definitely, not to a term or two. I shall have to consult their mother." "I thought they

"Quite true, they have lost their mother — irretrievably; but I am something of a spiritualist. I believe

"Excuse me, but your left whisker is "They don't paddle; they bathe at hanging by a thread. Would you like to remove it and clean the rest of your "You don't teach paddling? That's face while they bring in tea?"

> A communication from Reuter states that during the recent tunult in the Lower House of the Reichsrath:

"Two members (Herren Budzynowskji and Siengalowicz) had electric bells . . . while Herr Olesniczkiyj blew a bugle.''

The noise they produced with these "No, but they dress for breakfast. We instruments, however, was nothing to the ear-splitting effect when they began "Then I suppose they will require to call each other by name—a custom clothes. It would perhaps be better to which, we understand, is forbidden get the girl a different kind from the under the rules of the House, owing to its generally unhappy consequences.



## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Customer. "All these seem very expensive: can't you suggest something cheaper?"

Shopman (with views on commercial morality). "Ceatainly, Madam. I could suggest a piece of thin paper and a comb!"

### TO ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

(After hearing "Hänsel und Gretel" for the fifteenth time.)

How strange that modern Germany, so gruesome in her art. Where sheer sardonic satire has expelled the human heart, Should also be the Germany that gives us, to our joy, The perfect children's opera—pure gold without alloy.

I know there are admirers of the supra-normal STRAUSS Who hold him, matched with others, as a mammoth to a mouse,

And, though they often feel obliged his lapses to deplore, His "cerebral significance" increasingly adore.

In parts I find him excellent, just like the curate's egg, But not when he is pulling the confiding public's leg; Besides, the height of genius I never could explain As "an infinite capacity for giving others pain."

No, give to me my ENGELBERT, my gentle HUMPERDINCK, Whose cerebral development is void of any kink; Who represents in music, in the most enchanting light, That good old German quality, to wit, Gemüthlichkeit.

I love his gift of melody, now homely in its vein, Now rising, as beits his theme, to the celestial plane; I love the rich orchestral tide that carries you along; I love the cunning counterpoint that underlies the song.

Though scientific pedagogues that golden realm have banned, He leads us back by pleasant paths to childhood's fairyland,

How strange that modern Germany, so gruesome in her art, Till, bald and grey and middle-aged, we watch with child-Where sheer sardonic satire has expelled the human heart, like glee

The very games we learned long since at our dead mother's knee.

Our hearts are moved when in the wood the children lose their way,

And strange uncanny echoes mock their innocent dismay, And when, clasped in each other's arms, they cast them down to sleep,

We know that real angels come and night-long vigil keep.

We thrill with apprehension of the risks that loom ahead When they cross the magic threshold of the House of Gingerbread;

And O! with what contentment we at last behold them pitch Head-foremost in her furnace-fire the broomstick-riding witch!

There's not a bar of Hünsel's part that's not exactly right; There's not a note for Gretel that's not a pure delight; And having heard it lately for (I think) the fifteenth time I know I'm talking reason, though it happens to be rhyme.

Then let us thank our lucky stars that in a squalid age When horror, blood and ugliness so many pens engage, One of our master-minstrels, by fashion unbeguiled, Keeps the unclouded vision of a tender-hearted child.

### THE SILHOUETTE.

WE were having tea. "No sugar," I said.
"Milk?"

- "What tea is it?" I asked. "Ceylon, China, caravan?"
- "Ceylon, I believe," she said.
  "Then a little milk," I replied. "But supposing it had been caravan?" she hazarded.

I sighed.

"Next time," she promised.

We talked about the usual thingsthe beauty and wonder of CARPENTIER; the gaiety of HAWTREY in Never Say Die, the charm of Quality Street; ROMNEY'S Sleeping Baby at the Grosvenor; Anatole France; the fall of

Having completed this round, she asked me if I would like to see her sillionettes.

"Fearfully," I said.

She placed a little portfolio before me. I turned over the black profiles.

"That's Jack," I said.

"Yes.

"That's his wife Marjorie.'

" Yes."

- "How clever you are! That's what's his name who lives near you.' "Yes."
- "This is wonderful. But who's this?
- "Oh, that's the wife of a man who lives near Jack."
  - "I don't know her?"

" No."

- "That accounts for my not recognising her," I said. "But it looks horribly lifelike. Won't you," I said, after a judicious pause,—"won't you do me?" (I am rather set on my profile. I have been told it is good.)
  - "I'd love to," she said tactfully "Right," I said. "How shall I sit

for it? "Just like that," she said, getting her sketch block and sitting beside me. "Look straight ahead."

"I can't look straight ahead without something to smoke," I said.

She brought me a cigarette.

"Now," she said.

"Then you draw it?" I remarked. "I thought you cut it out with seissors." "Oh, no. I draw it and then ink it

"Right," I said.

She worked diligently while I smoked. "Do you want me to be realistic?'

she asked. "Of course," I said, fearing nothing. "You won't mind?" she replied. (What an odd remark!)

"Why should I?" I asked, still in chins," I said. a fool's paradise.

"Nothing," she said, and continued. | she replied bravely.

I felt I would give a thousand pounds to face her, but I didn't dare. This was a profile. My nose, I knew, was good. I had seen it at the hatter's in one of those triple mirrors—clean cut, Roman, efficient. Then my blood ran cold: I suddenly remembered my chin. My chin, I say; I mean my chins.

"Why did you ask that about being realistic?" I said in agony.

"Nothing," she said.

I took another cigarette.

"There," she said, "that's cone.' She showed it me.

"Is that me?" I asked.

"Yes. Who did you think I was drawing: LLOYD GEORGE?" (That's the worst of letting girls go to musichalls, they pick up cheap sarcastic ways)

I studied it. It did not lock like me as I remembered myself from the last visit to the hatter's, and yet she had scemed to be clever.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to

"That? That's your second chin."

"And this?"

"That's your third chin." (Heavens! how rich I am!)

"But surrly," I said, "the nose isn't right? And you've made the lip much too long."

"I don't think so," she replied coldly.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I have a kind of instinct."

She forced me back into my position, something between the dentist and the photographer, and scrutinised me carefully.

"Perhaps it is a shade too long," she said, and shortened it.

the ink is applied. "Now?" she said.

I looked again. "That's better," I replied.

"But how do you know?" she asked. "You must be very vain."

"I was," I said. "But never again. Look at that array of chins."

"I'll ink it in after you've gone," she said. "Then I'll send it to you."

The silhouette came home two days

I tried it all over the room—on the mantelpiece, on the tables, in picture frames. Then my landlady came in.

for?" I asked her.

She subjected it to minute study. "It's either Napoleon," she said at last (my heart gave a joyful bound), or Danny Maher."

"All real gentlemen have three chins,"

# DRAMATIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

WHAT with a Woman's Theatre established at one playhouse and a Children's Theatre at another, each with its appropriate dramatic fare, we are evidently on the way to a state of things in which every separate class of audience will have its suitable drama served up in a special building. We may then look for the following announcements:-

A fine performance of The Taming of the Shrew was given last night at the Misogynists' Theatre in Adam Street. This cosy little house, with its smoking and billiard rooms, was packed to the doors by an audience that applauded every point in the comedy with rapture. The grand Christmas pantomime, Blue Beard, is advertised for Boxing Day.

The latest addition to London's playhouses is the newly-built Socialists' Theatre, which will start its activities on Monday next with the production of An Enemy of the People. The building is constructed throughout of steel and asbestos, so as to render it suitable as a meeting place for conferences, etc. All the seats are equal in price, with the exception of the first tier boxes, which have been equipped with bombproof safety curtains capable of being lowered at will by the occupants, thus providing absolute security for Labour leaders visiting the entertainment.

The Theatre of the Advanced Symbolists, opened last evening, is said to be the first of its kind in Europe, and embodics all the latest views of its special patrons. Suggestion rather than physical comfort has been the chief result aimed at, the seats, designed on make all the alterations you like before the cubist system, being so arranged that an interrupted view of the stage is permitted from all. The initial programme consisted of the first performance of the new Symbolist drama entitled What? and gave the highest pleasure to a distinguished audience. Silence and complete darkness prevailed both in the auditorium and on the stage. It was unfortunate that, owing to the careless duplication of the title on the bills, the masterpiece should have been advertised as What, What ! thus creating a misapprehension as to its charactor, which explained the arrival of several parties really bound for the "Who do you think that's meant Postprandial Theatre next door, and a regrettable display of feeling when their mistake became clear to them. This apart, however, the evening was a deserved success.

Notices of the performances of Money "But neither of them had three at the new Financiers' Theatre in Copthall Avenue, and The Odonto Girl before the Society of Incorporated Dentists, are unavoidably held over.

#### THE APATHY OF ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—As one of years, authority, and high ideals, devoted to golf, the noblest of all pursuits, I beg permission to protest against the deplorably apathetic and frivolous attitude evinced by my countrymen towards the game in these days. I call it a game, but in reality it is more than that. Nor is it merely to be compared with a trade or profession, for in the heart of the true golfer it arouses a purcr and more exalted enthusiasm. Clearly, it stands

in a category by itself.

Now this apathy, this lack of interest, must be apparent to all. Take for example the space allotted by the Press to an event of such historic and national importance as a British or American Open Championship. Do we not find it passed over in as few columns as might suffice for the trifling matter of a pronouncement by a leading member of the Government? Instead of enjoying an exhaustive detailed description and criticism of every stroke played by every competitor, we have to be content with a brief resume incorporating the more sensational incidents. But this is not my sole complaint. Golfing news from day to day is disgracefully microscopic. We find even prominent newspapers publishing only one descriptive or didactic article per week on the various aspects and difficulties of the game, instead of what is clearly demanded a regular daily article. When, therefore, I see the Press paying so scant a regard to golf, I am not surprised at the indifference of the public.

They do not take the game seriously. It occupies a second, third, or even lower place in the order of their pursuits. They expend upon it a few meagre hours of leisure; they will freely on golfing topics. The benefits frivol away half a day, sometimes even a whole day, at the office; linger over their luncheon; loiter at the club. And golfers are this is not all. Spendthrifts of their particular. time, they are niggards with their money. I have heard of one golfer, indeed, who unblushingly declared that the need for impressing youthful minds he spent only £200 a year upon the with the vital significance of golf; that game. Few, perhaps, can emulate my friend A., who has cheerfully sacrificed fortune, worldly ambition, and the joys! and comforts of family life to the creasingly manifest among caddies,

ardour of his master-passion.

this great art to correct their deplorable which must be attributed to the habits of levity and slothfulness; to lamentable lack of seriousness on the wean themselves from the luxury of part of golfers themselves. business and other distractions; to In golf the pre-eminence of Britain realise the pressing necessity for self- is already questioned. Other Ouimets sacrific. They should also conquer may arise. Soon we may descend from their foolish reticence and talk more a plus to a scratch or minus power.



#### STRICT GOLF.

- "HERE, WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HELP TO LOOK FOR MY BALL?"
- "SHOW ME THE RULE THAT SAYS I'VE GOT TO."

to be derived from airing a subject in conversation are inestimable; and golfers are noticeably backward in this

And then there is the duty owed to their children. I cannot overestimate they may learn to approach it in a more earnest and respectful spirit. The humorous and ironical attitude intoo, is greatly to be regretted. It is, I desire to appeal to all exponents of however, but another of those evils

With this warning, Sir, I must conclude; only hoping that the country will be awakened to a more patriotic spirit, a loftier and sterner enthusiasm, before it is too late.

BUNKER MASHIE. Yours, &c.,

"Last night great beams of light shot slantingly upwards from the earth, as if they proceeded from a mighty lantern which had been discovered somewhere about Kom-el-Shogafa, and which Cyclops or some huge prehistoric cave dweller had seized with his great hands and swinging it about his head, caused the rays of light, miles long, to strike caused one rays or light, innes long, to strike athwart the sky, crossing and recrossing each other incessantly, now forming themselves into wonderful diapers, anon clashing with and lighting up the fleeting clouds, giving curious, fantastic shapes, whiles, as a crouching gladiator, then as of an archer with his low. and precently as of a local flow and precently as of a local flow. bow, and presently as of a Jack Tar stepping 'Jack's a Lad' atop o' the giddy mast." Egyptian Gazette.

Actually the Fleet had just arrived.

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE NIGHT HAWK."

I have never quite understood why it should be more difficult to rise from bed at one hour than another, if you have had your full allowance of sleep. Yet this appears to be a law of depraved human nature, and against it the Hon. James Daubenay had fought in vain. In the end he had given up the struggle to rise before luncheon, and only got up in time for dinner, going straight from his bath into his evening clothes.

This habit of turning night into day is one that moralists have ever deplored. Yet I have known editors of great daily journals who have followed it without visible loss of moral fibre; it without visible loss of moral fibre; exiled by her Spartan sire, would and the night-porter of my flat, if his appear again at Daubenay's flat in the inward graces are at all commensurate middle of an orgy identical with that with his manly exterior, is a spiritual of the first Act, but this time herself stalwart. But what is permissible and in the gay attire of a Night Hawk, so even admirable in the slave of duty may, in the case of a lover of pleasure, be matter for the gravest reprobation.

hope, is equally its own punishment. garb of vice always exerts upon the Not that there was anything traceably jaded senses of the roue of the footlights. vicious in the character of Daubenay; but we were allowed to conjecture unutterable things from the character of plot like that. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, his associates of the Night Hawk Club. Of the actual habits of this nocturnal the task, came very near to achieving bird of prey from which the club drew it. He was practically never off the its symbolic name I know absolutely stage, and played with an extraordinary nothing; but a less seductive crew than fluency and that natural humour of the vulgarian females who used to sweep into Daubenay's flat by night on Whether as a night-bird with no a whirlwind of noisy banality, I cannot easily imagine. Certainly the man of ease compelled to undergo the authors of the play have done their grossest manual labour, and, subduing public no moral damage by making vice his Olympian habit, like Apollo in the too picturesque.

Into the midst of this stupid orgy there entered one night a young girl stage innocence. From that moment, of awakening nature, he was always even to the end of the play, our gifts of credulity were taxed almost beyond endurance. We were invited to believe that this prim little thing had come up to town for the day; had lost her rustic Kenneth Douglas's mature facility escort in a Trafalgar Square crowd; had then gone to look up her divorced farmer-tyrant, demonstrated with the mother at her old address (for, though they were on terms of secret intercourse, this unnatural parent had not confided to her daughter her change of residence); and was now anxious to consult the present occupant of the flat as to the next thing to be done. Moved to respectful sympathy, Daubenay, instead of putting her into the last train for home, insists on conducting her there in his motor. Safely arrived, he is captured by the girl's infuriated with a most touching stoicism. father—a man with an iron heart

the stern father compelled Daubenay, under threat of the stick for himself and banishment for the girl, to remain indefinitely on the premises, earning his feed by the sweat of his brow. To have seen this scion of the aristocracy employed in the menial labour of polishing harness in his evening clothes, with a little casual accommodation from the local wardrobe, would have melted the heart of a LLOYD GEORGE.

After this it was relatively easy to believe that the hero would be tracked by his Society friends to the scene of his alleged "rest cure" and be whisked off in their car; that the innocent girl, as to compete on level terms with the other ladies of the club; and so would win his honourable love by If virtue is its own reward, vice, I those charms which innocence in the

It will be guessed that it needed some pretty good acting to carry off a on whose almost unaided shoulders fell which he is so accomplished a master. particular taste for the game, or as a demesne of Admetus,

θησσαν τράπεζαν αινέσαι, θεός περ ών, or as a Londoner suffering the horrors from the country, a veritable dream of of the countryside with its deadly noises quietly equal to the occasion. Miss JANE COOPER'S pleasant angularity, proper to the part of rural innocence made an agreeable contrast to Mr. of style. Mr. Fisher White, as the most unflinching resolution how the strongest religious convictions may be compatible with a total disregard for human charity.

I shall excuse myself from particular reference to the remainder of the cast, except to say that Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD, as Daubenay's man, whose personal health and private convenience suffered badly from the irregularity of

suspicion. It was now that our simple pleasant vein of fun runs through the faith underwent its worst strain. For talk, in which I gratefully acknowledge the absence of imported epigrams. My programme, which is very specific about the origin of the furniture, the motorhats, the plate, and the gramophone, omits to give a definition of the genus of Messrs. Worrall and Merivale's play; so you may define it as you will. It is a blend of comedy and farce, too incredible to be purely the one and not boisterous enough to be purely the other. But the mixture will serve, if you are not too exigent. O.S.

#### THE MAN BEHIND THE FACE.

My old acquaintance, William Jones, Is not a handsome man, The physiognomy he owns Is wandering in its plan; Some careless person must have let His features run ere they had set.

It would be difficult to lav One's finger, I suppose, On any special spot and say, "Look, that is William's nose:" One could but state, "'Tis somewhere

The nasal organ should appear."

His general expression, too. Betrays a vagueness such As very seldom meets the view Outside a rabbit hutch: At times he almost has the air Of one who is not wholly there.

Not once, nor twice, but oft have I Heard strangers in the street, When William Jones was passing by, Exclaim with sudden heat: "That man at large should never roam, His proper place is in a home."

Alas! the superficial gaze, How powerless it seems To thread the soul's interior maze, Where genius broods and dreams!

They err who think that Jones is what The world calls barmy; he is not.

Forbear to scoff, look not askanco On William, for behind That unimpressive countenance Lurks a colossal mind; In fact, fame whispers it was he Who patented the Tango Tea.

## The Modern Cinderella.

"If the lady who lost a black silk stocking at the dance on Wednesday evening will communicate with Box A., Saskatoon Daily Star, said loss can be recovered."— Advt.

"When the crew went on board the vessel suffered badly from the irregularity of yesterday morning they discovered she was his master's mode of life, bore it all under the water."—Daily Mail.

No doubt their wet feet gave them the The humour of the play lies more in clue, but they must have thought the and a stout cudgel—and detained on the situations than the dialogue; but a boat looked rather funny from the shore.



Conductor of Village Band. "WHIT'S WRONG, DUNCAN?" Duncan ('celloist). "The drum's been playin' ma music and I 'ye been playin' his." Can luctor. "I THOCHT THERE WAS SOMETHING NO JUST QUITE RIGHT."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALL the time I was reading Mr. FRANK HARRIS'S Great Days (THE BODLEY HEAD) I was wondering where I had come across an earlier story written in the same style. Then I realised. Great Days is just like the fairy stories of my childhood, where the King's youngest son goes out to seek his fortune. Like the writers of the fairy stories, Mr. HARRIS takes it for granted that we shall be interested in the smallest details of his hero's career, however little they may have to do with the main theme or the development of his character; and, for myself, I must admit that he is not mistaken. I became so interested in Jack Morgan that I welcomed the information that he drank hot water at night after an evening at the inn, so as to avoid a headache next morning, and that he gave a little dinner to two friends, beginning with oysters and Sauterne, and was amused to find that one of his guests thought the white wine too thin. But Jack's career was not confined to these trivialities. Belonging to the great days that followed the French Revolution, and being by profession a smuggler and privateersman, he lived a very vivid life on both sides of the Channel.

in a fairly satisfactory position as regards naval supremacy. But it was touch and go. We could manage France all right, but France and Jack—it does not bear thinking of. To sum up, a good, bustling yarn which kept me entertained from start to finish, and will have, I guarantee, a similar effect on others who believe in fairies.

Mrs. Wharton's new satire, The Custom of the Country (MACMILLAN), suffers, I think, from the bitterness of her indignation. In an earlier novel, The House of Mirth, she showed her fierce intolerance of the restless, grasping spirit of some part of the New York world, but with that fierceness there were mingled pity and even tenderness. I find no pity or tenderness in her new chronicle. There is in the quality of her work the hard, shining, metallic glitter of an American railway-line. Undine, the heroine, passing from stage to stage, from husband to husband, trampling remorselessly as she goes upon all those who have helped her, is, at the last, inhuman in her lack of contrast. Mrs. WHARTON hates her so deeply that she will allow her no suspicion of human feeling or human softness. I failed, therefore, to realise that the gentle first husband and the courteous second one would have fallen at her feet. Some-Mr. HARRIS has the admirable virtue of not being afraid to thing more of her than physical beauty those men would make his hero a real hero. When Juck is not running have demanded, and something more, perhaps, she had; but cargoes of old brandy, he is passing through passionate love Mrs. Wharton will not reveal it to us. So with it all. adventures, thrashing bullies or capturing frigates. The The miserable side of human nature, the degraded, selfish culminating point of his exciting life is where the great Buonaparte himself offers him supreme command of the French Navy if he will sweep the English off the seas, as he has expressed himself able to do. Fortunately, Jack's her picture in dark, sombre colours, and has too readily a light of the seas of patriotism is greater than his ambition, and England is still allowed personal prejudice to darken her vision. Once it be finance, social contrasts, the Old World or the New, talent can most ably reveal them for us; but it is a hard reminiscence. and a cruel revelation.

I did not see The Witness for the Defence (Hodder and STOUGHTON) in its previous incarnation as a play at the St. James's Theatre. Hitherto I have always regretted this, but I hope Mr. A. E. W. Mason will not misunderstand me when I say that my regret is now banished. The reason is that I have been able to approach the book with that good plays do not make good novels, though authors of Dickens's Holiday Romances, who "fought his desperate

are slow to believe this, and perhaps the fact of getting double profit out of one idea does not serve to quicken their apprehension. Anyhow, I am glad to find The Witness for the Defence a triumphant exception. It makes quite a good novel, picturesque, alive and convincing. In one way the story has gained much by its liberation from dramatic fetters. We are now enabled to see something more of the previous relationship between Thresk and Stella, and this greatly helps the grip of the subsequent developments. You probably know what these are. A story does not enjoy a successful run in the West-End, retain much of the charm

of mystery. Still, Mr. Mason and his publishers were no doubt right in supposing that you would care to hear a little more intimately about the characters, and "their whys and wherefores." And to the benighted who, like myself, have not met them before, I would say, Do it Now.

In The Booklover's London (METHUEN) Mr. A. St. John ADCOCK sets out on a pleasant gossipy round of the town in the track of characters out of his favourite imaginative literature, from Ben Jonson to George Gissing. I am afraid I suspect him of a little self-deception when he protests that in this or that place the imaginary folk throng about him and are more real than the whistling errandboys and pompous, rotund merchants who are there in actual prosaic fact. It may, of course, be even so. More likely 'tis a harmless device to put his spirits in key for his enterprise and is justified by its entirely amiable results. One of these is to send you from the quotations with which the book is freely embellished back to the originals to renew their acquaintance. And that, no doubt, is one of the having been destroyed previous to the police court proceed-author's benevolent purposes. The chief of them, I guess, ings. (Our contemporary's actual words are "the Mayor was to please himself by indulging a hobby—which is no was destroyed," but no doubt its reporter got a wrong bad way of giving pleasure to other people. Mr. Addock impression of what had happened).

a lady called Becky Sharp dazzled, hoodwinked, tricked the has a thoroughly sound idea that the kind of fact that it London world. She was, I dare say, a wickeder woman is not important to know about London is that on a very than Mrs. Wharton's *Undine*, but her historian was, in clear day one may have a view of the Crystal Palace if one spite of himself, fair to her. Mrs. Wharton is never fair looks straight down Bouverie Street. The Sage who lives to her victim. The brilliance of the book remains; whether in this sacred congested thoroughfare has never noticed it, and, like Mr. ADCOCK, doesn't want to. An index makes French châteaux or American hotels, Mrs. Wharton's this little volume a lazily convenient occasion of happy

What a passion for untempered veracity seems to have taken hold of our novelists! The latest professor of the system of withholding nothing is Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT, whose new novel, Telling the Truth (Secker), sufficiently explains its character by its title. In his introductory pages Mr. Hewlett almost vehemently protests that no consideration shall prevent him from giving us the facts, even if, like an appreciation unhampered by those worrying memories GALILEO, he shall "suffer the penalty of public condemnator of the theatre about which I have spoken before in similar tion." Really I don't think he need have worried. These cases. As a result I have enjoyed it greatly. The rule is devoted truth-tellers always a little remind me of the hero

way hand to hand to the lane," being "so fortunate as to meet nobody." Because, despite an occasional much-proclaimed movement of the libraries, no one is really very greatly con-cerned to interfere with them. Anyhow, the truth about Mr. Hewlett's central figure is that he was a ead; that he was a sentimental egoist as well does not alter this primal fact about him. After a boyhood during which his character causes a good deal of wellfounded uneasiness to the authorities, he runs away from home and becomes first an actor, then (sounding deeper depths) a popular novelist. It is in this capacity, as the idel of society, that he is brought into contact with his soul-mate,



and goodness knows how many provincial tours, and markably Developed. It denotes an excessive love of power, at the charm much of the charm

who is, as you might expect, already the wife of another. Honestly, what I think must have been the matter with Hugh Middlecomb was a too-fervent admiration for the heroes of Messrs. H. G. Wells and Compton Mackenzie. This may explain his taking his bruised spirit to Cornwall in the final book, and thus giving his own author the opportunity for some pleasant descriptive writing. To be fair, the story has also some good passages of stage and journalistic life; but, on the whole, I hardly found myself in agreement with Mr. Heweett about its importance.

From an account of an R.S.P.C.A. prosecution in The  $Liverpool\ Evening\ Express:$ 

"Mr. J. B. Marston, of Mold, defended, and stated that the mare along with others was travelling to Chester, when a motor passed and scared all the horses, which jumped about, and the mare in question got knocked down and thus received the injury.

A large body of evidence was called for the defence."

This would no doubt be the body of the mare, the animal

#### CHARIVARIA.

THE Emperor MENELIK has died again. He never quite rallied from his previous deaths.

The Kaiser's dislike of the Tango is well-known. His Majesty, who has recently been suffering from a cold, has now insisted on the Crown Prince ceasing to be a Danzig man.

in Ulster. It is said that the Government intend, if they catch sufficient, to re-arm our Territorials with them.

We understand that not only is there to be no postal strike just now, but the men do not even propose to show their dissatisfaction with present conditions by refusing to accept Christmas boxes.

A Norwood lady has left £800 in Consols to her dog. This is a striking commentary on the loss of prestige suffered by what was once our premier security.

A pathetic incident is reported in connection with the purchase of the Duke of Bedford's Covent Garden estate. "Had I known," said an aged and wealthy burglar, with tears in his eyes, "that Bow Street Police Court was for sale I would have bought the thing myself and razed it to the ground."

"The various leaseholders on the estate," says The Pall Mall Ciazette, "were unaware of the transaction until it was announced in the Press, but they will, of course, remain unaffected. Certainly if they weren't affected when they had a Duke for a will put on airs when his place is taken by a Commoner.

After the recent confusion between the names of the two plays, Love and making some very catty remarks. Laughter and The Laughing Husband, we are not surprised that a muddleheaded friend of ours should have asked us the other day whether we had seen Wu's the Lady?"

Jack Johnson's motor-car ran into a gate at a level crossing near Montreuil last week, and the negro boxer was cable tells us, is considering plans for badly punished about the head. The the erection of the tallest building in the gate, it is said, is to be adorned with the inscription, "I knocked out JACK JOHNSON."

From New York comes a tale of the sale of a husband for a gold bracelet. As a husband ourselves we are pleasantly surprised to learn that we still I want," said Philip peevishly, "when have a value. Heaven grant that the I ve got two of everything, except antly surprised to learn that we still bracelet was not of rolled gold!

We have noticed as part of the Christmas window display in a number of shops a fall of snow with exactly the same distance between each flake and its neighbours. This well-drilled snow Seizures of rifles continue to be made | must come, we fancy, from Germany.



First Urchin. "YUS, I ORLWYS SES ONE O' THESE 'ERE landlord it is unlikely that they Judys."

SHOWS IS WORTH 'ARF-A-DOZEN OF THE OLD PUNCH AND

prodigal "Monna Lisa," other female portraits in the Louvre have been

The entire Press will suspend publication on Christmas Day, and an appeal is made to events of importance to make this experiment a success by kindly not happening just then.

The Pan-American Association, a world. The Association evidently does not know that the tallest building in the world has already been erected.

#### A HOUSEHOLD BOON.

"But how can I tell you of anything razors, and seven of those, three safeties and four ordinary ones?"

"But aren't there any little patent contrivances I could give you that make for man's comfort and convenience?" pleaded Muriel.

"Oh, plenty," he replied. "A patent bootlace, for instance, that does itself

> up; a patent letter-answerer, or a patent razor that shaves me while I sleep. Those are the only kind of things I should find useful, if you could get them."

Muriel stared at the fire and

deliberated.

"Very well," she said hopefully. "I'll see what I can do."

On Christmas morning Philip found a soft parcel by his plate and Muriel looking at him with suppressed emotion.

"That," she said, "is a patent contrivance which guarantees you a good start for every day and adds to the happiness of the whole household in consequence —is that the kind of thing you wanted?"

"Just," said Philip, smiling incredulously as he drew forth about-four yards of green silk cord. "But how does it work?"

"You stretch it along one side of your bed, from the head to the foot."

"What for?"

"Stops you getting out the wrong side!"

#### More Schoolboy Howlers.

From a paper on MILTON:-

" Milton wrote Thomas Antagonist. Amaryllis is a name given to Milton's Tutor at Cambridge."

"The afternoon hunt from Cleve-We hear that, since the return of the and on over the hill to Yatesbury, where

hounds were beaten." Those which escaped the hangings, no doubt; but surely they deserved to be spared.

"Both streams are clear and in fair order. Grayling have been rising at midday."—Field. They'll never catch the early worm if they get up so late.

## Another daring Theft.

"Perugia states that the Louvre has been in his room in Paris for the past two years.' Sunday Chronicle.

Can he not be persuaded to come over to England and steal the Albert Memorial?

## THE NEW LORD OF COVENT GARDEN.

[Mr. Mallaby-Deeley's purchase of a large slice of the Duke of Bedford's London property has made him the Press-hero of the week.]

I sing to your superb renown,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Whose name like thunder shakes the Town,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
To whose exploit The Times has lent
As much of space as might be spent
Upon a shattering World-Event,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

Others have waked in quiet beds,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
With sudden haloes round their heads,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
But none of all historic feats
(Concerned with liquid lucre) beats
Your scoop of six-and-twenty streets,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

Alone you did it, so you state,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Unbolstered by a syndicate,

MALLABY-DEELEY;
Simply, while walking down the Strand,
You found some millions loose in hand
And thought you'd buy a little land,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

A hobby, and, to you, I guess,

MALLABY-DEELEY,

Not worth recording in the Press,

MALLABY-DEELEY;

You must have been surprised to trace

What was alleged to be your face

Advertised all about the place,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

Such is true greatness: like the air,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
It breathes its benison unaware,

MALLABY-DEELEY;
This princely deed by which you won
A splendour second to the sun—
You hardly noticed it was done,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

And, as you tread your Covent Mart,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Breaking each apple-woman's heart,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Their flattering notes will be ignored
When buxom breasts with one accord
Cry out: "There goes our Garden's lord,"

MALLABY-DEELEY.

Yet every pumpkin I explore,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Will have your savour at its core,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
And when, to crown my homely meal,
The Ribston pippin sheds its peel,
I shall recall your ducal deal,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

If in my humble stall I sigh,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
When Tristan still declines to die,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
I shall avert my weary view
And through my glasses gaze on you
Recumbent in the BEDFORD pew,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

And oh! to think the selfsame school,

MALLABY-DEELEY,
Taught me to serve and you to rule,

MALLABY-DEELEY!
That, while your fame was yet a dream,
We two have cared the ambient stream
Where fair Sabrina's tresses gleam,

MALLABY-DEELEY.

In those obscure Salopian days,

MALLABY-DEELEY,

Hyphenless both we went our ways,

MALLABY DEELEY;

But if I met you now—a god,

And I the merest worm (or clod)—

1 know I should not dare to nod,

...

MALLABY-DEELEY.

O. S.

#### CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

(With apologics to our contemporaries.)

NOTHING is more interesting or (to the journalist hack) more profitable than a comparative study of the many quaint and old-world beliefs concerning the present festive season that still linger in various places.

Thus in certain districts of Northumberland it is considered very unlucky to eat crab on Christmas Eve that has been boiled more than three weeks. If mince-pies be taken at the same meal the danger is supposed to be increased. There are many legends of persons who disregarded this tradition and perished miserably.

In some villages of the Lower Danube the peasants say that, if a householder takes a large pail of dirty water to his bedroom and leaves it all night upon the window-sill, it discourages the Herald Angels from singing outside his house on Christmas Eye.

"The mouth that is opened too wide at Christmas stays open for long," runs a Turkish proverb, based upon the story of the Sultan who broke five front teeth on his plum-pudding, and had to spend the next fortnight with his dentist.

Among the natives of the Gold Coast there is a saying that, if a dog howl all night on Christmas Eve, a stranger will come in the morning. Curiously enough much the same tradition is found in Acton and Ealing, with the difference that there the stranger is the next-door neighbour.

One of the most extraordinary beliefs to be found anywhere at the present day is the conviction amongst the inhabitants of Fleet Street that Christmas really comes at the beginning of November. The quaint ceremonial, observed about this date, of "Bringing out the Christmas Number," is evidence of this superstition, the origin of which is lost in the mists of obscurity.

#### The Descent of Man.

Latest type (commonly found in ballrooms).—The Orangoniangorilla.

"During the evening the chair of All Souls', South Hampstead, sang a few carols."—Era.

This must be one of the musical chairs we have often heard of.



# SOLD OUT.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (in Covent Garden). "GOT ANY HOLLY AND MISTLETOE FOR ME?"
Duke of Bedford. "SORRY, SIR, I'M OFF. NOTHING LEFT BUT STRAWBERRY LEAVES."

## MONNA LISA" AND THE MAN WHO KNEW.

IT is not often that anything happens in Europe or America without Harberry getting to know the why and how of it. The fall of a government, the crumbling of a monarchy, may be due to causes hidden from the common eye, but not from Harberry's. The most impregnable mysteries keep open house to Harberry. Allow him time and he will give you three explanations of any one you name, each more impeccably authenticated than the last, and all mutually exclusive.

Harberry was, I believe, the first person in Europe—at all events the first innocent person—to know exactly what had become of the "Monna Lisa" after her d:sappearance from the Louvre. The thief, it appeared, waswell, there was no need to name himbut he was a very high official among the Louvre hierarchy, and his wife's extravaganco in dress was a by-word in three capitals. In the meantime "it" had been bought by an English grocer.

It was next Spring that I met Harberry again. He was just back from New York.

"Most extraordinary thing about 'La Gioconda,'" he observed in the course of conversation.

"Oh?" I asked. "Anything new?" "Well," he said, "I suppose you know where it is?'

"Not absolutely for certain," I replied, "but I understood from you-

"Oh, that story last September? That was only a dealer's rumour. But do you mean to say they haven't heard the truth on this side of the Atlantic yet?"

I intimated that Europe sat in dark-

"Why, it was stolen by a downtown gang of New York cracksmen for X.—he mentioned a world-famed multi-millionaire-and now he's got the thing framed up in a little private gallery of his own, and spends hours a day cooped up with it, simply gazing at it. He has a whole staff of private detectives to watch it; and he's sent nearly half-a-million hush-money to the Louvre people to keep them quiescent."

I bowed amazed credulity. crime of X. held the field until the Summer of 1913.

Meeting Harberry casually, I gleaned my usual harvest of first-hand international secrets.

"Anything new about 'La Gioconda'?" I asked, when his confidences drew to a close. "I suppose it's the than usual, and, beyond the comparamost astounding theft-



Mrs. Briggs. "So there's not coing to be a Postal Strike after all, Mrs. Johnson.'

Mrs. Johnson (remembering the Coal Strike). "Well, you never can tell but what it may come at any moment; so I shall lay in a good stock of stamps now."

"There never was a theft. I tell you every official in the Louvre wants hanging. That picture never left the galleries. They were trying on some ask. new way of cleaning which the Curator thought he'd invented, and simply rotted the surface off the thing. And now the canvas is lying in the Departmental offices-along with the missing parts of the 'Milo'; and there it'll France is satisfied I suppose the rest lie for evermore. It's nothing short of the world has no right to complain." an international scandal."

It was a few days after the recovery of the picture that I ran across Harberry once more.

He seemed a trifle more subdued tively unimportant fact that Wells between a carbuncle and a barnacle.

"Theft?" thundered Harberry. | had been drugged, he had little to communicate.

"What do you think about the 'Gioconda' now?" I was tempted to

He came nearer blushing than I had thought possible to him.

"Think about it," he said. "I think it's a devilish clever business—copied right down to the scratches. But if France is satisfied I suppose the rest of

"What can a woman do against a burly ruffian who without any ceremony proceeds to prise the jewels from her like carbuncles from a fishing smack?"—Clobe.

Answer. Explain to him the difference

# ORGANISED HOSPITALITY.

In view of the unqualified success of the recent banquets to M. ANATOLE if Americans were to be included among FRANCE and Dr. GEORGE BRANDES, it is proposed to form a permanent committee of what might be called Entrepreneurs of Culture, whose duty it shall be from time to time to select foreigners of distinction worthy of being feasted in this country and to arrange for a fitting ceremonial, thus relieving Mr. EDMUND GOSSE of more hard work than ought to fall on any one man, however willing he may be.

was held last week at the Café Royal, at which the chair was taken by Sir thought the decision was a pity as it SIDNEY LEE. After having outlined shut out Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING. the objects of the gathering, the Chairfuture every effort should be made to Englishman.

avoid what he might call an embarras de richesse, such as had distinguished some recent manifestations of cordiality. It might not be generally known that, while M. ANATOLE FRANCE was in London, the great Danish critic, Dr. GEORGE BRANDES, who had but just been put through the same ordeal, was still with us, but wholly in retirement; while no one could have helped noticing that M. Georges Carpentier was also gathering laurels on one of the nights that should have

been the sole perquisite of M. France. of things must never occur again. One like that!" (Cries of Order.) at a time must be the rule, and whatever arrangements were made as to hospitality they must always be con-National Sporting Club. (Loud ap-

plause.)

Sir THOMAS BARCLAY said that a leader in The Times had suggested that a dinner was not the best form of entertainment to which to invite these honoured guests. Speaking from his own not trifling experience as a host of men of genius, he could say that it was.

(Cheers.) Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS rose to know whether there was likely to be look next to Italy. Wasn't there some any reciprocity in these matters. Were one named Corelli? corresponding societies being formed in, say, Paris, Rome, Berlin or Copenhagen, for the entertainment of distinguished Englishmen? He asked only for in-

The Chairman said that he did not Lisa" than the Louvre was.

know; but it was to be hoped so. (General applause.)

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER rose to know

the guests.

The Chairman said that that question raised a delicate point. There was one writer who, if he were still an American, would naturally be the first to be asked; but as no one quite knew whether he was or not, and his own reply to a request for information left the matter so much more vague than before-he referred to Mr. HENRY JAMES (wild excitement)—it was thought that for the A preliminary meeting to this end present America had better be excluded.

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER said he

Sir William Robertson Nicoll rose man added that it was held that in the to point out that Mr. Hocking was an He could think of no name to suggest

Mr. John Lane said that he was sorry that he had no guest to propose. M. FRANCE was the only superlatively great French author on his list.

Mr. Duckworth stated that he could offer no suggestion as he had ascertained that Dostoievsky was dead.

Mr. HEINEMANN said he did not see why retrospective enthusiasm should not be indulged. After all, one could eat as good a dinner to a great man's memory as in a great man's presence. He thought that a Tolstoi or Tour-GENIEFF dinner would be equally dolightful.

Sir Thomas Lupton said that it was a crying shame that so many of the greatest authors were dead. He would enormously have liked to meet Goethe; and might the best man win! (Cheers.)

to the meeting.

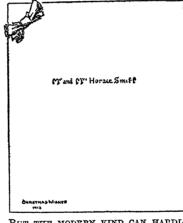
The Chairman here interposed to point out that the purpose of the meeting was not to find suitable guests, but to form a permanent committee for hospitality. He would ask for names for that committee.

Omnes: "Sir Thomas Barclay." (Checrs.)

In the course of a few stormy hours the committee was formed, consisting of the Chairman himself, Sir Thomas BARCLAY, Mr. Gosse and Sir Joseph Lyons. The meeting then dispersed.



WAS CHEERING.



THE OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS-CARD BUT THE MODERN KIND CAN HARDLY BE DESCRIBED AS JOLLY.

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER. "Then he | It was felt that such a deplorable state has no right to be-not with a name

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER (author of Giotto and his Circle) rose to ask if it were not possible to extend the word ditioned by the programme of the foreigner, which now meant chiefly a European, to include the Scotch. If so, he begged to propose the name of Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL as a fitting guest for the society. It was monstrous that so illustrious a man as Sir William had had to wait so long for such an honour.

Mr. H. G. SELFRIDGE said that he was for fair play and no favour. (Cheers.) Having recently honoured a Dane and a Frenchman, he thought we ought to

Sir CLAUDE PHILLIPS begged to suggest the name of VINCENZO PERUGIA. He was worthy of the highest honour for having shown himself better able to take care of Leonardo's "Monna Further Decline in the Aristocracy.

"A large row of pink earls worth £5,000 and belonging to a well-known lady of the old French nobility has been restored to her." South Walcs Echo.

"Sheriff Fyfe said that this was a case of garrotting a form of crime with which he had no sympathy."—Scotsman.

Sheriff Fyfe gives us the impression of a narrow-minded man.

"REECE v. HARVERSON.

A kiss closed Harverson's career at 27." The Sportsman.

Another promising young life cut short -but what a romantic end!

#### Magisterial Lore.

"A poor mother summoned at North London yesterday for not sending children to school pleaded that she had a family of thirteen, and that it was very difficult to get them all ready at the proper time.

The Magistrate: Thirteen children. It is a case of Mother Hubbard."—Daily News. Thirteen children and a dog; poor Mother Hubbard!



Son of the House (collaring joyous guest). "Look here, you mus'n't enjoy yourself as much as that! This is my dirth-

## THE BIRD, THE BOUGH AND THE BARD.

(A Reverie of Blighted Love.)

I cannot pass the poulterers' shops
And notice how they hang them o'er
With evergreens from brake and copse,
Without becoming sore;
Such transports to my mind they bring
Of bitter-sweet remembering,
A sayour just like acid-drops
Of hours that are no more.

'Twas springtide in the verdant dell (The date I can't exactly fix),
When I was courting Amabel
Whose size in gloves was six;
Gold-haired, I think, but this I know—
We came across some mistletoe
In a wet garth where ran pell-mell
A troop of turkey-chicks.

And there I vowed a deathless flame,
And she, the siren, turned her head,
Swore she preferred her maiden name,
Then, softening and grown red,
"When yonder bough hangs in the hall,
When yonder poults get plump and fall,
Ask me once more," she cooed with shame.
"Done with you, girl!" I said.

The moons went by without a word
To ease my amorous care;
December brought the well-stuffed bird
But not the faithless fair.
I wrote. She answered me, the minx,
"Have sworn to marry H. J. Binks."
Whether she did I never heard;
I left the business there.

But underneath the Yule-tide bough I stood, a fool forlorn and sad; What comfort were its berries now? They simply made me mad.

Most vile and parasitic growth, Fit emblem of a perjured troth! I still get vexed when thinking how Supremely I was had!

And, when they twine the turkey's bier With golden leaves for kinglihood, I always stand and shed a tear . . . But, having wept and stood,
 I always smile again; for, though That girl was false as mistletoe,
 Turkeys I recollect that year
 Were good, uncommon good.

Evor.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

My young friend Bobby (now in the early thirteens) has been making his plans for the Christmas holidays. He in the country with Samuel. You see, communicated them to me in a letter the second Act is a grand country from school :-

"I am going to write an opera in the holidays with a boy called Short, a very great and confident friend of mine here. I am doing the words and Short himself." is doing the music. We have already got the title; it is called 'Disappoint-

Last week, on his return to town, he came to see me at my club, and when the waiter had brought in drinks, and Bobby had refused a cigar, I lighted up and prepared to talk shop. His over, Tommy sings a song about Felicia, recent discovery that I write too leads him to treat me with more respect than formerly.

"Now then," I said, "tell me about it. How's it going on?"

"Oo, I haven't done much yet," said Bobby. "But I've got the plot."
"Let's have it."

Bobby unfolded it rapidly.

"Well, you see, there's a chap called Tommy—he's the hero—and he's just come back from Oxford, and he's A shadow pa awfully good-looking and decent and author's brow. all that, and he's in love with Felicia, you see, and there's another chap called as he leant back in his chair and Reynolds, and, you see, Felicia's really the same as Phyllis, who's going to marry Samuel, and that's the dis-appointment, because Tommy wants to marry her, you see."

"I see. That ought to be all right. You could almost get two operas out

"Oo, do you think so?"

"Well, it depends how much Reynolds comes in. You didn't tell me what happened to him. Does he marry anybody?"

I want somebody to tell the audience you) and write it up before he has time about Tommy when Tommy isn't

there.'

(How well Bobby has caught the

dramatic idea.)

"I see. He ought to be very useful." "You see, the first Act's in a very grand restaurant, and Tommy comes in to have dinner, and he explains to Reynolds how he met Felicia on a boat, and she'd lost her umbrella, and he said, 'Is this your umbrella?' and for myself. I only point out that it was, and they began to talk to each Bobby's opera, as performed at Covent he said, 'Is this your umbrella?' and other, and then he was in love with Garden in Italian, with Short's music her. And then he goes out, and then Reynolds tells the audience what an be belittled by anything that I may awfully decent chap Tommy is."

"Why does he go out?"
"Well, you see, Reynolds couldn't chap Tommy is if Tommy was there." and forgive; Short I have not yet had be spelt properly.

the technique of the stage,)

"And where 's Felicia all this time?" "Oo, she doesn't come on. She's wedding, and Samuel and Phyllis are from Oxford. married, and Tommy is one of the guests, and he's very unhappy, but he tries not to show it, and he shoots

"Reynolds is there too, I suppose?"

"Oo, I don't know yet."

(He'll have to be, of course. He'll be wanted to tell the audience how unhappy Tommy is.)

"And how does it end?" I asked.

"Well, you see, when the wedding's and it ends up 'Felicia, Felicia, Felicia,' getting higher each time—Short has to do that part, of course, but I've told him about it-and then the curtain comes down."

"I see. And has Short written any

of the music yet?"

"He's got some of the notes. You see, I've only just got the plot, and I've written about two pages. I'm writing it in an exercise-book."

A shadow passed suddenly across the

"And the sickening thing," he said, sipped his ginger-beer, "is that on the cover of it I've spelt Disappointment with two 's's.'"

(The troubles of this literary life!)

"Sickening," I agreed.

If there is one form of theft utterly unforgivable it is the theft by a writer of another writer's undeveloped ideas. Borrow the plot of Sir J. M. BARRIE's last play, and you do him no harm; you only write yourself down as a plagiarist. But listen to the scenario of his next "Oo, no. He comes in because play (if he is kind enough to read it to to develop it himself, and you do him a grievous wrong; for you fix the charge of plagiarism on him. Surely, you say, no author could sink so low as this.

And yet, when I got home, the plot of "Disappointment" (with one "s") so took hold of me that I did the unforgivable thing; I went to my desk and wrote the opera. I make no excuses conducted by RICHTER, is not likely to

(You see how Bobby has mastered the pleasure of meeting, but I believe he is smaller than Bobby.

#### Act I.

Scene—A grand restaurant. Enter Tommy, a very handsome man, just back

Tommy sings:-

Felicia, I love you, By all the stars above you I swear you shall be mine!-And now I'm going to dine.

[He sits down and orders a bottle of ginger-beer and some meringues.

Warter. Your dinner, Sir.

Tommy. Thank you. And would you ask Mr. Reynolds to come in, if you see him? (To the audience) A week ago I was crossing the Channel—(enter Reynolds)—Oh, here you are, Reynolds! I was just saying that a week ago I was crossing the Channel when I saw the most beautiful girl I have ever seen who had lost her umbrella. I said, "Excuse me, but is this your umbrella?" She said, "Yes." Reynolds, I sat down and fell in love with her. Her name was Felicia. And now I must go and see about something. [Exit.

Reynolds. Poor Tommy! An awfully decent chap if ever there was one. But he will never marry Felicia, because I happen to know her real name is Phyllis, and she is engaged to Samuel.

## (Recitative.)

She is engaged to Samuel. Poor Tommy, He does not know she's fond of Samuel. He will be disappointed when he knows.

#### CURTAIN.

#### ACT II.

Scene—A beautiful country wedding. Tommy (in pew nearest door, to Reynolds). Who's the bride? Reynolds. Phyllis. She's marrying

Samuel.

 $Enter\ Bride.$ 

Tommy. Heavens, it's Felicia! Reynolds (to audience). Poor Tommy! How disappointed he must be! (A out) Yes, Felicia and Phyllis are really the same girl. She's engaged to Samuel.

Tommy. Then I cannot marry her! Reynolds. No.

Tommy sings:-

Good-bye, Felicia, good-bye, I'm awfully disappointed, I Am now, in fact, about to die, Felicia, Felicia, Felicia!

[Shoots himself.

#### CURTAIN.

That is how I see it. But no write here. I have only written in doubt Bobby and Short, when they "Why does he go out?" order that I may get the scenario— really get to work, will make some-"Well, you see, Reynolds couldn't which had begun to haunt me—off my thing better of it. It is an engaging tell everybody what an awfully decent chest. Bobby, I know, will understand theme, but of course the title wants to

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

BREATHING SPACE.

ONCE upon a time there was an old pheasant-a real veteran who had come victorious out of many battues. Not perhaps wholly unscathed, for his tail was no longer the streaming meteoric plume that it once had been, but sound in wind and limb.

No one knew his lordship's guests so well as he, so often had he seen them in the coverts: old Sir Mark, who had an arm-chair at the angle of the two best drives; Sir Humphry, with his eternal cigarctte in the long gold tube; the red-faced Colonel, who always shot too late; the purple-faced Major, who always shot too soon: the smiling agent, who would so tactfully disown a bad whenever it seemed politic; and all the rest of them.

How the veteran rocketer had escaped he could not say, but shoot after shoot found him still robust and elusive, while his relations were falling all around, some, to their dying satisfaction, thudding into the features of their assassins.

One morning three young pheasants came flying up to their Nestor in a state of nervous excitement.

"Quick! quick!" they said, "the gentlemen are leaving the Hall. Tell us where to go to be safe."

"Go?" said the old bird. "Don't

go anywhere. Stay where you are."
"But they're coming this way," said the young pheasants. "They've got the same clothes on."

"Let them come," said the old bird. "There's no danger. Why don't you use your ears?"

"What do you mean?" they asked. "Listen," said the old bird. ""What

is that sound?" "It's too gentle for guns," said the young pheasants meditatively.

"Yes," said the old bird." "That's church bells. It means they're going to play golf."

#### L'Illustration on Paris: -

" N'est il pas, ne sera-t-il pis encore longtemps, et toujours, a pérons-le, comme centre scientifique et contre d'art the beart in the world?"

This shows the dangers of the entente cordiale. Fifteen years ago the writer would have said it quite comfortably in his own language.

#### Science for the Home.

"M. Bunau-Varilla claims that with his torpedo-shaped haod the resistance of the air is practically nullified. Those present noticed that a match, lighted just behind the machine when in full course, burned as if in a vacuum." Daily Telegraph.

This must mean that it went out. M. mitation of Sir Herbert Tree that Some lady dancers consider even one



"I SAY-ER-DO YOU KEEP ANY MEN'S TOYS?"

### NATURE STUDIES. THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

This common but entertaining little creature will well repay observation. The present is one of the best periods of the year for such a purpose, as it has been proved that the two seasons when it flourishes and propagates most abundantly are the weeks about Christmas and those immediately preceding

Lent. With the approach of warm evenings it usually retires into comparative obscurity.

In its habits this biped presents several strongly marked characteristics. Its chief distinction is the employment of what is known to naturalists as Protective mimicry. Thus the same specimen may frequently be found to simulate at one time Sir George Alexander, and at another Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, according to circumstances. This habit is not only employed for protection, but may very often be used for purposes of offence. We have seen an amateur BUNAU-VARILLA will have to try again. was most offensive. On the other unnecessary.

hand, the amateur, especially the female variety, is often both docile and engaging in manner, and may form a perfect pet for the household. It cats little, but usually drinks a lot. "Scratch meals" and champagne are its chief articles of nutriment.

Should any reader be contemplating amateur - keeping, the rules to be observed are very simple. A large empty room, in which they can play about undisturbed, is the chief requisite. At their period of full activity they take very little sleep, and that mostly in the early morning. They are perfectly safe, except that anything like unfavourable criticism irritates them to frenzy, and should on no account be permitted. With this precaution a few of these bright little creatures will more than compensate for the expense of upkeep, and provide a constant source of entertainment for a Christmas party.

> " LADY DANCER'S SECOND SUIT." Daily Chronicle.



OUR DRILL HALL.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE ARMY COUNCIL HAVE WRITTEN TO THE COUNTY ASSOCIATIONS SUGGESTING THAT THEY MIGHT ADD TO THEIR INCOME. BY LETTING OUT THEIR DRILL-HALLS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS, DANCES, ETC. BUT WHY NOT, AT THE SAME TIME, ADD TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE TERRITORIAL RANKS BY LETTING THE ENTERTAINMENTS BE GIVEN DURING RECRUIT DRILLS?

#### THE SWEETS OF SURPRISE.

AT the recent farewell appearance of Mr. Harry Lauder at the Palace Theatre we learn that "the popular Scotch comedian, to his evident surprise and gratification, was presented with a huge wreath of laurels and white heather tied with a plaid ribbon."

It is pleasant to learn, on good authority, that the lives of successful public performers, arduous and fatiguing though they may be in the main, are, contrary to the view of cynics, largely redeemed by the frequent occurrence of incidents which entirely baffle the forecast of the most far-seeing artist.

Mr. Hardy Marvin, the famous actormanager, who is now on his pre-ante-penultimate farewell tour in the provinces, was the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial to his abilities at Moretonin-the-Marsh last week. At the close

repeated cries of "Speech" resounded from all quarters of the house. The famous histrion, who was quite overcome with emotion, remarked that this unprecedented demonstration, for which he was completely unprepared, would always remain enshrined in his momory as one of the most reassuring evidences of the intelligence of the British public.

Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, at the close of one of his recitals was asked by the headmistress of a wellknown girls' school if he would kindly sign his name in the birthday-books of twenty of her pupils who had attended the concert. The famous Scoto-Semitic virtuoso, who was evidently taken completely aback by this sudden manifestation of goodwill, graciously consented to execute the request.

Mr. Alf Abel, the illustrious novelist, whose forthcoming romance, The Passof the performance of the romantic port to Paradise, has already convulsed comedienne, "and I m jiggered drama, The Pompadour's Pet, in which the literary world with palpitations of didn't let me off for ten quid."

he sustains the leading role, loud and agonised expectancy, is the subject of a 10,000 word interview-article in the current number of Praise to the Face. The world-renowned writer, whose gonius is only equalled by his selfeffacement, describes himself as altogether overwhelmed by the request of the editor, and regrets that the lack of notice has rendered it impossible for him to do full justice to the occasion. We understand that this defect will be remed od in a supplementary interview of 20,000 words which will appear in next week's issue of P, T, T, F.

A fine portrait of Miss Poppy Flipper, the delightful soubrette, appears in last Saturday's Giggles. Interviewed on the subject by "Gobernouche" in Monday's Daily Longhow, Miss Flipper expresses the extreme surprise which this honour has given her. "I thought I should never get into Giggles without paying £25," remarks the famous comedienne, "and I'm jiggered if they



"IL GIOCONDO."

THE ENIGNATIC SMILE OF THIS OLD MASTER DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THAT OTHER NATIONAL TREASURE, THE "BONAR LISA."

#### A VILLAGE POET.

His was the red-roofed corner shop (They pulled it down to build the station)

Into whose dimness one might drop For bird's-eye or for conversation, And meet what most of us have missed A Poet-and-Tobacconist.

Delightful trades, of Heaven blent-The homely, useful, aromatic, With the divine, Olympian-lent, The serviceable with the Attic; Twas good to meet a man whose views Combined Tobacco and the Muse.

I do not mean to say you'd call My friend a SHAKSPEARE or a MILTON; He liked to write, and, after all, That's what the Iliad was built on. If Homen's job had been no joy To HOMER, who'd have heard of Troy?

The merchant first (although he found His chief delight the reed of Thyrsis), His navy-cut continued sound,

In fact much sounder than his verses, Although The Wealdsman now and then Would print a sample from his pen.

Of local happenings he would sing, Of maidens too and how to love them; He still had heart to hail the Spring Though he had seen some fifty of them;

A jolly fellow, halo and stout, Who knew of dressing flies and trout.

A desultory Unionist, On GLADSTONE he could "speak satiric,"

And stop to serve an ounce of twist Or read aloud his latest lyric; Or, if that week there wasn't one, To talk of Alfred Tennyson.

I recollect how he'd applaud (His mind mayhap on some lost Mabel)

The genius that created " Maud " And sang the loves of ARTHUR'S Table;

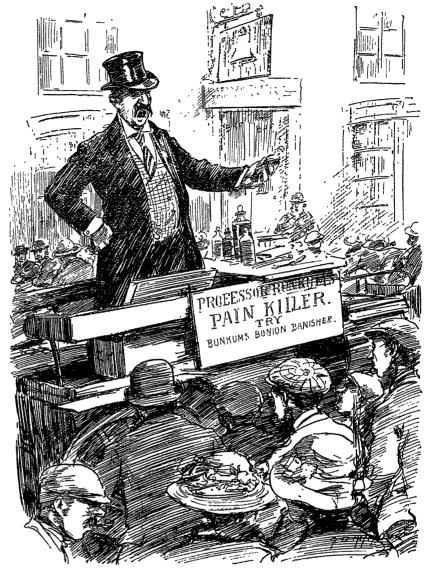
Unwedded he - and quite content --But very fond of sentiment.

Ah well, 'tis now this many a day (How swiftly do the seasons pass us) He's doffed, as he'd have said, the clay And gone to find his loved Parnassus:

The gods of all the mysteries Be good to him where'er he is.

His memory's green, his face stands

Amid a score of friendly faces, Cheery as then, nor do I doubt He sojourns in congenial places, Where on his jolly brow doth stay The Weed's pale flower, the Poet's bay.



Quach Medicine Vendor. "Here you are, gents, sixpence a bottle. Founded on the researches of modern science. Where should we be without science? Look AT THE HANCIENT BRITONS. THEY HADN'T GOT NO SCIENCE, AND WHERE ARE THEY? DEAD AND BURIED, EVERY ONE OF 'EM."

#### THE BULBARIUM.

barium!"

"Your what?" I enquired, with pardonable curiosity.

"Reginald, your classical education has been sadly neglected. Bulbarium is a term of Latin origin, derived from arium, an area or place, signifying a place for bulbs, a bulbary. These," he continued, pointing to two large roundshouldered sacks leaning wearily against innocently inquired. the coalscuttle-" these are the supplies of moss-fibre and crushed oyster-shell. "that's what we mix the compost in."

Here are the bulbs "-he indicated a number of paper bags with white labels, "HOORAY!" shouted my cousin carefully arranged upon the writing-George Biffin, rising to greet me as table. "And if you'll follow me down I entered his sitting-room. "You're to the telephone-room I'll show you the very man I'm looking for. You're about forty vases, bowls, pots and just in time to help with my bul-soup-tureens which I have prepared for their reception."

I have always entertained a morbid dislike of telephone-rooms, but I meekly accompanied my cousin downstairs. On the floor of a chill and cheerless apartment on the ground floor stood a the two words bulbus, a bulb, and large bath containing a tin water-can, while all around was ranged row upon row of empty jars of every dimension.

"Are you going to have a bath?" I

"No, no," my cousin answered testily;

"Mix the what?"

"Compost: the technical term for moss or cocoanut fibre."

"Oh, I see. But why not call it

moss or eccount-fibre?"

George ignored my question. "I've borrowed Mother's hip-bath," he said. "I don't believe she wants it a bithips have gone completely out of fashion this year—and it's the very but how on earth am thing for the job. By the way," he half a bushel is like?" added, "I wish you'd be an angel-

that the angelic function invariably

run anywhere."

"Oh, very well," he sighed resignedly, rods, poles or perches, one

"I suppose I must go myself. Don't touch anything till I come back."

George was only away about three minutes (during which I successfully resisted the temptation to touch his mother's hip-bath), and returned laden with the two sacks that I had already noticed in his sitting-room.

"I've brought a book of the rules, too," he remarked, "so that we shan't do anything

silly."

"Speak for yourself," I said, "personally-"

never completed.

"Look out! Stand clear of the gate!" shouted George, as with a vigorous heave he emptied the my eyes and lungs were choked with it.

"Now then, look alive," he added peremptorily, "we must do this thing properly. You roll up your sleeves and churn the fibre and the shell together while I keep the mixture damp with water from the can."

As I surveyed the condition of my fingers after a few minutes of this churning exercise I could not help recalling the beautiful old poem beginning:

"There is a garden in her face,

Where roses and white lilies grow," and wondering whether any modern bard might possibly be inspired to similar flights of fancy by the garden in my nails; but I knew it would be useless to try to explain such sentimental thoughts to George.

He was studying a small pink young children.

pamphlet he had produced from his pocket, and his brow was furrowed

in too much water," he suddenly remarked. "It says here that about four quarts to the half-bushel is enough."

"My dear George," I expostulated, "I may know how much a quart is, but how on earth am I to tell what

"They don't seem to have taught "No," I interrupted firmly, "I utterly you anything at all at Eton," he comdecline to be an angel. From earliest plained. "Surely you remember your childhood experience has taught me table of avoirdupois? Two pecks one gallon—er—two gallons one peck—— Wait a minute. It'll come back to me entails running upstairs and fetching Wait a minute. It'll come back to me something, and I'm much too old to directly. Two pecks one bushel; two bushels one rod, pole or perch; two



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Nutty Cousin from Town. "I SAY, EDWARD, I WISH YOU'D LEND ME A PAIR My sentence was of your rough socks. Mine are all ratties nice ones, and I don't want TO GET THEM TORN WITH SOMEONE TRYING TO SHOVE A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE OR A CAMERA INTO THEM.

soaking fibre that I was engaged in contents of the sacks into the bath. kneading eluded my grasp and fell For a few moments the atmosphere over the edge of the bath on to my was filled with thick yellow dust, and left patent-leather boot, causing me strewed the writing-table. to utter a somewhat unparliamentary expression.

"Reginald! I'm shocked!" said George.

"Ell!" I repeated, "two perches one ell; two ells one rood-

"Oh, shut up! The compost is ready now. Let's fill the bowls."

My cousin held each jar in turn while I packed it with sodden fibre, until at last the supply of receptacles was exhausted and the bath was nearly empty.

"The question now is," said George, "where are we to put the bowls? says here"-he turned once more to the pamphlet-"'The jars or vases should be kept in a dark but airy cellar. To ensure success they must have constant care, like a mother gives her

"That's all very well, George. I know I'm old-fashioned and all that, but I must insist that very few mothers "I hope you're not letting me put moisten their young children and then put them in a dark and airy cellar."

"I believe they'd do best under

Mother's bed," said George.

"But would that be healthy or hygienic?"

"For Mother, do you mean, or the bulbs?"

"For either," I said.

George was clearly more concerned about the bowls. "It says here," he went on, "that they must on no account be kept too wet, but that if they become dry, even for half-anhour-"

"Like me," I suggested. "Mixing fibre's thirsty work.

"If they get dry for even half-an-hour," he repeated, "they go blind."

"That's just what I meant.'

"Yes," he continued, "Mother's bed's the very place. She'll never know."

"Poor Mother." I could not help remarking. "Butchered to make a Roman Hyacinth!"

With a great deal of effort we carried the bowls upstairs one by one, and deposited them beneath the maternal couch. When at last our labours were at an end we descended to the Library, thankful

At that moment a large lump of that our task was safely accomplished. As we entered the room George gave

a sudden start, and his gaze became rivetted upon the paper bags that

"Good lord!" he gasped.

"What is it?"

"We've forgotten the bulbs!" said

"The high figures that have been given are due to the fact that owing to the method of collection through a member of the sibship the chance of a sibship being recorded is approximately in direct proportion to its size."

Personally, so interested are we to see a sibship, we should record even the smallest one to the proper authority.

"He searched his pockets for Glide's car."
"Daily News" feuilleton.
"No, that's Thompson's," he said,

fingering again the one in his ticket pocket; "I can tell by the feel of the bonnet."



## THE BARBER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Headless Knight of the Clanking Chain. "HAIR CUT, PLEASE."

## TO A CENTENARIAN COCKATOO.

CREATURE of mystery, above whose head More than a hundred years, I 'm teld, have sped, Strange Bird, who should by every right be dead,

Yet seem to all appearance just as well As when your dain, with forest-splitting yell, Proclaimed you issuing from your native shell,

.I wonder, when you muse upon the lot That's brought you to this age of heav'n knows what, If you congratulate yourself, or not.

Great are your blessings. You can still digest Trifles like nuts and matches with the best; You still retain a lively interest

In the vain plumage you so much approve; And-inwardly-I grieve to say, you move Still in the same unalterable groove.

Your gift of speech does not advance with age; It is not guarded, apposite or sage; You have one joke, to lure within your cage

Some kindly finger, and, with sudden beak, Transfix that member till its owner squeak; As manners, this is poor; as humour, weak.

Far from that alien country in whose trees Your wilding brothers had their little sprees, Here you have sojourned in superior ease.

You did not share with them the daily risk, That keeps the faculties agog and brisk, Of passing to oblivion in a whisk;

And oft, no doubt, in this your easy state You chuckle at the grim and tragic fate That must have caught those others, soon or late.

Yet these your kin, however rough their lives, Had active times and multitudinous wives; While you, the sole relation that survives-

It never has been yours in Spring to screech A mad love-music, not in human speech, But in the language love alone can teach.

The flamelike crest that you so proudly raise, Though you have flaunted it these myriad days, Has ne'er been lifted for a female's praise.

The plumes that you have preened and kept so neat You have but tended for your own conceit, Not for the winning of some dearer sweet.

Musings like these may possibly have stirred Your inmost soul-although it seems absurd, They being suited to a younger bird.

Still, even with the old are moments when Such feelings touch them—lightly—now and then; Though you, for all I know, may be a hen.

Dum-Dum.

533

## Official Candour.

From a G.P.O. letter to a correspondent who had complained of his (you'll never guess what)-yes, his telephone:-

"While every reasonable endeavour is made to reduce the inconvenience occasioned by faults to a minimum, unbroken interruption cannot be guaranteed.

Meanwhile they go on trying for it.



"Red Hand" (to their respective chiefs). "Look Here, if you are going to sit down and smoke the Peace Pipe together, MIND IT'S YOUR TOHACCO AND NOT HIS."

"ROBINA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND." MR. JEROME K. JEROME has called his production at the Vaudeville "an Absurd Play." I have had no previous quarrel with Mr. JEROME, but I am sure we should differ bitterly over the right application of this epithet. He probably used it in a modest, deprecatory way, to imply that his creation was just quaint nonsense. But I should want it to mean that the play was curiously bad. Now a bad serious play I can bear with some show of fortitude, but of sombre despair.

of an exchange of dresses and identities cast. leads in the end to almost as much bewilderment for the audience as for Outsider, about the production of certain the actors affected. Myself, I should plays, and it is not for me to conjecture

his existence. The situations offered that they were to "present." But I dialogue saldom lapsed from banality; and the whole play contained only one realisable character—that of an American, played naturally by Mr.

Miss Rowena Jerome, for whose talents, I must assume, her father designed this unhappy opportunity, went bravely through the part of a minx under the apparent impression that it was humorous, but failed to convey her

a had funny play reduces me to a state Evans was pleasantly pedestrian in his delivery of poetic sentiments, I have said all that needs saying about the

have preferred a frank buffoonery to whether Messis. Norman M. Kinnel and this mental knockabout business. It FREDERICK WHELEN made a contract is true that a comic policeman was with Mr. Jerome on the strength of introduced, but he did nothing to excuse his name without first seeing the stuff They ought to make him a bishop.

prefer to hazard this guess, because the alternative explanation would be less flattering to their intelligence and

As for Mr. JEROME, who has here done such poor justice to his undoubted gifts, 1 don't grudge him the right to any personal amusement he may have got out of this composition, but I do grudge him the privilege of wasting one of my evenings; and unless my temper shows a marked improvement it will be a long time before I take the risk of assisting, on a first night, at another Absurd Play from his pen.

# An Impending Apology.

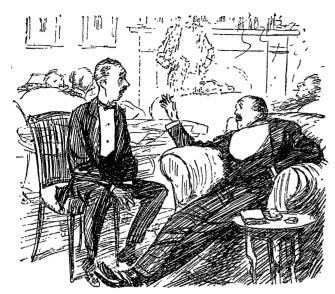
"Mr. Chas. Preston presided and the attend-"Mr. Chas, Preston presided and the motors ance was particularly good considering."

Middlesex Advertiser.

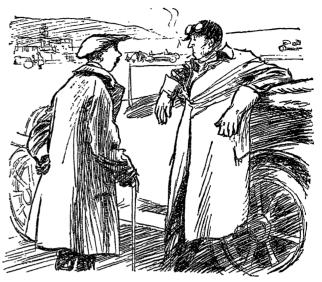
"The Rev. W. V. Vickers, Rector of Bear-wood, was awarded principal prize for calves,"

# HOW TO SET ABOUT PURCHASING A CAR.

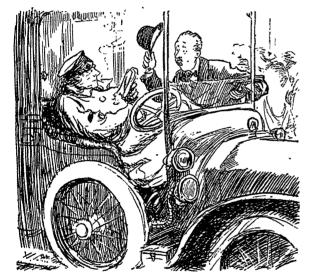
(Start with an open mind; seek unbiassed expert opinion.)



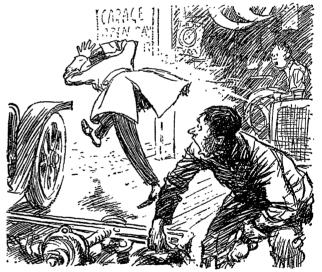
"Eight-ten Tootlets! Mr dear fellow, don't touch 'em."



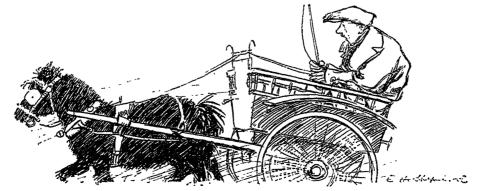
"Twelve-sixteen Wurzels!! Know 'em? Should think I do. Might as well throw your money into the Thames."



"Sinteen-twenty Blips!!! Yus; drove one once; steering gear went wrong; three weeks in 'orspital was what—''



"TWENTY-FOUR SCORCHERS!!!! WELL, IF YER WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE..."



THE RESULT-RELIABILITY, SAFETY, ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

### OUR DAILY POLITICAL FARE.

(Being an imitation of the London Letter of every provincial newspaper every day.)

[Note.—The alternatives in brackets may be regarded as purely optional, to be retained or omitted according to the political opinions of the reader. They are not of any importance

Mr. Asquith's speech on Friday night is the sole subject of discussion in political circles here. Its importance can hardly be overrated. There is, however, much diversity of opinion. Some see in it the clearest possible hint of approaching conciliation, while others find themselves baffled by its manifest ambiguity. Still it cannot fail, following as it does upon the epochmaking pronouncements of the leaders of both parties at Ladybank, Leeds, Oldham, Newcastle, Widnes, Paisley, Carnarvon, Ballycoran, Chowbent and elsewhere, to have a profound effect on the situation.

Had it been made immediately after Mr. Churchill's reply at Portobello to Mr. Bonar Law's retort at Newcastle to Mr. Asquith's statement at Ladybank it would have been accepted by the Opposition leaders without hesitation as approaching more closely to the Aberdeen position, which, owing to the less conciliatory attitude taken up at Southampton, appeared to have been finally abandoned. But, coming as it does on the eve of the demonstrations at Baslow, Birmingham, and Beattock, its special significance cannot be ignored.

It may be said with confidence that there is no new element whatever in the situation. As I pointed out yesterday—and the day before, and the day before that, and any time in the last six weeks-the attitude of the leaders on both sides is perfectly clear. Unionists demand a General Election. That is [not] a possible solution of the impasse. Radicals hotly maintain that the present Bill holds the field. Clearly it does [not] hold the field. If any conference is to take place it is indubitably [not] up to the Government to make the first move.

The exclusion of Ulster . . . (3,000 words on that).

The development of the federal idea . . (500 words on that,.

It must be borne in mind that, faced North of Ireland . . . (1,500 on that).

But all this is merely to repeat what I have been saying daily in almost the

this sort of thing for more than another five months. For the crisis is at hand.

The Times by the way, commenting on last night's speech, sees in it a frank return to the position adopted at Leamington. The Morning Post draws a Kinloch-Rannoch pronouncement. The Daily News is confident that in some points it directly controverts the Liverpool utterance, but it must be remembered that that was afterwards qualified by the St. Andrews deliverance. But this is surely to leave out of account the Prestatyn assertion, the Golders Green declaration and the Inverness pronunciamiento.

To sum up: both sides are still feeling their way and there is no change whatever in the situation. Tomorrow I hope to discuss the position in precisely the same terms.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

PROFESSOR DE BANVILLE'S NEW SYMPHONY.

GREAT enthusiasm prevails in Bootle in consequence of the announcement that Professor Quantock de Banville's new Choral Supersymphony will be heard there in the course of the next year. This great work, the words for which have been selected by the composer from the works of Confucius, Mr. W. B. YEATS and RABINDRANATH TAGORE, is written in forty real parts. each of the four ordinary divisions of the chorus ---soprano, contralto, tenor and bass-being divided into ten.

With the view of obtaining the due variety of timbre and colour desirable in an orchestra. Professor de Banville has provided the most elaborate instructions for the singers. For instance, some of the tenors are enjoined to sing always through their noses; in one passage the soprani are adjured to "emulate the tones of a terrified peacock;" in another the basses are bidden "to imitate the booming of the chimera in the void;" while in a third the contralti are enjoined always to keep a Carlsbad plum in their mouths to ensure a "rich fruity tone."

Again, though no instruments are with the actual danger of a rising in the employed, the Professor indicates means by which novel effects may be produced, as, for example, by clicking the tongue, or striking the jaw with same words during the last two months. The vital point is that the time is short, the sands are running out. A terrible lips." The libretto is partly in Engposition is not faced immediately by ing chorus, perhaps the culminating decided to become a benedictine.

the Government [Opposition]. At the | moment in the symphony, no words are best I cannot hope to go on writing uttered at all, the forty different parts representing forty different animals and birds, including hyænas, gorillas, cockatoos, bobolinks, tapirs, capercailzie and giraffes.

No title has as yet been fixed upon striking parallel between it and the for the work owing to a slight contretemps which has arisen from the composite character of the libretto. Yuan Shih-Kai having expressed a strong preference for a Chinese name, while Mr. YEATS holds out for a Caltic designation. During the composition of the work Professor de Banville lived entirely on China tea, rice and potatoes —in order to attune his system to the triplex nature of the libretto—and was arrayed in a costume which included a turban, a saffron kilt, and a pig-tail amongst its most impressive features.

> It is hardly necessary to add that the difficulties of the new work are gigantic and Gargantuan. Profe-sor de Banville, in an interview with a representative of the Bootle Clarion, declares that no choral singers have ever been called upon to perform such feats of sustained enormity as those which are demanded in his latest work. In the second trio of the third Scherzo the soprani have to sing a figure in rapid semiquavers for fifty-four bars at a stretch, ranging between C and F in alt. Professor de Banville admits also that the strain imposed on the semilunar ganglions of the diaphragm by the extraordinary bravura of the gorilla motif for the basses in the Finale is, perhaps, excessive. But he has been assured by athletic experts that this is of the greatest value for long-distance runners, and he has accordingly applied to the Olympic Fund for a grant of £5,000 for his chorus.

#### Professional Candour.

"Leaving Kelty Monday, 22nd inst., Madamo —, renowned Palmist, Crystal Gazor. Everybody pleased."

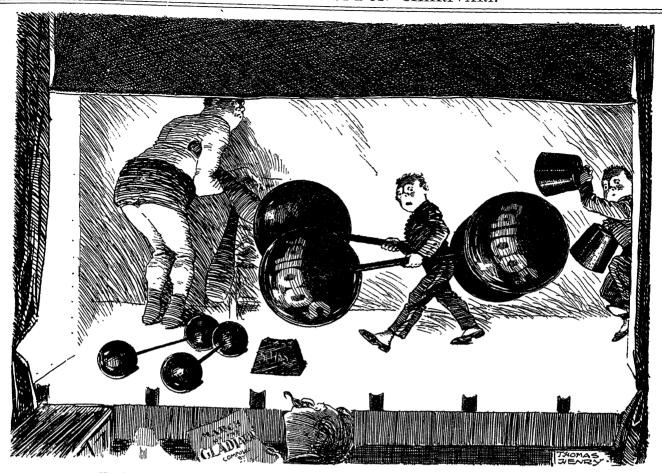
Cowdenbeath Times.

"Mr. Vachell . . . is perhaps most widely known as the author of one of the best modern stories of school life, 'The Hell,' in which Harrow is described."—Bristol Daily Press. But that was the Harrow of some years ago, before smoking was stamped out.

From a letter in the Ceylon Independent:-

"The girls present at the Public Hall function were the creme de menthe of Colombo Girls' Schools."

In fact they impressed the writer so much (particularly the fourth from the responsibility will be incurred if the lish, partly in Chinese, but in one strik- end in the ninth row) that he has



THE TRAVELLING VARIETY SHOW AT OUR VILLAGE HALL.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CURTAIN THAT WENT UP TOO SOON.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE chiefs of the Clan Donald cannot trace their line of descent quite so far back as the fabled Phairshon, who swore a feud against the Clan McTavish. For he, if the legend is correct, had a son who married Noan's daughter, and nearly spoilt the Flood by drinking up the water. But, no reason to blush for the unwarriorlike qualities of his descendants. They have always been born fighters, and in their continual feuds with their neighbours and each other chieftainship-Chanranald, Glengarry, and Sleatagreed that henceforth, when any question of precedence arose between them, it should be decided pro hac vice, not with claymore and dirk, but by the spin of a coin or the to meet at the same flower-show or other public function,

devout lover of Skye and a fervent admirer of the clan sentiment I tender my thanks to Mrs. Stirling for the admirable way in which she has used the excellent material at her command. Her book is the most human and personal sidelight on Scottish history that I have ever read.

"England has long been in labour, but at last she has brought forth a man." Thus FREDERICK THE GREAT, sumwith that one possible or impossible exception, I doubt if ming up the character of WILLIAM PITT and the condition any Scotch family can boast a more ancient lineage. They of affairs in Europe that he was called upon to face when in were sprung, according to the pedigree table published in Mrs. Stirling's fascinating book, Macdonald of the Isles (Murray), from Conn-Ceud-Chatach, the hundredth supreme King of Ireland, who held his court at Tara in the second century of our era. Wherever he may be now, the MANS). The opening pages show a tendency to overload said Constantine, Conn of a hundred fights, has certainly the narrative with detail. One cannot clearly see the wood for the trees. But this defect, doubtless due to excessive conscientiousness, soon disappears with our introduction to the private life of the great statesman. A disposition to have never lacked the spirit that earned old "Centimachus" develop into what John Forster's cabman described as his hybrid nickname. But the clan has moved with the times. Two years ago the three rival claimants to the at critical epochs when his presence was exceptionally desired. His hastiness of temper, his downrightness of speech, made him a host of enemies. But there was always balm for him in his home. To the end of a long married drawing of lots. So that nowadays, if two of them happen life his wife and he remained on the terms of lovers. Outside his home PITT lived a stormy life. GEORGE II. liked him not, no bloodshed takes place. From beginning to end the story and George III. long fought against the inevitableness of of the clan is rich in excitement and romance, and as a his being called to the supreme direction of affairs. Happily based his Ministry on the principle of trust in the people, quite a novelty in the mid-eighteenth century, insistence upon it taking away the breath of successive Georges. Another of Pitt's axioms of government, familiar enough in these days, recognised the Fleet as the first line of national defence. The royal Georges, anxious chiefly for the safety and prosperity of the pitiful State of which they were still Electors, spent millions of English money in subsidising the Hanoverian army "England should put herself on board her Fleet," said PITT, and spent his chief energy on building it up and maintaining it in the highest state of efficiency. The life and times of the Great Commoner are not to be dealt with in a paragraph. The study of

If ever dainty book was labelled "For Christmas," In Powder and Crinoline, a sheaf of fairy tales from many

and the publishers, Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, are heartily to be congratulated on its winning appearance. Not that it is a holly and mistletoe affair-nothing so obvious. The artist, deeply in love with the decorative possibilities of the crinoline, seems to have demanded a set of fairy tales that could be interpreted in that roomy mode, and the ingenious "Q." did his best to supply them. I can answer fully for their charm, their discretion, their fragrant, gentle, whimsical humour. Perhaps of all the stories that of "John and the Ghosts," the author's own puckish version of the Berkeley Square legend, is the most

intriguing, but to say I read every word of all the others | mind while reading "IoTA's" latest work, Two Ways of he has taken the most pleasant liberties with his theme, involving in a common apotheosis the Trianon and the 1851 Exhibition with a happy audacity that lightly laughs at antiquaries. He will not resent being reckoned, along with so many contemporary draftsmen, especially in Germany, phrases, but embroidered with an intelligence and originality which forbid any charge or suspicion of plagiarism. the young children and the old.

but undistinguished pot-boilers, gathered into volume form,

for England PITT, born in due season, was inevitable. He that pretend to be nothing at all but what they are is a different affair. I think I never read a more thoroughly disarming preface than that which Mr. HORACE A. VACHELL has written to the volume that he calls Loot (John Murray). He chose the name, he says, "because whatever this volume may raise in hard cash must be regarded as plunder to which some critics may contend the author has no warrantable right." After that what is one to say? One may protest that the scope of the tales is too brief, and their action (being written for the popular magazines they are full of action) too crowded to allow of the delicate character-drawing in which Mr. VACHELL really excels; one may say that many of them are unlikely to the verge of the incredible; that (for example) young wives do not both presented by Mr. Basil Williams's two volumes forms pass themselves off successfully for months as boy-waiters a liberal education in English history at a prolonged crisis. in order to support invalid husbands; or that understudies at West-end theatres do not leap in one evening to the prominence of whole columns in the daily Press. What would you? In the domain of the commercial short story sources, retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and these things are not only possible but compulsory. And delicately illustrated by Mr. KAY NEILSEN, is that book, the stories of Mr. VACHELL remain exceptionally good of

their kind. Taken one or two at a time you will find them capital entertainment; in larger doses the repetition, overy fifteen pages or so, of the matrimonial climax inevitable in this genre tends to produce some feeling of repletion, not to say indigestion.

I suppose the life of a reviewer of novels must always be one perpetual struggle between his prejudices and his conscience. "Oh, I say," cries Prejudice, "I don't like this book at all." "Read on," replies Conscience sternly. "Ît's a perfectly good book. It's simply your wicked nature that makes you object to it." I tried to keep an open



Spoilt Youth (a few days before Christmas). "I SAY, NURSE, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO SCRAP THESE BEFORE THE NEW LOT COMES IN?"

with delight is not to exaggerate. And, as for Mr. Neilsen, Love (Hutchinson), but it was not easy. You see, one of my prejudices in fiction is against the spectacle of two women fighting for one man. I never can bring myself to believe that any man is worth fighting for. And here Mrs. CAFFYN has so drawn Lord Bentwicke's character that I cannot conceive why a brilliant woman like Gertrude a faithful disciple of the brilliant and perverse Beardsley. Allonby should have loved him; why Denne, the dreamy Indeed, his colour drawings are essentially patterns thought Irish girl, should ever have married him, and why someout in line, with the colour as a graceful afterthought. body did not kick him. This made my enjoyment of the There are many of the authentic Beardsley notes and book intermittent. I could see the technical skill of it: some of the situations were handled with a firmness and delicacy which won my complete admiration; and among I began to wonder whether it was only the older children the many characters in the story there were few that were not excellently drawn. But I could not sympathise. Was colour commentary, until I remembered that, barring perthis, as I have suggested, due simply to my wicked nature? haps the higher Cambridge undergraduate, there is no one It is worth anyone's while to read the book and see for in the world so old as our modern nieces and nephews. So themselves, if only for the sake of making the acquaintance I would urge the giving of this very charming book to both of Denne, of Elisabeth her sister, of Mrs. Charteris, and of footman George. Those of you who happen to have been at Rugby must resist the temptation to throw the book Should the reviewer meet with a collection of pleasant down and stamp on it when you come to Jerry. That unpleasant little bounder can hardly be intended to repreand pretending to be something important on the strength sent a typical Rugbeian. Usually, in novels, the heroine's of their author's reputation, he would be well justified in brother goes to Eton. It was a rare slice of luck for Eton some severity of censure. But a collection of pot-boilers that Rugby got Jerry.



Effic (anxious to do something in return for her parents' Christmas largesse). "Well, Paby, I den't see anything we can give DADDY AND MUMMY IN THESE SILLY BOOKS-AT LEAST, NOT FOR THREEPENCE; SO WE SHALL JUST HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE MONEY AND TELL THEM TO DIVIDE IT BETWEEN THIM."

#### CHARIVARIA.

A SITE for a National Theatre to be established as a Memorial to Shak-speare has now been secured. We are very pleased that steps are being taken to prevent the memory of this clever dramatist from perishing.

"CHRISTMAS PROSPECT. RAPID CHANGES TO VERY COLD. THE QUEEN'S SURPRISE FOR THE KING." Laily Mail.

We doubt whether any other country has a Queen so influential as this.

"The luncheon guests at 10, Downing Street, last evening," said The Cork Examiner the other day, "included Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayle and Dr. Page." It is always difficult to impress Americans with our originality, but Town. this looks like a very brave attempt.

M. Praoud is to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Will he, we BOMBERG. wonder, wear it upside down?

except his initials.

Considerable difficulty was experienced at the Zoo last week in getting address being changed to No. 1, Mappin of the verdict. Terrace.

We see from an advertisement of the "Wonder Zoo" that there are appearing at the Circus two "Comical Clowns." It was a good idea to have to Swann. But it is still spelt wrongly, comical ones.

Paris having started the vogue, stout women are coming into fashion again. and many of them who have been in retreat for some years are returning to

One of our revolutionary painters, we learn from a critique, is named

"Why has practical joking on the Mr. B. C. Hucks, last week, looped grand scale died out in London?" the loop for the eightieth time. There asks a contemporary. But has it? 18,433 brass numerals were polished."
is nothing B.C. about Mr. Hucks What about Mr. Lloyd George's Red What was wrong with the other 18,433 Herring?

From The Daily News:—"The jury at the conclusion of the evidence for the Polar bears to leave their old home the defence stopped the case, and reand take up their new quarters. This turned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The was due, we understand, to a little bit of snobbery on the part of the bears.

After having a detached villa to themunfortunate if the Judge had agreed, selves they did not care about their for instance, with only the second half

> Sir Charles Ernest Schwann, Bart., Liberal M.P. for North Manchester, announces in The London Gazette that he has changed his name Sir. Try again.

The clerical benediction on "Who's the Lady?" has, we hear, had an unfortunate result. Muddle - headed people are now mixing up Mr. Louis Mexer and the Rev. F. B. Mexer-to the great annoyance of both.

"The Sydney Sun, referring to the recent parade of eadets in Melbouine, says that the most significant feature of 'the seven miles and a half of khaki-clad Australian boys was the fact that 18,433 pairs of boots were clean, 18,433 puttees were neat and dapper, and

puttees?

#### THE TRUMPET: A CURE FOR BORES.

"Major Hackett is extremely angry," said Lady Aldersley to me. insisted upon my giving him Mr. Norton's address. He intends to call on him. I wonder if Mr. Norton really is deaf? I wish you would go and see him, and perhaps give him a

friendly warning.'

"I will," I promised, and straightway took a taxi to Percy's flat, where I found him lounging in an arm-chair, in a mood of quiet self-satisfaction. Beside him, on an occasional table, stood an ear-trumpet—not one of those little modern devices that save labour for all concerned, but one of the regular old-fashioned trumpets that require to be held stiffly by the listener and the trumpet again. violently yelled down by the other person. He eyed it in the friendliest manner and, almost before I'd had time

to light one of his cigarettes, said:
"Look at that! It's given me the most delightful evening of my life."

"I've heard about the evening," I assured him. "Parts of it at least." "Have you?" he said thoughtfully.

"Lady Aldersley annoyed?"

"Major Hackett is. She wants to know it you are deaf."

"No," said Percy. "I could be again, if necessary, but I'm not-no." "Perhaps you had better tell me just | nation.

what happened," I suggested.
"If you like." He lit a cigarette himself and puffed at it serenely. "It was an experiment, as a matter of fact. I was reading the other day how old HERBERT SPENCER used to carry cottonwool about with him to put in his ears when conversation bored him. It struck me as a neat idea, but boorish and incomplete. Why let bores go on boring? Why not stop them? That would be a lot better than merely ceasing to listen oneself. Well, I happened to notice that ear-trumpet at a pawnbroker's the same day that I read about old Spencer. Yesterday, in fact. It was eighteen-pence—a sum I possessed. So I bought it, and took it with me to Lady Aldersley's dinner. I knew there would be some bores there. Lady Aldersley's charming, but she likes a few foils.'

"Like yourself?" "Like Major Hackett," Percy corrected. "She ought not to have had him. He's one of those men that can't keep away from LLOID GEORGE, no matter what you talk about. I could hear him hanging LLOYD GEORGE, and drowning LLOYD GEORGE, and poisoning that 'scoundrelly Welsh attorney' to the poor girl next him the whole of dinner-time, till she went dumb with fatigue; and the moment the women had gone out he tacked himself on to

men like that—can't leave Lloyd George alone. I've no use for him "He myself—all the more reason why I don't want to hear about him every two minutes. So I got my trumpet ready and explained that I was a bit deaf, and we began to talk hunting. I forget what I said or what he said, but at the end of a minute there he was at it again.

"'All thanks to LLOYD GEORGE!' he

"'I beg your pardon?' I said, putting

"'Didn't catch, I'm afraid,' I said, shaking my head; and he butted into

GEORGE!

"'All thanks to whom?' I inquired. "'LLOYD GEORGE,' he shouted. He was pretty hoarse by then, having talked too much all dinner-time, but 1 gave him another chance to get it right, which he accepted, and then I King is in the least to blame.'

"I said 'LLOYD GEORGE -- LLOYD George,' he bellowed, and I removed the trumpet with a pretence of indig-

"'If you're a Socialist,' I said, 'I'd rather not discuss the matter further.'

Me a Socialist!

"'I'm afraid so,' I said.

"He tried to explain, and got purple doing it, but it was no use, and he could only sit and glare helplessly till we went into the drawing-room. There I heard him explaining pitifully to various people that he'd been taken for a Socialist by that deaf man. I lost him after a bit, and forgot that I was deaf for the evening. The fact is Ladv Aldersley introduced me to a very pretty girl. We got quite friendly—I fancy she had escaped from the Major too. Anyway the trumpet was not in use. and we were chatting away as intimately as possible when I became aware of Major Hackett watching us. From his expression you might have thought I was LLOYD GEORGE. I tried to get the trumpet going, but the girl got up just then and said she must find her aunt or somebody, and, though I stuck to her for as long as possible, the Major stuck on too. The moment I was alone he was down on me, and I barely had time to elevate the trumpet in England as in S.A. when he began.

"' Might I ask whether you really are | the papers. deaf, Sir; or was it meant for a joke?'

"'Didn't quite catch you,' I said as bit of mercy.

me to do it all over again. There are composedly as possible, and held him off with the trumpet.

"'If it was a joke, Sir-joke,' he stuttered.

"'Ah, you mean your remark about the King? I'm very glad to hear it was a joke. Not in the best of taste perhaps, but still- Good night, Sir,' I said coldly.

"I slipped into the crowd at that, trumpet and all, and said farewell to Lady Aldersley as soon as possible.

Sorry she's annoyed."

Percy finished his narrative with his up my trumpet.

"'I said, "All thanks to Lloyd another when the telephone rang.

George!"' he yelled down it.

"Excuse me a moment," he cigarette, and was about to begin

"Excuse me a moment," he said, and went towards it. "By Jove," he went on, "if it isn't the Major. Come and listen to him, old chap. Take hold "'I said it was all thanks to LLOYD of the other receiver. Yes; this is Mr. Norton's. Mr. Percy Norton's. Mr. Norton at home? No. I'm his housekeeper. Is Mr. Norton deaf? Well, he keeps an ear-trumpet, Sir. Looks like he's deaf, Sir, don't it? You don't believe he is? Well, I never. Couldn't say when he'll be in, Sir. said: 'I can't agree with you. I'm a He's gone abroad. To Lourdes, Sir. loyal subject. I don't see that the To get his deafness cured. Faith-cure, Sir. 'Opes to come back with 'is 'earing restored. Is that all, Sir? Thank you, Sir.'

The Major was rung off at that moment, and Percy hung up the

receiver.

"Persistent old boy, isn't he? Care "'Socialist!' he panted. 'Socialist! to buy an ear-trumpet, dear chap? Always useful while the present Chancellor is in office."

### SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

(WE HOPE).

THE PRIME MINISTER. - To see without waiting.

Mr. GARVIN. To wait before seeing. Mr. McKenna.—To stiffen his back. Mrs. PANKHURST.—To try reason.

Signor VINCENZO PERUGIA.—To confine his energies to Post-Impressionisms. M. CAILLAUX.—To live and let live. Lieut. FOERSTNER.—To grow up.

TERPSICHORE.—To recall the waltz. The Central London Tube .- To run lifts in connection with trains.

"The Daily Mail."—To give no more portraits of Mr. Mailiby-Daily.

Mr. THOMAS HARDY .-- Not to allow any more of his inferior stories to be collected.

Mr. C. B. FRY.—To play first-class cricket again.

Mr. J. W. H. T. Dovalias. To hit

Mr. Jack Johnson .-- To keep out of

Mr. LLOYD GIORGE.—To have a little



# THE NEW BRUNSWICKER.

(After Sir John Millais' "The Black Brunswicker.")

TARIFF REFORM (to Mr. Bonar Law, of New Brunswick and Bootle, Lancs.). "DEAREST, MUST YOU LEAVE ME FOR THE ULSTER WARS?"

MR. BONAR LAW, "I FEAR SO, MY LOVE; BUT ONLY FOR A TIME, ONLY FOR A TIME."

### TWO POETS.

I knew a poet once; as poets go He was a most companionable man; And oft with me, who have no lyric art And cannot call a regiment of rhymes To serve my purpose as a poet can, He proved his skill and built his palace of song, Rhyme set on rhyme and verse or gleaming verse, And towers of music gay with flaunting flags, So that I marvelled, saying, "If for me, Who have no music, he can thus disclose His high majestical and airy notes, How will it be if he should chance to meet Another poet tuneful as himself? Then surely SWINBURNE will be left behind And MILTON be out-Miltoned; SHAKSPEARE'S self Will own a rival and the Mermaid Inn With all its coruscations be revived." So did I reason. and one day it chanced As I had hoped—he met a second poet; And those two talked, and I myself was there And heard the talk, and thereupon went home And wrote it down, and this is how it ran:-

First Poet. Yes, that's a very comfortable chair, And so is this; the cushion fits your back, And you can stretch your legs. ! like to stretch My legs. It seems to make digestion work.

Second Poet. If my digestion could be got to work But half as well as yours I'd not complain; You've tamed your gastric juices.

First Poet. Yes, I've dono My best to tame them. Have a cigarette?

Second Poet. Thanks, Yes, I've got a match. Oh, blank the thing! Its head broke off and buint me-

First Poet. It's a way These wooden matches have. Here, try another, Or, better, light your cigarette from mine.

Second Poet. Puff, puff—I've got it, thanks—puff—puffpuff-thanks. Where do you get your cigarettes? This one

Is really excellent; one always likes To know the latest man for cigarettes.

First Poet. I'm glad you like them. I have always smoked

This special size. I get them in Soho From Boxley—he is quite a little man, But only sells the best. I buy them there In lots of half a thousand at a time.

Second Poet. Thanks, let me write it down. Soho, you said?

First Poet. Church Street, Soho, and Boxley is the name. I quite forget the number, but you can't Mistake the shop.

Second Poet. I'll order some to-morrow.

First Poet. Mention my name; he's sure to treat you

Second Poet. Thanks. It's a very long time since I've been In Soho, but I used to know it well, With all its funny little restaurants.

First Poet. Things change so quickly, don't they?

Second Poet. Yes, they do. London's much altered since I was a boy.

And what with taxi-cab and motor-bus It's not too safe to walk in London now. Second Poet. No, that it's not; however, there it is.

Such was the talk of these two poet friends. There was much else, but the above may servo To show the working of their mighty minds.

#### FURTHER DEALINGS OF MR. MALLABY-DEELEY.

WE have it on the highest authority that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY purchased Manchester last week for a sum approximating to £16,000,000. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY chanced accidentally to hear that Manchester was in the market when crossing Piccadilly. With the greatest nonchalance he paused and wrote a few figures in the mud with his walking-stick, dropped into a telephone box and bought the lot. It is, we believe, the intention of the enterprising Member for Harrow to spend about a million on washing Manchester, and then to put it on the market as a Garden City.

The purchaser of Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons, about whose identity so much curiosity has been expressed, is the Member for the Harrow Division, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. It is, we believe, his intention to erect a large up-to date hotel on the site of the House of Commons. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley is of opinion that London is sadly deficient in large, bright hotels, and he thinks that such a novelty would prove a successful speculation. He intends to reserve Westminster Abbey for his own use, and all admirers of business enterprise will hope that it will be very long before he finds a use for it.

It is understood that the purchaser of Berlin (including Potsdam) is Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. He was approaching the fourteenth hole at Mitcham when a passing aeroplanist informed him that Berlin was for sale. Mr. MALLABY-

DEELEY instantly marconied an offer.

He wishes it to be understood that he intends to give no tenants notice to quit. In reply to a message of enquiry from a Very High Quarter Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY has sent assurances that so long as the Palace rent is paid regularly no questions will be asked, and the usual allowances for decorations will be made at the end of the Spring quarter.

Our own representative (who only gained access to him by the innocent pretence of being a Duke fleeing from the greedy hand of a Chancellor) found Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY engaged in opening telegrams. "Offers are pouring in on me," explained the enterprising M.P. "Only this morning I have been asked to buy the manorial rights of Pudsey, the Isle of Man (with sole use of its advertising agent), and two million acres of deer-forest; and here is a wire from General Huerta asking what is my spot-cash price for Mexico. Of course to-day is not what I call a really busy day. Do look in to-morrow. Perhaps business will be stirring then." And with the greatest courtesy Mr. MALLABY-Deeley bowed our representative out.

In reproducing the Poet Laureate's Christmas Eve poem a contemporary prints, "Now blessed by the towers" First Poet. That's very true; it's hard to find one's way. instead of "Now blessed be the towers." This error will The County Council's pulling all things down, | probably be cursed by the Bridges.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Barbara was yesterday persuaded to leave her old quarters at the Zoo and rejoined her mate, Sam, in the new Polar bears' enclosure. A tempting dish of fish, after having nothing to cat for a day, decided the matter."—Daily Express.

Even a dish of fish will do desperate things when really hungry.



Delicate Lady (witnessing leap for life by old gentleman who has no time to escape except by springing on bonnet of on-rushing car). "I)READFUL MAN, DOING THOSE TRICKS, AND ME WITH A WEAK HEART!"

### STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

No. IV .- THE NEW TOLERATION.

A NEW novel from the pen of Mr. Hector Crow is like a benevolent bombshell. Sedative fiction, no doubt, has its virtues, but it is all to the good that we should be blown up occasionallynot in the sense of distention - by such stimulating writers as Mr. Crow. Cotton-wool is an excellent thing in its way, but so too is gun-cotton, and there is no author now before the public who exerts a more consistently explosive Mordred Blurt is splendide mendax and, influence on the gentle reader.

His latest work, The Savour of Sin, is the life-history of a rebel. Mordred Blurt, for that is his aptly-chosen name, is expelled from a public school for stabbing his fag, a deformed and delicate boy, in the back, and resolves to be revenged on the social code which has interfered with the expression of his individuality. Entoring the Army under the alias of Philip Sidney, he sells an important secret to a foreign power, but contrives to fasten incriminating evidence on an innocent brotherofficer, who is sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. Leaving the Army on the outbreak of war he marries a rich widow with three children, and after forging a will in her name, poisons her and the step-children and purchases a peerage by liberal contributions to the party funds.

by conventional standards, is open to criticism, but so convincing is Mr. Crow's art, so vivid his power of presentation, so plausible his arguments, that our sympathy is enlisted with the hero at every stage of his chameleonic career. Not since Dumas has any romancer exploited the fine art of toxicology with such superb bravura, while the insipidity of orthodox morality has never been subjected to a more destructive or exhilarating criticism. At all points judged by the test of uninterrupted success, he is justified all along the line in his radiant deviations from conventionality. It is, of course, possible that some minds may be repelled by the wholesale nature of his revenge, but there is an artistic fitness in its completeness which compels the unstinted admiration of all enlightened intelligences.

As a writer in a leading journal finely put it the other day, dulness and monotony have their inevitable penalties, while vivacity and courage have their assured triumphs. No broad- they went on the side of parlyment." minded critic can therefore grudge Mr. Crow the vogue which he enjoys in virtue of his enforcement of this house:—
great doctrine. Whether his novel is "SNATCHED FROM DEATH altogether suitable for the nursery, or can be safely entrusted to readers who It would, perhaps, have been kinder to think they are justified in slavishly leave him alone.

To speak frankly, his career, judged imitating the actions of characters in a novel, are matters on which we feel ourselves under no obligation to pass an opinion. It is enough for us that Mr. Crow has written a brilliant and beautiful book. More than any of his compeers he has revealed to us the endearing aspects of criminality and the compelling charm of the Cad.

#### "Histry Paper.

- 1. Six events in the reign Henery VIIII.
  - (1) He married Katherien Araggon.
  - (2) He soon got tired of her.
  - (3) He wanted to get rid of her. He wanted a divors.
  - (5) He got a divors for her.
  - (6) I don't no. 2. Wolsey was called the boy bach-
- elour because he passed the labour examination when he was fourteen. My sister passed it when she was twelve.
- 3. On the side of the king there were all the people who had long hair but when they had their hair cut short

Scene outside an Islington Picture-

IN 3 PARTS."

#### THE ANTIQUE.

(Anticipating an article in "The Magazine of the Curio Collector" for November, 2113 A.D.)

GRANFER JARGE sat at the door of his model cottage, chewing his patent plug and apparently oblivious of the approach of the well-dressed stranger. The latter, James Wilberforce to be not go a penny beyond two fifty." exact, appeared to be equally oblivious of Granter Jarge and the model cottage, tell you what I will do for you, Sir. prominently displayed in the window I 'll take three fifty, spot cash.' of which was an old wooden box about ten inches long by six deep. Than not notice, as you have done, that this nothing appeared to be further Jarge had dropped his various forms of from the thoughts of both, as they lingo. He offered three hundred pounds, inside of the lid . . . Dash it all, Sir, suddenly noticed each other and ex- made it guineas, and the box was his. it is an absolutely authentic Colo ado changed greetings.
"Ha!" said Wilberforce genially,
"and how goes the world

with you, my friend?"

"It be a pleasant day, Zur," said Jarge.

Conversation having continued in this strain for half an hour or so, Wilberforce at last mentioned, quite incidentally, the box. "A curious old thing," said

"Ay, that it be," said Jarge, and the conversation turned to other topics.

It was Jarge who brought it back. "My granfer, he used to keep his bits of string in that same box, and his granfer before him he used to keep his bits of string in it, and his gran-

berforce politely.

Wilberforce picked it up and examined it with studied indifference. "I should rather like one of these," said he.

Jarge dared say he would. "They be hard come by these days and I wouldna part with that one for twa hundud pound, that I wouldna.

Wilberforce laughed merrily at this. these matters. "I expect if I were to offer you thirty shillings down-

"I wouldna part with that for twa hundud and fifty pound," said Jarge in an even voice, looking away into the far distance.

Wilberforce seized the opportunity to examine his face closely. Then he the weed. How it is that so few of laughed again cheerfully. "We'll test them have survived is a mystery, only that, my friend," he declared boister- to be explained by the vandal tendencies ously. "Just for the fun of the thing of the twenty-first century. I offer you a hundred sovereigns for it Absolutely in its original state, Sir. now-not that it's worth a tenth of A beautiful thing indeed." that sum."

"I wouldna part with that there box for three hundud pound," pursued Jarge with all the obstinacy of a foolish old man.

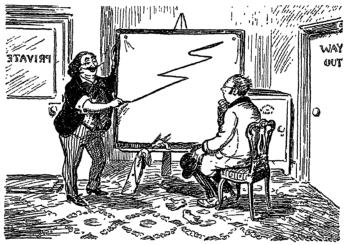
"We'll try you with two hundred,"

said Wilberforce jocundly.

"But I might let you have it for four hundud, seeing as you wants it so bad." "Pooh!" scoffed the other. "I'll

Jarge became businesslike.

In his excitement Wilberforce did



HOW TO MAKE MONEY QUICKLY.

"And you?" asked Wil-Caricaturist in One Lesson. Fee, 2s. 6d. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)."

cedar wood, now almost unobtainable; it is, as you will see, in precisely six separate pieces. Ah! you don't see work like that nowadays!"

The customer observed a non-committal silence; he was no amateur in

"You are aware, no doubt," continued the dealer, fingering the box delicately, "that before the hermetically sealed metal cases became known, and in days when the cigar was only smoked by the pick of the aristocracy, these elegant receptacles were used for the storing of

The customer took it in his hand.

"I bought it," the dealer went on, "off an incompetent old man who had no idea what he was selling. He kept bits of string in it, if you please! If I had cared to deceive him, I could have got it for a mere song; as it was, I gave him five hundred pounds, and he thought I was mad. It is worth every penny of five thousand, but I'll let you have it for four. There!"

The customer was passing his finger over the surface of it gently and still

said nothing.

"Real old cedar, the very best. Undoubted nails and a remnant of the quaint picture still attached to the Claro, made by the hand of the Spanish "This, Sir," said the Bond Street Master himself," and he pointed to the

signature on the end.

The customer opened his mouth at last. "Have you taken your penknife and tried to cut a bit off it?... I only say tried, for you could not succeed. Why, man, it's a fake; ingenious, if you like, but a fake. It is cast in one piece, with imitation nails and polish. Cast out of nothing more valuable than aluminoradio-platinum and not worth five shillings!"

The customer (in reality the secret buyer of another dealer) was right; the thing was cast metal, and it was Jarge that cast it . . .

:/c Is it not a dismal thought that the climax of universal education, upon which this

"I keeps my bits of string in Dealer in Curios and Antiques, James century prides itself, so far from it too." Wilberforce to be exact, "this is a cradicating from the humble peasant genuine old English cigar box, twentieth all desire to defraud, should have century, no less. It is made of genuine supplied him with the necessary wits to do so? Is it not an even more dismal thought that the model cottage (with garden, acres and cow on the intensive system attached), in which Jarge now plies his profitable and nefarious trade, was built for him gratis by a kindly Government, on the distinct understanding that he had not a penny in the world wherewith himself to provide a roof for his poor old wicked head?

> From the legend under a picture in The Sphere:-

> "This charming camera study shows a little Lapland boy in the arms of his mother and singing away under the impulse of a Christmas feed which he already scents in the air. There is no doubt about this little fellow being the son of his mother.'

We believe The Sphere to be right.



Belated Luncher. "I say, where is my wattress? The coffee's getting cold and there's no sugar and no-Waitress. "That's 'ER; SHE'S OFF THURSDAYS AT 3.15."

#### NARROW ESCAPES.

Tun Grand Duke Gabriel, while playing a round of golf at Biarritz last week, narrowly escaped what might have been a fatal injury. In the act of driving off from the thirteenth tee the Grand Duke sliced his ball with such force into the tee-box that, in bounding back, it narrowly missed his head, and killed a wood-pigeon in mid-air at a distance of some sixty yards. The Grand Duke, though naturally much shaken, is reported to be making satisfactory proout in a week or so.

Sir Hubert Seebohm-Wood, the celebrated actor-manager, slipped on a pieco of orango peel just outside the stage door of the Pall Mall Theatre last Saturday at 7.30 P.M. Being always is perfect condition Sir Hubert rest for two or three days, and is unable to respond to all the congratuon his fortunate escape.

It is not generally known that M. Caracole Prance, the world-renowned French littérateur, was within an ace of being permanently disabled during his recent sojourn in London. He was walking down Vigo Street in company with his inseparable friend, a stroll in the demesne, a bull in an the eminent publisher, Mr. Long Jane, adjoining field, attracted no doubt by when, just as they were turning into the red toque which Mlle. Vassiline Sackville Street, a boy who was playing tip-cat on the pavement smote the projectile with deadly precision straight at the face of the Master. With a selfsacrificing agility that cannot be too only about six feet high, struck the ingress, and will, it is hoped, be allowed highly commended, Mr. Long Jane furiated animal several hard blows on rushed forward, intercepting the missile the nose with his walking-stick, while on his massive chin. The force of the Mlle. Vassiline was assisted in a prosimpact was so great that one at least of Mr. Jane's molars was slightly house. Dr. Bilbury Stoot, who was loosened, but being a man of iron constitution he was able to attend the her present rate of improvement Reception at the Richmond Galleries Mlle. Vassiline ought to be able to remanaged to avoid falling by cleverly that night and to breakfast next morning | sume her engagement at the Bolosseum clinging to the neck of a passer-by, along with M. Prance at Sir Albert in about a fortnight's time. and beyond a slight wrench to the Blond's. We understand that repremetatarsal muscles of his medulla sentations have been made to the oblongata sustained no injury. He Royal Humane Society with a view to has, however, been ordered complete their bestowing their Gold Medal on Mr. Long Jane for his conspicuous bravery. The offender, on the other latory telegrams which he has received hand, has been sent for ten years to Borstal.

Mlle. Nydia Vassiline, the Russian dancer, had an unpleasant adventure while staying for the week-end with Sir Samuel and Lady Hornblower at Kosherville Park. On Sunday afternoon, while the house party were taking was wearing, rushed up to the fence and emitted several menacing bellows. With great presence of mind Sir Samuel, reaching over the fence, which was trate condition to an adjacent summer-

"The pilot waved his hand. It was Lord Edward Grosvenor up alone, but very few people knew it. However, he kept his head." Cheshire Observer.

Our aristocracy is not so effete as some people make out, if it can bear successfully a shock like this.

### THE KING'S SONS.

"TELL me a story," said Margery.

"What sort of a story?"

- "A fairy story, because it's Christmas time.'
  - "But you know all the fairy stories." "Then tell me a new fairy story."

"Right," I said.

Once upon a time there was a King who had three sons. The eldest son was a very thoughtful youth. always had a reason for everything he did, and sometimes he would say fluence you in any way." things like "Economically it is to the advantage of the State that -- " or "The civic interests of the community demand that—"before doing something specially horrid. He didn't want to be unkind to anybody, but he took what he called a "large view" of things; and if you happened to ask for a third help of plum-pudding he took the large view that you would be sorry about it next morning—and so you didn't have she preferred to vanish. your plum-pudding. He was called I expect you know Prince Proper.

The second son was a very wise youth. You couldn't catch him anyhow. If you asked him whether he road, she appeared suddenly in front of softest heart." knew the story of the three wells, or him in the shape of a poor old woman. "Why does a chicken cross the road?" or anything really amusing like that, he would always say, "Oh, I heard that years ago!"-and whenever you began "Adam and Eve and Pinchme" he waiting like a gentleman until you had got to the end of the verse. He was

called Prince Clever.

And the third son was just wonderfully heautiful. He had the most marvellously pink cheeks and long | Surely you see that for yourself?" golden hair that you have ever seen. I don't much care for that style myself, but in the country in which he lived it was admired more than I can tell you. He was called Prince Goldenlocks. I'll

give you three guesses why.

Now the King had reigned a long adventure was going all wrong. time, so long that he was tired of being king, and he often used to wonder which of his sons ought to succeed him. Of course nowadays they never wonder, and the eldest son becomes | Fairy behind him. king at once, and quite right too; but in those days it was generally left to Suddenly he saw a poor old woman in can save its life." the sons to prove which among them- front of him. selves was the most worthy. Sometimes they would all be sent out to find the magic Dragon's Tooth, and only one would come back alive, which would save a lot of trouble; or else, laughter. after a lot of discussion, they would be told to go and find beautiful Princesses for themselves, and the one which You're not an old woman at all; you're brought back the most beautiful Princess-but very often that would Lad to another discussion. The best mered.

way of all was to call in a Fairy to help. A Fairy has all sorts of tricks for finding out about you, and her favourite who's clever enough to see through plan is to pretend to be something else him." And he went on his way.

and see what you do.

said: "To-morrow I am sending out my three sons into the world to seek their fortune. I want you to test them for me and find out which is the most fitted to succeed to my throne. If it He should happen to be Prince Goldenlocks -but, of course, I don't want to in-

> "Leave it to me," said the Fairy. "You agree, no doubt, that the quality most desirable in a king is love and

kindliness----

"Y-yes," said the King doubtfully.

"I was sure of it. Well, I have a way of putting this quality to the test which has never yet failed." And with gone out at the door quite easily, but

I expect you know what her way was. You have read about it often in your fairy books. On the next day, as Prince Proper was coming along the

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread, pretty gentleman," she

pleaded. "I'm starving."

Prince Proper looked at her sternly. "Economically," he said, "it is to

The Fairy didn't quite. The lan-by Prince Clever came along. guage had taken her by surprise. In all her previous adventures of this kind, her roughly, and the third had shared cradle." his last piece of bread with her. This

"Let me explain it to you more fully," went on Proper, and for an hour and twenty-seven minutes he did so. Then is almost yours!) he went on his way, leaving a dazed

By-and-by Prince Clever came along.

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread," she pleaded. "I'm pursuing hawk. starving.

Prince Clever burst into a roar of

"You don't catch me," he said. "I've read about this a hundred times. a Fairy."

"W-what do you mean?" she stam-

"This is a silly test of Father's. Well, you can tell him he's got one son

By-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came So the King called in a Fairy and along. I need not say that he did all that you would expect of a third and youngest son who had pink cheeks. long golden hair and (as I ought to have said before) a very loving nature. He shared his last piece of bread with the poor old woman.

(Surely he will get the throne!)

But the Fairy was an honest Fairy. She did understand Proper's point of view; she had to admit that, if Clever saw through her deception, it was honourable of him to have said so. And though, of course, her loving heart was all for Prince Goldenlocks she felt that it would not be fair to award the throne to him without a further trial. that she vanished. She could have So she did another thing that she was very fond of doing. She changed herself into a pretty little dove and-right in front of Prince Proper-she flew with a hawk in pursuit of her. "Now we shall see," she said to herself, "which of the three youths has the

You can guess what Proper said. "Life," he said, "is one constant

battle. Nature," he said, "is ruthless, and the weakest must go to the wall. If I kill the hawk," he said, " I am kind to the dove, but am I," he said, and I would pinch you at once without the advantage of the State that the think there was a good deal in this submerged classes should be a charge "am I kind to the caterpillar or whaton the State itself and not on indi- ever it is that the dove cats?" ()f viduals. The civic interests of the course, you know, there is that to be community demand that promiscuous thought of. Anyhow, after solilocharity should be sternly discouraged. quising for forty-seven minutes Prince quising for forty-seven minutes Prince Proper went on his way; and by-and-

You can guess what Clever said.

"My whiskers!" he said, "this is two of the young Princes had refused older than the last. I knew this in my With one of those nasty sarcastic laughs that I hate so much he went on his way; and by-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came along.

(Now then, Goldenlocks, the throne

You can guess what Goldenlocks

"Poor little dove," he said. "But I

Rapidly he fitted an arrow to his how and with careful aim let fly at the

I say again that Prince Goldenlocks was the most heautiful youth you have ever seen in your life, and he had a very loving nature. But he was a poor shot.

He hit the dove . . .

"Is that all?" said Margery.

"That's all," I said. "Good night."

A. A. M.

#### THE PANTOMIME SONG.

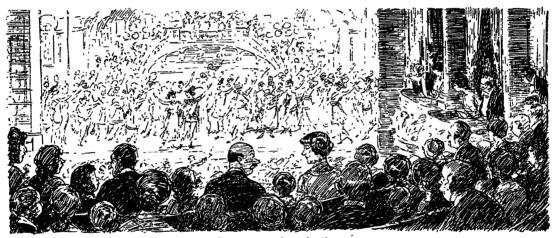


Time—A few days before the Opening Night.

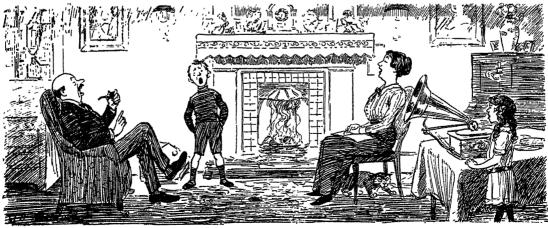
Father (reading the words of new pantomime song)

"'Come with me to Demerara;
'Neath the palm-trees we will stray;
Bid farewell to pain and sorrow;
Our love will grow from day to day.'

THAT'S THE SILLIEST ROT I EYER READ. HOW CAN PEOPLE BE PAID TO SING SUCH BOSH, &C., &C."



Chorus. "Come with me to Demerara, &c., &c."
Father. "Not bad, eh? Seems different somehow when you hear it sung."



Time—A week later.

The Family (all together, with zest). "Come with me to Demerara, &c., &c."



Female Spectator (to companion). "I don't 'old wiy dressin' up for a party myself. Only last night a gentleman UPSET A BOTTLE O' STOUT OVER ME!"

### NO PRISMATIC HAIR FOR MEN

THE DECISION OF THE NUT KING.

THE new fashion, which is being introduced into London from Paris. of brightly coloured hair for women, to go with different costumes, has been

A West End coiffeur having expressed himself in print as favouring the new feminine mode, and recommended various shades of hair-dye in green and blue and purple, a number of the more noticeable Nuts began to wonder whether or not some such adjunct to their beauty would not also be forced upon them. But the heart of Nutville now beats normally once more. The fiat has gone forth.

Interviewed by a representative of Mr. Punch, the leading Nut, or Philopena, declared firmly against any such change. "Our trouble is this," he said. "We feel that we must keep pace with the girls. Yet no self-respecting Filbert could dye his moustache blue or green. For two reasons. One is that he dislikes the idea; the other, that very likely he has no moustache. All Bar-|Still, Voneril was sometimes human;

don't like them; others can't grow them. A Nut is no less a Nut because he is clean-shaved. It is the hair that tells with a Nut, not the moustache; and no Nut wants green or blue hair.'

"But surely," our representative said, "if you had neckties and socks to match, causing considerable panic in lower Nut circles, but happily their unrest is now were dyed. Think of the symphony; you might even be in danger of being stolen, like Leonardos."

"We are now," he said with pride.
"Do not be impetuous in resisting so alluring an adjunct, I implore you," said our representative as he rose to leave.

The Nut King pondered for a moment. No," he said at last, "I think not. Let the ladies have it alone. We must be magnanimous now and then.'

#### BEYOND REFORM.

GRIDLEY was an average sort of man, such as you may see in Throgmorton Street on any day of the week except Sunday. Voneril, on the other hand, was a teetotaler, non-smoker, early riser, two-meal-a-day vegetarian -and, if you can think of anything else of that sort, he was that as well. celonas do not have moustaches. Some he had not always been these things.

Being a plain, normal man, Gridley possessed a capacity for making good resolutions; and the end of the year found him talking to Voneril at the club with that anxious expression on his face which the turner-over of new leaves is accustomed to wear.

"Thank you for telling me all about vegetarianism," said Gridley gloomily, "but I really do not think it would suit me. At the same time I must make an effort to limit myself to, say, three square meals a day in the New Year. And I am not sure that it would not be well for me to knock off a cigar or two"-and as he continued his appearance became more and more dejected.

"Well, Gridley," said Voneril briskly, his healthy face beaming gonially, "while I admit that men with habits like mine have a rotten time at Christmas, you must agree that they are saved a lot of worry when the New Year comes."

#### English as she is wrote.

"The sort of Champagne one's guests, on tasti g the first glass, turn to their host with an unspoken look of admiration."-Advt. Can it be that "return" is meant, the admiration being for his pluck?



Female Spectator (to companion). "I don't 'old wiy dressin' up for a party myself. Only last night a gentleman UPSET A BOTTLE O' STOUT OVER ME!"

# NO PRISMATIC HAIR FOR MEN.

THE DECISION OF THE NUT KING.

THE new fashion, which is being introduced into London from Paris, of brightly coloured hair for women, to go with different costumes, has been causing considerable panic in lower Nut circles, but happily their unrest is now

A West End coiffeur having expressed himself in print as favouring the new feminine mode, and recommended various shades of hair-dye in green and blue and purple, a number of the more noticeable Nuts began to wonder whether or not some such adjunct to their beauty would not also be forced upon them. But the heart of Nutville be magnanimous now and then." now beats normally once more. The fiat has gone forth.

Interviewed by a representative of Mr. Punch, the leading Nut, or Philopena, declared firmly against any such man, such as you may see in Throgchange. "Our trouble is this," he said. "We feel that we must keep pace with the girls. Yet no solf-respecting Filbert | hand, was a teetotaler, non-smoker, could dye his moustache blue or green. early riser, two-meal-a-day vegetarian For two reasons. One is that he dislikes the idea; the other, that very else of that sort, he was that as well. likely he has no moustache. All Bar-|Still, Voneril was sometimes human;

don't like them; others can't grow them. A Nut is no less a Nut because he is clean-shaved. It is the hair that tells with a Nut, not the moustache; and no Nut wants green or blue-hair."

"But surely," our representative said, "if you had neckties and socks to match, your hair might be very charming if it were dyed. Think of the symphony; you might even be in danger of being stolen, like Leonardos."

"We are now," he said with pride. "Do not be impetuous in resisting so alluring an adjunct, I implore you," said our representative as he rose to leave.

The Nut King pondered for a moment. "No," he said at last, "I think not. Let the ladies have it alone. We must

#### BEYOND REFORM.

morton Street on any day of the week | New Year comes." except Sunday. Voneril, on the other -and, if you can think of anything celonas do not have moustaches. Some he had not always been these things.

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 31, 1913.

THE THIRD STAGE.

#### NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

Mr. Punch is glad to note that the sensible custom is spreading of choosing gifts that will be of practical use to their recipients during the New Year. He is pleased to give publicity to a few of the novelties displayed:-

Messrs. Armstrong-Bilberry have devised the "CIVILWAR SURTOUT," a smart slip-on garment that should be very popular during the social in-clemencies of 1914. This sound and protective storm-coat is woven throughout of the finest Harveyised steel, and reinforced over the heart by three-inch plating. Loopholes for revolver fire in street fighting are cleverly masked by the large black-and-white check pattern which is painted on this really natty overcoat of the man about town. They also ensure the ventilation so

essential in all heavy garb.
The "Civilwar" has already caught on. Orders have been received from Mr. John Redmond, Lord London-DERRY, Sir EDWARD CARSON, Mr. JAMES LARKIN and several other leaders who favour a stout equipment against the disturbances of what promises to be an exceptionally stormy year. Travellers contemplating the crossing of the Irish Sea cannot be given a more useful present than the "Civilwar Surtout."

The increasing number of golfers who naturally resent the interruption by business of the real game of life will welcome the sporting little "PUTTUM-BRELLA" sold by Messrs. Hopage and Co. The removable knob of this umbrella is a veritable "gutty," disguised by Japanese carvings that give an excellently true run. The ribs and silk cover are instantly detachable, leaving a perfectly balanced putter. The familiar disc on to which the frame of an ordinary umbrella fastens is of convex aluminium, and makes an ever-ready "hole." The "Puttumbrella" is undetectable by partners, employers, headclerks, supervisors and all other pests, and it can be re-fixed (according to tests that Messrs. Hopage have made in their own offices) between the time a tread is heard on the stairs and the opening of the door.

A really timely novelty has been invented by Madame Clarkson Pomeroyd, the famous beauty specialist. The "'GIOCONDA' TOILET CASKET" is our decadent age." sure to find a place on the dressingtable of every butterfly of fashion. We of a priceless and ancient Florentine cosmetic which has the miraculous This little invention is something more sixpence extra.



#### THE TAPESTRY MODE.

The Millionaire (declining to purchase post-impressionist creation). "Noth'n' doin'! Why, my maiden a'nt cud darrn a briter picture'n that."

which will be the society rage of the coming year.

No better advertisement of this new face cream could be devised than the letter of the Bishop of Dalston to the Press:--"The 'Gioconda' Toilet Casket is the most actively evil emollient of

power of giving to the lips of the fair | than a mere scientific toy. It is like user the subtle and enigmatical smile a watch in appearance and can be worn in the pocket or fastened to a belt. It is fitted inside with a delicate mechanism of wireless telegraphy. If an employer of any sort discharges a British workman for any cause whatever, an alarum rings in the nickel case and continues until the owner has declared a sympathetic strike. Messrs. Whiterods anticipate a sale of millions The custom of all classes is sought of these faithful little friends of the cannot divulge the secret of this charming preparation. Let it suffice to remark that its basic ingredient consists advertising "The Sympatheticon," an price of one shilling each—or, with ideal gift for any ardent trade unionist. extended affiliation to the Continent, at

### WINTER SPORTS.

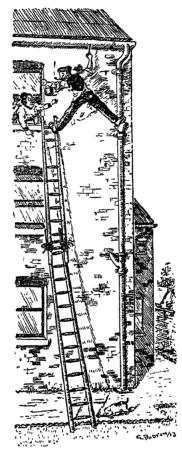
How to Choose a Swiss Hotel.

"In order to estimate the style of a hotel count the bathrooms and private sitting-rooms and roughly measure the size of the reception rooms. The ratio of these to the size of the hotel will be in inverse ratio of life in the hotel to the simple life." That is the advice given in The Public Schools' Alpine Sports Club Year Book, by a Director of Alpine Sports, Ltd., and no doubt he ought to know; but, although it is a good idea in its way, it does not really take us very far. The thing is getting more difficult every year. It is not, I would have you understand, that there is any lack of data on which to form an opinion. Quite the reverse. You cannot in this matter begin to make the faintest, most timid and tentative enquiry without being instantly overwhelmed, glutted, smothered in informa-tion. If the people who run these things would be content to send you particulars of only two hotels - one obviously good and the other clearly rotten—you might, without any sur-render of your right of unfettered choice, know what to do; but as it is I have an economical friend in the North who no longer finds it necessary to take in a daily newspaper in winter as there is always a supply of material for lighting fires since the day, two years ago, when he sent an enquiring post-card about Swiss hotels.

There are some who choose by the picture at the top. That is a mistake. You will be disappointed. The three small spruce trees covered with snow which stand in a row on the extreme left will not be there when you arrive. The flag will not be flying like that, or if it is it means that there is an abominable wind which makes the place quite unfit to live in. The skating rink will not be covered with all those graceful people doing those beautiful figures. There will merely be a few ordinary people, like yourself, scratching round in the usual way. And the old gentleman on a toboggan, who is uproariously flying down the slope in front of the hotel at such a breakneck speed, with his comforter trailing behind him, will probably -when you arrive—be painfully prodding himself along with a stick in either hand. No, it is a mistake to choose by know, of course, if you are likely to fall the picture.

Some choose by the altitude, but there is apt to be a touch of snobbery about that. Some choose by the name of the proprietor. I admit that I like one with a hyphen myself, such as Baumgrab-Egger or Rikli-Metzenheim. But this is a chancy method at best.

although at first sight it seems a desthe rooms. Get some pins and spread the sheet out on the table. First mark to have any windows that open upon the outer air. If it is buried in the heart of the building, with wintergardens on three sides of it, give it up



Lady (anxiously, to reckless painter). "Do BM CAREFUL, MY GOOD MAN; MY LITTLE PONCIE'S JUST UNDER YOUR LADDER!"

and start again. You will now mark down the reception-rooms, count the bathrooms and carefully estimate the number of squaremetres in the passages. (People always put their empty luggage in the passages, and you want to over it in the dark.) Roughly cal-culate the number of balconies, then turn back to the picture and count the chimneys.

calculations. The balconies multiplied in a state of nature."-Pull Mill Girette. I really think it is simplest after all, number as to the standard of luxury object?

maintained. This may be divided into perate course, to choose by the plan of the bedrooms, plus the length of the ballroom in metres. Now throw in the lift, and the result will be in inverse down the lift. If there is no lift, do ratio to the probabilities of Tango Teas. not accept a photographic dark-room If you want to know whether you may as a substitute, but give it up and try look for finger-bowls, discover first of another hotel. Then hunt out the all if any charge is made for the band. dining-room and observe if it happens If not, it is an excellent sign. It may mean that you are to get your music for nothing, and that is good. It may mean that there is no band, and that is magnificent. The price of the band, if there is one, in francs, multiplied by the radiators in the ballroom and taken in the strictest proportion with the size of the winter-garden, will give you a sound working idea concerning tho prospects of fancy-dress balls.

To get at the quality of the food it is not a bad plan to estimate and consider the number of miles to the coast (fish); to Paris (eggs so they say); to Berne (salads and fresh vegetables); and to Coylon or China (tea). But the question of the tea is not so simple as it seems. Afternoon tea is not inclusive, you must understand, but in order to cheekmate the exodus to the cafés it is charged at a fixed rate of so much a week, so you may as well drink it, anyhow.

We hope that these few hints may be of service to those who like to go into a matter of this sort and make themselves masters of it. For our own part, when the time comes to make up our mind, we generally blindfold ourselves and pick our hotel from the waste-paper basket.

#### Another Impending Apology.

"Although he was detained in St. George's Hospital, it is not expected that his recovery will take many days."- Daily Telegraph.

#### More Street Noises.

"As a result of the development of Barking, it was agreed to write to the Postmaster-General, asking that Barking should be included in the London district postal service.'
The Standard.

#### A Callous Comment.

"FOOTBALL.

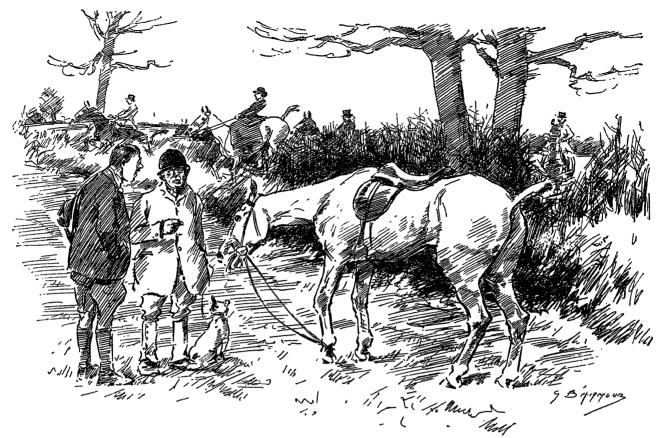
LONDON'S LEAGUE CLUBS DO WELL. Two Players' Lines Broken." \_Daily Mail.

6 The old bride at Berwick-on-Tweed conneeting England and Scotland by the Great North-road is becoming dangerous owing to motor traffic," - Daily News.

It sounds like a relie of Gratna Green.

"In the current number of a golfing weekly Now we may make a few helpful days at Westward He! Golf was played then by the bathrooms, with the chimneys No doubt it encouraged a free swing,

added, will give us a useful index but didn't the Bishop of KENSINGTON



Christmas Holiday Sportsman (whose dilapidated hireling has yot his foct over a rein). "What's to be done?" Runner. "Well, wif a hornery 'oss you could lift 'is leg, but wif this 'ere 'oss, if you lifts 'is leg, I believe 'E'LL FALL ON 'IS 'EAD."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE mainspring of one of the current revues is an adorable lady who sings sprightly syncopated songs from time to time and, in between, smiles expansively and chatters volubly at the audience, leaving the stoniest critic with not a word to say against her, except, possibly that, if anyintimate cheeriness, which assumes or creates a corresponding vivacity in the person addressed, and is, as far as I can see, a gift peculiar to the American artiste. In Van Cleve (MACMILLAN) Mrs. MARY S. WATTS operates on material of plot of a music-hall production; she tells the tale of a young man's life in the States, who encounters every kind of domestic, military and commercial complications and is involved in love affairs of all sorts. There appear in the tale also a hoastful major who has never seen action in his life, a weak-kneed youth addicted to strong drink but otherwise excellent company, a semi-demi-mondaine with an eye to the main chance, and a bevy of the most unreasonable and amusing female relatives I have ever met. The sinking of is even mightier than his camera. the Maine looms large and real, and about the whole situation, at home and abroad, Mrs. WATTS rattles on with a lively exuberance of phrase and a breadth of mind that are rarely found together. With the manner of spelling in which she, with the cussedness of her race, persists, I shall always quarrel; but with her humour I am content. If it is typically American in form, it is essentially English in spirit.

If, before reading Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's Wild Animals at Home (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I had been compelled to face that fearsome inquisition, a General Knowledge Paper, and had been asked to write chattily about the chipmunk, the coyote, and the sneak-cat, I should have sat inactive in the seat of the scornful. Now, however, I am not only prepared to tell you a great deal about these animals, but also to encourage you to believe that it would be my fault body else did what she did, it would be thoroughly bad art. if you were bored in the telling. Without being in the It has now been my luck to meet in a novel this same least didactic Mr. SETON is teaching all the time, and I never put down a book of his without realising his marvollous store of knowledge and his admirable manner of imparting it. Occasionally he is more than a little startling, and I was afraid that he was meaning to be a different and, happily, very much better class than the humorous when I read, "I have a profound admiration for the skunk. Indeed, I once maintained that this animal was the proper emblem of America." But before I had finished the chapter I was equipped to defend the skunk against all comers. Respectfully I raise my hat to this brilliant advocatus diaboli. The sketches and photographs with which the book is illustrated cannot be beaten in quality, but they are apt, by force of numbers, to interfere with a pure enjoyment of the text. For Mr. Seton's pen

> When you secure your copy of Mr. George A. Birming-HAM's collection of sketches of Irish life, entitled Irishmen All (Fouris), please do not begin reading at page 1, for the opening sketch may lead you to suppose that Mr. BIRMINGHAM is in a less rollicking mood than is customary with him. Go to page 137 and start on "The Publican."

It is quite the funniest thing its author has ever written. I can imagine Mr. W. W. JACOBS reading it and wishing that he had thought of the idea for one of his Bob Pretty stories. But then the atmosphere is so peculiarly Irish handled it satisfactorily. I have met people who do not enjoy this author's humour, but I think that even they Exile from Erin," as satisfying a satire on a particularly irritating pose as I have ever read. Desmond O'Donoghue and his Chelsea circle are a delight—from the two earnest young men, both atheists, who learned to dance Irish jigs because, being possessed by the idea that Irish priests were opposed to dancing, they "hoped to do something towards

O'Donoghue himself, "there is," says the author, "so far as I can find out, only one thing which he will not do for Ireland; and that is, live there. But we must not blame him for that. Unlimited patriotism is too much to expect from any man."

I hesitate to recall how long it is since first Mrs. Hodgson Burnett enlisted my sympathies; but here she is doing it again as freshly and skilfully as ever in her latest story, to which she has given the perplexing title of T. Tembarom (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON). Perhaps, indeed, I should be justified lights, which do not, however, outshine the deeper flame of in calling this the latest version of a before-told story, as love." On the fly-leaf MMB. Albanesi herself has written, ill-paid reporter on a New York paper is suddenly translated to be the owner of Temple Barholm in Lancashire and seventy thousand a year. But if T. Tembarom is somewhat obviously a relation of the famous Fauntleroy he is certainly none the worse for that. Better indeed, for what Mrs. Hodgson Burnett does not know about the picturesque details of coming into unexpected affluence isn't worth knowing. There are scenes in Tembarom's initiation worthy to rank with that immortal moment (how beloved of my youth!) when his little velvet-suited lordship is shown the room full of toys. There is also much else that makes and for what it pleasantly recalls.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN makes a charming little chronicle of simple loves and joys and sorrows out of The Story of Waitstall Baxter (Hodder and Stoughton) and her halfsister, Patience, in their obscure New Hampshire village. that it may be that only Mr. BIRMINGHAM could have For the sake of her little sister, Waitstill puts off her devoted lover, Ivory Boynton, until Patience makes her own secret, happy, romantic match, and then, in defence of her, explains would be thawed by this story of Mr. Peter Fogarty, the to her father, Deacon Baxter, a miracle of sorded meanness inn-keeper, and his manceuvres to counteract the baleful and petty tyranny, her long withheld opinion of him, with influence of the temperance reformers in his vil age. But a candour which even so good a girl must have found of all the sketches in the book perhaps the one calculated extraordinarily pleasant when once she got going. I wonder to give the greatest pleasure to the Saxon reader is "The if I am right in detecting some carelessness in Mrs. Wiggin's later methods. Does she not tend just to deal out the sections of her story to her characters and make them pass them on to the reader without troubling about subtleties of characterisation? Of course this does not apply to her grotesques—she draws her curmudgeon of a deacon with gusto; but doesn't she give her nice ordinary people rather breaking the power of the Church by becoming expert jig-dancers," to the young lady who danced jigs, "hoping in that way to get in touch with the fairies." As for Mr. but that would be for lack of the skill and experience of

the author of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. However, here is a pretty story. prottily told, and it has the rare and surely not always unwelcome quality of rather accopting and making the pest of a traditional merality than of attempting a brand-new one trimmed to the very, very latest requirements.

On the crushed strawber 'y paper-wrapper round the cover of One of the Crowd Messes, Charman AND HALL assert that the pages of MME. ALBANESI'S new novel "scintillate with the glitter of the foot-



Old Lady. "P'raps you wouldn't mind just nudgin' me when we gets to the next station—I'm a-goin' to 'ave a wink o' sleep."

you will understand when I explain that T. Tembarom | "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? is the nickname given to an American youth of obscure it hath been already of old time, which was before us;" but and apparently humble birth, who from the position of it is only fair to add that she acknowledges the sentiment to be a citation from Ecclesiastes i. 10. Personally, if I may be allowed to get in a word edgeways, I found that where the authoress was dealing with the life of mean lodging-houses and the language and behaviour of musical-comedy favourites, both "on" and "off," her book was exceedingly bright and entertaining; but when she strayed outside this field to thrill us with genuino romance the construction of her story and its characters were of a very commonplace and conventional kind. Sophie Beamish, the derelict daughter of a great actor, being forced to adopt "the" profession in order to earn money, became the friend of Miss for a pleasant entertainment: a mystery, some slight Boodic Gaye, a transatlantic star whose orbit was apparently roguery, and at least one character, the Duke of Stone, quite at the eastern end of the Strand; and for Miss Boodie (laye excellently portrayed. The mystery, perhaps, is no great I have nothing but the since rest admiration. Not since "The matter; just transparent enough to keep us mildly impatient for its revelation, and in a state of flattered American theatrical back-talk as gushed from this siron's superiority to the characters in the tale, who could not perceive lips, and I guess that Sir Robert Devrington, the "mother's that Strangeways, the man without memory whom Tembarom had picked up in the streets, was really the missing—well, you know. A happy and picturesque novel, untroubled by realism, that I have much enjoyed, both for its own sake author of Ecclesiastes would have been startled some if he had been introduced to Miss Boodie Gaye.



#### MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

An Episode at the Belfast Customs.

Now it began to be recognised that there was a general prejudice in the country against Civil War. It is true that nobody—not even the Earl of Halsbury—could remember from experience what even a sort of Civil War at home was like; but history showed that fratricidal strife had never suited the national genius or been really popular in these islands. Consequently the practice had fallen into desuetude during the last few centuries.

There were reasons, too, why a Civil War would be peculiarly inconvenient in the conditions of the time. Although Sir Edward Carson had been at pains to say that the Army was bound, by all the laws of loyalty, to shoot at him if it was told to, it was felt that the spectacle of British troops fighting under Mr. Redmond's two flags—the Irish and the American—against the bearers of the Union Jack, would have in it the essential elements of a Music-Hall Rievue, which is to say that, while those who took part in it might find it humorous, it would greatly shock the intelligence of the spectator.

Then, again, a Civil War would be a bad example to Mexico; and, once more, at a moment when our Military Forces were a bit below themselves in point of numbers, it was not fair to Germany to throw fresh temptation in her way.

Finally, a Civil War would distract people's attention from the prior claims of the Land Campaign.

Under these circumstances there was a feeling that the leaders on both sides ought to meet and talk things over together. And, indeed, they even went so far as to talk separately about talking things over together. And this they did on party platforms, where the other side is never present. And each side protested that all this shouting at one another on party platforms was rotten, and kept on doing it.

And, as a basis for conversations (in case they ever took place), the one side said that, if they could only have their own way about all points that really counted, they were fully prepared to make concessions about anything that didn't matter at all. And the other side said just the same.

And the trouble was that the one side, having committed themselves very deeply, wanted to save their faces; and that the other side, not having any faces to save, wanted the People to be consulted. "For," said they, "if the People are against this great wrong being done to Ulster, they will put us into power and the great wrong won't be done; but, if they are in favour of it, then we wash our hands of the Civil War."

But it was never made quite clear why Ulster should be any better pleased at having this great wrong done just because the People thought it would be good for her.

Meanwhile, since it seemed probable that, unless somebody began to do something, Civil War would be well advanced before the conversations had started, it was thought that, if we were to have fighting at all, it would be best for only one side to be armed. So a Proclamation was issued in the King's name that no unofficial weapons or

other deadly wherewithals should be admitted into Ireland.

Now the Customs House Officers, fearful of imposition, were instant to investigate all baggage, whatever profession was made as to its contents. And in this way a great amount of material designed for the destruction of snipe and woodcock was detained under suspicion. But also much clever work was done, and many disguises penetrated. Thus, a gun-case labelled "Monna Lisa" was not allowed to enter the country. And a very large trunk, though it bore the deceptive superscription, "Canary Seed," was also debarred from admission, on the ground that a bayonet was observed to be protruding through a fissure in its side.

Now the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, being the Chief Secretary for Ireland and therefore responsible for its integrity, presided over these detective operations. And in the execution of his duty he came upon a box that bore a strong similitude to a cartridge-magazine. And, giving it an authoritative tap, he said to the owner, who had the air of an inveterate sportsman, "Have you anything to declare? Ammunition, guns, rifles, pom-poms, maxims, howitzers, submarines, mines or pea-shooters?"

"I have nothing to declare," replied the proprietor of the box, "except that I am a Sage. Sages should be

exempt from suspicion.

"I am a bit of a Sage myself," replied Mr. BIRRELL, "yet I am not exempt from public suspicion. And, though Philosophers profess to ignore externals, they are quick to suspect a brother Philosopher when appearances are against Hence I ask, How comes it that, if its contents are not lethal, your box should so closely resemble what I am told is known as a cartridge-magazine?"

"That is only my humour," explained the Sage.

"I am a bit of a humourist myself," replied Mr. Birrell; "yet I am constantly reminded that there are certain affairs of which a light treatment is not permissible. Only the other day I read a leaderette in The Globe headed 'Dangerous Humour,' in which that guardian of the public weal attacked Mr. Punch for publishing a gay

article entitled 'A Vision of Ireland's Aimageddon.'"

"It baffles my poor comprehension," replied the Sage, "that a journal which in all heavy seriousness has done its best to encourage Ulster to prepare for Civil War should object to an article which, if it were likely to produce the effect predicted of it, would only be assisting towards the same result. But as a matter of fact, as you well know, Sir, there is no better solvent of a strained situation than clean and impartial ridicule. I take no shame that the article in question should have appeared in one of my own pages.'

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Mr. BIRRELL. "Your hump had escaped me, for my attention was confined to your front view. But I ought to have recognised you by your genial countenance. Permit me to pass your baggage

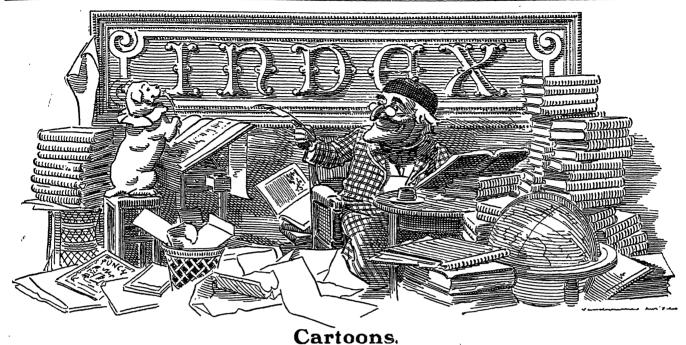
unopened."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Punch, "I insist on revealing the matter within; for in my humble and unbiassed opinion it constitutes the most desirable of imports. Its nature, I admit, is explosive, but it only operates when brought into contact with kindred natures made for mirth. Without its presence in the home, no form of Home Rule, even by consent, is conceivable; on the other hand, Ulster will adore it, and Ulster will be right."

And on this note of optimism Mr. Punch unlocked his magazine and exposed to view his

# One Hundred und Forty-Fifth Volume.





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"Margaret, have you said your prayers?"

"Yes, Mummy dear, dur—"
"But what?"
"Perhais I'd better say them again, as they didn't sound quite right."
"Whatever do you mean, dear?"

"Well, you see, Billy was trying his new pea-shooter on my dare fret all the time"



Uncle. "Well, Basil, did you and Mummie come in a nice puff-puff?"

Davil. "Well, wie came in a Christ Western main-liner. It had a high boiler, a short funnel, a double connecting-rod and an out-line cylinder."



Dank Clerk (to budy who has presented crossed cheque for payment). "I am sorry, Madam, but I cannot cash you this across the countrie." Lady. "Oh, that's all right. I'll come round."



- "Hullo, Parl Whar yer Gov the hil?"
- "WHAT DOES IT TASTE LIKE?"

PSOIN WITHOUT THE RESIDENCE OF STREET



THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

OPENING OF THE ROCKERY SEASON IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



ONE OF THE BOYS.

First Caddie. "Who're we foor this morning, Angus?"

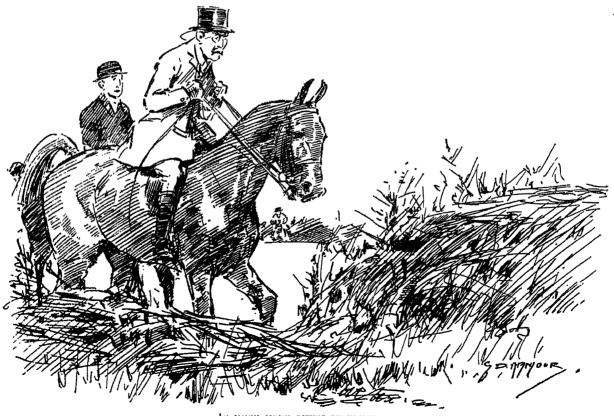
Second Caddie. "A'M FOOR THE PETTICOATS."

# FANCY AND FACT.

(The Dangers of Hunting.)



AS GATHERED BY NON-HUNTING WIVES FROM THE AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION OF SPORISMEN.



AS MUCH MORE OFTEN OBSERVED.



# TURNING OVER A NEW CENTURY.



ACT I. EVE OF THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT III.
THE 110TH BERTHDAY.



ACT II.
THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT IV. THE 120TH BIRTHDAY.

## NATURE AND THE SPORTSMAN.

["It's a ge-r-ran' view," said the great golfer, as he stood on the tenth tee.
"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"It's a gr-r-an' view, replied his opponent, replied his opponent,



"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream"
(Wordsworth) to me meant practically nil;
No "glory" there, no "freshness of a dream,"
But just a playground; when I took the hill,
Like to a young gazeka, lithe of limb,
I had no thoughts too deep for mortal plummet;
"Twas just for joy of getting (curious whim!)
Up to the summit.

No Nymph surprised me nutting in the glade;
No Faun addressed me in the woodland Gree!:;
No sketchy Dryad, peeping from the shade
Wooed me, all blackberry smears, upon the
cheek;

As for the primrose (in the river scene),
Which, rightly viewed, affects our holier feelings,
For all I cared it might as well have been
Potato-peelings.

Then dawned the lovely adolescent prime
When salad sprouts, and young calf-loves occur;
When Nature, while the new buds burst in rhyme,
Is worth considering, on account of HER;
Then, if I noticed, in its saffron dress,
Beside the same old river's marge, the primrose,
Forth from my lips, still damp with HER caress,
A jocund hymn rose.

Such periods pass, but leave their print behind.
"Never," I said, "in all my years to be,
Never again can I be wholly blind
To Nature's wish to keep in touch with me."

The waters whispored my affairs; the trees, Communing of them, grew almost poetic, And so I went on swallowing "fallacies" Strangely "pathetic."

Then came a dreadful change: I took to Sport.

I could not look upon that sight most fair
High woods where Autumn holds his regal court But I must think: "They'd come well over there!"
And, though I still regarded Nature's claim,
The lust to perforate some harmless creature
Prooccupied me till the thing became
My leading feature.

Then followed worse. Ah, Scotland! I have known Great evenings when the sea-loch's burnished gold, Flanked by the hill's shot-velvet, green and roan, Has left my bosom absolutely cold; And just because, upon the windy brae, Through inadvertence, some mere silly trifle—Over- (or under-) sight—no deer that day Fell to my rifle.

So mused he, plodding in the gillies' track,
When "Hist!"—he dropped to earth and, crawling prone,

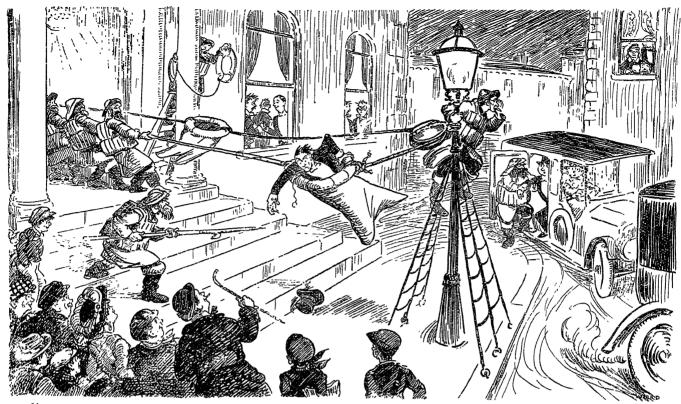
Got in—drew breath—took steady aim, and—crack!

Toppled his beast, ten points and eighteen stone!

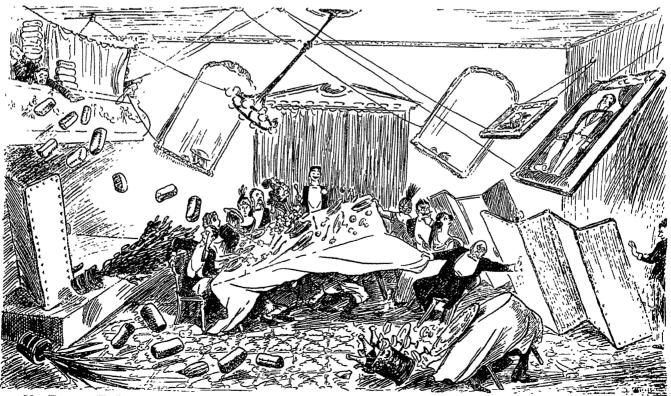
Later—his foot upon the gralloched dead—

Touching the stalker's arm still bare and gory,

"Duncan, my friend, have you remarked," he said,
"You sunset's glory?"
O. S.

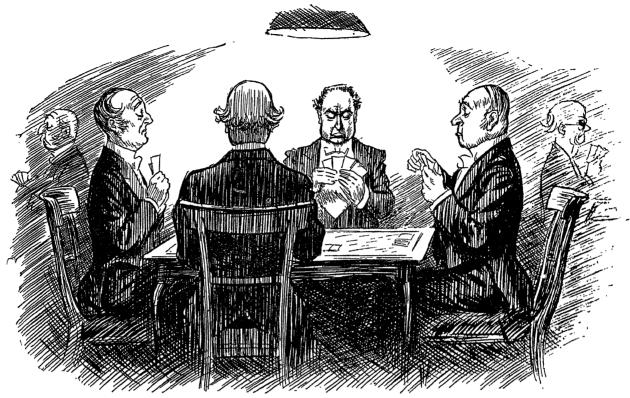


FREAK HOSPITALITY IS STILL EXTREMELY FASHIONABLE. MR. HARRY VANDERJINKS, WILD NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE BY SHIPWRECK A YEAR AGO, YESTERDAY GAVE A BACHELORS' DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ESCAPP. THE SERVICES OF A LIFE-BOAT CREW WERE REQUISITIONED AND GUESTS WERE ONLY PERMITTED TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT BY MEANS OF THE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AND THE BREECHES BUOY.



MR. EUSTACE H. JOY, WHO SOME TIME AGO NEARLY PERISHED IN AN EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO, GAVE AN INTERESTING DINNER LAST WEEK TO CELEBRATE HIS HAPPY ESCAPE. JUST AS THE SOUP WAS SERVED THE HOST GAVE A SIGNAL AND A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ATTENDANTS BEGAN TO PUT INTO MOTION ALL THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC FRATURES OF AN EARTHQUAKE. THE GUESTS THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE NOVELTY OF THE EXPERIENCE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF WHIST,



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF BRIDGE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



AS IT IS IN THE DAYS OF COON-CAN.





Colfer (unsteadied by Christmas luncheon) to Opponent. "Sir, I wish you clearly to understand that I resent your unwarrant—your interference with my game, Sir! Tilt the green once more, Sir, and I chuck the match!"



Caddie (in for caddie competition). "Won my match at the third 'ole, Sir."

Secretary. "What do you mean."

Caddie. "The other chap was two up on me, but 'e's fell into the quarry pond at the third an' can't get out."

Secretary. "Why didn't you help him?"

Caddie. "E said 'e'd go on with the match if I did."

## CHRISTMAS EVE SHOPPING.



Umbrells for Aunt Jane. All too expensive, but wife remembers she wants one. Buys it. Must get something else for Aunt.



Pipe for Uncle George. Net one I'd care to give him, I want some cigars. Get them. Something else for Uncle George.



Little hand-beg for wife's sister Kate. None the right colour. But there's a ducky dressing-case gold-mounted, which wife says she must have. Wife's sister Kate must wait.



Harold has broken his mashie. New one for him. None by favourite maker. I want some golf-balls. May as well have a dozen boxes. Perhaps something else for Harold.



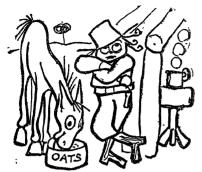
Sweets for god-child. Remember in time she is rather bilious. Wife discovers new fondant. Very good. Order some boxes. Never done to have made god-child ill.



Take well-estred rest. So tiring buying Christmas presents. Suddenly remember haven't bought any. Never mind; make up next year.

### PRIZE COMPETITION FOR A CINEMA PLAY.

(By our Youngest Competitor.)



Broncho Bill is leaning against his hut wrapped in thought—perhaps thinking of home—



little knowing that his young lady, Clara, is hurrying across the Prairie with some eggs for his breakfast from her father's station.



Alss. she has been seen by that bad man. Buckjumping Ike, the Terror of Texas.



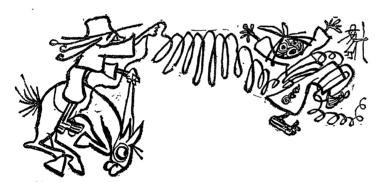
whose own horse, "Lightning," has been laid up with Rheumatism.



He steals her horse and ties her to a tree.



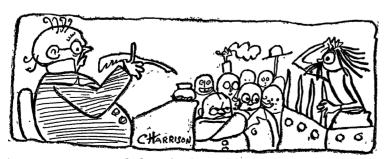
where she is discovered by Red Scarf, Chief of the dreaded Mizzywigguns.



But something has told Bill that someone is in trouble, so he arrives in the nuck of time and lessoes Red Scarf.



As for Ike, he is arrested for Horse-stealing.



And gets imprisoned for life.



In gool he shows remorse for what he has done. (Please show remorse of Bill in a big picture.)



SOME PAULO-POST-FUTURIST IMPRESSIONS.

### THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Guide (at the Forum). "LADIES, AND YOU, SIRS, IF YOU PLEASE; YOU ARE NOW REGARDING ZE MOS' WONDERFUL OBJECT IN ROME!"



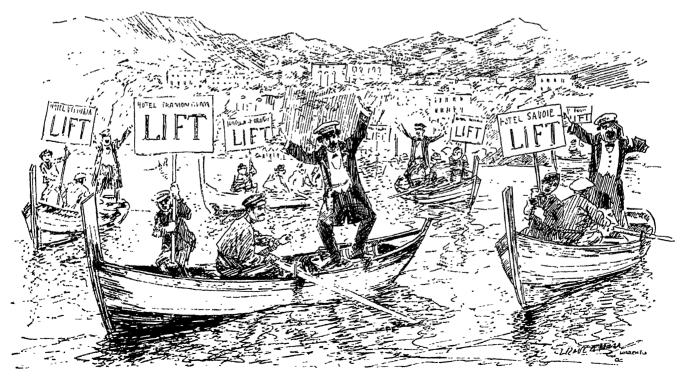
Pompeian Guide. "Dere, Sar! dat is most beautiful example of ancient Roman drink-bar." Exhausted Sightseer. "Oh, for a modern American one!"

### THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist)



Tourist at Taormina (wearily). "Baedeker says the place is noted for the dryness of its climate. My worthy guide tells me that this is the finest view in the whole of Italy. The volcano won't empt, and I couldn't see it if it did. But, thank heaven, there's no golf here!"



In case the natural beauties of Italy should not be enough for you, there is always her Art. Thus, nobody, on approaching Sorrento, has any occasion to be downhearted.



He (carried away). "See that?" (No answer) "Now they've bound 'im, they'll gag 'im' — (No answer) — so as the can't shout. See?" She (with great difficulty). "They ought to 'ave some of this toffee of yours to give 'im."



Randolph (regarding a Christmas present "with love from Grandpa"). "I SAY, LOOK HERE! THIS IS PRETTY PUTRID WHLN YOU'RE KEEN ON MOTORING!"



Hall Attendant (surprised into an audible whisper). "Je-hosh-aphat!" Reveller (indignantly). "Nothing of the sort—Charles the Second."



Elderly Spinster (rather deaf). "Listen to the waits; Aren't they beautiful?"
Sarah. "Sounds to me like the Orpin'tons, Miss."
Elderly Spinster. "I don't care who the gentlemen are; take them a shilling and ask them to come again."

### MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

kans, a clever statistician forecasts that author of this novel as a Master.

on the 25th December next, 5,677,210 British Householders will make a reference at their Christmas dinner to the cutting up of Turkey, and of these 5,677,209 will imagine that they are the only persons to whom the idea of this excellent jest has occurred.

가드가: We are sorry to notice that there is a certain amount of grumbling among ladies about the newest fashions in dresses. They are complaining that these are uncomfortable, without being indecent.

"I fancy," said the lady, approaching the Professor, "we have met before." The Professor put on his glasses and had a good look at the lady. "Well, you may have, Madam," he said, "but I certainly have not."

The public are cautioned that press notices, when used to advertise books. should sometimes be taken with a grain of salt. "This is one of the most childish productions we have ever come across," remarked a contemporary in its review of a certain novel,

"James Smith, the author, must surely be Master James Smith." The book is now being boomed as follows:--"One In view of recent events in the Bal- of our leading newspapers hails the "BUY YOUR RESIDENCE. LIBERAL ADVANCES

ON SHOP & HOUSE PROPERTY"

says the advertisement of a Building

Society. While it is quite true that Liberals are advancing on property of every kind, it seems doubtful policy for the Society in question to draw attention to the fact.

The village windband was assembled on Boxing-Day for the final rehearsal before the Grand Concert. "Where be Bill Huggins?" asked the conductor. "'E beain't quite the thing, zur," said a colleague. "Why, what's the matter wi''im?" "I doan't rightly know what 's the matter, zur, but we reckon as 'e's overblowed isself."

It is well that it should be pointed out that danger lurks in the saying that every mineepie eaten before the New Year means a year of happiness. As often as not it means a jolly bad quarter of an hour. Indeed last year we heard of a youngster who attempted to make sure that he would become in due course a blithe centenarian. He is with us no longer.

The Pluckiest Act I Never Saw: A Cabinet Minister kissing a Suffragette under the mistletoe.



### A CHECK IN THE MATING GAME.

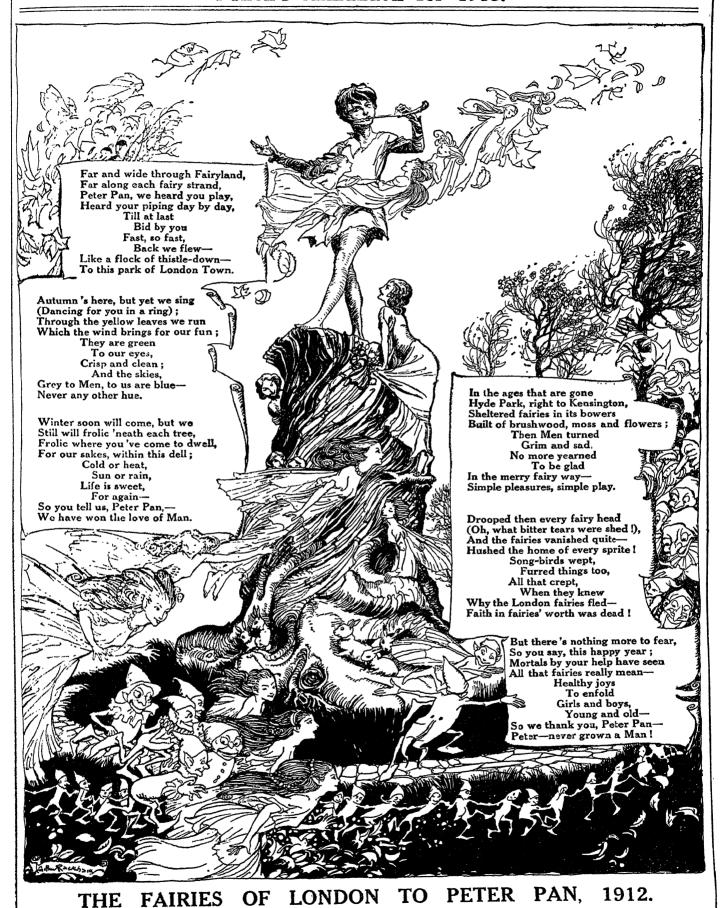
A LADIES' man Robert is not. Such casual manners he's got; But, though I can show Several strings to my bow, I love him the best of the lot. Last night we sat out at a dance, Feeling too sentimental to "Lance," And I fancy he guessed I should fall on his breast The moment he gave me the chance.

So, a snub wouldn't hurt him a bit (I knew he was pretty hard hit), And I quickly rehearsed How I'd fool him at first And capitulate when I thought fit. He proposed. I demurely said "No." He was silent a second or so, Then sighed (from relief. It seemed, rather than grief),

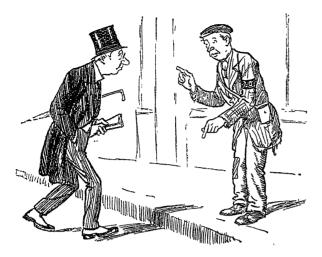
And briskly responded "Right-O."

And now I feel horribly small, My tears are beginning to fall, For it's evident I Must eat humble pie Or never get Robert at all.

Answer to "Smith Junior." -- In reply to your enquiry, jour de l'an is the French for New Year's Day: jour de l'ane is the First of April.



[It has been suggested that the vast army of unorganised labour in London streets should be taken over by a General Information Syndicate. Badges and bell-punches would be provided and a small fixed fee of, say, one halfpenny would be levied in all cases.]



"HERD'S THE KERB, SIR."



"This is your mat, Mister."



"Follow these people, Sir, and you will get your tickly at the small window on the left."



"That's wot you slipped on, Sir, that bit o' banana-publ."



"IN HERE, MISS."

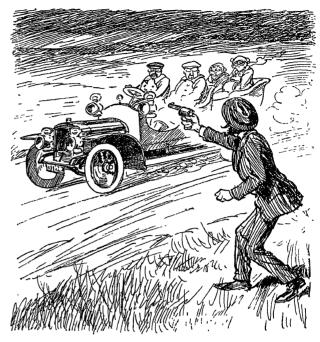


"SUICIDE? YES, SIR. YOU WANT WATERLOO BRIDGE—NEXT BRIDGE WEST."

[An enterprising magazine recently had a story illustrated by drawings which were fashion-plates in addition to being illustrative of the text. Why not go further and insinuate lucrative advertisements?]



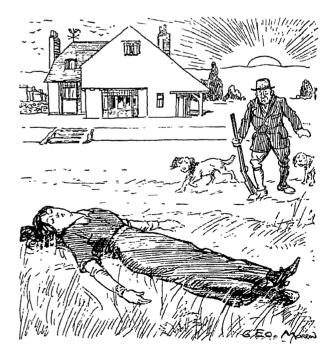
"SHE FLUNG THE RING ON THE GROUND AND TURNED SCORNFULLY FROM HIM." (THE ABOVE DRAWING IS NOT ONLY AN ILLUSTRATION TO OUR GHEAT SERIAL STORY, BUT ALSO GIVES A SMART TYPE OF COUNTRY SUIT FOR GOLFING AND OTHER OUTDOOR EXERCISES, FROM MESSRS. SNOOKER, JERMYN STREET, S.W. THE PRETTY AFTERNOON GOWN IS BY VERA OF CONDUIT STREET.)



"AS THE CAR FLEW PAST A DARK FIGURE SPRANG FROM THE HEDGE WITH A LEVELLED REVOLVER." (THE CAR SHOWN IS A SMALL-SIZED 75 H.P. GASPARD—A HANDY, RELIABLE CAR FOR ALL PURPOSES; THE REVOLVER BEING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC SMITH-NORTHERN, PROCURABLE AT 201A, HAYMARKET.)



"I WILL HAVE THE PAPERS," HISSED LEROLK." (WE CAN MIGHLY RECOMMEND THE LOLL-TOP DESK SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF OFFICE FURNITURE TO MESSES, LAFTEY AND LITTLY, CHEAPSIDE.)



"She was discovered unconscious in the early morning." (The delightful bijou cottage in the distance is one of those specially designed for the Lushingham Garden City Co. Price £350 as it stands. Takes only 48 hours to build.)





#### THE 1913. TRUTH ABOUT

[A Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for the approaching year; including Postal Information, Solar Predictions, Lunar Occultations, Tide Table, Antidotes for Poisons, Notes on Etiquette and a Guide to the Best Times for Sowing and Planting, etc., etc.]

In the past Mr. Punch has often | wished his readers a Happy New Year, but he has never felt so certain that happiness was within their grasp as to-day, when he presents to them for the first time his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for 1913. With the aid of the almanack, his readers



THE SEER.

can face the approaching year calmly; and if, in spite of the warnings of the stars, any catastrophe should come upon them unawares, the Tide Table, the Notes on Etiquette and the Antidotes for Poisons should be sufficient to indicate a way of escape. The Solar Predictions, the Wages Table and the List of our Colonial Possessions are calculated to soothe those most in need of comfort, while the faint-hearted will take new courage when they read the Postal Information and the Table for to say, and we do not grudge the Post-Prophetic Almanack and Guide for than a little. It is, for instance, difficult munications. companion no one need fear anything from the approaching year

of grace 1913. It is just possible, however, that some may say, "On what does Mr. Punch rest his claim to foretell the future by the stars?" The question is a fair one. It can best be answered by recalling some of his

ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECIES ALREADY FULFILLED.

The sinking of the White Ship, for instance, was clearly foretold in Mr. Punch's Almanack for 1120 by the words "Saturn in the ninth in trine with Neptune suggests shipping troubles.

a tremendous sensation. Our actual words were "Mars on the meridian denotes activity in military circles." How fully this was borne out by events which followed is known now to all the world.

"Deaths among legal dignitaries," said the Almanack for 1553, and, alas! it was in that year that His Majesty King Edward VI., the chief law-maker of England, passed away.

The Gunpowder Plot was definitely foretold by the words "Uranus on the cusp of the eleventh house threatens a warm autumn," which shows how seldom the stars can err in their messages.

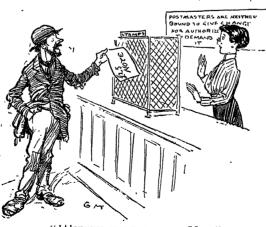
"Deaths from sickness" sufficiently indicated the Great Plague of London.

Many other prophecies have been fulfilled, such as "Scandal in Religious Circles (1567), "Deaths by Duelling" (1712), and "New Laws Passed" (1844).

Having established his claim to be in the confidence of the stars, Mr. Punch now proceeds to give his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and General Vademecum. He feels that he cannot make a better beginning than by presenting to the public his specially prepared

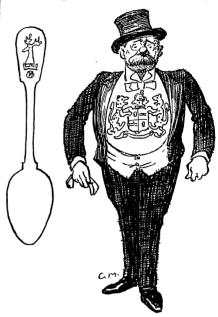
#### I.—POSTAL INFORMATION.

Letters.—For the sum of one penny letter weighing 4 ozs. or less to any legible address in the British Isles. In these days of telephones and motor-cars, however, 4 oz. letters are but rarely



"'A'PENNY STAMP, PLEASE, MISS."

Our prediction of the battle of Agin- | to send out an invitation of more than court in the Almanack for 1415 created 15 drams, or to answer it in more than loz. and a quarter. On the same day to



THE GREAT LICENCE ANOMALY.

N.B.: YOU WILL WANT A LICENCE FOR THE SPOON, BUT YOU CAN DECORATE YOUR SHIET-FRONT FOR NOTHING.

dispatch a dozen invitations of less than an ounce and only to receive one three the Post Office undertakes to convey a and a half ounce letter from Sir En-WARD DURNING-LAWRENCE gives one some idea of the prosperity of the General Post-Office.

Post Cards.—These are sold at the written; at the end of 2 ozs. most of us following rates: Thin, ½d. each; Stout find that we have said all that we want 1 for 3d., 11 for 6d. To the recipient the adiposity of a post-card is, however, Estimating Standing Crops. In short, Office the little bit of extra profit. In of less importance than the writing it is Mr. Punch's belief that with the some cases, of course, this profit is more upon the side reserved for inland com-

> Dog Licences.—A dog licence may be purchased over the counter of the post-office for 7s. 6d., the size of the dog being immaterial. Though it is illegal to keep a dog without a licence, there is nothing to prevent you keeping a licence without a dog. You have only to gum the document to your front gate and burglars will keep

> Money by Post.—Money can be sent in an ordinary letter at the ordinary rates, whether in the form of a postal order or in solid cash. If the latter, the Post Office regulations require that it should be well wrapped up, and that the words "Key Only"

should be written legibly on the front of the envelope.

#### Stock Exchange Dull.

# II.—OUR CHIEF IMPERIAL POSSESSIONS.

Name. India Barbados Hammersmith Soho

Bayswater

Bourneville

How obtained.
Conquest
Settlement
Annexation
Annexed from
Italy

THE VICEOUS The VICEOUS THE GOVERNOR THE MAYOR THE MACARONI

Lease from Notting Hill Cession from Natives Tl e Nut The Cocoanut

#### Stock Exchange Dull.

# III.—WHAT A LANDLORD MAY NOT DO.

The relations between a landlord and his tenant are so important and yet so little understood that our readers will be glad to learn their exact status in the matter. A landlord may not

(1) Stroll in uninvited, about 8 P.M., and seat himself hungrily in his (or rather your) dining-room.

(2) Kick you down your (or rather his) front-door steps if you are late with the rent.

(3) Make disparaging remarks about your—that is, his—or, rather, the herbaceous boarder.

## IV.—WHAT A TENANT MAY NOT DO.

On the other hand, a tenant may not -

(1) Kick the landlord down the steps when he asks for the rent.

(2) Sell the house without the land-lord's permission.

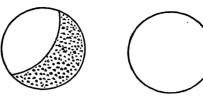
#### V.-ECLIPSES DURING 1913.

There will be five eclipses in 1913—three partial eclipses of the Sun and two total eclipses of the Moon. They will, however, all be invisible at Green-

This word, all be invisible at Green-1. This

A LANDLORD MAY NOT DISCLAIM ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR REPAIRS:

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.



I. Before using our safety razor.

II. After.

wich; unfortunately for the tradespeople of that town, who generally make a large profit out of the rush of visitors to Greenwich when an eclipse



OFF TO SEE THE ECLIPSE AT GREENWICH.

is announced as being visible there. It will be possible, however, to observe them through a smoked glass in certain parts of the Pacific.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, March 22. This occurs in the first quarter (in

advance) of Libra, and the fourth house. It indicates bad weather, and some deaths in

will be depressed.

Partial Eclipse of
the Sun, April 6.

Greenwich and elsewhere. The Stock Exchange

This falls in the fifteenth decanate of Scorpio in the second house. (Two houses nightly.) It threatens grave danger of something happening. The Stock Exchange will be distinctly flat.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 31.

This transpires in the eleventh cusp of Gemini in the third house on the left. It denotes change, together with a certain amount of stationariness. The Stock Exchange will be horribly dull.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, September 15.

This happens in the node of Cancer sideways. It points to events eventuating, or, in some cases, otherwise. The Stock Exchange will be even more sluggish than usual.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, September 30.

This falls out in the occultation of Aquarius. It foreshadows the passing of time and indicates the presence of weather. The Stock Exchange will be absolutely torpid.

#### VI.-MOTTOES FOR THE YEAR.

A swarm of bees in Jan. Would surprise the average man.

February fills the dykes
With skidding cars and motor-bikes.

A peck of dust in March doth bring Contentment to a captive king. Well, well; a pint of ale for me—Quot viri, tot sententiæ.

The cuckoo comes in April, Casts a clout in May, Coughs full soon on the first of Junz And sneezes all the day.

If only St. Swithin's is fine, then we Shall have one fine day in 1—9—1—3.

Drye Auguste and warme doth harvesto noe harme;

Cold Auguste and wette is what wo shall gette.

Geese have broken down and wept, All their finer nature shocked, At the thought of dying Sept. Merging into new-born Oct.

Complain to your Member Of fogs in November;



If it's cold in December Complain to your Member: He'll see to it! Lor'! It's what Parliament's for.

has depicted allegorically the coming year. How shall we interpret it? Ah!

In the left we see that the historic Houses of Parliament have been blown up by gunpowder. Does this indicate that a modern Guido Faux is plotting in our midst? Or merely that bitter discussions will rend the House of Commons in twain? Let us hope the latter. Yet whatever happens we are glad to see England and France sitting in amity side by side; evidently the entente cordiale is to remain a feature of the

power of 1913 is to be electricity.

But what do we see now? Germany about to pull the tail of the sleeping a good year for milk. lion! Britain must wake up or she will become even as the snail—such evidently is the message of the stars. matters to more homely questions. Meanwhile the Turk and the Christian | The Seer cheerfully resumes his Guide

playing cards with Death as onlooker. This seems to foretell War in the Balkans at no distant date. But not only in the Near East will there be unrest, for China is on the warpath too, while in the background some naval affair appears to be in progress. Plainly this will be a depressed year for the Stock Exchange. Yet the Seer is not altogether despondent of the future. The position of

John Bull in the centre of the picture indicates that it will be a good year for trade, while the drilling of civilians in the background may even be a sign that at last we are beginning to take our responsibilities seriously and embark upon Universal Military Training. On ing plants is now generally recognised. the other hand it may indicate Civil The reason is that the moon exerts an

artist are not quite clear upon this position in the heavens.

in store for England?" Here our artist creation of the artist's to give balance never have been planted. Try this ex-



" 1913."

coming year. But why does Capital to the picture? The stars—usually so the patient swallows the antidote first, (represented by the gentleman in the communicative—have nothing to say and then there is nothing for it but to stead upon the cow in the top righthand corner. 1913 will be pre-eminently bring him round with opium.

It is a relief to turn from these dread

VIII.—TIDE TABLE



HIGH TIDE AT SOUTHEND, APRIL 1st, 1913.

### Stock Exchange Dull.

#### IX.-GUIDE TO THE BEST TIME FOR PLANTING.

The influence of the moon on grow-War in Ireland. The stars and the attractive force which varies with its

moon is not only full but also directly Finally we have the awful figure with overhead it will exert its maximum drawn sword in hand hovering over the northward pull upon anything which What terrible calamity does you have planted. On the other hand, this portend? Socialism?—the break- in the absence of a moon there is VII.—THE COMING YEAR.

And now the Seer approaches the dread question, "What does 1913 hold high-life? Or is it merely a fanciful your guests see of them they might

> periment and convince yourself of the truth of this. Take a handful of walnuts and sow them at the full of the moon in good moist soil. Sow another handful in the same soil on the wane of the moon. Will the second handful come up? No.

Stock Exchange Dull.

#### Y - ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

ANTIDOTE, Sulphurae Acid. Nutrate of Silver Plent y of Salt Water.

Opium Stomach Pump

St. wed Rhubar b Artificial respira-tion and bleeding, Red Ink Milk Red Ink

It sometimes happens, however, that

top hat) hold up the approaching upon this point. Let us leave this dire give him the poison. In the case, howtrain? It almost seems that the motive portent and fix our last thoughts in- ever, of any one who swallowed a stomach pump it would be useless to attempt to

#### Stock Exchange Dull.

#### XI.-A FEW HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove moth from a fur-coat, paint (depicted by a silly mistake of the and Vade-mecum with his long-awaited the coat with a solution one part treatele artist's as a Hindoo) are

and three parts brandy, and place it on the lawn at nightfall. An hour later, arm yourself with a bull's-eye lantern and a butterfly net and go out in pursuit of the moths many hundreds of which will be found to have collected on the coat. When captured they should be placed in your killing bottle, and transferred at leisure afterwards to your collecting box.

A boot or shoe that pinches should be smacked and stood in the corner until bed-time. This will cure it of the habit.

To soften the head hold it in boiling water for three hours every day.

A disused compass cannot be put to any other practicable use.

Stock Exchange Dull.



Lady. "I think you'd better go to one of the houses and ask them where we are?" Cabby. "Lon' BLESS YER, MUM, THEY WON'T KNOW!"

XII.—PALMISTRY.

The art of palmistry, to which our downent Policies per £100 insured. ancestors attached considerable importance, is sufficiently explained in the above diagram. The seer is not responsible for any departure from the labeled to the sum of human knowledge, and that he has ensured February, the Seer makes his bow.

A. A. M.

regular time - tables due to break-downs on the line.

d. Saturdays Only.

#### Stock Exchange Dull.

Mr. Punch now begs to take leave of his readers. Owing to pressure on space and the occultation of Aries upon Mercury, he has been compelled to withhold information on divers matters; the following being among the sections omitted;

Table for Estimating Stand-

ing Crops.
What a Horse can do. Architecture.

Etiquette of Mourning. How to make a Hundred at

Billiards. The Influence of the Stars

on Modern Thought.

Growth of the National Debt.

Twelve Rules for Saving Life at Sea

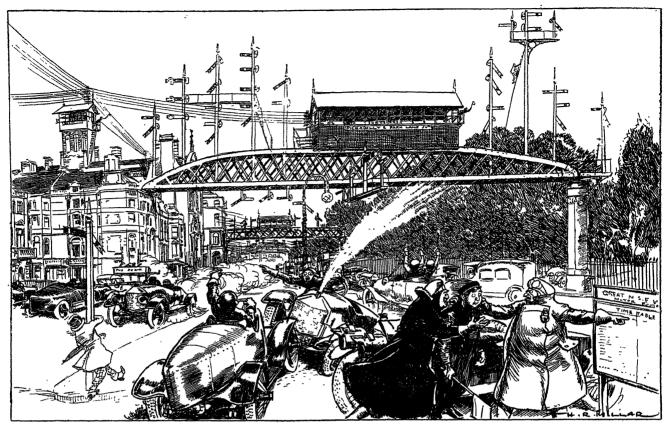
and

Approximate Table for En-

coming year. With a final warning to Vegetarians, the Bald, and Players of



THE RIGHT TIME FOR PLANTING (see Sect. IX.).



A LEADING MOTOR JOURNAL SUGGESTS THAT SOME SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING MIGHT BE ADOPTED AT IMPORTANT POINTS ON OUR MAIN THOROUGHFARES FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF TRAFFIC.

MR. PUNCH OFFERS A FANCY PICTURE OF HYDE PARK CORNER ABOUT THE YEAR 1919.

#### A CENTENARY OF PROGRESS.

(Trousers were first introduced a hundred years ago.)

A HUNDRED years ago. It is not mine
To sing, as others of my species may,
Of some high beacon that arose to shine
And dazzle future history. Truth to say,
Historical research is not my line,
Nor do I need it. My superior lay
Thrills to no great fight won or great king born—
I sing the year when trousers first were worn.

Small chance, until this great refreshment came, Had any man. Whate'er his views might be, The bifurcations on his nether frame Ended too surely somewhere near the knee. Whether he had a soul attuned to shame, Or one from such refinement nobly free, He must betray, to women and to men, His utmost self. 'Twas legs or nothing then.

But all was changed. And meagre man could hide

His spindly weakness from the vulgar's chaff,

While even he who took a buxom pride

In the orbed turning of a conscious calf Saw a new comfort not to be denied

In this strange gear; and, having come to laugh, Remained to don, and won by slow degrees
A nascent modesty with this new ease.

And thus it chanced that, where the spell was cast,
Virtues beyond mere coyness grew apace—
For out of one come many—till at last
A wide urbanity assumed the place
Of the swashbuckling swagger of the past;
The West grew kindlier; and each trousered race,
Full of new worth, looks back, and finds it grow
From that great change, a hundred years ago.

And thou, O nameless One, that didst invent
These gentle togs, to be for future days
A tool of Progress and an instrument
Of Peace, accept our full centennial praise.
Nor does the poet grudge the time he's spent
On this his ode (providing someone pays)
In memory of him who wrought this boon,
Which still endures, and shall not wither soon.

A hundred years. It seems how long to us;
And yet what is it in the cosmic view?

A fleeting penn'orth on an old-world 'bus;
And we ourselves, how paltry and how new!

It would be well to shun vainglorious fuss,
And ponder, while these garments we indue,

How, in the immemorial Eastern clime,

Women have worn them from the birth of Time.

Dum-Dum.